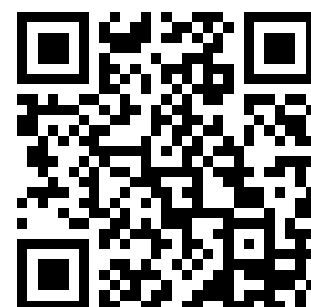

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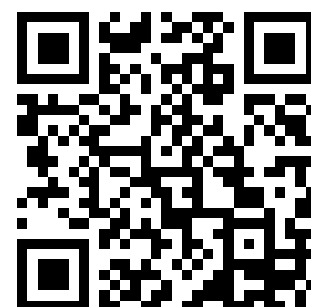
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(March 21)

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1861

JANUARY 4, 1908

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

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MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1908.

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<i>Botany</i>	

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Registrar of the University.
December, 1907.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

LIFE AND LETTERS

WE have received a further letter from Mr. Garnett, in which he explains that the reason he did not object to our version of his lecture at the Playgoers' Club before he heard from Mr. Courtney, is that his attention had not previously been drawn to that version. He also explains that his reference to "running with the hare and hunting with the hounds" was made to the *Daily Telegraph*, and not personally to the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*; and this distinction is apparently in his eyes a very important one. So be it. We can only regret that we should have given unnecessary publicity to the entirely unimportant remarks of Mr. Garnett, and register a fervent vow that we will not be so rash as to attempt to report his utterances in future. We are unable to print Mr. Garnett's letter, because he does not confine himself to the matter at issue, but allows himself to indulge in reflections which are on the borderland of impertinence with regard to the policy of THE ACADEMY as misinterpreted by himself. He refers, among other things, to the "animus" we have displayed against Mr. Courtney. The idea that we have any animus against the distinguished dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* is too obviously grotesque to call for any denial on our part. If any animus exists, or existed, it lies in the words of Mr. Garnett, of which we endeavoured to give a *résumé* in our report of the proceedings. According to Mr. Garnett, this endeavour was an unsuccessful one, and there is the end of the matter.

Mr. Hall Caine has joined the noble ranks of Zadkiel, Old Moore, Raphael, and their great Eighteenth Century prototype, Partridge. But, wiser than his rivals, he only prophesies about the past; for on Sunday last he informed the editor of the *Daily Mail* that he *knew* that the Druce coffin contained not lead but a human body, the body of the late T. C. Druce. Fancy that! We do not wish to impugn the sagacity of the great Manx writer, but there were others who, though they did not communicate with "Marlowe's mighty line" expressed the same conviction some ten years ago. "I come here on a principle of my own," said Uncle Joseph in the "Wrong Box," when he was discovered at a public house. "The principle is commoner than you suppose," observed Mr. Michael Finsbury, his nephew. As an establisher of precedent, Mr. Hall Caine

should become almost as famous as Mr. Robert Caldwell in the higher and harder field of affidavit making. All our distinguished men of letters may now be expected to prophesy, of course, in the columns of the *Daily Mail*, which is more trustworthy about the future than it ever was about the past.

We may expect communications of this kind: "In August last Mr. George Meredith made a remarkable prognostication, which, out of consideration for Mr. Sidney Lee, we were quite unable to publish—Mr. Meredith wrote: 'I know that during the coming autumn no further light will be thrown on establishing the identity between Bacon and Shakespeare. If you ask how I *know*, I answer, that as a student of life, I *know* it, exactly with such kind and certainty of knowledge as is possessed by my eminent contemporary, Mr. Hall Caine.' The veteran novelist was quite opposed to the opening of the grave at Stratford-on-Avon, being convinced after many years' consideration that the body interred there was that of William Shakespeare." Or again: "Mr. Edmund Gosse last February informed us that the House of Lords would not be abolished this year; the delightful author of 'Father and Son' added, significantly, that as long as he remained Librarian it was not likely to be abolished for some years to come. We were very anxious to publish this information, but on consulting our solicitors we decided that the audacious prediction might influence the present Government in its policy. For even more cogent reasons we were obliged to withhold Professor Sidney Colvin's astonishing message to the *Daily Mail* 'that no government, Liberal or Conservative, would contemplate the sale of the print room at the British Museum to Mr. Pierpont Morgan.' Now that the year is over we have no hesitation in making this public as nothing we can say at this juncture can really damage the proposed purchase, if anything of the kind is contemplated by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman."

Mr. Hall Caine's protest against the "desecration" at Highgate Cemetery sounds like a sob from Mr. Jerry Cruncher on the introduction of Cremation. Othello's occupation would have been gone but for that same desecration. There are other and easier modes of exhumation than the mere physical inspection of a coffin and its contents. The breath was scarcely out of the late Mr. Rossetti's body before Mr. Hall Caine romped into print with a compilation of trivial anecdotes, told with all the gusto of a retired valet from whom the key of the cupboard containing the family skeleton has been providentially wrested. And, having built his name on this foundation he proceeded to pour forth those grotesque novels which are accepted by the ignorant and uneducated as works of literature containing moral truths and realistic pictures of modern life. In "Who's Who" we learn without surprise that Mr. Hall Caine "had a good deal to do with the breakdown of the three-volume novel." Another Sidonia, he has danced one on the coffin of Mr. Druce. A good title for his new book would be, "The Return of the Druces," without acknowledgments to Mr. Robert Browning.

"The Festive Season" has not been without its effect on our lively contemporary *Vanity Fair*. A writer in its columns, after some rather muddled and absolutely irrelevant remarks about the *Daily Telegraph* and "earnest conceit," proceeds to quote from a letter signed "In Nubibus" which appeared in our correspondence columns

the week before last. The writer of this letter made some flattering remarks about THE ACADEMY, and the *Vanity Fair* scribe refers to these remarks as "fatuous self praise." What does the poor gentleman mean? If "A" writes to the *Jacksonville Eagle* and refers to it as "your valuable paper," does that constitute "fatuous self praise" on the part of the *Jacksonville Eagle*? *Vanity Fair* should beware of judging other papers by itself. On THE ACADEMY we don't write the correspondence in our own office, whatever may be the custom on *Vanity Fair*.

We are glad that the authorities have at last awakened to the necessity of doing something to put an end to the disgraceful license of the atheists and "free-thinkers" who pollute the air with their disgusting blasphemies at Highbury Corner and elsewhere. One of these persons has been arrested on the charge of blasphemy. We are constantly pointing out that the attitude of the police and magistrates towards these people is unnecessarily tender. By doing so we have incurred the wrath of our amiable contemporary, the *Freethinker*, which was good enough, the other day, to point out to us that even an atheist is a citizen of this country, and as such entitled to the protection of the police. We cordially agree. An atheist is a citizen and so is a man in the most infectious stage of scarlet fever, and so, for the matter of that, is a convicted murderer. All these persons are equally entitled to the protection of the police. The murderer must not be lynched, but must be disposed of by the proper process of the law; the gentleman with scarlet fever must be put into an isolated ward or room to avoid the danger to others of infection; and the atheist should be constrained to do his "freethinking" by himself and not inflict its contagion on the ignorant and the foolish. Nobody wishes him to be persecuted, but he should not be allowed to persecute other people, and those who venture to disagree with him and have the temerity to tell him so in public should not be "run in," and fined, as some unfortunate man was not long ago.

Many people will hear with regret the news of the death of Mr. Leonard Smithers. He will be remembered as the proprietor and publisher of the *Savoy Magazine*, to which Aubrey Beardsley contributed some of his best drawings. He also published the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and for a short time kept in Bond Street one of the best booksellers' shops in London. He had an unrivalled knowledge of books, a real love of literature, and a fine taste in all matters of artistic knowledge. In spite of some failings he was a man of genuine kind-heartedness, and his generous treatment of Ernest Dowson will be remembered to his credit. Mr. Smithers died in great poverty and leaves a son of sixteen years, who is unfortunately almost entirely without means of support.

The Bishop of Gloucester has apparently revoked a license to preach in his diocese, which he had granted to a certain ancient retired incumbent, the Rev. W. Lockett, because that old gentleman persists in preaching in Nonconformist chapels. Apparently Mr. Lockett's only reason for doing so is the singularly inconclusive one that the incumbent recently appointed to his parish church, a Mr. Amps, is what he calls a "ritualist." Our Nonconformist contemporary, the *Daily News*, affects pain at the normal result of Mr. Lockett's continued insubordination. It expresses its opinion in the usual phrase that "the Bishop's action

will create as much indignation in the country generally as it has created in the diocese of Gloucester." It may, but how much indignation is that? And does our contemporary mean by the truly nonconforming use of the ambiguous word "diocese," indignation among the only people whom the Bishop's very reasonable action the least affects, the Churchmen whose diocesan he is, or the political Nonconformists who live in that part of the county of Gloucester which comprises the diocese? If it means the Nonconformists, our contemporary may possibly be able to work up some feeling as a political plank. If it means the Churchmen, we imagine that they had sufficient experience, before Dr. Gibson's arrival, of the efforts of senility to be at all inclined to sympathise with a retired clergyman of eighty, who lends himself as a nucleus for working up political capital for the *Daily News*.

Dr. Gibson might reasonably expect that a clergyman with fifty years' experience was aware when he applied for a license that the license excluded permission to preach in Nonconformist chapels. Since Mr. Lockett persists in ignoring that fact Dr. Gibson has had the unpleasing duty of proving to him that even at eighty he is not too old to learn. We know nothing of Mr. Lockett, except his age, but if he has really assumed the truculent attitude attributed to him by the *Daily News*, we suspect that, like "the old prophet," he is a confirmed strayer from his beat; if so, he has no one but himself to thank that he has met his lion at last. It would be difficult to find a tamer one than Dr. Gibson in the whole episcopal lair, as his conduct on the Ritual Commission has already shown. Where does the injustice at which the *Daily News* affects to be pained lie? It lies quite plainly in its own eye. When a political Nonconformist organ, like our contemporary, talks about a diocese, suggests the advantages to be derived by the clergy from Liberation, and asserts that Disestablishment would allow both Mr. Lockett and Mr. Amps to preach where they like, it is merely fingering by anticipation the proceeds of Disendowment with which it is hoping to re-endow its own political sect. Are there, among the clergy who would like to preach in Nonconformist chapels with Mr. Lockett, any sheep so foolish as not to recognise the voice of the old wolf?

A writer in the *Musical News* is very indignant with THE ACADEMY because it loves not the works of Stainer, Barnby, Gadsby and Garrett, and the remarks on this subject which appeared not long ago in its columns are, we are informed by our contemporary, indicative of the "ignorance and prejudice" of their writer. The *Musical News*, referring to those remarks, says: "Musicians are quite able to assess at its paper value such an outpouring as this," an observation which we don't quite follow. What is the "paper value" of an "outpouring," and how does a "musician" set about the task of "assessing" it? Against the implied assumption that anyone writing in THE ACADEMY on the subject of music must, of course, not be a musician it would be useless to protest. We merely note it as a curiosity of "musical" journalism. The *Musical News* goes on to observe that "curiously enough, an article in the *Church Times* . . . is evidently written from much the same point of view as that in THE ACADEMY." Curiouser and curiouser! We are cheered to find that THE ACADEMY is not the only victim of "ignorance and prejudice" on the subject of music among contemporary journals. It seems somehow to increase the "paper value" of its outpourings.

A DREAM

I.

I walked alone
 In a land of my own—
 Hills of sleep enringed it round;
 Deep and broad
 With never a ford
 The river broke from under the ground.

II.

Trees leant over it,
 Reeds did cover it,
 Down the middle the sunlight went;
 There clouds rested
 Heavily crested—
 White on the water they leaned content.

III.

And here, and there,
 A delicate air
 Laid on the river its faint lace fan;
 The tall reeds bowed
 And the bulrush proud—
 Hither and thither the light wave ran.

IV.

The sun upclomb
 To the high blue dome—
 Set in the heaven, he watched the plain—
 Watched his fill
 Till the stream was still
 And the face of the pastures cracked in pain.

V.

The tall reeds drooped
 And the bulrush stooped;
 The sweet air choked, as the sun did gaze.
 The far plain glimmered
 With heat that shimmered,
 The feet of the mountains were ringed with haze.

VI.

On moved the sun;
 One by one
 Forth from the heavens the eye-clouds stept;
 The wind blew starkly,
 The stream ran darkly—
 Day hid her face in her hands, and wept.

X. Y. Z.

LITERATURE

PATHOLOGICAL OPTIMISM

The Prolongation of Life. By ELIE METCHNIKOFF, Sub-Director of the Pasteur Institute. Translated by P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, D.Sc. OXON., F.R.S., Secretary of the Zoological Society of London. (London: William Heinemann, 12s. 6d. net.)

FOUR years ago Professor Metchnikoff, the famous author of the theory of phagocytosis as an explanation of the phenomena of immunity in disease, wrote a volume which was translated admirably into English by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell under the title "The Nature of Man: Studies in Optimistic Philosophy." This book, to which he has written the sequel we are considering, was intended to assist us to frame a more hopeful conception of life by arousing in us the instinct of death. The words sound like a contribution to a smart dialogue in a modern play, but, nevertheless, they have a meaning. Professor Metchnikoff's two-fold argument was then (and, it may be added, is now) as follows: (1) Human misery and suffering are due to disturbances in our organic equilibrium, which produce discords in our structure and tormenting doubts in our inner consciousness. (2) These disturbances in equilibrium are themselves the result of man's inheritance from remote animal ancestors, which is of such a complex character that many remnants of structure, many instincts in habit, and many impulses in behaviour remain active in us when our environment no longer calls for them, and, indeed, when it may be in active opposition to their presence. In "The Nature of Man" Professor Metchnikoff developed this argument with all the skill of a first-class dialectician and reinforced it by brilliant biological investigations. With transparent sincerity he set himself in opposition to the whole of religion and philosophy—at any rate, he found them equally unsatisfactory, for he declared that where faith in creeds and codes could do nothing to console suffering humanity, science could do all or most. And, as in the previous volume, so in the one before us he regards theological or philosophical systems as owing their origin to an all-permeating dread of death, the teachings of resignation and of wisdom being the outcome of a desire on the part of the leaders of thought to console their followers for impending dissolution. In elaboration of this view he holds that the bitterness of death lies in its unnecessary or premature occurrence, and in our knowledge that we are wound up for a longer period than it takes us to run down; so that if science can put off the evil day for a man until instinct tells him that his normal course is over, much of the miserable anticipation of annihilation will be abolished, and the world will be the happier in proportion. Such is the text of "The Prolongation of Life," the English version of which is also due to Dr. Chalmers Mitchell.

Professor Metchnikoff sets about the expounding of his text in an orderly manner, indeed, one of the attractions of the book is the way in which the speculations are arranged in the sequence which a lawyer would employ in stating a case. First he quotes the comparative frequency of centenarians as proving that unresisting acquiescence in the occurrence of normal death at the age of three-score years and ten is already illogical where the more civilised and better instructed nations of to-day are in question, whatever it might have been in the case of those whom David was addressing when he describes four-score years as the time-limit of man's vital strength. Here the view that the utility of man and woman to the race disappears with the power or possibility of reproduction is challenged, and the reason for the author's attitude is clear, inasmuch as death at the age of seventy,

when we recall the average duration of the productive periods of the two sexes, implies a very liberal span of life. Professor Metchnikoff, who later points out the obvious fact that there is good work to be done in the world by men and women who have ceased to propagate their species, suggests that sterility arrives too soon among us, and refuses to endorse any deductions as to the normal span of human life which are drawn from a consideration of the length of the productive period as we understand it. He demonstrates that the power to reproduce is in some instances very persistent, not weakening progressively with age—note, for example, the behaviour of hair and nails—and from this he concludes that other organs and appendages might remain active longer if they were protected. This brings him to the circumstances which are adverse to such activity, and his explanation of their evil influence is dependent on the ingenious pathological theory of phagocytosis, which originally made him famous. Senility he regards as the result of a form of phagocytosis, in which cells of a higher organisation are gradually destroyed by devouring cells termed macrophages, degeneration then occurring as the specific tissue is replaced by the invaders. When depreciation in the working value of a specific tissue—muscle, nerve or what not—has proceeded to the point of inactivity, senility has arrived, and Professor Metchnikoff designs to show that this mournful date can be greatly postponed by careful attention. The macrophages owe their presence and sinister multiplication, he surmises, to our habits as well as to our inheritance of an inadequate physiology or a muddled anatomy, and we have to decide how to annul the evil of these habits, seeing that we can never or seldom correct our physiology or our anatomy.

So far the author has had only man, including woman, in contemplation. At this point he turns aside to examine the conditions prevalent in the animal kingdom, seeking if anything in the lives of those lower beings with whom we are connected directly by the chain of evolution—on this point Professor Metchnikoff allows no doubt whatever—will give a clue to the causes that prolong life in them, or to the causes that may unduly shorten their careers as much as they shorten ours. A rapid review of events in the lives of the animal kingdom, in which review traditions are now and again cited as well as accepted facts, invites us to come to the conclusion that many mammals, like the human race, do not live as long as they should, and indicates that the reason of this may be something in their structure. Size has nothing to do with the duration of life, the fact that the elephant, the largest animal, enjoys also the greatest span of life being a coincidence not capable of any explanation; man is the longest-lived mammal next to the elephant, though his bulk is so inconsiderable when compared with that of the giraffe, the camel, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, or the horse. The period of gestation, the period of growth, and the sum of these two have all been supposed to be worth study as forming a basis for prognosing the duration of the whole life of an animal, but scrutiny of the facts, confining ourselves to mammals, shows that no rules exist by which the uterine sojourn or the term of growth can be used as a definite ratio upon which to calculate the whole period of existence. When we turn from the mammals to consider the case of birds, fishes, and reptiles we find evidence to show that many of these are more long-lived than man. Parrots are known to live for 80 or 100 years, and this great age is commoner perhaps among them than among men; if there is anything in popular report pike and carp live for enormous periods; water tortoises live as long as one-hundred-and-fifty years. We are almost constrained to look for some structural difference giving birds and reptiles an advantage over mammals, and in particular is it reasonable to do so if we suspect that many mammals, like men, die before their course is

truly run, while birds, fishes, and reptiles escape this fate. Professor Metchnikoff is certain that what we term the lower mammals, even more than men, suffer from premature death, and he brings such good evidence forward in support of his belief that a certain kind of moraliser might well take note of this section of his book. We hear much of the degeneracy of the age, and of the physical deterioration that is surely following on our soft and profligate habits. Experts on recruiting, eloquent Roman preachers, broad-minded Anglican prelates, as well as half-informed popular lecturers and faddists of every brand have recently warned this country that our manhood is effete. They have done good by calling attention to such obvious things as the evils that are engendered in the populace by vile housing, insanitary habits, ignorance, and alcoholism; but they do not all stop there, for some of them ask us to see in the simple appetites and unsophisticated manners of the beasts of the field an example of behaviour, the following of which would lead to a sounder public health. Now, all the figures of statisticians show that man's expectation of survival has increased of recent years, in spite of the vastly enhanced complexity of the social scheme. This complexity has brought with it evils of which we are all aware, but they are more than balanced by the wider spread of knowledge. It is a little rash to suggest the career of the beast of the field as a hygienic or dietetic model to us when man appears to be progressing in health and strength, unless it can be shown that these identical beasts possess an expectation of life comparing favourably with that of man. This cannot be shown. On the contrary, Professor Metchnikoff's view that beasts in a state of nature die prematurely seems incontrovertible. As, then, the giraffe is not worried by his bridge losses, as the nerves of the hippopotamus are not affected by the whirligig of American finance, as the statistics of mortality among lions bear no relation to the consumption of alcohol in deserts, we are bound to believe that the poor resistance of many members of the animal kingdom to early dissolution is due to something which acts potently and inimically, even where the life led is quite primitive.

Professor Metchnikoff believes that the peccant something is the conformation of the intestine in mammals. He puts this question: Mammals being on the one hand shorter-lived than birds and the lower vertebrates, whereas, on the other hand, the large intestine is much longer in them than in any other vertebrates—"Is there here any link of causality binding the two characters, or is it a mere coincidence?" His reply is that the development of the large intestine is the source of danger to mammals, because the gut becomes the store-house of germs, the home of putrefaction, and so the starting-point of auto-intoxication, auto-intoxication being, he holds, the cause of premature death among men, as among many of those denizens of the wood and plain whose simple habits we are enjoined to imitate. Carnivorous animals, even more than men, the author suggests, partake of a diet with which they are unable to deal owing to this inconvenient piece of gut; and they die prematurely of the retention and absorption of germs, from the action of which the light-moving bird and the torpid reptile are exempt through their more simple anatomy. Such is the tangible outcome of Professor Metchnikoff's researches. He finds by discussion of various points that men should live longer than they do; he finds that many mammals, whose freedom from the worries of higher civilisation should cause them to live longer than men, live, as a matter of fact, a shorter time; and he finds in the circumstance that birds and reptiles, which live longer than might be expected considering all things, have a different anatomy from mammals. Thus he arrives at the conclusion that the main drawback to the extension of human life to some such period as 100 years for a normal man and woman, taking full

advantage of the benefits accruing from accumulated knowledge of hygiene, is the possession of a pattern of intestine wherein putrefaction can occur readily, and wherefrom deteriorating absorption may take place freely. If this be so, and Professor Metchnikoff's position is a strong one, what is to be done? Manifestly the defaulting intestine cannot be removed as a routine procedure, so that the only practical course is to remedy the putrefaction. Professor Metchnikoff's advice is to have recourse to the ingestion of lactic acid, or, to be more accurate, of cultures of the lactic bacilli, which, on becoming acclimatised in the human digestive tube and finding there the requisites for their subsistence, will thrive and produce disinfecting bodies able to counteract the auto-intoxication. He discusses at length experiments on mice and men to prove his point, adduces in its support the longevity of the races who use some form of soured milk as a staple of their diet, and discusses the relative merits as foods of sauerkraut and marinated vegetables, fish preserved in oil and vinegar, kwass, kephir, *protokwacha*, koumiss, yahourth, leben or matzoon and varenétz. Of these he considers that the last three must be used boiled, the value of sterilisation of food by heat being fully recognised, while the author must not be regarded as a vegetarian taking the liberty of adding milk and cheese to a vegetarian diet, for it is a direct outcome of his teaching that uncooked vegetables are thoroughly dangerous food. The book must be read to appreciate the many things which he brings forward having a direct bearing on his therapeutical views. The outcome of his teaching is that we must avoid intestinal putrefaction by strict attention to the laws of hygiene, and correct it, if possible, when it has occurred by recourse to cultures of lactic bacilli.

We doubt whether the message will bring the gladness to the heart of mankind which Professor Metchnikoff's sub-title, "Optimistic Studies," promises, for if everything that the author says be accepted, the alternative to the melancholy produced by a sense of an unfairly brief life may be replaced among us by the melancholy due to the anticipation of a century of unpleasing diet. This, however, is not the impression that should be left upon more thoughtful readers, who will understand that the method proposed for dealing with the tricks and manners of our large intestines is but a forecast, and a forecast having only a limited application, of the sort of thing that may become accepted knowledge with far wider bearings. The glad part of Professor Metchnikoff's message lies in the assurance that we are born to live longer and stronger lives than we do, and that much may be expected in the future from enlightened attention to food and a more general comprehension of the scientific principles of feeding.

AN ENGLISH CRITIC OF FRENCH POETRY

The Claims of French Poetry: Nine Studies in the greater French Poets. By JOHN C. BAILEY. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)

At a comparatively early age Mr. Bailey has reached, if only temporarily, the honourable and responsible position of Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Those who turn to his delightful book on the French poets (supposing that they do not know his introduction to his own edition of Cowper) will be at once reassured as to the sort of treatment that poetry is likely to receive under his reign in that once dreaded and murderous journal. Let those who wish to make up their minds quickly read Mr. Bailey's introductory chapter—so gentle yet so profound, so scholarly yet so human, so broad of view yet so secure as to what poetry is and is not—and thence turn on to his chapter

on Heredia, and study his treatment of that most difficult, most entrancing of modern poets.

We have passed through Hugo and Leconte de Lisle to reach him, have seen the "period of expansion" in the Romantic movement, and its period of concentration, which brought us (according to Mr. Bailey following M. Jules Lemaitre) to the "Parnassiens," with Heredia as their greatest name, greater—so we understand him—than Gautier himself. But we need not press the point, any more than we need press the classification, the arrangement of periods, movements which Mr. Bailey, who has an orderly mind, finds it convenient to adopt. Anyone can do that sort of thing; can tell of periods and movements and tendencies, can attempt to make a Darwinian genealogical tree of poetry and poets; and if Mr. Bailey had stopped there his book would have been as negligible as all the books which are written yearly by well-intentioned schoolmaster-critics who have no special susceptibility to or comprehension of poetry. As soon as Mr. Bailey gets to work, his reader finds that he is in the hands of someone who is qualified to speak on poetry, which is a very different thing from periods. After making it perfectly clear that he does not put Heredia on a level with Pindar, he writes of

the point of affinity between Pindar, seer and prophet as well as poet, and a simple artist like Heredia. There are no ethics in "Les Trophées." Their subject is the world of facts, not that of our explanations of these facts, or of our attempts to find for ourselves rules for right conduct in dealing with them. But though Heredia does not know how to pass, as Pindar does, from the small events that are visible on the surface of life to the deep things that lie unseen below them, he has more than a little of the gift which Pindar applies alike to the treatment of great things and small, the gift of a style of unequalled felicity.

And then follows this admirable paragraph:

That is his peculiar contribution to the literature of the nineteenth century. He has shown us once more how perfect a thing human speech can be. And those who have any turn for these things know that a great triumph of art like this is not an isolated achievement, appealing only to the æsthetic side of human nature, but that it comes home to the whole of our being, sense, and intellect, and soul. The highest art has rarely a moral intention, but always a moral effect, for it lifts us into an atmosphere in which all the lower side of life seems unworthy and impossible, much as an early Christian felt who was not afraid to say that the weary and heavy-laden could not fail to forget their cares and sorrows while they stood before the great Zeus of Phidias.

Mr. Bailey writes for the intelligent reader of poetry rather than for the expert. His object is "to attempt to discover, and then to illustrate, what may be a reasonable attitude for an English lover of poetry to take up with regard to some of the poets of France"—an object completely attained in the introduction and the following chapters on English taste and French drama, Marot, Ronsard, La Fontaine, Chénier, Hugo, Leconte de Lisle and Heredia. It was outside his province to give anything like a technical study of the methods of Heredia, of the actual arrangement of sounds by which he gains his effects. It was sufficient for him to point out what those effects are, to show how a sensitive and scholarly critic is affected by these exquisite works of art. As to the details of the process by which the effects were obtained, the hungry sheep look up and are not fed by those art critics who talk nothing but studio jargon. And yet, in a case like that of Heredia, where workmanship, the mere arrangement of sounds, is of such capital importance, a very long and very interesting chapter might be written, for instance, on Heredia's use of the last two lines of a sonnet. If you use the Shakespearean form, you are almost compelled either to make the final couplet a summing-up, a concentrated and possibly epigrammatical statement of your point, or to make it a surprise, a sudden denial or modification of all that the three quatrains have stated. In either case you must *hit* with your final couplet. It must be forcible and sharp. In the Petrarchan sonnet, the last two lines must be neither, if they are to carry out the perfect

recoil from the octave. And yet, from the very fact that the human memory is imperfect, the last two lines are those which have the strongest effect; and many a promising sonnet has been spoiled—particularly among those of youthful sonneteers—by the attempt to keep something forcible, often something heavy or grandiose, for the last two lines, and make an effect with them which may tell at the moment, but will be found to ruin the shape and balance of a poetic form which depends upon shape and balance more than any other. This is one of the principal difficulties encountered in this most difficult of poetic forms. And Heredia's conquest of it is one of his most admirable achievements. Mr. Bailey (who has a way of quoting the right things) quotes the wonderful "Le Laboureur":

Le semoir, la charrue, un jong, des socs luisants,
La herse, l'aiguillon et la faux acérée
Qui fauchait en un jour les épis d'une airée,
Et la fourche qui tend la gerbe aux paysans;

Ces outils familiers, aujourd'hui trop pesants,
Le vieux Parmi les voue à l'immortelle Rhée
Par qui le germe éclôt sous la terre sacrée.
Pour lui, sa tâche est faite; il a quatre-vingt ans.

Près d'un siècle, au soleil, sans en être plus riche,
Il a poussé le couteau au travers de la friche;
Ayant vécu sans joie, il vieillit sans remords.

Mais il est las d'avoir tant peiné sur la glèbe
Et songe que peut-être il faudra, chez les morts,
Labourer des champs d'ombre arrosés par l'Érèbe.

In discussing that sonnet Mr. Bailey rightly calls attention to the "grand effect produced, not by sound, or by picture, but by a thought as true as it is finely imagined or employed." Sound, of course, has something to do with it. *Labourer des champs d'ombre*—the words drag like the dreary eternity of toil the old man sees before him. And in other cases (as in the sonnet to *Une Ville Morte*) Heredia more definitely employs the onomatopoeic effects which it takes a master to subordinate to the total impression of a poem. But a close study of the final lines of his sonnets only serves to increase our admiration for the restraint, the secure taste, and the perfect craftsmanship which prevent him from throwing things at his reader's head. At first sight it might seem as if this were mere coldness. "*Sous les palmiers, au long frémissement des palmes*"—"L'Éléphant triomphal foule les primevères"—many an inferior poet has written last lines that hit harder, that are more obviously constructed to express sense by sound and leave the reader thrilled or gasping. With Heredia the sonnet must be taken as a whole before the full beauty can be grasped of this consummate art which, without weakness or poverty, yet without disproportionate force, can put the finishing touch.

The only danger is that in admiring the serenity, the restraint, the classical self-sufficiency of these wonderful sonnets, one should overlook the passion for beauty and sensation which underlies them. It is the one point, perhaps, on which Mr. Bailey has laid insufficient stress, for a reason which the scope and object of his delightful book make it easy to understand. Half Spanish, and born in Cuba, Heredia was no cold or timid dilettante. He loved the sun, and has written of it as only Guillaumet has painted it; a descendant of the Conquistadors, he loved the fire and fury of their conquests, and dreamed passionate dreams of their dead and forgotten cities. He loved romantic adventure—even of the kind he has related in "*La Nonne Alvarez*," that extraordinary and fascinating book. He loved jewels and fabrics, beautiful women, and beautiful works of art; and his serenity comes, not of coldness, but of perfect faith in his material and in his own power to deal with it.

AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES

An Artist's Reminiscences. By WALTER CRANE.
(Methuen, 18s. net.)

MR. WALTER CRANE is the victim of his publishers, as it would seem; for he tells us that he was surprised when it was suggested by them that he should write his reminiscences. We cannot help thinking it a pity that he was not struck dumb with astonishment. For Mr. Crane's work as a draughtsman, designer, and painter holds a high place in our own memories and affections. And Mr. Crane, as a man, is doubtless well beloved by many. His innate amiability speaks from these pages, and, indeed, we have not found a single ill-natured word in the book from beginning to end; so that we greatly doubt whether Whistler's (probably unconscious) experiment in the gentle art of which he was the avowed exponent, had the least success with Mr. Crane. From the way in which the incident is here recounted we should guess that it was a complete failure.

Mr. Crane conceives the duty of one called upon to set down "reminiscences" to be that of recording his personal impressions of "eminent persons he has met, or of scenes and movements of which he has been a witness, or in which he has taken part," and this he does most conscientiously. But he adds to this a great deal of autobiography which has little or no bearing upon his development as an artist, or even as a Socialist (for we believe that Mr. Crane holds opinions of the kind which Roebuck Ramsden would call "advanced"), and whose interest is, indeed, purely domestic—even intimate—as, for example, the traditional account of his journey, at a very early age, from Exeter to Torquay, by coach, when his vocal powers are said to have been exercised to the discomfort of his fellow travellers.

But in one way these memoirs are intensely interesting. They form an invaluable *scholion* upon the work of Mr. Crane in all its aspects. They explain at once the deadly prettiness of some of his work, the dainty fancy of another of its characteristic aspects, the real and luminous beauty of a third. They disclose the man behind the pencil and the brush in a way which makes much in his work that was heretofore inexplicable as plain as daylight. Try as we may to exclude all thought of the personality of an artist from the criticism of his work, the fact remains, and must always remain, that the art is the mirror of the artist, and that while the value set upon his work by others is extrinsic and often fortuitous, its intrinsic value lies in the amount of self, and the qualities of that self, which the artist has mixed with his colours. More especially is this so when fancy, rather than inspiration, is the guiding spirit. For fancy is of the mind, and proceeds from the man himself, while inspiration is of the soul, and proceeds from God, the artist being no more than the medium through which God is translated into terms of man's understanding. And perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we find the reason for Mr. Crane's lack of inspiration in the fact, recorded here, that at an early stage he "decided for Freethought."

We should not venture to apply such criticism to any man's art under what we may call "gallery" conditions, for under those conditions criticism is of necessity incomplete, dealing only with the fruit, and leaving out of consideration both the seed and the conditions of its cultivation. The recent discussion in these columns concerning Art and morality seems to the present reviewer to have passed by this aspect of the matter of the source of real inspiration, and perhaps rightly, for religion and morality have no necessary interdependence. Mr. Crane's art is highly moral doubtless, but contains nothing of divinity. But in the present case Mr. Crane has offered us the com-

pletion of our *apparatus criticus*, and we cannot but avail ourselves of it.

The result is that every phase of his work appears as an illustration of the man himself. "Baby's Opera" and "Baby's Bouquet" find their marvellous fascination explained in the father and his real child-love. The "Renaissance of Venus" gives us the careful and conscientious student of draughtsmanship, revelling in that peculiar command of luminous colour which is not revealed in Mr. Crane's less ambitious work, but which is none the less his most valuable gift. The Gladstone presentation page, the "Sirens," the "Triumph of Labour," are examples of that outrageous prettiness which sometimes swamps the value of the artist's work and clogs his imagination—the very reflex of his conventional unconventionality. Yet that his fancy can glow into imagination, we have the "Pandora" to show.

Again and again, for all that, we find ourselves wishing that Mr. Crane had let well alone. For the most part the book is written in "journallese," whose more ambitious flights involve the writer in tangled sentences, and land him eventually in the depths of bathos:

... the launch of a big steamer. It was a striking sight to see as the stays were gradually removed, until it almost seemed as if the huge vessel was really only held in check by the tiny silken cord which the lady who performed the christening had to sever with a toy hatchet, after the champagne bottle, dressed in a bunch of ribbons, had been broken against the ship's side. Then she began to glide down the slope, and finally gracefully took the water like a swan. A luncheon and speeches followed.

Nothing could better explain Mr. Crane's utter inability to soar. "A luncheon and speeches followed"!

Nor can we trace in this book any humour save that of the somewhat elephantine kind which is indicated by Mr. Crane's "humorous" sketches and caricatures. It is very domestic, this humour, and verges now and then perilously hard upon the borderland of the pun. On the whole, Mr. Crane's pencil is happier than his pen in this field. A truly delightful sketch is that which prophetically represents the artist and his friend H. E. Wooldridge in old age, discussing a friendly bottle of old port. But the footnote thereto is as heavy as the sketch is light:

The third sketch is an anticipation of our friendship in old age—discussing a bottle of old crusted port. These are only a few out of many—I mean sketches, not bottles of port.

Of strength there is scarcely a trace in Mr. Crane's work—in his book, none. And one cannot help being impressed with the shrillness of the personal note which is sounded by one and all of the Socialist band of the eighties. The powerful personality of Morris, fire-brand though he was, has left no permanent mark; even his marvellous work is failing of a lasting hold upon the progress of design. The total misconception by these worthy people of the true function of Art, which can never become a political weapon and yet remain true to itself, is the cause of the inherent weakness and artificiality which mar the work of this group of gifted men. It is profoundly interesting to read of the incidents of 1886-7 from the point of view of the leading spirits. It is profoundly pitiful to read between the lines the utter inability of those leaders to grasp the fact of their own unimportance. And there is at least one of those leaders who, we should imagine, will scarcely relish the appearance of this book. Mr. John Burns as "the man with the red flag." Mr. John Burns singing "Tit-willow" in Japanese costume, and twirling a Japanese umbrella to delight a Bayswater audience—are not these ghosts which Mr. John Burns in knee-breeches and wearing a steel-hilted sword would rather had not risen to mock him? That "certain caution and desire to be politic" with which Mr. Crane credited him, even in 1885, has grown since then. But it is not conspicuous in the letter which Mr. Burns

wrote to the author concerning the design for the L.C.C. common seal:

I informed the Council of my intention to ask you, and we all agreed that you were the best man for it. *The design can be adapted to our views*, as you generally manage to do these things.

The italics are ours. The shameless dishonesty of the sentiment does not strike Mr. Crane any more than, probably, it struck Mr. Burns. And again, later:

The Cap of Freedom and the labourer is good propaganda—

and this on the seal of the Council, branding all future Councils with the propaganda of a temporarily successful party! Truly Lord Rosebery was right when he objected to Mr. Crane's design for a letter stamp, saying that he did not see what Justice and Liberty had to do with the Council.

Yet, after all, in turning the leaves once more we cannot be sorry that Mr. Crane has written his reminiscences; for the weaknesses alike of book and author are amiable weaknesses, and concerning persons, places, and things he has given us a store of interesting pictures, which emerge gradually from his account of them. Little glimpses of the villages, and farms, and orchards that western suburbia has long since swallowed up; the delicate drudgery of the wood-engraving days; the affectionate tribute to this or that friend and companion—these, far more than the letters, speeches, and the like, which form so large a part of the book, are the real and human element, wherein the artist is explained, all unconsciously, by the man, from boyhood on.

SPAIN IN STUART TIMES

The Court of Philip IV. By MARTIN HUME. (Eveleigh Nash, 1907.)

"PHILIP THE GREAT! your most august sovereignties abide gloriously triumphant, graven in the annals of fame: since you are the solid pillar and the upholding Atlas of the faith, the one and only bulwark of the Church, the all-pervading good of your invincible kingdoms." Such is a literal translation of the Spanish encomium which Mr. Hume puts on his title-page. Anything more miserably false as a description of Philip's rule and its effect on his country could not well be devised; and in setting this piece of courtly mendacity in the forefront of his volume, Mr. Hume must have intended to strike the keynote of that dramatic irony which haunts his story of Philip's life and makes it read almost like a Greek tragedy. The story is told very ably, and it is an excellent piece of craft by which, in the midst of all the brilliant glamour of the court, the reader is recalled from time to time to a consciousness of the black fate overhanging the king and his dominion and steadily driving both to the abyss. In his preface, Mr. Hume makes a sort of *apologia* for abandoning his original plan of a great historical work upon the period of Spanish decadence in favour of the present more limited and avowedly more popular study of court life. It cannot be denied that here is a falling off, a surrender of a higher ideal. It may be granted that the lower aim has been admirably carried out, and the result is a book which the "general reader" may peruse with assurance of reward, whether he is in quest of knowledge or of good entertainment. Nevertheless, the book must prove in a measure disappointing to the more serious student of history; for while the author very rightly claims to have based his work on a great number of original and unpublished records, and while he is excellently qualified for his task by his knowledge of the Spanish language and his previous researches in Spanish history, yet the notes are too few and the references are too loose, the mere title of a work or number of a volume being given in many cases where

chapter and verse in the document should have been cited.

However, the ordinary reader, for whom Mr. Hume caters, will probably like the book all the better for its defective critical apparatus, and will find abundant interest in the picture of life and manners, and in the play of character presented by the chief actors on the scene. The story covers the whole period of Philip's life, 1605 to 1665, and it is upon the personality of the King and his dominating Prime Minister, Olivares, that the light is kept focussed. When the King came to the throne, he found the whole social system disorganised, the people crushed by dues and taxes, the nobles enriched by public plunder, trade dying, the coinage debased, the Church full of simony, the navy reduced to seven ships, and war or rebellion threatening on every side. "All this," says the King, with pathetic piety, "was from no fault of my father or his predecessors, but simply because God so ordained it." Such a creed was the worst possible one for a monarch, and when Philip found the same evils growing greater under his own rule, the same curious fatalism blinded him to the real causes at work, though it did not always save him from searchings of heart or pangs of remorse. But the strange thing is that Philip's remorse seems to have touched only the smaller issues of his life—his private and personal relationships—and not to have reacted on those broad questions of national and international policy in which his failure became year by year more conspicuous. He never wavered in his conviction that his one paramount duty was to further at all costs to himself and his people the domination of the Roman Church; and the effort to maintain or spread that domination is the secret of his whole foreign policy. Mr. Hume seems to think that it was mainly Philip's immoralities which tortured his conscience; but this is at least doubtful. The King lived in habitual adultery, no doubt; to this he did not scruple to add sacrilege, as the affair of the nun of San Placido shows. But there is small evidence that sins like these troubled him, while his incestuous marriage with his niece, Mariana, blessed as it was by holy Church, naturally caused him no revolt of conscience. Like many kings, from David and Solomon downwards, Philip found it easy to reconcile the utmost laxity of practice with the strongest profession of devoutness; and the remorse which grew upon him in later life arose, not from any conflict between practice and profession in matters of sexual morality, but from the haunting feeling that he had incurred the Divine wrath by his weakness in matters of religion. The difference is real. It was easy then, as now, to separate the sphere of morality from that of religion; and Philip's conscience, dead in the one, was morbidly active in the other. Hence all the pathos of his letters to Sor Maria, the grave and wise abbess whose friendship at an earlier date in his life might have saved him both from Olivares and from himself. But the sense and sorrow of failure overshadow Philip's life, and the shadow deepens to the end.

Among the episodes of special interest in the book may be mentioned the visit of Charles Prince of Wales, with Buckingham, to Madrid, in quest of the Infanta's hand in marriage. The way in which the prince was kept dangling and was finally baffled by Olivares is well described, and the letters of King James to "Baby" and "Steenie" are piquant for all their fatuousness. Nor should one omit to notice the skill with which Mr. Hume presents the artistic interests of this period, particularly in relation to the two great painters, Rubens and Velasquez. Rubens was at work in Madrid in 1628, and though high in Philip's favour, held a secret commission from Charles I.; and in the following year he was sent as envoy from Madrid to London. It was in 1623 that Diego Velasquez, of Seville, on his second visit to Madrid, sprang into fame, and was commissioned to paint his first equestrian

portrait of Philip; nor was the King slow to acknowledge in his own cold and joyless manner the genius of the painter, to whom he granted a pension and a studio in the palace. We learn a good deal about Velasquez, and Mr. Hume adds much to the interest of his story by giving several illustrations from the master's paintings, of which the most striking is the portrait of Philip taken about 1660, and now in the National Gallery. It is a face, if ever there was one, with a ruined life behind it.

Before taking leave of this book, it is fair to say that it is not only full of interesting matter, but charmingly written. The style is forcible and vivacious—a little too rhetorical at times, perhaps, yet full of swing and rhythm. But an author who can write so well should be doubly careful to avoid misprints like "immune" for "immure" (p. 208), "defiance alliance" (p. 266), "seigniorial" (p. 414, n.), "corruscating" (p. 514). Even worse are the lapses of grammar: "*whom* all knew or guessed were French prisoners" (p. 478); "this document . . . *show* that" (p. 228, n.); "Don Luis de Haro, anxious as he was . . . , *he* was unable" (p. 481); "three packets of gunpowder, connected by a train with a slow match, *was* found" (p. 489). Blemishes like these are unscholarly in the extreme, and not to be pardoned in a book by a Cambridge University lecturer; but fortunately they can be removed in another edition, and need not permanently disfigure an interesting and successful volume.

ENGLISH MUSIC

A History of Music in England. By ERNEST WALKER.
(The Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d.)

ABOUT two years ago we welcomed the appearance of "The Oxford History of Music," the work of five authors in six volumes, which covers in a masterly fashion the whole course of the development of modern European music; and now a book by Dr. Ernest Walker has appeared which, in a single volume, deals with the special subject of music in England. There is no avowed connection between the two, but the new work is none the less a valuable complement to the earlier one. A difficulty which the authors of the "Oxford History" had to meet was the fact that a great deal of the history of English music at some of its most interesting periods had little or no influence upon the development of European music as a whole, so that matter which would have been of interest to their English readers was irrelevant to their main purpose. Dr. Walker therefore fills in what was rejected by the authors of the "Oxford History," and in doing so brings out even more clearly than they the fact that if none of the English composers since John Dunstable had lived, European music to-day would be practically where it is now, in fact, that "we have taken freely from other nations, but have not given back." Yet no one who follows the story which Dr. Walker has to tell will imagine that we have been mere plagiarists. Once own that our music has had little or no influence upon other nations, and we are then free to admire whole-heartedly the work of the great Church composers, Tye, Whyte, and Tallis, the madrigals of Wilbye and his contemporaries, the versatile genius of Purcell, for whom no pinnacle is apparently too high. While Dr. Walker's knowledge of the music of the earlier composers is that of the scholar who has rummaged through libraries, and collated part-books, he is happy in being able to write of it as music which, like that of the present day, must stand or fall by the one test of its beauty and sincerity of expression. He wastes no time in the discussion of what was merely ingenious or experimental, and though some of his judgments on the worth of compo-

sitions may seem too personal to be conclusive, he brings before his readers a vivid picture of the relative positions of musicians of each period—at any rate, as they appear to him. For instance, when he says of the three Church composers above named, that they “seem to give out the whole of themselves in every single work in which they give anything at all of their best,” he brings their work into the light of day, and makes the unlearned reader wish to know them better; but when he dismisses Peter Philipps rather summarily with the remark that he was “a very solid and massive, but not at all distinctive composer,” we do not accept his verdict as final. It would be possible to quote a number of sentences, especially in the interesting chapter on the madrigal period or that on Purcell and his contemporaries, which exactly hit upon salient characteristics of composers; for instance, the remark about Purcell, that “Of all great musicians he takes . . . the shortest views.” But to quote sentences is unfair to author and reader alike, for the book is no mere collection of apt aphorisms and epigrams, but an historical review of the course which music has taken in this country, illumined by flashes of the author’s critical acumen.

Two circumstances tend to mar the satisfaction of the general reader, for whom Dr. Walker says he has written this book. One is, that he has permitted himself a curious amount of latitude in the construction of some sentences which, with a little revision, might have been made perfectly clear and simple. The second and more important circumstance cannot be laid to his charge; it is the fact that the subject is one of declining interest. On the premature death of Purcell music in England was left in a state of suspended animation, and when Handel arrived he set his heel upon individuality of expression, and stamped practically all English composition of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries with the impress of his own powerful personality. Dr. Walker’s study of Handel’s music is one of the best things in the book, and his insistence upon the value of Handel’s non-religious work may still be salutary. Afterwards, however, we enter on the dead period, and though Dr. Walker succeeds in showing that even here there was more activity in music than is often supposed, he cannot make “music under the later Georges,” or “early Victorian music” engrossing. When, at last, we emerge into the stronger light of present day effort, the author seems at once too bold and too timid. His summary of the work of the five living composers whom he discusses, Mackenzie, Cowen, Parry, Stanford and Elgar, is rather too glib to be wholly convincing, while his diffidence in mentioning names of younger men, wise though it may be, robs us of a discussion of what bids fair to rank among the most fertile times in our musical history. He does not fail, however, to point out that we are now awake, that although we may not be able to boast great geniuses, who are necessarily rare, “the men in whose hands the future of English music rests are artistically alive; and that is, after all, the main thing.”

A chapter on folk-music is valuable chiefly for the number of tunes which are quoted, and one on “general characteristics” shows how certain crude formulæ survived through hundreds of years in English composition, until Handel crushed them with everything else native that he found here. In the revival of to-day we hear much talk about the foundation of a national school of composition, but when we look back on our history and see how we have been isolated from other nations in the past, both by our geographical position and still more by temperament, it appears certain that our special task of to-day is to learn to be cosmopolitan. This “History” shows, for instance,

that the best of our music has been inseparable from words, that we have produced little or no pure instrumental music. The fact that our younger composers are turning seriously to the orchestra, and to the various forms of chamber music, shows that now, late as it is, we are beginning to try to grasp the meaning of the art as a whole, and to treat it as a self-sufficing one. It is our duty to free ourselves from limitations, not to make new ones, and it is certain that if ever a really great school of English music arises its glory must be that it has drunk deep of the experience of others, and so is able to give back in full measure the matured results of that experience.

THE CHRISTMAS ECLOGUE

Cara deum suboles, magnum jovis incrementum.

I HAVE to congratulate a triad of eminent scholars for boldly opposing the stream of contemporary scholia. Their little volume* is particularly welcome now that the Universities are too inclined to seek toleration at the hands of the democracy by playing the part of upper board-schools. These three scholars originally contributed to three different periodicals three essays, which, considering that they were written without any pre-arrangement, complete each other in quite a remarkable way. Mr. Warde Fowler’s appeared the earliest, in 1903, when he propounded three questions, and particularly devoted himself to answering the second of them: “Who or what was the child whose birth the Eclogue celebrates?” Next, Professor Conway’s essay in January, 1907, practically answered Mr. Fowler’s first question, “What was Virgil’s purpose in writing the Eclogue and connecting it with the consulship of Pollio?” Lastly, in April, Professor Mayor’s essay answered the third question: “Whence did Virgil draw the ideas and imagery of the poem?” Now, after consultation and careful revision, the three essays have been published consecutively in one volume under the general editorship of Professor Mayor, not in the order of their first appearance, but much more conveniently in the order of Mr. Fowler’s questions. Each author retains the sole responsibility for his own conclusions. Though Professor Mayor’s subject is the most interesting, and he treats it very ably and sympathetically, I may not have to refer to him again specifically. His editing is all that could be desired. The text of the Eclogue is printed most usefully before the essays, together with a translation by Professor Conway, and there is a model epitome of the contents and a full index. With these aids to distinguishing the authors I need only quote them by name separately, when one seems to be expressing a peculiarly personal opinion.

It does not interest me very much whether Virgil’s primary *motif* is the beginning of a new cycle of time personified as an infant, or the expected birth of a child to Octavian, Pollio, or another. The main interest to me is how far the poem is instinct with more enduring, universal significance. If, however, it were my undeserved lot to teach this Messianic Eclogue for the schools, unless I were better inspired by some young scholar-poet among my pupils, I should teach them that Virgil took the occasion of an expected heir to a great race to write a natal song; that the child probably was the first-born to Octavian, and that it has been beautifully and quite reasonably suggested by Mr. Fowler that Virgil assumes in his poem the character of a mid-wife assisting at the labour of the mother, and receives the new-born infant into his arms to the accompaniment, as it were, of the last four lines. I should say that since Caius Asinius Pollio was Consul, a highly

* *Virgil’s Messianic Eclogue. Three Studies* by JOSEPH B. MAYOR, W. WARDE FOWLER, and R. S. CONWAY. (John Murray, 2s. 6d. net.)

distinguished man both in politics and literature, and a personal friend, Virgil had addressed the poem to him as a compliment, and also, in order to mark the year 39 B.C.; I should point out what a remarkable date it was, the opening of a new cycle of time, an *annus magnus*, and also quite evidently of a great and imminent revolution in the condition of the Roman people. I should add, that as Virgil wrote, the expected infant grew for him into the new cycle, a new era; that since he was a hopeful, just, and tender-hearted poet, influenced by the doctrines of the Stoics, he hoped for the Golden Age renewed and regenerate, rather than regretted it as past for ever. I should point out that there is much evidence to show and every reason for believing that Virgil was deeply interested and well versed in the Pythagorean philosophy and in the Sibylline oracles with their Eastern origin and imagery; that he most likely knew something of other poems, Hebrew or Chaldaic, prophetic in form, expressed in language far sublimer than the Sibyls' or his own; and that under such influences his scion of Augustus, his Golden Age renewed, grew and commingled in one who should be both author and essence of the Golden Age himself.

In all this I should be but teaching doctrines and speculations expressed or immediately derived from the three essayists. But if another very clever pupil, likely to be placed by the examiners much higher than the first scholar, one destined for a Fellowship, a Head-mastership, or even Parliament, inquired whether Virgil was therefore inspired, I should tell him that Eusebius said he was; and that St. Augustine said he was not, but the Sibyls were; and that St. Jerome said they were only fools who believed in either. As final authorities I should refer him to Professor Ramsay, and "the distinguished living Oxford scholar," anonymous to me, and gently left unnamed by Professor Conway. I should point out to my clever pupil that the training of the modern "philolog" is not intended to produce "a feeling for a poet's mind," and that he had better not indulge in any if he does not want to damage his prospects. But the poet-scholar I would send to ponder with the three essayists on Isaiah, the Sibyls, St. Augustine, Dante, Milton, on all poet-scholars down to Pope, and on many beyond: while together we would discuss the manifold kinds and sources of the winds, whence they come and whither they go. We would speak together of the Lord God talking in the garden in the cool of the evening; of Aaron's god, Moses; of the spirit kindled from the burning coal; of Isaiah, the docile reed through which the Divine voice sounded; of perverse Balaam, forced beyond all his auguries to utter the sublimest pæans, and cast away like a crushed cymbal when their echoes had scarcely ceased. We would talk of Bezaleel and inspiration into his hands; of nightly trances and breathed spells; of Apollo and his Muses; of the Bacids and the Sibyls; of Dionysus, and of the mighty Pan kindly come to dwell with men below; of *Stirps sacra Virginis, author originis ensque sophiae*. We would talk of Narcissus inspired by his own face. We would wonder whether Virgil was rapt by the Spirit so far even as the Babe who was to lie in the lap of the Virgin, enamoured of his own verse. We would speculate which way the Spirit of the Lord went from Zedechiah to Virgil, and whether he was constrained to cry unwittingly,

δείξω αὐτῷ καὶ οὐχ ἴδὼν. μακαρίζω καὶ οὐκ ἐγγίζει.

Then, after we had studied the essayists to some such purpose as this, we should be inclined for points of philology. We should hold views on the exact meaning of "incrementum," and we should expand them to suit our own purposes. We should recognise with Mr. Fowler that the poetry of the Eclogue is not of the very highest order, and should feel that its importance and charm lie largely in its contribution to what we

should call the "incrementa" of Virgil's muse, its divine offspring present throughout Christian art and literature, and, above them all, the Divine Comedy. We should notice, apart from the formation of schools of art, how pregnant with "incrementa" the great masterpieces are, as well as how perfect their actual achievement is. We should recognise that the "incrementa" of Chaucer's poetry is the English language which he created for us, after Anglo-Saxon had been beautified, subtilised, civilised by Norman-French. We should recognise that, though topical influences disfigure and distort the epic of "Paradise Lost" with brutal anthropomorphism, the "incrementa" of Milton's high soul and marvellous poetic gifts are the music of Handel and the lyric beauty of every great English poet since Milton lived.

The three essayists' power to suggest so much, and their possession of that "feeling for a poet's mind without which the best criticism is unattainable" is the first reason why I value their book so highly. The second reason is because they are scholars who show themselves specially qualified to meet on points of mere scholarship opponents, some of whom rely entirely upon it and lose the poet in their researches. Among them is the unnamed "distinguished living Oxford scholar," who protests against "the ridiculous, and if it were not sincere, blasphemous notion that the Eclogue contained an inspired Messianic prophecy." In spite of his scholarship, the "Oxford scholar" has no sequence of ideas or cannot express it in his own language. Blasphemy is none the less blasphemous because it is sincere. If his criticism is matured, he betrays a mind totally incapable of apprehending Dante, much less of comprehending him. To Dante the condescension in the *assumptio humanitatis in Deum* was absolute, incomparable; Hezekiah, Maher-shalal-hash-baz, the embryo of Pollio Gallus or Julia, Dionysus, all created things, were no more nor less worthy to typify or figure it, than a triangle is more or less worthy than a circle to typify or figure Deity. It is a question of taste and of some appreciation of what expression means, to which scholarship will not help a mind such as this criticism suggests that the "Oxford scholar" possesses. To such a mind as his (if he should have any Christian inclinations) Fra Angelico's bright harnessed angels, wearing their peacock wings, wading knee deep in meadow flowers, dancing their rounds in mid air above Christ's stable will seem gaudy, frivolous, and blasphemously material; tarlatan, eider-down and steam will seem spiritual clothing.

I do not claim any competence to judge questions of pure scholarship, and I approach the debated text of the last four lines of the Eclogue, rather from the position of a jury than from that of an advocate or a judge. The reading which I give here is Quintilian's, the earliest known, accepted by Scaliger, and largely for these reasons defended by Mr. Fowler. The two words printed in italics mark the points of difference to which I refer:

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem:
matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.
Incipe, parve puer: *qui* non risere parentes,
nec deus *hunc* mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

The two last lines may be rendered into obscure English on the analogy of the Latin construction, and following Mr. Fowler's meaning, thus: "*Babes who* have not *smiled-upon* their parents—the god has not bestowed on *him* a table nor the goddess a bed." Even Professor Conway is shy of flying so full in the face of the grammarians as to break three of their elementary rules in two lines. He suggests that Quintilian mis-wrote "q" (qui) for a "c" (cui), which must have stood in his manuscript of the poem. This would be a reasonable supposition if the reading had occurred incidentally, and if, as Mr. Fowler points out, Quintilian had not written "*Ex illis enim 'qui non risere,' hic, quem non*

dignata," and just before, "*Est figura et in numero, vel cum singulari pluralis subjuguntur.*" But Dr. Postgate, who presses *à toute outrance* the high authority of Quintilian in matters of grammar or phonetics on certain occasions, is as devoted to the grammar-fetich as the "Oxford scholar" to his own sense of propriety. Dr. Postgate apparently "contends that Quintilian's copy of Virgil was a bad one," though it was good enough for Quintilian and Scaliger also. If Quintilian was incapable of discerning writers' errors in his own copy, his authority as a scholar, and with it the conclusions founded on it, are not worth as much as they were. Every language has usages which are a part of its genius, and yet are grammatical anomalies. Considering the small proportion of the literature of any given period which has come down to us, it is surely unscientific to assume that a well-authenticated reading is wrong because it is even very ungrammatical. Grammarians are not the legislators of language, but registrars of the usages of the great writers who make language. They are mere clerks sorting into pigeon-holes great masters' habits of speech. When they omit to register unusual modes of expression, they merely scamp their work, and are fit for nothing more than seats on local committees of education. Like his great master, Quintilian, Dr. Postgate is much more than a mere grammarian, and his pleading is not worthy of him. L. L. A. S.

THREE NOTES—PSYCHOLOGY

MR. DALE, who had quiet rooms in a western part of London, was very busily occupied one day with a pencil and little scraps of paper. He would stop in the middle of his writing, of his monotonous tramp from door to window, jot down a line of hieroglyphics, and turn again to his work. At lunch he kept his instruments on the table beside him, and a little notebook accompanied him on his evening walk about the Green. Sometimes he seemed to experience a certain difficulty in the act of writing, as if the heat of shame or even incredulous surprise held his hand, but one by one the fragments of paper fell into the drawer, and a full feast awaited him at the day's close.

As he lit his pipe at dusk he was standing by the window and looking out into the street. In the distance cablights flashed to and fro, up and down the hill, on the main road. Across the way he saw the long line of sober, grey houses, cheerfully lit up for the most part, displaying against the night the dining-room and the evening meal. In one house, just opposite, there was brighter illumination, and the open window showed a modest dinner-party in progress, and here and there a drawing-room on the first floor glowed ruddy, as the tall, shaded lamp was lit. Everywhere Dale saw a quiet and comfortable respectability; if there were no gaiety there was no riot, and he thought himself fortunate to have got "rooms" in so sane and meritorious a street.

The pavement was almost deserted. Now and again a servant would dart out from a side door and skurry off in the direction of the shops, returning in a few minutes in equal haste. But foot-passengers were rare, and only at long intervals a stranger would drift from the highway and wander, with slow speculation, down Abingdon Road, as if he had passed its entrance a thousand times and had at last been piqued with curiosity and the desire of exploring the unknown. All the inhabitants of the quarter prided themselves on their quiet seclusion, and many of them did not so much as dream that if one went far enough the road degenerated and became abominable, the home of the hideous, the mouth of a black purlieu. Indeed, stories, ill and malodorous, were told of the streets parallel, to east and west, which perhaps communicated with

the terrible sink beyond, but those who lived at the good end of Abingdon Road knew nothing of their neighbours.

Dale leant far out of his window. The pale London sky deepened to violet as the lamps were lit, and in the twilight the little gardens before the houses shone, seemed as if they grew more clear. The golden laburnum but reflected the last bright yellow veil that had fallen over the sky after sunset, the white hawthorn was a gleaming splendour, the red may a flameless fire in the dusk. From the open window Dale could note the increasing cheerfulness of the diners opposite, as the moderate cups were filled and emptied; blinds in the higher storeys brightened up and down the street when the nurses came up with the children. A gentle breeze, that smelt of grass and woods and flowers, fanned away the day's heat from the pavement stones, rustled through the blossoming boughs, and sank again, leaving the road to calm.

All the scene breathed the gentle domestic peace of the stories; there were regular lives, dull duties done, sober and common thoughts on every side. He felt that he needed not to listen at the windows, for he could divine all the talk, and guess the placid and usual channels in which the conversation flowed. Here there were no spasms, nor raptures, nor the red storms of romance, but a safe rest; marriage and birth and begetting were no more here than breakfast and lunch and afternoon tea.

And then he turned away from the placid transparency of the street, and sat down before his lamp and the papers he had so studiously noted. A friend of his, an "impossible" man named Jenyns, had been to see him the night before, and they had talked about the psychology of the novelists, discussing their insight, and the depth of their probe.

"It is all very well as far as it goes," said Jenyns. "Yes, it is perfectly accurate. Guardsmen do like chorus-girls, the doctor's daughter is fond of the curate, the grocer's assistant of the Baptist persuasion has sometimes religious difficulties, 'smart' people no doubt think a great deal about social events and complications, the Tragic Comedians felt and wrote all that stuff, I daresay. But do you think that is all? Do you call a description of the gilt tools on the morocco here an exhaustive essay on Shakespeare?"

"But what more is there?" said Dale. "Don't you think, then, that human nature has been fairly laid open? What more?"

"Songs of the frantic lupanar, delirium of the madhouse. Not extreme wickedness, but the insensate, the unintelligible, the lunatic passion and idea, the desire that must come from some other sphere that we cannot even faintly imagine. Look for yourself: it is easy."

Dale looked now at the ends and scraps of paper. On them he had carefully registered all the secret thoughts of the day, the crazy lusts, the senseless furies, the foul monsters that his heart had borne, the maniac phantasies that he had harboured. In every note he found a rampant madness, the equivalent in thought of mathematical absurdity, of two-sided triangles, of parallel straight lines which met.

"And we talk of absurd dreams," he said to himself. "And these are wilder than the wildest visions. And our sins; but these are the sins of nightmare."

"And every day," he went on, "we lead two lives, and the half of our soul is madness, and half heaven is lit by a black sun. I say I am a man, but who is the other that hides in me?"

NATURE

"And there was a broad level by the river," Julian went on, telling the story of his holiday. "A broad level of misty meadows, divided by low banks, between

the hills and the river. They say the Roman world is lost beneath the turf, that a whole city sleeps there, gold and marble and amber all buried for ever."

"You did not see anything?"

"No, I suppose not. I used to get up early and go out, and leave the little modern village behind me, hidden in the hot haze. And then I would stand in the misty meadows and watch the green turf shimmer and lighten, as the grey halo rolled away. Oh! the silence. There was no sound except the lapping of the river, the wash of the water on the reeds.

"The banks are yellow mud," he went on, "but in the early morning as the sun began to shine in the mist they pearly and grew like silver. There was a low mound that hid something, and on it an old thorn tree bent towards the east; it was a little way from the tide's brim. I stood there and saw the woods swell out of the haze in the early morning, and that white sun seemed to encompass the town with gleaming walls. If I had stayed still I think I should have seen the glittering legion and the eagles, I should have heard the sonorous trumpets pealing from the walls."

"I expect you have seen and heard more than that," said his friend. "I always told you that the earth, too, and the hills, and even the old walls are a language, hard to translate."

"And I came upon a place that made me think of that," said Julian. "It was far from the town; I lost my way amongst those rolling hills and strayed by footpaths from field to wood, and all that I saw of man was here and there a blue smoke that crawled up from the earth, from the tree, it might be, or the brook, for I could see no house. I went on, always with the sense that I was following an unknown object, and, suddenly, a shape rose from forgotten dreams. An old farmhouse, built of grey, silvery stones; a long barn wavering and dipping down to a black pool, pine trees overhanging the roof. It was all dim, as if it had been seen reflected in water. I went a little nearer, and I found that I was lifted free of the maze of hills. I fronted the mountain, looking across a deep, broad valley, and all the year the mountain winds must blow upon the porch; they look from their deep windows and see the fleeting of the clouds and the sun on that vast green hillside. Yellow flowers were shaking in the garden, for even on that still day the mountain wind swept across the valley. But those grey glistening walls! A light flowed from them, and they spoke of something beyond thought.

"I visited, too, the river valley, passing out to the north. The town was soon hidden behind trees, behind a curtain of Lombardy poplars, whispering of Italy, of the vine, the olive garden. The curving lane led me beneath orchards, their underboughs dark green, almost black, in the shadow, and the road winding between orchard and river led me into the long valley, where the forest is as a cloud upon the hill. I watched the yellow tide cease and the water flow clear, and the breath of the wind was unearthly. It was there that I saw the burning pools."

"You stayed for the sunset?"

"Yes, I stayed all day within the valley. The sky was grey, but not cloudy, rather it was a glowing of silver light that made the earth seem dim and yet shining. Indeed, I say that, though the sun was hidden, you would have dreamed that white moons were floating through the air, for now and again I saw the misty hillside pale and lighten, and a tree would appear suddenly in mid-forest, and glitter as if it blossomed. Yes, and in the calm meadows by the riverside there were little points of brightness, as if tongues of white fire sparkled in the grey grass."

"And the river itself?"

"It was all the day a hieroglyphic, winding in essences beneath those haunting banks, colourless and yet alight

like all the world around. At last, in the evening, I sat down beneath a wych-elm on the slope, where I breathed the scent and knew the heavy stillness of the wood. Then a strong wind blew, high up in heaven, and the grey veil vanished. The sky was clear, pale blue, in the west there was exhibited an opal burning green, and beneath a purple wall. Then, in the middle of the purple a rent opened; there was a red glint and red momentary rays, as if rose-hot metal were beaten and dented on the anvil, and the sparks fled abroad. So the sun sank.

"I thought I would wait and see all the valley, the river, and the level, and the woods sink into twilight, become sombre, formless. The light went out from the river, the water paled as it flowed between the sad reeds and grasses. I heard a harsh, melancholy cry, and above, in the dusky air, a flight of great birds passed seaward in changing, hieroglyphic order. The keen line of the hills by sunset home seemed to melt away, to become vague.

"Then I saw the sky was blossoming in the north. Rose-gardens appeared there, with golden hedges and bronze gates, and the great purple wall caught fire as it grew leaden. The earth was lit again, but with unnatural jewelled colours; the palest light was sardonix, the darkness was amethyst, and then the valley was aflame. Fire in the wood, the fire of a sacrifice beneath the oaks. Fire in the level fields, a great burning in the north, and vehement flame to the south, above the town. And in the still river the very splendour of fire, yes, as if all precious things were cast into its furnace pools, as if gold and roses and jewels became flame."

"And then?"

"Then the shining of the evening star."

"And you," said his friend, "perhaps without knowing, have told me the story of a wonderful and incredible passion."

Julian stared at him in amazement.

"You are quite right," he said at length.

THE HOLY THINGS

The sky was blue above Holborn, and only one little cloud, half white, half golden, floated on the wind's way from west to east. The long aisle of the street was splendid in the full light of the summer, and away in the west, where the houses seemed to meet and join, it was as a rich tabernacle, mysterious, the carved house of holy things.

A man came into the great highway from a quiet court. He had been sitting under plane-tree shade for an hour or more, his mind racked with perplexities and doubts, with the sense that all was without meaning or purpose, a tangle of senseless joys and empty sorrows. He had stirred in it and fought and striven, and now disappointment and success were alike tasteless. To struggle was weariness, to attain was weariness, to do nothing was weariness. He had felt a little while before that from the highest to the lowest things of life there was no choice, there was not one thing that was better than another, the savour of the cinders was no sweeter than the savour of the ashes. He had done work which some men liked and others disliked, and liking and disliking were equally tiresome to him. His poetry or his pictures or whatever it was that he worked at had utterly ceased to interest him, and he had tried to be idle, and found idleness as impossible as work. He had lost the faculty for making and he had lost the power of resting; he dozed in the daytime and started up and cried at night. Even that morning he had doubted and hesitated, wondering whether to stay indoors or to go out, sure that in either plan there was an infinite disgust.

When he at last went abroad he let the crowd push him into the quiet court, and at the same time cursed

them in a low voice for doing so; he tried to persuade himself that he had meant to go somewhere else. When he sat down he desperately endeavoured to rouse himself, and as he knew that all the strong interests are egotistic, he made an effort to grow warm over the work he had done, to find a glow of satisfaction in the thought that he had accomplished something. It was nonsense; he had found out a clever trick and had made the most of it, and it was over. Besides, how would it interest him if afterwards he was praised when he was dead? And what was the use of trying to invent some new tricks? It was folly; and he ground his teeth as a new idea came into his mind and was rejected. To get drunk always made him so horribly ill, and other things were more foolish and tiresome than poesy or painting, whichever it was.

He could not even rest on the uncomfortable bench beneath the dank, stinking plane-tree. A young man and a girl came up and sat next to him, and the girl said: "Oh, isn't it beautiful to-day?" and then they began to jabber to one another—the blasted fools! He flung himself from the seat and went out into Holborn.

As far as one could see there were two processions of omnibuses, cabs, and vans that went east and west and west and east. Now the long line would move on briskly, now it stopped. The horses' feet rattled and pattered on the asphalt, the wheels ground and jarred, a bicyclist wavered in and out between the serried ranks, jangling his bell. The foot-passengers went to and fro on the pavement, with an endless change of unknown faces; there was an incessant hum and murmur of voices. In the safety of a blind passage an Italian whirled round the handle of his piano-organ; the sound of it swelled and sank as the traffic surged and paused, and now and then one heard the shrill voices of the children who danced and shrieked in time to the music. Close to the pavement a coster pushed his barrow, and proclaimed flowers in an odd intonation, reminding one of the Gregorian chant. The cyclist went by again with his jangling insistent bell, and a man who stood by the lamp-post set fire to his pastille ribbon, and let the faint blue smoke rise into the sun. Away in the west, where the houses seemed to meet, the play of sunlight on the haze made as it were golden mighty shapes that paused and advanced and paused again.

He had viewed the scene hundreds of times, and for a long while had found it a nuisance and a weariness. But now, as he walked stupidly, slowly along the northern side of Holborn, a change fell. He did not in the least know what it was, but there seemed to be a strange air, and a new charm that soothed his mind.

When the traffic was stopped, to his soul there was a solemn hush that summoned remnants of a far-off memory. The voices of the passengers sank away, the street was endued with a grave and reverent expectation. A shop that he passed had a row of electric lamps burning above the door, and the golden glow of them in the sunlight was, he felt, significant. The grind and jar of the wheels as the procession moved on again gave out a chord of music, the opening of some high service that was to be done, and now, in an ecstasy, he was sure that he heard the roll and swell and triumph of the organ, and shrill sweet choristers began to sing. So the music sank and swelled and echoed in the vast aisle—in Holborn.

What could these lamps mean, burning in the bright sunlight? The music was hushed in a grave close, and in the rattle of traffic he heard the last deep, sonorous notes shake against the choir walls—he had passed beyond the range of the Italian's instrument. But then a rich voice began alone, rising and falling in monotonous but awful modulations, singing a longing, triumphant song, bidding the faithful lift up their

hearts, be joined in heart with the Angels and Archangels, with the Thrones and Dominations. He could see no longer, he could not see the man who passed close beside him, pushing his barrow and calling flowers.

Ah! He could not be mistaken, he was sure now. The air was blue with incense, he smelt the adorable fragrance. The time had almost come. And then the silvery, reiterated, instant summons of a bell; and again, and again.

The tears fell from his eyes, in his weeping the tears poured a rain upon his cheeks. But he saw in the distance, in the far distance, the carved tabernacle, golden mighty figures moving slowly, imploring arms stretched forth.

There was a noise of a great shout; the choir sang in the tongue of his boyhood that he had forgotten:

SANCT, SANCT, SANCT.

Then the silvery bell tingled anew; and again, and again. He looked and saw the Holy, White and Shining Mysteries exhibited—in Holborn.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE CRAVING FOR PRINT

I FANCY that that curious tic, the craving for print, first began to afflict the human race in the last years of the Press-ridden, education-harried nineteenth century. I did not myself chance upon a sufferer till the year 1900; but then I observed the craving in so developed a form that it must have been of some years' growth. The afflicted person was an acquaintance of several months' standing, a plethoric man of a placid temperament, who had once, so his intimates declared, been of an unimpeachable serenity. Now whenever he paid a visit to my rooms in the Temple he would at first talk in an uncomfortable, absent-minded way and fidget about the room. He did not seem to be quite under his own control, and I wondered whether he were in some trouble of money or the heart. I had observed this fidgetiness and wondered what ailed him several times before I discovered its cause. Then one day I was watching him more closely, and I observed that when he picked up a book and opened it, his fidgetiness at once left him, and he was again a calm, unruffled man. After a glance at the print his ideas seemed to flow more freely, and he talked more easily. Now and again he seemed to refresh himself by a glance at the printed page. I thought I was on the track of something new; and I watched him on two other occasions, knowing what to look for. On both occasions the same thing happened. Then I began to experiment upon him. I cleared my room of stray books, and when I next heard his knock I locked up the bookshelves and threw the newspapers lying about into the next room. His uneasiness was extreme; he fidgeted about the room, and his talk was halting indeed. I watched him with great interest. At last the uneasiness suddenly left him; he sidled into an arm-chair by the fire, picked up from the hearth a piece of an advertisement of a mottled soap, torn from a newspaper, and read a few lines of it. It cleared his mind, and he talked easily.

It seemed a rather absurd craving to assail a human being; and I supposed that my friend was exceptional, or that it might be pure fancy on my part. I thought little more of it for a while. Then one day I was taking tea with a lady; two or three other callers were there, among them a leading literary Englishwoman. The only piece of printed matter in sight was a paper devoted to women's sports and dress and the portraits of the fashionable—the last kind of paper a literary woman cares about. Four times during the hour I was there the literary woman, apparently unconsciously, under an

impulsion, broke off her talk, rose, walked across the room, read a few lines of the paper, went back to her seat, and began talking again. There was no doubt in my mind that she had to, that the paper drew her to it.

After that I began to look about me in earnest for signs of this craving for print. I found them everywhere. Not only were literary folk affected by it, but to all seeming most intelligent people, and the bulk of the florid product of the board-schools. I observed that the people in trains, or omnibuses, or tram-cars, making their short journeys home to the suburbs after the day's work, if they looked at all intelligent, seemed bound to strain their eyes in the bad light, poring over some ill-printed newspaper or some snappy snippets. More often than not the papers are morning papers, crumpled from having already been read. The readers all seem to suffer from the uneasiness which marks the craving; two friends meeting in a train seem no longer able to talk together with any ease without unfolding their papers and taking snatches of cheering print as they babble. Only the young men and maidens and middle-aged men seem so afflicted; the old people sit quiet with their thoughts, or they talk, or watch their fellow-travellers.

The worst of it was that I found that I suffered from the craving myself. It was hard for me to sit quiet in an easy chair and smoke and muse. Always I wanted to be reading something, to be reading any trivial stuff rather than nothing at all. Then at last, having satisfied myself that there was really such a craving, I discussed the matter with my friends. Most of them had to admit that they did suffer from it, that they could not sit quiet and think, that this craving came upon them and they had to read. It did not matter much what they read, practically anything in the way of printed matter, circulars even, would stay the craving.

Reading is without doubt an excellent thing; but it would seem that the modern excessive indulgence in it leads to a print habit which is quite as strong and, if anything, more deplorable than a drug habit. We seem to be spoiling our nerves and weakening our brain by excessive print-imbibing. I certainly find it very hard to break myself of the continual craving for print, to acquire the power of being able to sit quiet and just think; so do my friends. Yet the power of self-communion is a most valuable power. After all, though you get knowledge from books, you do not want to be always at them. The digestion of that knowledge and the wisdom which comes from it are only attained by letting it simmer in the under-self quietly, undisturbed by continuous additions. The race is losing that power; excess in reading is destroying it, and so preventing the attainment of wisdom.

EDGAR JEPSON.

BARBADOS: PAST AND PRESENT

It is strange that in this age when the keenest interest is taken in reviving the spirit of the past, so delightful and lively a book as Ligon's "True and Exact History of the Island of Barbados" has not yet been selected as one of those old-world volumes, which are felt to be worthy of a re-edition.* The rarity of the work,

* The full title-page of this delightful volume is as follows:—

A TRUE & EXACT
HISTORY
of the Island of
BARBADOS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A MAP OF THE ISLAND, AS ALSO THE PRINCIPAL TREES AND PLANTS THERE, SET FORTH IN THEIR DUE PROPORTIONS & SHAPES, DRAWNE OUT BY THEIR SEVERALL & RESPECTIVE SCALES. TOGETHER WITH THE INGENIO THAT MAKES THE SUGAR, WITH THE PLOTS OF THE SEVERALL HOUSES, ROOMES & OTHER PLACES, THAT ARE USED IN THE WHOLE PROCESSE OF SUGAR-MAKING; VIZ., THE GRINDING-ROOM, THE BOYLING-ROOM, THE FILLING-ROOM, THE CURING-HOUSE, STILL-HOUSE & FURNACES;

All Cut in Copper.

By Richard Ligon, Gent.
LONDON.

Printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the Princes Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1657.

no doubt, precludes the general reader from perusing its quaint pages, but those to whom this happy privilege has fallen cannot but have been struck with the freshness of style, the power of vivid description, and the interesting glimpse into the seventeenth century, which the writer displays and affords.

Ligon's book appears to have been written for the most part in Upper Bench Prison, to which he was committed on his return to England from the West Indies. We are not aware of the nature of the offence for which Ligon was thus treated, nor would it be pertinent here to seek it. If we vouchsafe the matter a word at all it must be one of self-congratulation at the misfortune which caused the imprisonment, for it is more than likely that it is to this enforced period of leisure that we are indebted for the existence of the book itself.

Those were troublous times in the middle of the seventeenth century. Society was broken up by the factious tendencies of the hour, and law and order were frequently set at defiance by open rioting and pillage. It was in one of these outbreaks that Ligon lost all the worldly goods that he had "gotten by the painfull travells and cares" of his youth, and he resolved, old man though he was, to set out for foreign parts. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, but he confronted them with the proverb: "Need makes the old wife trot." Accordingly we find him taking advantage of the offer of a friend to accompany him to the Caribbees and setting sail from the Downs "in the good ship called the Achilles, a vessel of 350 tunnes," upon the 16th June, 1647, two years before the establishment of the Commonwealth. The account given of the voyage, being the result of close observation, is full of interest, though some of the conclusions he arrives at to explain certain phenomena are, to our more enlightened selves, not a little grotesque and ridiculous. In describing the phosphorescence which would delight him of a night-time as it played on the water about the ship, he thus accounts for it:

In the Ayer, Rough hard bodies meeting with one another, by violent stroakes, Rarifie the Ayer so as to make fire. So here, the ship being of a hard substance and in a violent motion, meeting with the strong resistance of the waves (who though they be not hard, yet they are rough by reason of their saltnes), doe cause a light, though no fire; and I may guess that that light would be fire were it not quencht by the sea in the instant it is made: which in his own Element hath the greater power and predominancie.

In Ligon's time a large increase in the population of Barbados was due to the civil war which raged in Great Britain. Many individuals, to save themselves from total ruin, migrated thither as refugees with as much hard cash as they could hurriedly realise, until affairs at home should become more tranquil. But the largest additions to the white population at that period were contributed by the Christian slaves. No less a number than 7,000 persons, who were taken prisoners at the battle of Worcester in 1651, "were sent to London, and sold as slaves to the plantations of the American Isles."

The voyage to Barbados occupied two and a half months, including a short stay at one of the Cape de Verde Islands. Upon his arrival Ligon found so fierce a scourge was raging in the place—probably an epidemic of yellow fever—that the living were sometimes unable to bury their dead. It is a matter of wonder that any were alive, for not only were dead bodies thrown into the mangrove swamp near to which the small town was situated, but it seems that the people were accustomed to drink of the water which there accumulated:

A town ill situate (says Ligon) . . . for the ground being somewhat lower within the land than the sea-banks are, the spring Tides flow over, and there remains, making a great part of that flat a kind of bog or Morasse, which vents out so loathsome a savour as cannot but breed ill blood.

This, then, was the original site of Bridgetown, the present capital of Barbados, then known as "the Bridge—for that a long bridge was made at first over a little nook of the sea, which was rather a bog than sea." Here were the taverns, kept by Mr. Jobson and Jane Fuller, to which the planters were wont to resort occasionally for a fish dinner, or maybe to seal a bargain, upon a purchase of slaves or cattle, in "kill-devil," since known as rum.* Here also foregathered the rough, hardy, daring sailors, men whose own fathers had sailed under Drake and Raleigh—who, as Froude says, "went out across the unknown seas, fighting, discovering, colonising, and graved out the channels, paving them at last with their bones, through which the commerce and enterprise of England has flowed out all over the world." Here were landed barrels of sated meat and fish, tools for clearing and cultivating the thickly-wooded island, servants, and slaves; and moving amongst the busy throng might have been seen the camels and asses employed to carry their pack-loads to the plantations inland. "Neither the voluptuous man who thinks the day not long enough for him to take his pleasures, nor the sleepie man who thinks the longest night too short for him to dreame out his delights, are fit to repose and solace themselves upon this Iland."

It was the intention of Ligon's friend to have settled in Antigua, but owing to various causes he changed his mind, and decided that it would be better to buy a made plantation in Barbados than by trying his fortunes in a less developed country, "to indure all hardships and a tedious expedition of what profit or pleasure may arise in many years' patience." Ligon nowhere definitely tells us who amongst his fellow passengers was the friend whom he accompanied, but we suspect him to have been a Colonel Modiford, who now comes upon the scene.† This gentleman met at the house of Mr. Philip Bell, then Governor, a certain Major William Hilliard, "an eminent planter of the Iland and a Councillor who had long been there, and now was desirous to sucke in some of the sweet ayre of England." Here was an opportunity of making the desired investment. In a month's time a bargain was concluded whereby Modiford, for the sum of £7,000, was to manage the estate and receive half the profits. The plantation had in it 500 acres of land:

with a faire dwelling-house, an Ingenio‡ plac'd in a room of 400 foot square: a boyling house, filling room, Cistern, and still-house: with a Garding house of 100 foot long and 40 foot broad: with stables, Smith's forge, and rooms to lay provisions of Corne and Bonavist; houses for *Negroes* and *Indian* slaves, with 96 *Negroes* and three *Indian* women, with their children: 98 Christians, 45 Cattle for worke; 8 milch Cowes, a dozen Horses and Mares, 16 Assinigoes§ . . . In this plantation of 500 acres of land there was employed for sugar somewhat more than 200 acres; above 80 acres for pasture, 120 for wood, 20 for Tobacco, 5 for Ginger, as many for Cotton-wool, and 70 acres for provisions; viz., Corne, Potatoes, Plantines, Cassavie, and Bonavist; some few acres of which for fruit; viz., Pines, Plantines, Milions, Bonanoes, Guavers, Water Milions, Oranges, Limons, Limes, &c., most of them onely for the table.

In the description of the plantation the first feature which strikes our notice is the mention of 120 acres of wood. It is difficult for one who knows the Barbados of

to-day to conceive that its first settlers found it a densely-wooded island—not mere scrub and brushwood, but tropical forest, full of magnificent trees with lavish profusion of creepers, orchids, and ferns. "The woods were so thick, and most of the trees so large and massie as they were not to be falne with few hands." Along the leeward side of this wood we may hazard the conjecture that the "faire dwelling-house" was built; close by, the estate buildings; a little farther off, upon the other side of these, the "houses for *Negroes* and *Indian* slaves." Nearer to the dwelling-house may have been the habitations, "made of sticks, withs and plantine leaves," of the twenty-eight Christians. A word must be said of these unfortunates, and their status and sufferings are best described in Ligon's own words:

The slaves and their posterity, being subject to their masters for ever, are kept and preserv'd with greater care than the (Christian) servants, who are theirs but for five years according to the laws of the Iland. So that for the time the servants have the worse lives, for they are put to very hard labour, ill lodging, and their dyet very slight.

They were of all classes, from the English Royalist officer to the wild kilted Kelts of the north of Ireland. Clergymen even were to be found amongst them. There were Scots, too, who had fallen into the hands of the Roundheads at the battle of Worcester, and, later on, the failure of Monmouth's Rebellion was the cause of a further contribution to their number. Carlyle tells us that such numbers were thus sold into bondage by Cromwell that the practice gave rise to the coining of an active verb—"to barbadoes you." It seems that the custom was to send them down in batches, men and women together, to the ports of London, Plymouth, and Bristol, there to await the next ship bound for the "American Isles." During the passage, which lasted from six to eight weeks, they were kept locked up beneath deck amongst horses and cattle. If unfortunate enough to survive the voyage, a worse fate awaited them upon arrival. Ligon thus describes the scene:

Upon the arrival of any ship that brings servants to the Iland, the Planters go aboard, and having bought such of them as they like, send them with a guid to his Plantation. and being come, commands them instantly to make their cabins, which they not knowing how to do, are to be advised by other of their servants that are their seniors, but if they be churlish and will not show them, or if materials be wanting to make them cabins, then they are to lie on the ground that night.

On the following day these poor wretches were called out at six o'clock in the morning to work till six in the evening, with two hours interval at midday. The overseers by whom they were commanded treated them with the greatest severity. "Truly," says Ligon, "I have seen such cruelty there done to servants, as I did not think one Christian could have done to another"—a strong statement, all things considered. It is not surprising, under these conditions, to find that these white bond-servants occasionally became desperate and formed conspiracies to revenge themselves upon their masters. Such an uprising was devised in 1649*:

A day was appointed to fall upon their masters and cut all their throats, and by that means to make themselves not only freemen, but Masters of the Iland. And so closely was this plot carried, as no discovery was made till the day before they were to put it in act. And then one of them, either by the failing of his courage, or some new obligation from the love of his Master, revealed this long plotted conspiracy, and so by this timely advertisement the Masters were saved: Justice Hothersall (whose servant this was) sending letters to all his friends and they to theirs, and so one to another, till they were all secured.

Eighteen of the leaders were summarily executed, the reason for making so many examples being that they found them "so haughty in their resolutions." What a splendid picture of pride and desperation!

* Schomburgk calls this insurrection a rising of the African slaves, but it can scarcely be doubted that Ligon, who was on the spot at the time, is correct in stating it to have been a conspiracy of the white servants. The mistake is the less excusable as Schomburgk refers to Ligon as his authority. (*Hist. of Barbados*, p. 267.)

* About the year 1650 the planters re-named "kill-devil," calling it "Rumbullion," from which we get the present word "Rum." "Rumbullion" is an old Devonshire word meaning uproar or rumpus. Many of the foremost planters at that time came from Devonshire. An old writer says:—"The chiefe fudling they make in the Island is Rumbullion, alias kill-devil, and this is made of suggar canes distilled, a hott, hellish, and terrible liquor."

† It may be of interest to note in this place that Colonel Modiford soon proved himself to the Barbadians to be a man of parts. In 1650 we find him raising a regiment for the protection of the Governor, who was suspected of belonging to the Independents. Two years later his house had become the headquarters of the Parliamentary faction, and in 1660 he was appointed Governor of the Island. Under these circumstances it is strange that in the following year he should have been selected amongst six other gentlemen who, for having remained faithful to His Majesty during the Revolution, were raised by Charles II. to the baronetage; yet Schomburgk, that careful historian, tells us that this was so. Modiford finally became Governor of Jamaica in 1663.

‡ Ingenio was the term used to denote a sugar factory; it was borrowed from the Spaniards along with the art of making sugar.

§ Assinigo, or Asinigo is from the Spanish *asnico*, a little ass.

A considerable number of the descendants of the white slaves still exists in Barbados, although they are rapidly dying out. Their chief occupations now are fishing and shopkeeping. In Barbados they are opprobriously known as "Red-legs." This word has a curious origin. It appears to have been originally applied as a nickname by the settlers in Ulster to the kilted natives of the country, and the term accompanied such of those individuals as were transported by Cromwell. At the present day, however, it is indiscriminately used to denote anyone belonging to the class of poor whites.

Amongst other produce of the fruit garden Ligon mentions the pine. It is noteworthy that this fruit was apparently grown to perfection at that time, and without difficulty. In later years its cultivation in Barbados has been almost entirely given up, a few private efforts only being made to raise it for the table. Ligon was an epicure of no mean order, and the pine was, of all the tropical fruits that came under his acute notice, the one which most took his fancy. He devotes no less than two pages and a quarter to the description of its appearance and flavour. As a gastronomist he takes rank with Charles Lamb, whose delineation of the same fruit may not inaptly be placed here, side by side with that of our author, so similar are they. Lamb's rhapsody on the pine is introduced into his Essay, "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," its characteristics presenting certain distinctions from those of the succulent porker:

Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddeth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Says Ligon:

As you taste it, you finde it in a high degree delicious, but so milde, as you can distinguish no taste at all; but when you bite a piece of the fruit, it is so violently sharp, as you would think it would fetch all the skin off your mouth; but before your tongue have made a second triall upon your palat, you shall perceive such a sweetness to follow as perfectly to cure that vigorous sharpness; and between these two extremes, of sharp and sweet, lies the relish and flavour of all fruits that are excellent, and those tastes will change and flow so fast upon your palat, as your fancy can hardly keep way with them, to distinguish the one from the other; and this at least to a tenth examination, for so long the Echo will last.

Ligon was one of those versatile men for whom nothing—not even the most trivial daily incident—was without importance. The world has known many such; men whose great breadth of sympathy has been their chief obstacle to success; men who, if they could have concentrated their minds upon narrower fields, might have made permanent reputations. Our author is equally at home in describing the cultivation of the sugar-cane and its manufacture into sugar, as he is in giving a minute account of the flora and fauna of the island. He is a combination of architect, sportsman, financier, epicure, poet, draughtsman and physician. Take him as architect, he notices all the defects in the houses he visits, and for remedy gives a detailed description of a perfect dwelling-house for the tropics. As Apicius, he gave the inhabitants a specimen-taste of his proficiency; "and they were all much taken with it, and in a week everyone was practising the art of cookery." He also instructed both Mr. Jobson and Jane Fuller, the keepers of the Bridge Taverns, in the art of dressing fish. We are even taken to the back-kitchen, and shown how a turtle should be butchered—a paragraph which we cannot refrain from quoting at length, so whimsical and gruesome is it:

When you are to kill one of these fishes, the manner is, to lay him on his back on a table, and when he sees you come with a knife in your hand to kill him, he vapours out the grievousest sighs that ever you heard any creature make, and sheds as large tears as a stag, that has a far greater body and larger eyes. He has a joynt or crevis, about an inch within the utmost edge of his shell, which

goes round about his body, from his head to his tail, on his belly side, into which joynt or crevis you put your knife, beginning at the head, and so rip up that side, and then do as much to the other; then lifting up his belly which we call his *Caligee*, we lay open his bowells, and taking them out, come next to his heart, which has three distinct points, but all meet above where the fat is, and if you take it out, and lay it on a dish it will stir and pant ten hours after the fish is dead. Sure, there is no creature on Earth nor in the Seas, that enjoys life with so much sweetnesse and delight as this poor fish the *Turtle*; nor none more delicate in taste and more nourishing than he.

After three years' residence Ligon fell sick, and for some months fluctuated between life and death. When sufficiently recovered he took horse down to the Bridge, and engaged a passage on a ship bound for England:

and so, being ready to set sayle, myselfe and divers other Gentlemen embarkt, upon the fifteenth of April, 1650, at twelve o'clock at night; which time our Master made choice of, that he might the better passe undescri'd by a well known Pirate, that had for many dayes layne hovering about the Iland, to take any ships that traded for London, by vertue of a Commission as he pretended from the Marquesse of Ormond.

By this manœuvre they managed to elude the vigilance of the marine highwayman; but the voyage was yet to be fraught with perils that had indirectly well-nigh deprived us of this book. A Portuguese sailor at the wheel, who was "not well verst in the English tongue," misunderstood an order, and "so steered the ship so neer the winde that she came upon her staves, which caused such a fluttering of the sayles against the masts (the wind being extream violent) as they tore all in pieces"; for the sails were rotten, the ship having been fifteen months away from England trading on the West Coast of Africa. Provisions ran short, and to such a plight were they reduced that the idea of sacrificing one of their number was seriously entertained; but at last—and there is not a prettier passage in the whole book:

A little Virgin, who was a passenger in the ship, stood up upon the quarter deck, like a she-Worth, and said, That if They would be rul'd by her, she would not onely be the Contriver, but the acter of our deliverance. At whose speech, we all gave a strict attention, as ready to contribute our help to all she commanded; which was, That the Ship Carpenter should make a Distaffe and Spindle, and the Saylers combe out some of the Occome; with which instruments and materials she doubted not but to make such a quantity of thread as to repair our then useless sailes; which she accordingly did, and by her vertue (under God) we held our lives.

We wish we could further trace the fortunes of this brave little Virgin.

But, alas, for the vicissitudes of human life! Ligon only escaped the perils of the sea to be cast, upon his return to his native land, into prison. Let us hope that his friend, the Bishop, had sufficient influence to eventually procure his liberation, and that he was left to spend the remainder of his years in peace.

F. R. B.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Eugène Delacroix. By DOROTHY BUSSY. (Duckworth, 5s. net.)

FLANKED on either side by a Corot and a Rousseau, the one example of Delacroix's work that is accessible to the London public—the execution of Marino Faliero, in the Wallace Collection—is but little noticed, and probably less talked about. When people of crushing superiority bore you by asking have you seen one thing, or what do you think about the other, it is a useful picture, this one of Delacroix's, to retort upon them. For Mrs. Bussy is quite right in saying that Eugène Delacroix is little more than a name in England; and English people when they are at the Louvre generally skip the later French pictures—there are so many others to see.

Frankly, we do not think there is ever, or, at all events, in the near future, likely to be a vogue for Delacroix in England. He is too serious; and the

English are so serious themselves, or take themselves so seriously, that they do not look for seriousness beyond the Channel. To France they go for champagne—but not for stout and bitter. To France they go for week ends or for inspiration; but for the solid framework of their artistic constitution they are true to their Academy and the Trustees. There is something flimsy in the very sound of a name like Delacroix, as compared with those of Tadema or Herkomer, Solomon or Goetze.

In a little book of 120 pages, however, Mrs. Bussy has presented an appreciation of Delacroix and his work which need frighten nobody, and will certainly please anyone who takes the slightest interest in the subject of painting. "We do not propose," she says in her preface, "to do more here than put before the reader some gleanings from the abundant material that already exists." But the larger the field for gleaning, the more difficult the task, not of filling a given number of pages in one of the volumes of a series, but of selecting what is most fit for inclusion within a small compass; it is certainly very well and very charmingly done, and the seventeen illustrations are as useful as illustrations ought to be, but so often are not.

The High Tops of Black Mount. By the MARCHIONESS OF BREADALBANE. (Blackwood.)

THIS book is written in a manner most pleasantly appreciative of the numerous fascinations of the finest of all British sports. Lady Breadalbane is herself a keen stalker, and introduces us in the first place to her initial efforts, when "stag fever" so completely overcame her that on one occasion a fine "beast" was allowed to walk placidly by without a shot being fired, owing to the lady's utter inability to bring the sights to bear upon him. It was a phase, familiar to many a beginner, which quickly passed, and it is evident that before long the lady was more deadly with the '303 than most stalkers of a sterner sex can ever boast that they become. We are not sure, however, that, in discussion of the comparative merits of the old Express rifles and the smaller modern bores, the author gives sufficient credit to the flatter trajectory of the latter weapons. The stories of the killing of a great stag of over twenty stone and of a splendid eighteen-pointer—the latter not a very heavy beast for his head—are told with a zest which gives the reader a real thrill. Other sides of the sport are touched with equal appreciation—the beauty and grandeur of the scenery of the forest, which Lady Breadalbane loved, and evidently knew, so well; the humours of the famous McLeish, and the pathos of the lonely life of the stalkers in the great glens. One specimen of the dour responses of McLeish is well worth quoting. He had been indulging in a long argument in the Gaelic (and who that has stalked does not know how exasperating it is, when deer are in prospect and one is eager to hear the opinion of the professional as to the chance of a shot at a "suitable," or a "shootable," beast, to have to listen to the unending and unintelligible Gaelic in which the head stalker discusses each aspect of the case with the gillies?) at which Lady Breadalbane, at length wearied out of all patience, exclaimed: "Pray do talk English, McLeish; I cannot understand a word you say in Gaelic." "It is a pity you had not learnt such a useful thing before taking to the hill," was McLeish's dry rejoinder. Now and then Lady Breadalbane, in her appreciation of the great scenery of that splendid country, comes out with some fine thoughts, as: "I think David, the Psalmist, must have loved the high tops and solitary places, and understood the wonderful things of the deep seas, for he tells us how God 'bringeth forth the clouds from the ends of the world . . . bringing the winds out of His treasures.'" One really does seem to view the divine

alchemy of cloud and mist as one stands on the high tops to which the stalking takes one.

The illustrations, from photographs chiefly, deserve a word of praise, showing—as well as a photograph can hope to show it—the character and beauty of the scenery.

Pope Adrian IV. The Lothian Essay, 1907. By J. DUNCAN MACKIE. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.)

AN essay written for a University prize seems to be on a somewhat different plane from ordinary literary work. It may or may not be brilliant and interesting, or excellent in style, showing promise for the future. But we imagine that it must show evidence of good hard work—a condition which this book certainly fulfils, especially in the comparison of many different authorities, in points more or less controversial. The story of Nicholas Breakspear's parentage and birth-place near St. Albans; the Pope's struggle with Frederick Barbarossa; the fate of Arnold of Brescia; the vexed question of the Bull "Landabiler," by which Adrian is alleged to have granted Ireland to the King of England—these and other like matters are well worked out and judiciously treated. Mr. Mackie has made a very careful study of the Pontificate of the only Englishman who has filled the Papal See. As an historical monograph, his essay is full of information; as a biographical sketch, it is, we fear, a little dull, and lacking in interest.

FICTION

The Shadow of the Unseen. By BARRY PAIN and JAMES BLYTH. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

IF we had been diverting ourselves by arranging improbable collaborations we could hardly have devised a more piquant union than this between the talented authors of "Eliza" and "Juicy Joe." It is the more to be regretted, therefore, that the resulting volume is hardly a success, for we find in it neither the broad humour of Mr. Barry Pain nor the forcefulness of Mr. James Blyth. We feel that the authors want to make our flesh creep, but a quantity of uncompromising dialect and a witch of Drury Lane solidity have failed to achieve this desirable effect. As a matter of fact, the authors appear to have a dread of encouraging our belief in the supernatural, and they make haste to explain away their very mild horrors in a very annoying manner. When we are looking for thrills we do not wish to be chilled with such dull scientific facts as the laws of heredity and personal magnetism, and we cannot find that in any way this work merits its very proper title.

Vanity. By PAUL and VICTOR MARGUERITTE. Translated into English by K. S. WEST. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

THIS is the latest work of the brothers MM. Margueritte, whose distinction it is to make the novel a vehicle of moral exposition. "Vanity" is an exposition by fiction of the modern dominance of the lust for money and power, and the degradation which follows in their train. Taking the Brevier family, as representative of the wealthy bourgeois class, the thesis is elaborately worked out in the career and character of each of its various members. In its deadly seriousness, in its pitiless analysis, and its sudden statement of some realistic little detail the book is characteristically French. It is not a pleasant group of characters whose lives are laid bare before us, and the skill with which their emotions, thoughts, and actions are revealed is somewhat discounted by the too apparent didacticism of it all. The translation from the French has been excellently done.

Through Life unto Death: The Story of a Tragedy.
By GEORGE LOUIS. (Routledge, Ltd., 6s.)

THE event round which this story circles is the eruption of Mont Pelée and the devastation of Martinique, which Mr. Louis visited shortly after the disaster. The book has a Greek god-like hero, whose rowing and generalship had won the Boat-race for his University. The heroine is a beautiful girl with shell-like ears, tendril curls, and deep red-gold hair of the hue which the old Venetian masters loved to paint. Beyond these facts the present reviewer refuses to say anything, as quite frankly and humbly he confesses that he has not yet succeeded in finishing the book, which he calculates contains 235,000 words in its 470 pages.

The Human Element. By ROBERT HERRIOT. (Sisley's, 6s.)

IN chapter eight of this novel the heroine rises in her anger and indulges in an eight-page oration of roughly two thousand words on the attitude of the Church of England towards divorce. The clergyman to whom it is addressed is naturally a little dazed by the time that the dinner-bell cuts it short, and we are afraid that the ordinary reader of novels will be reduced to a rather similar condition by "The Human Element," which is rather a condemnation of the effect of the English divorce laws on the wives of unfaithful husbands than a novel. It is to the credit of the author that he (or she) succeeds in holding the reader's attention with decidedly unpromising materials, and he shows a gift for characterisation that might be profitably displayed in the development of a lighter theme. But as it stands the book is crude.

The Love Story of Giraldus: A Romance of the Twelfth Century. By ALICE CUNNINGHAME. (Francis Griffiths, 6s.)

WE do not know whether Miss Cunninghame bases her story on any particular legend; she gives us no clue, but calls her work "a romance," which suggests that it is original. Her unfortunate adoption of the narrative form, always dangerous, but especially so when the narrator is supposed to be a monk of the twelfth century using the language of his day, makes the book very heavy reading. Long pages of monkish soliloquy, in which such words as "methinks," "perchance," "oft-times" play a large part, are damping to the spirits of the most painstaking reader. Poor Giraldus, with all his misfortunes, is neither more nor less than a bore, and the book is but one more instance of the fact that a very pretty legend often makes a dreary novel.

The Genteel A.B. By A. J. DAWSON. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

IN this book are narrated the mighty deeds on land and sea of Bill Chasemore, a sailor in the merchant service, and, as the night-watchman who recounts the stories of his hero loves to tell you, a thorough gentleman; one who uses Florida water two thousand miles from land and talks like a duke in a penny novelette, with an added snap of his own. The watchman has sailed with Bill often enough to know, and we had not listened to his salt and rugged speech very long before we accepted Bill Chasemore, with his gentility and his amazing adventures, as a magnificent institution, and were desirous of extending our gratitude to Mr. Dawson for permitting us to make his acquaintance. Through these pages Bill, beloved of all women, splendidly attired, ready of speech, and of unfaltering courage, marches with the assured success of the hero of a fairy story, and we can only gaze and follow him breathlessly. The watchman himself is a very human figure, and there is something gracious in his proud admira-

tion for his hero, while about all his yarns there lurks a sense of the white beauty of sailing ships and the power of the sea. We are glad to note that the closing pages of the book suggest the possibility of our hearing more of the adventures of Bill Chasemore on some future occasion. Meanwhile, we must be content with reading Mr. Dawson's admirable collection of sketches again.

The Explorer. By WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THIS is essentially a serious book. There is none of the charming flippancy of "Lady Frederick" to be traced in "The Explorer," but there is the deep understanding of human nature, and the power of making that understanding "tell" that assured Mr. Maugham's success as a dramatic author. He has talent, and he also has the gift for using that talent to the best advantage. "The Explorer" may be described as a "solid" work in the sense that it is carefully constructed and conscientiously written, but it is not a book to be hurried over and skipped. It is not for those readers whose name is legion and who flit through a novel, resting just long enough on every fifth page or so to extract just enough of the plot to enable them to keep pace with the births, deaths, and marriages of the various characters. It must be read as it is written, seriously and carefully.

DRAMA

THE REVIVAL OF "ARMS AND THE MAN"

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "anti-romantic" comedy *Arms and the Man* was revived on Monday last at the Savoy and proved a striking success. The story of the play is too familiar to need retelling. One was struck, when seeing it acted, with the impression that its success was chiefly romantic. In vain Mr. Bernard Shaw strives to fight against the universal laws of human nature. His chocolate-cream soldier is one of the most romantic figures conceivable, his entry on to the scene is dramatic, his attitude throughout the first scene is a purely romantic attitude, veiled under a slight mask of cynicism, and the conclusion of the play is utterly and hopelessly romantic. The part of Sergius Saranoff appeared to the writer of this note much less convincing on the stage than in print. Mr. Granville Barker was not at his best in the part which does not seem suited by his voice or his method. Mr. Robert Loraine, as Bluntschli, on the other hand, has never had a part which suits him better and his performance was admirable, and Miss Lilah McCarthy looked and acted the ultra-romantic part of Raina superbly. Miss Auriol Lee did well as Louka, though it is a detestable and tiresome part intended to illustrate one of Mr. Shaw's astonishingly wrong-headed theories that a servant must either be a bad servant or a person of despicable character, and the same criticism may be applied to Mr. James Hearn's performance of the equally detestable Nicola. The dialogue is, of course, full of good things, and the play went on to the accompaniment of a ripple of not too boisterous laughter. It is the sort of play one would recommend to a beginner in Mr. Shaw's works. He is not trying to preach more than a very little, the dialogue is witty and amusing, and there is a strong romantic interest, while the end of the play is the traditional fairy story end, as far as the hero and heroine are concerned. The comedy should achieve a real popular success, in addition to the success it already enjoys among those clever people (including Mr. Shaw) who have been deceived into thinking of it as an anti-romantic comedy.

A. D.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ALBIGENSES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Surely Mr. Machen's article, "‘Consolatus’ and ‘Church Member,’" is calculated to give a very erroneous idea of the instinct out of which grew the wonderful civilisation of Provence in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

It is true that the Puritan attitude would seem to call for some assumption such as the Albigenses boldly made when they declared the visible universe to be the work of the Devil. But Mr. Machen is unfair when he implies that the Albigensian heresy produced in Provence a hypocrisy of belief and conduct akin to that which (I am told) exists in Nonconformist England. The hypocrisy was only apparent; although it is probable that the Albigenses went even farther than the Puritans in their negations of good, in the severity of their moral code, and certain that the Courts where they were honoured lived in flagrant contradiction to this kind of belief. There is a sufficient explanation: The knights and ladies of Provence used the Albigenses as "educators." They reversed the Nihilism of the sect by an ingenious process and discovered thereby a justification of their gay affirmative civilisation. So Nietzsche used Schopenhauer. All values became relative. Blake, too, held visible Nature to be the work of the Devil, and yet was able to declare, "All that lives is holy," and to proclaim the marriage of Heaven and Hell. Such theories are dangerous, and Provence found them so; but she lived out her life, bravely and openly, to the end. The Puritans flourish.

J. M. H.

December 23.

[Mr. Machen writes: "I quite agree with your correspondent J. M. H., and I trust that I did not give anyone the impression that Provence during the twelfth century was as unpleasant as Salem in the seventeenth century. Yet Protestantism and Albigensianism are growths from one stock; and perhaps the differences between the two heresies are differences of race and climate. Add to the parent heresy that "dourness" is latent in the Anglo-Saxon; add also east wind and a savage land: the rest is Salem as described by Hawthorne."]

SPOKEN LATIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just read your note on the matter of spoken Latin, which refers to what I said on this subject at the Headmasters' Conference. It gives me satisfaction to find that you deplore the disuse of spoken Latin; but you have somewhat misapprehended our practice in this school. We speak both Latin and Greek regularly, at first on certain common and familiar subjects, later, on any subjects: thus in the sixth form an author may be read, explained, and discussed without the aid of English at all. This is not always done, nor exclusively; but we find that in proportion as the English is properly studied in English hours, it is possible to dispense with English in the hours given to foreign languages. We did not wait for the birth of a favourable "Zeitgeist" before organising this; if we had we should still be waiting. I quite agree with you that spoken Latin has a value of its own apart from the study of literature; but we use it as a means, all the same. It would take too long to explain either method or reasons in your columns; but I may refer to Mr. W. H. S. Jones's "Teaching of Latin" (Blackie).

W. H. D. ROUSE.

December 29.

EXIT ALGERNON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some few weeks ago I had the honour of receiving, from Lord Curzon of Kedleston, an unsolicited communication, in which he spoke of me "as the recognised custodian of the monuments of famous men." In a subsequent letter the great ex-Viceroy of India expressed himself as follows:

Will you allow me to say that the work which you voluntarily undertake in calling the attention of a heedless age to the memorials of the past, and in pleading for accuracy of thought, reference, and recollection, seems to me a very valuable one, and I hope you will not give it up.

Deeply gratifying as these words are to me, coming as they do from so illustrious a man as Lord Curzon, I nevertheless do "give it up." I might not have done so, had I received better and worthier treatment from the hands of the Press. As it is, I herewith take my final and irrevocable leave as a correspondent to the newspapers. The remaining years of my life will be solely and entirely devoted to my profession as a musician and composer, in which capacity I will now endeavour to become a great Englishman.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

December 31.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is doubtless a disappointment to many cultured men, bearing the name of librarian, who are readers of THE ACADEMY, to notice the uninformed remarks which appear upon the first page of this week's issue. Unfortunately, the average librarian—perhaps justly—considers it *infra dignitatem* to reply to such mischievous tirades, and, in consequence, the unreflecting part of humanity is left believing that you know what you are talking about. But emphatically you do not, and as a large number of people have the same muddle-headed idea of public libraries—a fact which may console you—I think it well to point out the error of your ways. First, then, there are no such things as "free" libraries, although there are "public" libraries. A rate-supported, civic library is not "free" any more than are the public highways, parks, or other institutions administered by municipalities. The Libraries Acts of 1892 contain no mention of "free" libraries; and these institutions are not charities, but are intended for all grades of people. The scheme, which you say is new to you, by which the reader who at present demands only bad fiction shall be compelled to take a book of another class, is ingenious and impossible. It is merely a distortion of the idea of the special non-fiction or student's ticket, issued by all modern public libraries, on which readers so desiring may borrow a work other than fiction in addition to the work borrowed on the ordinary ticket. Your remarks about assistant librarians are quite unwarrantable. I believe that, as a class, these young men are intelligent, enthusiastic, and well educated. Do you expect them to wear depending from their necks placards with the legend "Please ask me to compile a scheme of reading for you"? You doubt their ability to give advice on any general scheme of reading, and you compare their intellectual capacity with that of a railway booking clerk. Allow me to remark that your hurried purchase of a third-class railway ticket through a pigeon-hole from a man whose sole conversation with you is "Thank you," does not give you sufficient data for estimating the intellectual calibre of a railway clerk. The modern "efficient ticket clerk," as you call him, is a man, generally speaking, who has been trained in librarianship at the London School of Economics, London University, and is certificated by the Library Association. I suppose you *have* heard of the Library Association? The assistant librarian is a professional man, often with a wide knowledge of literature, not merely pure, but technical and scientific as well, and quite capable of giving direction as to the best approach to many subjects through books. But he does not inflict his services unasked upon every comer; good breeding would resent such a proceeding. If, however, a reader is too shy to ask for what the librarian is so ready to give, does the blame rest with the latter? If you can give chapter and verse for your statement that a reader once withdrew a whole set of Dumas from a library on one ticket, I shall be inclined to doubt my own conviction that it is a mere fabrication; otherwise, not. Equally absurd is the statement that another reader withdrew books on tickets for every one of his family, including children in arms, in order to supply himself with fiction for a week-end. Most public libraries have an age limit of fourteen years or thereabouts, and such borrowing is manifestly impossible. If it were not so, no harm would be done; a man may as well read ten novels as one, and the tirades against novels are, as you know perfectly well, mere hypocritical nonsense. Your zeal for the improvement of the newsroom is touching. This part of the library is a fungus growth, never intended by the founders of the public library movement. Many librarians deplore its existence; they know perfectly well that it is responsible for half the odium cast upon public libraries. The legitimate sphere of the library is that of literature, and by no manner of reasoning can the average newspaper be included in it. Librarians are merely doing their best with a room that libraries would be vastly

better without. I trust, sir, that I have reduced you to a state of due humility, and that your square-bracketed remarks will not be confined to questions of my politeness, but rather to matters of fact.

W. C. BERWICK SAYERS.

December 30, 1907.

[Mr. Sayers appeals to us not to rebuke his manners, but to deal with his facts. The only definite statement he makes in his letter is that there are no such things as free libraries. He subsequently explains away his quibble by showing that he confuses the meaning of the words "free" and "charitable"; but, in any case, Mr. Sayers must have heard of the Cripple-gate and West City Free Libraries, which are content to describe themselves in this manner on a catalogue that lies before us. Mr. Sayers finds our scheme (which was given with reservations) impossible, but he gives no reasons. Our comment on the intellectual equipment of assistant librarians was supported by personal experience, and we have also tested the intelligence of railway clerks. Dumas and his subordinates are said to have produced twelve hundred volumes, so we also do not think it likely that any reader withdrew a "whole set" of his works from a public library. But the students' tickets which Mr. Sayers mentions, and a rule that exists in the library in question, which permits a reader to withdraw the whole of a book in volumes on one ticket, combined with the use of a judicious number of tickets issued to other readers, renders the feat we mentioned (which we know to have been performed) easily surpassable. We are glad to hear that most public libraries have an age limit, but there is nothing to prevent the transferring of tickets, and Mr. Sayers makes but a lame defence of the present condition of "news-rooms," to adopt his elegant terminology. With the more intemperate sections of Mr. Sayers' letter, his final plea for mercy prevents us from dealing, but it occurs to us that the Library Association should take courtesy into consideration when granting their certificates.—Ed.]

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have no doubt that Mr. Machen would use his sharpest weapons if it came within his range or humour to deal with the class to which I belong; but I, nevertheless, delight exceedingly in his uncompromising writing on the subject of religion. I would, indeed, that he would let the Stiggins host have a little of the neglect and indifference that are so wholesome for them; and he gravely wrongs an innumerable company of decent Stigginsites, who are little affected by the antics of their pastors and masters. I rubbed my eyes when I read Mr. Clutton-Brock's "Other Point of View," and learnt that "Liberalism" is to save the world, and that the "good Liberal's" dreams are of this world transfigured by political effort, somewhere within its "flaming ramparts"—whatever they may be. It is a happiness that "conservatism" may be used as a term free from political meaning, since the party that bore it have adopted other names. It is perhaps a pity that the like good fortune has not yet fallen to "Liberalism." I remember that, in the ardour of youth, I once defined a Liberal policy as being that which was worthy of a freeman; but, alas! I have lived to see active Liberalism covering so motley a host, and employing policies and practices so mean, that the word is almost odious to me. Its associations seem to me to bar it out from the regions to which Mr. Clutton-Brock applies it.

May I suggest that neither in the high sacramental views so powerfully upheld by Mr. Machen, nor in the sweet reasonableness of Mr. Clutton-Brock's political new earth, is the future happiness of the world to be looked for. Neither is universal enough. I have found no need for any doctrine of original sin—I can make enough at home—nor has a personal Devil had any known influence on me. I will certainly not yield my spiritual guidance to any priest, whether with apostolical succession or without; nor do I hanker after the "Liberalism" which, I gather, would seek to establish as its ultimate aim the making the best of both worlds. This has already been highly detrimental to one great religious body, whose prophet predicted that his Methodism would teach his followers how to accumulate wealth.

But have we not heard that it is possible to be in the world and not of it (in the sheer worldly sense), and that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us. Along the lines of personal relation to, and union with, God, and of altruism with regard to our neighbour lies the march of the generations who will yet make a new heaven and a new earth.

The Sacramentalist and the good Liberal are undeniably in this progression; but they are but minorities of minorities at the best, and they will merge themselves in nobler and ampler faiths—their very names may be forgotten—before the goal is reached.

This Kingdom of Heaven is universal as the vital air, and is indeed a spiritual atmosphere. I see no reason why the man of any faith may not belong to it. It is the essence of the teaching of Him who spoke as one having authority, and it may embrace, consciously or unconsciously, the right-hearted of every faith.

How much we owe you, sir, for letting these things be written of in THE ACADEMY. I feel a great indebtedness to Mr. Machen, and I owe something withal to Mr. Clutton-Brock.

S. H.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE news of the passing of the *Times* into other hands would, a few years ago, have evoked as much excitement and consternation as the announcement of an impending invasion of these islands by a foreign enemy. As things are at present, it produces merely a mild interest. We are naturally glad to think that there is every prospect that the paper will pass entirely away from the control of Mr. Moberly Bell; but to pretend to rejoice in the acquisition of the paper by Mr. Pearson would be a very different matter. Mr. Pearson represents nothing which can command the admiration of THE ACADEMY. While we are able to concede with pleasure that he has avoided the gross outrages on good taste and common decency which have rendered the Harmsworth journals so disagreeably notorious, he has never established a claim to be anything more than a mere man of business. It is a bad thing for a country when its greatest newspapers become mere money-making machines, and when a given line of policy is only pursued because it has been found to pay. It is absolutely and inevitably true that Honesty is the best Policy in the true sense of the words, but what is "best" from a moral point of view is not by any means necessarily best from the point of view of business. We must, however, keep up our hopes, and look to that reaction which must surely not be very far off. When every important paper in this country belongs either to Mr. Pearson or to Lord Northcliffe, perhaps the mass of the people will begin to understand what is now only apprehended by the few. After all, nobody is obliged to buy a paper unless he likes.

The hypnotic value of a name is a wonderful thing, but it has its limitations. If the *Times* of the future is to regain its old position and influence it will have to recover its old dignity, honesty, and impartiality, and, failing that, all the business instincts of all the "keenest business men" in the world will not save it from ultimate disaster. A *Times* which sells inferior encyclopedias at about three times their value, a *Times* which runs a book club, one of whose avowed objects is to boycott all books, whatever their merits, whose publishers do not consent to fall in with its own schemes for getting money out of the public, a *Times* which allows its manager to write in its columns unsigned letters purporting to come from outside sources, while denying the plain right of reply to those whom it has attacked with vulgarity and bare-faced mendacity, is not the *Times* at all, and its assumption of the name is a vile abuse of a noble tradition. Does any-

one in his senses suppose that if THE ACADEMY had been bought by Lord Northcliffe (as it very nearly was) it would still be THE ACADEMY?

We call attention to the Brymbo Church School scandal. Brymbo is an independent ecclesiastical parish which was formed out of the parish of Wrexham. The population is exclusively composed of working men. It contains two schools—a County Council sectarian school and a Church school. The Church school was built and is kept in repair by an endowment under which the children are taken to church on Sundays, unless their parents notify their objection, and the Vicar of Brymbo is superintendent *ex officio*. Before Christmas it was attended by 573 children. The Welsh Committee of the Board of Education, in conspiracy with the Local Education Authority, first required improvements to be made and then prevented the trustees from using funds at their disposal for carrying them out. The Vicar then undertook the responsibility of carrying them out. Baffled in their attempts to secure the building and endowments for sectarian purposes, the conspirators closed the school on December the 31st. The parents of 422 children signed a protest to the Local Education Authority against their action. Nine out of fourteen teachers refused offers of other appointments with equivalent salaries, made by the Local Authority, and held by the school.

The working men of the parish raise £550 a year by voluntary contributions for the support of the Church and school. In defiance of the Local Authority and the Welsh Committee of the Board of Education, the school was reopened on Monday, the 6th, with 339 children. A number of working men gave up half a day's work in order to protect the children from molestation on their way to school. Since the Local Authority "closed" the school it has opened others for the surplus children, consisting of two chapel rooms and an institute, one is upstairs and another below the soil on two sides. The health of the children is of no concern to the Local Authority and the Welsh Committee, provided they can secure sectarian dominance. We quote these details from a letter to the press signed by the Bishop of St. Asaph. We would particularly warn the nine teachers remaining in the Church school to carefully preserve evidence of the offers of other appointments made to them by the Local Authority. As long as Mr. McKenna presides at the Board of Education they will have to guard against persecution by the Welsh Committee of the Board, which will probably pretend that the school was closed because the teaching was incompetent.

In our issue of December the 21st we made a passing allusion to Mr. Macnamara as "an interested witness" concerning the proportions of State Aid to Voluntary Contributions to Denominational Training Colleges. Our imputation may have seemed unfair, but we did not make it at random. A correspondence which appeared in the pages of our contemporary the *Morning Post* has quickly justified it. We refer our readers to our contemporary for the correspondence is too long to quote. The writers and dates of the letters were as follows: The Rev. J. D. Thomas, Principal of the Home and Colonial Training College, December 24th; Sir C. T. Dyke Acland, December 26th, incidentally referring to the subject; Mr. Macnamara, December 28th, first reply to Mr. Thomas; Mr. Thomas, January 2nd, rejoinder; Mr. Macnamara, January 3rd, second reply. The cause of controversy was that Mr. Macnamara had pointed an argument in a speech delivered in Shoreditch Town Hall on December the 19th with the statement that the total cost of building the Home and Colonial College was £7,600, and that the State found £6,000 of it.

Now, these were some of Mr. Macnamara's strange errors prior to his forcible conversion by Mr. Thomas: (1) He misquoted the figures of the sum he referred to unfortunately deducting £100 from his opponents' balance of credit. This was passed over by both sides in the controversy, as comparatively immaterial. (2) He quoted the sum as the *total* cost of building operations, which had actually cost £13,071 *up to 1857 only*. (3) He did not know that the College had existed for twenty years before that date. He subsequently recanted as regards (2) and (3). (4) He ignored heavy expenses, very pertinent to the argument, which were met by the Home and Colonial Society since 1857. He does not explain why he was so reticent of his knowledge to his audience at Shoreditch. (5) Though an Under-Secretary of State, he does not know how to use Blue Books. Sir C. T. Dyke Acland has had to explain that though "We may be certain that the statements of the Board [of Education] will be accurate as to the amounts paid by the State, it is not unfair to assume that the denominational contributions may not have been included even in the most recent official statements." Mr. Macnamara jumped at the bait offered by the Education Blue Book for 1867-68, and was caught by the gills on Mr. Thomas's nasty-audited balance-sheets.

One more pitfall yet remained for Mr. Macnamara after he had recanted, and he fell into it headlong. (6) He quoted (December 28th) as *complete*, statistics specially stated three times over to be *incomplete*, in Command Paper 233, a return to an order of the House of Commons made by his own request. Really, if the political Nonconformist party cannot marshal its facts, when it has to face debate in the House of Commons, better than Mr. Macnamara has with all "his acumen and intimate knowledge of scholastic affairs," it is not surprising if it hurries to "make hay" of the Denominational Colleges while Mr. McKenna's Regulations still shine upon it. The *suppressio veri* is a method of argument which may be very convincing in political Nonconformist circles; it is one sign of the habit of mind which has caused the use of the frequently opprobrious term "Nonconformist conscience," to the great injustice of many Nonconformists. Slow but candid minds do not readily realise how widely that habit of mind exists in England; when they do, they suffer a reaction and regard it with more loathing than it perhaps deserves, for it is curiously blended with certain excellent qualities. We dwell on this subject, for we do not wish, and we do not think that England wishes, to lie again under the heel of "the Saints." It is, therefore, instructive to observe the receipts by which political Nonconformity cooks its material.

Pessimism is indefensible, we were told by the *Daily Mail*, ushering in the New Year with an inspiring call to Englishmen to be up and doing business. Pessimism may or may not be indefensible; but it is amusing to read the reasons given by the Carmelite organ for its cheery frame of mind. Here they are:

The slightest study of the history of social progress will show in what a wonderful manner the life of humanity has improved. The comforts which a century ago were confined to the upper or the upper middle classes are now accessible to even the humble. At the beginning of last century such things as carpets were rare in even comparatively well-to-do homes. To-day they are found in the tenement. Horseless vehicles, propelled by petrol or steam or electricity, have become familiar features in the street . . . only two days ago an inventor flew a circular kilometre.

Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis, the angels sang long ago; peace to men with carpets who can fly a circular kilometre is the new greeting. And one must not forget that "instruction is of a higher standard and more widely diffused." A swamp, in the same way, is water more widely diffused than in a river; one hopes

that the ague-stricken inhabitants realise their blessings. And, by the way, there is an amusing comment on the "instruction" question in the very issue of the *Daily Mail* which contains the amazing article from which we have quoted. M. Clémenceau, it seems, has just been visiting the criminals at a "children's court"; and "our own correspondent" describes his demeanour as "horrified." So much for the wide diffusion of high-class instruction. But, in all seriousness, how does stuff such as this *Daily Mail* "leader" get itself written? How is it possible to find a man who is willing to profess his solemn conviction that machinery is the *desideratus gentium*? People have been ordered to be happy for all sorts of odd reasons; but this exhortation to bliss because "the turbine has replaced the reciprocating engine and the motor 'buses run about the streets'" seems unique.

That pageantry is highly infectious has been amply demonstrated during the past year or two; but an epidemic so sudden as is chronicled in the London papers this week is really alarming—if there is, indeed, anything in it. Six months is surely far too short a time to prepare for anything like a proper presentment of the history of the greatest city in the world, even if the most influential support had been given it, which, to judge from the names mentioned, is very far from being the case. If a London pageant is seriously contemplated, there ought to be no doubt about its being thoroughly well supported, and most carefully thought out.

The Chelsea Pageant, which was set on foot by the Archdeacon of Middlesex so long ago as last spring, with Earl Cadogan as its President, should amply suffice for this year in London. Chelsea is quite the most interesting of the Metropolitan Boroughs, from the literary and historical point of view, and a series of episodes has been planned for representation in Ranelagh Gardens in July that will do much more than merely please the eye. The President of Magdalen may know to a penny how much a pageant means at Oxford, but his sudden appearance in London with Mr. Lascelles is more surprising than convincing, until we hear of some, at all events, of the Metropolitan authorities giving their countenance, if not their support to so hasty a scheme.

The publication by Messrs. Chatto and Windus of a new edition of Mr. Swinburne's first volume, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," recalls the frenzied denunciations of anger with which the poet's earlier works were received. These two dramas were originally published in 1861. They were followed in quick succession by "Atalanta in Calydon," and the first series of "Poems and Ballads." The growing conviction that a poet had appeared in Britain occasioned a considerable fluttering in the dovecotes of Philistia, and the strident bray of the jackass was heard in the land. Fortunately Mr. Swinburne proved absolutely contemptuous of this chorus of disapproval, and was content to concentrate his energies on the production of poems which, it is not too much to say, posterity will acclaim as among its noblest heritages. To-day Mr. Swinburne occupies by universal consent the sovereignty of English song. The fact that he is not poet laureate is but another illustration of that official stupidity which is, perhaps, the most characteristic note of successive English Governments. The lover of poetry, however, will not feel seriously perturbed because the singer of "Dolores" and "The Hymn to Man" was deemed unworthy of a place in that apostolical succession of immortal bards which connects Mr. Alfred Austin with Nahum Tate.

We have received from the *Daily News* the details of a scheme which it proposes to put into practice for the purpose of encouraging the public to cultivate what it is pleased to call the "art of reading papers." As the scheme in question simply amounts to a device for increasing the circulation of the *Daily News* by means of offering money prizes, and as it is exactly on a par with limerick competitions or any other of the modern "brainy," "up-to-date" newspaper methods of alluring readers, we do not feel inclined to give it that publicity in our columns which is requested of us. Our humble opinion is that there is no such thing as the art of reading papers, and if there were we should prefer people to practise on *THE ACADEMY* rather than on the *Daily News*. It would be better for them and better for us. Meanwhile, there is the art of writing papers, and we should recommend our astute Nonconformist contemporary to turn its attention to the more legitimate field of enterprise which is afforded by that much neglected art.

BETHLEHEM: THE HOUSE OF BREAD

Draw nigh, O man, in fear,
Bend knee and head;
Its lintel is full low,
Our House of Bread.

Though fair the housel cloth,
Its web is mean;
Yet she who span and spread,
Is Heaven's Queen.

See, as high Altar meet,
For Love's array,
She takes the kine's rough straw,
A lock of hay.

And till the royal Mage
His censer bring,
The beasts, with harmless breath,
Salute their King.

The Tabernacle stands
With wide-flung door,
And, as a lamp, His Star
Flames white before.

Ruddy as Sharon's Rose,
As lily white,
Lo, here exposed the Host
To mortal sight.

Ye humble men of heart,
Souls gone before,
Green Earth, yea, all His works,
Behold, adore!

E. D. FARRAR.

LITERATURE

A MEDIEVAL ROMANCE

The Book of the Duke of True Lovers. Now first translated from the Middle French of CHRISTINE DE PISAN, with introduction by ALICE KEMPE-WELCH. The ballads rendered into the original metres by LAURENCE BINYON and ERIC R. D. MACLAGAN; with seven illustrations. Title page, repeated on cover, designed by Miss B. C. HUNTER. New Medieval Library, Vol. I. (Chatto and Windus, 5s. net, and 7s. 6d. net.)

THOUGH Christine de Pisan was a matron during more than three-quarters of her life, and the whole of her fame, she has always been known by the name of her father, an Italian, called in France, Thomas de Pisan. He was astrologer to Charles le Cinquième, that generous and discriminating amateur of the arts, whose sensitive and rather sensuous features have become familiar all over modern France, through an antiquarian's blunder, as substitutes for those of the great, royal ascetic, St. Louis. Christine was born at Venice in 1363, and at the age of five was carried by her mother to Paris to join her father. At fifteen she was married to a Picard, Etienne de Castel, the King's notary and secretary. He died about ten years later, leaving her with three children badly provided for. The necessity of supporting them forced her to practise the art of letters, for which she was naturally so well adapted. She spent her life closely attached to Courts then among the most distinguished in Europe for their patronage of the fine arts, and her work was highly appreciated and liberally rewarded. Presumably, after she had established her family by these means, she took the usual course of residing at a convent, and died at one at Poissy in 1430. She wrote much amatory lyric poetry, poetry on sacred and scientific subjects, and moral, political and romantic prose. Her works show that she possessed very considerable literary talent, and was a woman of sound common-sense. Among other evidences of it, she defended "*Le Roman de la Rose*" against the charges of cynicism and immorality which were made against it. She seems, indeed, to have played in the literature of her period the part of M^{me}. de Sévigné or M^{me}. de Staël in more critical, if no more elegant scenes, or that of Mrs. Hannah More or Mrs. Chapone on the baser and coarser boards, which have rendered those good ladies' virtue rather repellant.

Many MSS. of Christine's other works are still extant, but only two copies of "*The Duke of True Lovers*," those now in the Bibliothèque Nationale and the British Museum, are known to have ever existed. The histories of both MSS. are well authenticated, and give further likelihood to the otherwise sound theory that the romance relates the actual love story of two of the author's princely patrons. The original owner of the first MS. was the famous Jean Duc de Berry, for whom "*Les très riches Heures*" and innumerable other exquisite illuminations were executed. From him it passed to his daughter Marie, who in 1400 married, *en troisièmes noces*, Jean Duc de Bourbon. From them it descended to the well-known Constable de Bourbon, from whom it passed by forfeiture to Francis I., who preserved it carefully at Fontainebleau. Charles IX. removed it to Paris to the Bibliothèque du Roi, now called the Bibliothèque Nationale, where it still remains. The second MS. was executed by Christine for Isabeau, wife of Charles VI. The royal baggage—we do not mean that lively Queen, but her goods—was captured in 1425 by John, Duke of Bedford, then *de facto* Regent of France. Signatures upon the outer envelope of the MS. suggest that it was brought for a time to England. Late

in the fifteenth century it was bought by Jean de Bruges, sire de la Gruthuyse, a celebrated bibliophile. In the seventeenth century it was in the possession of Henry Duke of Newcastle. His grand-daughter married Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, and carried the MS. with her into the Harleian Collection, of which her husband was the founder. Finally it passed into the British Museum when that collection was bought for the nation in 1745. It may be noted that of the original owners, one was the father of the Duchesse Marie de Bourbon, and the other, Charles VI., then under the tutelage of his wife as insane, was first cousin to both the Duke and Duchess; so that "The Duke of True Lovers" seems to have been a peculiar family possession. It is, in fact, the love of the Duke and Duchess, during the short period of the Duchess's second marriage, which the romance is supposed to celebrate. We have pleasure in acknowledging that Mrs. Kempe-Welch's learned introduction has afforded a large and handy nucleus for much of the erudition displayed above.

The story of "The Duke of True Lovers" is extremely simple; it is merely the narrative, told in the first person, of a very youthful noble, still under the authority of his parents, deeply enamoured of a young kinswoman already married. He visits her from curiosity, falls in love with her, persuades his parents to let him give jousts in her honour, raises her husband's suspicions, visits her by stealth in her husband's castle by the aid of an elder confidant, and, finally, deciding with her that they must separate at least temporarily, retires sadly to wars in Spain. His awakening from careless boyhood, his love-sickness, his devotions and despair are simply and prettily told, interspersed with love lyrics. There is no tragedy of any kind, and very little incident. It is the autobiography of a clever boy, written in the taste of the period, edited by an experienced hand. Remembering side-lights cast on the personal habits of the Middle Ages, we shudder when we read that one of the entertainments offered by the lover to the lady was a warm hip-bath in a tent. We wonder whether the entertainment was not rather a rare luxury than a marked attention, though we are amused that the young host should just manage to slip in for a moment during the ablutions to admire his guest's white skin, and merely receive a slight, formal correction for the compliment. On the whole, the elderly husband, a Constable of France, seems to have been justified in sending a chaperon to take care of the lady, and we cannot blame him much for receiving the youth at his own castle with polite reserve. However, no harm seems to have come of the bath, nor yet of a clandestine night passed in converse upon love, in the discreet presence of a faithful confidante. At any rate, nothing in the least improper escaped the revision of Mrs. Chapone. Unhappily, if the Duc and Duchesse de Bourbon were indeed the lovers of the story, the sequel, though happy to begin with, was short and unfortunate, for their married life, which only began in 1400, ended at Agincourt in 1415. The Duke was taken prisoner, and died in captivity in England, and never saw his beloved Duchess again.

The various lyrics are skilfully rendered by Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Eric Maclagan. It will amuse their friends and admirers to speculate which is responsible for which. We will hazard a guess that Mr. Binyon is the author of the ballade: "Verily, Love, I have no language, none," and Mr. Maclagan of "Most noble ladies, cherish your fair fame." We cannot, at present, endorse the statement that the frontispiece represents the only authentic portrait of Christine, since there are at least three other so-called portraits which were exhibited at the Bibliothèque Nationale during the summer of 1904.

MORE POEMS: GRAVE AND GAY

Avilion and Other Poems. By ZACHARY EDWARDS. (Chapman and Hall.)

The Wayfarers. By A. K. SABIN. (Samurai Press.)

The Laboratory. By W. A. OSBORNE LOTHIAN. (Melbourne, 2s. 6d.)

Hydromel and Rue. By F. KAPPEY. (Griffiths, 5s.)

By Many Streams. By ELIZABETH GIBSON. (Samurai Press.)

A Garden of Shadows. By ETHEL ATKINSON. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)

The Proposal. (In Stanzaic Ichons). By I. HADFIELD. (Walter Scott, 1s.)

Swords and Ploughshares. By E. S. EVANS. (Stockwell, 1s. 6d.)

Humours of the Fray. By C. L. GRAVES. (Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d.)

Who shall blame the public for its neglect of modern verse and its devotion to the modern novel? A bad novel may be amusing; bad verse is not. Or even if we may allow that verse is sometimes amusing when the writer is unable to scan or be grammatical, yet it surpasses in dullness even the American humorist when it becomes accomplished, correct, and fluent. Mr. Zachary Edwards, without a quail, writes an allegorical poem seven thousand lines in length. We read a few hundred lines. There was no thought, no line, no expression of the slightest poignancy or distinction to be found. But this is not an end of the beautifully-printed, sumptuously-bound volume, entitled "Avilion." Aspiring to surpass Tennyson, he versifies, in the same style, and in three thousand lines (numbered), the story of Sir Palomides. He gives us twenty pages of notes in merciful prose, readable, with a historical enquiry into the legend of the San Graal, and then, to end with—O Casmenae!—a Latin Alcaic Ode, six hundred lines long, for a jubilee banquet at Lyme Regis. Mr. Edwards reveals to us that he is, or was, mayor of the said city. Better than any mere English lines, the first Alcaic quatrain of this heroic song will give readers of THE ACADEMY a standard by which to measure Mr. Z. Edwards:

Gaudete cives oppiduli mei!
Nunc est bibendum, nunc epulis dies
Advenit, et creta notandus
Sic modus assiduus laborum.

We heartily echo the feelings of the last line and envy the leisure and patience of Mr. Edwards, who wrote, and of his friends, who will read all "Avilion."

We next began Mr. Sabin's book with enthusiasm, inspired by the noble name of the Samurai Press, and by the eloquence of a gentleman on the *Daily Chronicle*, who says of a book of Mr. Sabin's that "in places his style is so good that we must admit that he has achieved the perfect style, as Keats very often did," while a more local journal hints that Milton has here been equalled, if not surpassed. We condole with Mr. Sabin on the terrible decline of power manifested by "The Wayfarers," which, unlike the former works of his pen, resembles neither Keats nor Milton, but Mr. Zachary Edwards.

Mr. Lothian's "Laboratory," which, after some hesitation, we considered to be rather grave than gay, is more interesting, more vigorous, and more vulgar. "The Laboratory" is a chemical poem:

A myriad little factories,
Massed on an ordered plan,
Make up that strange community,
The body of a man.

The book also contains a pleasing poem in German. It shows signs of rough, uncouth Colonial intelligence. It is at least concrete. It is strange that minor poets are almost always abstract and vague, owing to their

purbblind romanticism: and if they touch the concrete, they show up at once all their hidden vulgarity.

In this wilderness of dreary and barren trees it is pleasant to discover the thorns and roses of despairing passion. The prettily named "Hydromel and Rue" contains translations from the German of "Marie Madeleine." Mr. Kappey, by his former book, has won the praise of Mr. John Davidson for its "sweetness and grace." He is certainly an admirable translator. This garland of verse is perhaps of *fleurs malades*. But lovers of verse, however healthy-minded, will agree in praise of lines such as these:

Because mine eyes are fashioned so,
Shalt thou forsake thy house and hearth
And like a beggar thou shalt go,
Despised of men, and nothing worth.
Fair fame and fortune—all shall be
As trodden dust beneath your feet.
Because of me!

We should like to read "Auf Kypros" in the German original: and also to see Mr. Kappey's other volume.

Mrs. Gibson shows signs of imitation of Yeats and A. E. Housman. But her poems are fatally vague, and we sought in vain for a quotable verse. The same is true of "A Garden of Shadows," admirably illustrated by Mr. Byam Shaw. Nor is there much else to be said for the "Proposal," a work in "stanzaic ichons," though we thank the author for telling us that it is "published with the seriousness of purposes and is put forth as the precursor of a further and larger work."

With "Swords and Ploughshares" we turn to the gay poems. We cannot perhaps recommend to readers of THE ACADEMY a versifier who pauses amid his fairly amusing satires on the Conservative Party to write a serious poem in memory of John Kensit. The book is on the whole quite bad, and very clumsy indeed in comparison to Mr. Graves' "Humours of the Fray." It is indeed a joy to read these amusing verses after an hour or more in the company of sighing lovers. Mr. Graves has his prejudices and predilections: and lets us know all about them. He hates Strauss and loves golf. His humorous verse is very far behind Mr. Belloc's: it depends for its effects on double-rhymes and on neat phrasing too exclusively to give permanent satisfaction. But his lines "Thoughts on Drink in the Drought" are splendid. We quote two verses:

Myself did as a boy affect a jar
That held a drink named Raspberry Vinegar;
But adults when they try this liquid find
The more they drink the thirstier they are.
Edward Fitzgerald had a friend named Posh,
With whom he went a-yachting near the Wash,
And Posh (as Mr. Shorter lately proved)
Once lived for three whole days on Lemon Squash.

LA MADONNA DI VICO

The Santuario of the Madonna di Vico. By L. MELANO ROSSI. (Macmillan, 21s. net.)

HIDDEN away in a mountain valley in Piedmont stands the sanctuary of the Madonna di Vico. The church was designed in 1596 by Ascanio Vitozzi, and the great dome was built by the architect, Francesco Gallo, towards the end of his life, between the years 1730-1748, in honour of Charles Emanuel I. of Savoy. There is only one other dome of its shape and size in the world.

The history of its building is of peculiar interest. The origin of many another beautiful church must be similar, though the cause has not passed away, as has the cause and fame of this sanctuary. The French King, Francis I., invaded Piedmont, and during his invasion the Castle of Vico was much damaged. In consequence, when its restoration began to be undertaken in 1539, the brickmakers of the Ermena Valley were

called upon to supply a very large number of bricks. Now, in the early part of the year 1539 an unusual amount of rain had fallen, and the brickmakers were hard put to, as their store was rapidly decreasing, and the wetness of the season prevented the manufacture of new bricks. The weather showed no sign of improvement. The position became desperate. At this crisis the only daughter of one of the most respected brickmakers—a girl of seventeen—had a vision. A heavenly visitant came to her and led her, half dreaming, half conscious, to a certain place. There she was told to erect a small shrine to the Virgin, and this she did. Immediately the sky cleared, the sun shone with bright heat, and prosperity came to the brickmakers of the Ermano Valley. The shrine became famous.

Such was the first stage of its history. But the years passed by, and the shrine fell into disuse, until a deacon, by name Cæsar Trombetta, rediscovered it. He cleared the rank growth of weeds that almost hid the pilone from view, and zeal for its sacredness and anger at its neglect took possession of him. He preached on every occasion against the wickedness of not giving honour to the shrine's great sanctity. In the market-place, in the homes of the farmers, in the very streets, he denounced the sloth of the people. The people listened to his reproaches, smiled at his ardour, and went on their way unheeding. Trombetta was in no way deterred by the failure of his sermons. He changed his tactics for the mastery of that event. He applied to the Bishop of Mondovì for leave to build a chapel round the shrine. His petition was so devoutly in earnest that the bishop was moved, not only to grant the necessary leave, but to help the actual building of the chapel itself by a gift of money. Forthwith, the work began. It had proceeded for very few months when its fame began to spread, and thousands flocked to it from every part of Piedmont with offerings. The bishop heard of its fame, and conceived an ingenious, characteristic plan of furthering its success. He ordered the work to cease, and summoned the deacon, Cæsar Trombetta, to answer the charge of an abuse of public faith. Many sittings were held to enquire into the case. At last the most celebrated doctors of divinity were called into a council to arbitrate. Their verdict was one of absolute approval. They declared "the cures genuine and the worship of the shrine a highly commendable act of devotion." The scheme thus obtained, as the bishop intended it to obtain, official recognition; and the bishop, much pleased at the outcome of his manipulation, determined that the sanctity of the place demanded the erection, not of a chapel merely, but of a great church. He himself laid the foundation stone in 1595, before a concourse of twenty-five thousand people, and decreed that a festival should be celebrated on that day the following year and for ever afterwards. As the edifice rose its fame spread, not only over the countryside, but over Europe. The Queen of France sent a special envoy with a magnificent present of jewels and gold. The Constable of Castile, the Duke of Nemours, the Archduke Albert of Austria, Simone Contarini of Venice, all visited the sacred place in person. And the deacon, Cæsar Trombetta, was almost forgotten.

Naturally, Charles Emanuel I., Duke of Savoy, was interested in the renown of this shrine within his dukedom. He was, in fact, specially interested for this reason. He had long been intending to found a great temple of peace, both as a symbol of the unity of his country, to forward which had been his life's work, and as a resting place for his body after death. He determined to use the fame and sanctity of the place for his great purpose, and, in spite of much opposition from the bishop and the people, his purpose was achieved. Captain Ascanio Vitozzi, his military engineer and a notable architect, drew plans, which were approved; the walls of the church which the bishop had begun were demolished, and the rebuilding on an immense

scale was inaugurated. But Vitozzi was a man already advanced in years; when he started his masterpiece he was nearly sixty. The local authorities, both civic and papal, caused wearisome delays on every point to which it was possible in any way to raise objection, and Vitozzi died before his work was finished, before the great dome, which would have been the pride of his life, was built. His plans, moreover, fell into the hands of the Cistercians, and were destroyed. The work of building practically ceased. Charles Emanuel I., Duke of Savoy, died, and was buried elsewhere. For a hundred years nothing was done, until the people of Mondovi determined to finish the building themselves. An architect of genius was found among their fellow citizens, one Francesco Gallo, and he, still a young man, employed by the King of Sardinia as engineer, undertook the tremendous task of completing the great structure. The drum was finished in 1730, the dome in 1731, and the lantern in 1733.

As Signor Rossi points out, it is strange that, considering the size and beauty of the dome, the sanctuary should be as little known and visited as it is. His book, dealing with every detail of its history and architecture, is written with enthusiasm and knowledge. The plans are clear, and the illustrations, chiefly reproductions of his own photographs, are of extraordinary beauty. The curving western façade is of quite recent addition; no eastern façade yet exists, and Signor Rossi remarks that a unique opportunity is offered to an art-loving millionaire to make this addition and to replace the tawdry decoration of the arcade and drum with mosaic. May this opportunity be taken!

OUR NOBLE SELVES

An Itinerary. Written by FYNES MORYSON, Gent. In 4 vols. (Glasgow: MacLehose, each 12s. 6d. net.)

Minor Poems of Michael Drayton. Chosen and edited by CYRIL BRETT. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.)

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets. With notes by CHARLES LAMB. (Routledge, The London Library, 2s. 6d. net.)

The London Merchant and Fatal Curiosity. By GEORGE LILLO. Edited by ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD. *All Fools and The Gentleman Usher.* By GEORGE CHAPMAN. Edited by THOMAS MARE PARROTT. *The Fair Penitent and Jane Shore.* By NICHOLAS ROWE. Edited by SOPHIE CHANTAL HART. *The Owl and the Nightingale.* Edited by JOHN EDWIN WELLS. (Heath, the Belles Lettres series, each 2s. 6d. net.)

THE above list is a small portion of the reprints which have reached us in the last few weeks, and the effect of studying them is to rouse in the student an almost indecent desire to shake himself by the hand, to crow like Peter Pan, and proclaim the cleverness, the wonderfulness of his age. Was there ever an age in which scholarship was so good and cheap? For half-a-crown you may buy Dr. Ward's edition of Lillo's two best plays. Lillo! What was Lillo that he was worth the attention of Dr. Ward? Well, read Dr. Ward on the subject, get an inkling of all that his vast knowledge, his extraordinary memory, and his certain scholarship have to tell you about Lillo, and you will feel, not only that Lillo was much more important and interesting than you supposed, but that an age which contains a Dr. Ward, and a Dr. Ward who will tell you all this for half-a-crown, is really an extraordinary age. And then take up Charles Lamb's fascinating book (only half-a-crown again) and contrast the age which could only swallow Chapman in little fragments with an age which wants him whole—tragedies (Professor Boas is editing them in this same Belles Lettres series) and comedies alike, with learned introductions, notes,

varia lectiones, bibliographical details, and what not, as if Chapman were the only dramatist who ever wrote, or as if life were a thousand years long, and there were nothing else to do in it but read. Nicholas Rowe, again: the world knows its Congreve and Wycherley, its Dryden and Otway, so well that it must go on to Rowe, or it will have nothing else left to read. And here, again, is "The Owl and the Nightingale"—seventy pages of introduction, nearly 150 of text (in two versions), thirty-six of notes, and seventy of glossary—as if, when we had romped through all English literature, there were time left to sit down to an exhaustive study of the masterpieces of Middle English. Still, we are not satisfied. We must have the minor poems of Elizabethan minor poets, and here is the Clarendon Press ready with a delightful, antique-looking reprint of Drayton's "Nymphalls" and other things. A step further and we shall have the whole "Poly-olbion"—and a demand could more reasonably be expected for that than for the travels of the Elizabethan traveller, Fynes Moryson, "in Germany, Bohmerland, Sweitzerland, Netherland, Denmarke, Poland, Italy, Turkey, France, England, Scotland and Ireland," which Messrs. MacLehose are adding to their various handsome editions of old travels.

Lovers of "midnight darlings," small men who stagger under their weight, or huge men, like the late Mr. Joseph Knight, in whose hands anything less like a folio seemed petty, may be inclined to sneer at these reprints in small volumes, at the people who like their selections made for them, and their scholarship all ready dressed for them in introductions and notes. But we may justly claim for the present age, not only a very wide diffusion of scholarship of a kind sufficient to make a public for the introductions and notes, but a remarkable fertility in scholars fit to do the work. We must not be taken to class either Miss Hart or Mr. Parrott with Dr. Ward when we say that all these editions are the work of genuine scholars. Mr. Brett, again, clearly knows his Drayton thoroughly; he has chosen the poems well and printed them carefully. And all this labour-saving apparatus—for that is what it comes to—testifies to a genuine desire on the part of the public to know the truth, and all the truth—to have a sound text to read, notes which will explain the meaning when it is obscure, and introductions that may point out the plan and general *portée* of the work. The ideal thing, of course, is to make one's own introductions, to ferret out one's own notes. Life is not long enough, especially when we are so anxious to read everything, major or minor, that has survived from the past.

It remains true that never has literature been so ardently, so widely, nor so intelligently studied as at the present day—and that in spite of the extravagant or dismal, silly or stupid, finicking or vulgar nonsense which the Press pours forth daily in its so-called "literary" columns. Setting all that aside, and setting aside the thousands of feeble, and nasty, and illiterate books that flood the bookstalls, we may claim fairly to be the most scholarly age in English history. There is no limit to our curiosity about our first-rate and second-rate writers of the past; no limit to our demand for accuracy and thoroughness, and no limit, as it appears, to the supply of scholars capable of satisfying our requirements.

Yes; but what of ourselves? What are *we* doing all this time to express our own life and hand on our lamp to posterity? Our scholarship of itself is one thing we are doing—seeing that posterity no less than ourselves shall have good texts and good criticism, and that cheap. There are hundreds of living people who, when their time comes, will deserve a "Grammarian's Funeral" for that alone. It is the common reproach against us that we are doing nothing original, that we have no great writers whom the scholars of two cen-

turies hence will annotate and squabble over and establish. We turn from Fynes Moryson and pick up Mr. Knight's "Where three Empires meet" (and we mention it because to name "Arabia Deserta," or a book by Professor Browne would be unfair to Moryson); from Drayton, and pick up—what? It is really impossible to choose from among the scores of modern poets on our shelves—well, let us shut our eyes and draw. What is this? "The City of the Soul." And we have not even mentioned Mr. Meredith, or Mr. Bridges, or Francis Thompson, or Mr. Swinburne. We turn from Rowe and take up *Attila*, from Lillo and here is *Waste*, from Chapman's comedies to *The Importance of Being Earnest*. It is all nonsense! Let us drink to Our Noble Selves!

THE SWAN OF LICHFIELD

A Swan and Her Friends. By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen and Co., 12s. 6d., net.)

To write the biography of Anna Seward is to disinter a corpse, and it is impossible to acquit Mr. Lucas of a certain freakish perversity in the selection of such a subject for a book of over three hundred pages. In her own day the "Swan of Lichfield" was no inconsiderable figure in the world of letters. She was adored by Hayley (whose poetry was certainly no worse than her own), she was on speaking terms with Johnson, she was a friend of Scott. Her remains—which may still be read by the curious—afford an amazing commentary on the value of contemporary criticism. The study of inanity is, however, as Mr. Lucas is careful to remind us, not without its interest, and the present volume is quite as entertaining as anything that its author has yet given us.

Anna Seward was a typical product of her period, and that period must be reckoned as among the worst in the history of English literature. Her style was affected, pompous, jejune, and dull. She never by any chance called a spade a spade. A lake to her was always a glittering expanse of water. Her literary tastes were deplorable. She considered Erasmus Darwin a poet, and she thought Southey "beyond comparison the superior" to Wordsworth. Yet she could praise genius too, and it remains to her credit that she was among the first to discern the essential greatness of the author of "Tristram Shandy." Scott she admired not wisely but too well—too well, indeed, since, dying, she made him her literary executor. Scott performed the task like the great gentleman he was, but with what agony of soul may be dimly guessed. Perhaps, however, even the iron resolution of the Wizard of the North was hardly proof against such flattery as this:

Your epic ballad, "Cadzow Castle," is all over excellence, harmonic, picturesque, characteristic. It satisfies to luxury the whole soul of my imagination. The gay festivity of modern life, with which it opens, and the quiet graces of a cultivated landscape, in the blessedness of national peace, which forms the close, have the finest possible effect, as preceding and succeeding the spirited and sublime story of Regent Murray's assassination. The lifted pall of oblivion discloses that scene in all the interesting customs and manners of the feudal times. Then the interspersed landscapes! You Salvator! you Claude!—what a night scene!—what an animated description of the morning chase! Your bull!—what a sublime creature!—and O! the soft, sweet picture of Margaret; pale, yet beauteous convalescent from her maternal throes!—it rivals the Alcmena of Pindar in his first Nemean ode.

It is the supreme merit of this biography that its subject is not allowed to dominate the stage to the exclusion of other and perhaps worthier figures. Lichfield life in the closing years of the eighteenth century is sketched with a vivid pen. We catch an occasional glimpse of the ponderous gallantries of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and the luckless amours of Thomas Day, of "Sandford and Merton" fame. Dr. Erasmus Darwin—whose second wife Miss Seward unavailingly desired to be—bears us frequent company, and Mr.

Lucas has thought it worth while to reproduce in these pages "The Loves of the Triangles," that once famous parody of "The Botanic Garden"—a poem, too, almost as tedious as its prototype. To the Ladies of Llangollen, a couple of eccentric recluses who dedicated themselves to solitude in early life, Mr. Lucas has devoted an entire chapter, by no means the least interesting in the volume. For these ladies—and particularly for the elder one, Lady Eleanor Butler—Miss Seward, who revelled in rank, appears to have entertained a very sincere affection. Finally, there is the great Dr. Johnson, whom it is easy to see the Swan very cordially disliked. In 1784 she conveyed the news of his death to Hayley—then a very frequent correspondent:

At last, my dear bard, extinct is that mighty spirit, in which so much good and evil, so much large expansion and illiberal narrowness of mind, were blended—that enlightened the whole literary world with the splendours of his imagination, and, at times, with the steadiest fires of judgment; and, yet more frequently, darkened it with spleen and envy; potent, through the resistless powers of his understanding, to shroud the fairest claims of rival excellence. Indiscriminate praise is pouring in full tides, around his tomb, and characteristic reality is overwhelmed in the torrent.

After all, there is nothing in the popularity of Anna Seward that need surprise us. Since her day we have witnessed the rise and fall of a Martin Farquhar Tupper and of a Philip James Bailey. And it may be worth while recalling that of a contemporary of the Swan—a Charlotte Smith, of Bignor (in Sussex)—the *Gentleman's Magazine* found it possible to write:—"It is trifling praise for Mrs. Smith's sonnets to pronounce them superior to Shakespeare's and Milton's." *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

RECENT ARCHÆOLOGY

The Annual of the British School at Athens. Vol. XII. (Macmillan, 25s. net.)

Egypt and Western Asia in the Light of Recent Discoveries. L. W. KING and H. R. HALL. (S.P.C.K., 10s. net.)

THE work of the British School of Archæology in Athens has placed the school in the front rank of archæological research, and the appearance of the "Annual" is one of the landmarks of the archæological year. The close association of the school with the epoch-making discoveries in Crete adds to the importance of a publication in which we may always look with confidence for mature consideration of the vast mass of new evidence concerning prehistoric Greece, which has accumulated with almost disconcerting rapidity of late years. And the twelfth volume has been awaited with added eagerness, in that it was to contain the completion of Mr. Mackenzie's article upon the Cretan palaces. That completion is now before us, and we are bound to admit that it carries his argument to a conclusion more forcible and final than we had been disposed to anticipate. From the demolition of Dörpfeld's "Achæan" theory he has proceeded to the erection of a theory of Cretan origins remarkable, not only for its intrinsic soundness, but also for the coincidence of its conclusions with those reached by other archæologists from totally different data and upon different lines of thought. Architecture, racial type, customs, mythology and religion, all seem, in the light of most recent research, to point to a North African origin for the "Mediterranean" race, and that origin shared with the pre-dynastic race of Egypt. In the light of this theory much that was strange and dark in the Ægean prehistoric world, and, indeed, in the artistic development of classical Greece, becomes plain as daylight. We owe a great debt to Mr. Mackenzie for the lucid manner in which he has set forth the evidence from the data with which he is here immediately concerned.

Particularly instructive, when read in close conjunction with Mr. Mackenzie's article, is "Egypt and Western Asia in the Light of Recent Discoveries," by Messrs. Hall and King. Both these gentlemen have achieved a distinction which makes their names a sufficient recommendation for the book. The S.P.C.K., indeed, does well in pursuing its publication of works like those of Maspero, and this volume, which forms an indispensable continuation of the work of the great Egyptologist. Though the responsibility of authorship is not here specifically divided, we can hardly be wrong in ascribing the Babylonian and Assyrian chapters to Mr. King—whose valuable publication of "Chronicles Concerning Early Babylonian Kings" we noticed recently—and to Mr. Hall those chapters which deal with pre-dynastic Egypt and its relation to the Ægean. Of very special interest is the opening chapter, in which Mr. Hall combats, we think reasonably, Professor Flinders Petrie's theory of a palæolithic Egypt thickly afforested, and swept by torrential streams. In the Babylonian chapters we have revelled in the detailed account of the vicissitudes of Shirpurla and Gishku, and of the building of Gudea's temple. Throughout the book the dramatic force and simplicity of language render it not merely intelligible, but even fascinating; and the learning which underlies it is never obtrusive; yet—and herein lies the skill of the writers in handling their material—the necessity for smooth writing has never betrayed them into bald dogmatism on disputed points.

The book is brought thoroughly up to date, even the excavations at Boghaz Keui and at Der-el-Bahari being included, and a good account is given of the remarkable results of the Susa excavations.

In the Egyptian chapters we make no doubt that the authors are right in their view that "Aha" and "Narmer" are the originals of the legendary Mena. But the pre-dynastic time of Egypt is perhaps better set forth here than any other part of the story; and we make no doubt that of the various theories summarised by the authors, that which would make the neolithic Egyptians "Mediterranean" in type and race is the correct one. Of the Semitic element in dynastic times there is more uncertainty, and we are inclined to think that in the Sumero-Semitic blend of race which (perhaps) inaugurated the dynastic history in Egypt there was more of the Ugro-Altaic than of the Semitic element.

In the Asiatic chapters the principal matter is that already treated by Mr. King in the book to which we have already referred; namely, the skilful rearrangement of the Babylonian dynasties, and the separation from them of the line of kings of the "Country of the Sea." The point is here re-stated, and the consequent modifications of chronology clearly set forth.

As a whole the book is no less than indispensable to anyone who seeks to keep abreast with the advance of modern research in the history of the world's dawn.

ELIZABETH GUNNING

The Story of a Beautiful Duchess, being an Account of the Life and Times of Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll. By HORACE BLEACKLEY, M.A. (London: Constable, 21s. net.)

It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Bleackley, writing about Elizabeth Gunning, and necessarily telling us something of other members of the family, did not write more of Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry, and so make his book a complete history of the remarkable sisters. He would have had room between the pretty covers of this

volume, for he is at times a little more diffuse and detailed about Elizabeth than was strictly needful. "The Sisters Gunning," to anyone conversant with the period, would have been a more attractive title. Certainly, however, the title is appropriate enough; beautiful Elizabeth was beyond question, and she married two dukes, of whom one was a duke twice over, so that Dr. Johnson called her "the duchess with three tails." It is a wonderful history, that of the Gunnings. There have been women a few who have begun lower down—the Gunnings, of course, were gentlefolk—and finished higher up; but for two sisters, with nothing but good looks to help them, to march so irresistibly to great positions was really curious. Nothing but good looks is almost literally true. Maria was a flighty, vain, and distinctly silly creature, and it says much for the management of her mother that she married so handsomely, and did not, in the euphemistic phrase of the day, "accept an establishment." Elizabeth had more character, no doubt—the late Duke of Argyll, not a facile judge, had a great respect for his grandmother—but there is nothing in Mr. Bleackley's careful and very laudatory record to show that she was not quite an ordinary woman, apart from her beauty. Neither sister had any education to speak of, and reading carefully in the records of the time, one observes that neither had much in the way of manners either. But education, manners—who cared for that in the presence of two such faces? It is really something to the credit of a corrupt and "cynical" age that mere beauty could go so far in it.

Mr. Bleackley's book, being complete and knowledgeable, could not be otherwise than interesting, and, to a reader previously ignorant of the subject, must be full of surprising events. He is not a master of vivid character drawing like Carlyle, but that faculty is rare. As a matter of fact, outside the Gunnings themselves he had not much interesting material in the way of character. Neither of Elizabeth's husbands—Hamilton, the reckless profligate, or Argyll, the excellent soldier and worthy landlord—arrests one's attention very forcibly. Some minor characters (in the story), like the mad Duke of Douglas and his energetic wife, Peggy, or the Lady Jane Douglas of the famous "Douglas cause," are more curious to observe. That famous cause, indeed, takes up a considerable part of the book. The Duchess of Hamilton's connection with it was that, if Lady Jane's children were not her own, the young Duke of Hamilton would have succeeded to a large part of the Duke of Douglas's estates, so that she was, of course, intimately concerned; but it speaks a little unfavourably of her interest as an individual woman that so much space could have been spared for the arguments and evidence. Most astonishing evidence it was, no doubt. Mr. Bleackley is on the Hamilton side, but he insists that he writes without prejudice. In one small matter, however, one imagines that prejudice did get the better of him: James Boswell was on the other side, and Mr. Bleackley is so angry with him that he gives a fierce account of Boswell's appearance and manners, which is manifestly unfair. The occasion was the visit of Boswell with Johnson to Inverary, and the sage talking with his beautiful hostess must have been a curious and charming sight. One or two other famous people come slightly into her life. Charles Fox, at Eton, fell in love with her in a modest and boyish way, and late in her life, at Naples, she met and was kind to a beautiful woman, whose start was far humbler than her own, and whose beauty was to be even more famous—Emma Hamilton, to wit. She was Emma Hart then, and not yet married, so that the Duchess of Hamilton did a bold as well as a kind thing in befriending her. It is pleasant to know that she had a kind heart, this beautiful Gunning, with all her worldly successes.

G. S. S.

THE HOOTAWA VANDYCK: AN OLD MASTER'S TRAGEDY

"My own experience," said an expert to a group of mostly middle-aged men, who had spent their whole life in investigating spiritual phenomena, "is a peculiar one."

"It was in the early autumn of 1900. I was at Rome, whence I had gone to investigate the relative artistic affinity between Pietro Cavallini and Giotto (whose position, I think, will have to be adjusted). There were as yet only a few visitors at the Hotel Russie, chiefly maiden ladies and casual tourists, besides a certain Scotch family and myself. Colonel Brodie, formerly of the 69th Highlanders, was a retired officer of that rather peppery type which always seems to belong to the stage rather than real life, though you meet so many examples on the Continent. He possessed an extraordinary topographical knowledge of modern Rome, the tramway system, and the hours at which churches and galleries were open. He would waylay you in the entrance hall and enquire severely if you had been to the Catacombs. In the case of an affirmative answer he would describe a tomb or ruin you had missed, far better worth seeing; and if a negative he would smile, and tell you the shortest and cheapest route, and the amount which should be tendered to the Trappist Father. Later on in the evening over coffee, if he was pleased with you, he would mention in a very impressive manner, 'I am, as you probably know, Colonel Brodie of Hootawa.' His wife, beside whom I sat at *table d'hôte*, retained traces of former beauty; she was thin, and still tight-laced; was somewhat acid in manner, censorious concerning the other visitors, singularly devoted to her tedious husband, and fretfully attached to the beautiful daughter for whose pleasure and education they were visiting Rome. I gathered that they were fairly well to do."

"It was Mrs. Brodie who first broke the ice by asking if I was interested in pictures. Miss Brodie, who sat between her parents, turned very red, and said: 'Oh, mamma, you are talking to one of the greatest experts in Europe.' I was surprised and somewhat gratified by her knowledge (indeed, it chilled me some days later when she confessed to having learnt the information only that day by overhearing an argument between myself and a friend at the Colonna Gallery on Stefano de Zevio, and the indebtedness of Northern Italian art to Teutonic influences).

"Mrs. Brodie took the intelligence quite calmly, and merely inspected me through her lorgnettes as if I were an object in a museum."

"Ah, you must talk to Flora about pictures. I have no doubt that she will tell you a good deal even you do not know. We have some very interesting pictures up in Scotland. My husband is Colonel Brodie of Hootawa (no relation to the Brodie of Brodie). His grandfather was a great collector, and originally we possessed seven Raphaels.' 'Indeed,' I replied, eagerly; 'might I ask the names of the pictures? I would know them at once.'

"I have never seen them," said Mrs. Brodie; 'they were not left to my husband, who quarrelled with his father. Fortunately, none of us care for Raphaels, but the most valuable of all the pictures, including a Vandyck, were entailed. Flora is particularly attached to Vandyck. He is always so romantic, I think.'

"Flora, embarrassed by her mother's eulogy of family heirlooms, leaned across as if to address me,

and said: 'Oh, mamma, I don't think they really were Raphaels; they were probably only by pupils—Giulio Romano, Perino del Vaga, or Luca Penni.'

"As you never saw them, my dear," said Mrs. Brodie severely, 'I don't think you can possibly tell. Your grandfather' (she glared at me) 'was considered the greatest expert in Europe, and described them in his will as Raphaels. It would be impious to suggest that they are by any one else; there were two Holy Families. One of them was given to your grandfather by the King of Holland in recognition of his services, and a third was purchased direct from the Queen of Naples. But your father is getting impatient for his cigar.' They rose and bowed sweetly. I joined them in the glass winter garden a few minutes later."

"Have you been to the Pincio? But I forgot, of course you know Rome. I do love the Pincio," sighed Mrs. Brodie over some needlework, and then, as an afterthought: 'Do you know the two things that have impressed me most since I came here?' 'I could not dare to guess any more than I dare tell you what has impressed me most,' I replied, gazing softly at Flora. 'The two things which have really and truly impressed me,' continued Mrs. Brodie, 'more than anything else, more than the Pantheon or the Palatine, or the Forum, are—St. Peter's and the Colosseum.' She almost looked young again."

"The next day we visited the Borghese, and I was able to explain to Flora why the circular 'Madonna and Angels' was not by Botticelli. And, indeed, there was hardly a picture in Rome I was unable to re-attribute to its rightful owner. In the apt Flora I found a receptive pupil; she even grew suspicious about the great Velasquez at the Doria, in which she fancied, with all the enthusiasm of youth that she detected the handling of Mazo. I soon found it was better for her training to discourage her from looking at pictures at all—we confined ourselves to photographs. In a photograph you are not disturbed by colour, or by impasto, and you are able to study the morphic values in a picture, by which means you arrive at the attribution without any disturbing æsthetic considerations."

"One afternoon, returning from some church ceremony, Flora said to me:

"Oh, Aleister' (we were already engaged secretly), 'papa is going to ask you next winter to stay at Hootawa; before I forget I want to warn you never to criticise his pictures. They are mostly of the Dutch and English school, and I daresay you will find a great many of the names wrong, but you know papa is irritable, and it would offend him if you said that the Teborch was really by Pietro de Hooghe. You can easily avoid saying anything, and then you will really admire the Vandyck.'

"Darling Flora, of course I promise. By the way, you never speak of your family ghost, although Mrs. Brodie always refers to it as if I knew all about it; and the Colonel has often told me of Sir Rupert's military achievements."

"Oh, Aleister, I don't know whether you believe in ghosts: it is very extraordinary. Whenever any disaster or any good fortune happens to our family, Sir Rupert Brodie's figure, just as he appears in the Vandyck, is seen walking in the Long Gallery; and every night he appears at twelve o'clock in the green spare bedroom; but only guests and servants ever see him there. We have a saying at Hootawa that servants will not stay unless they are able to see Sir Rupert the first month after their arrival. Only members of the family are able to see him in the Long Gallery, and, of course, we never know whether he betokens good or ill luck. The last time he appeared there, papa was so

nervous that he sold out of Consols, which went down an eighth the day after. We were all very much relieved. But he invested the money in some concern called "The Imperial Federation Stylograph Pen Company," and lost most of it; so it was not of much use."

"Tell me, darling, of your father's other investments," I asked anxiously.

"Oh, you must ask papa about them, I don't understand business; but I want to tell you about Sir Rupert. The Society for Psychical Research sent down a committee to enquire into the credibility of the ghost, and recorded *four* authentic appearances in the spare bedroom; and on family evidence accepted three of the appearances in the Long Gallery. It was just after the report was issued that papa was invited to lease the house to some Americans for the summer, and he always gets a good price for it now, simply on account of the ghost. I always think that rather horrid. I don't believe poor Sir Rupert would like it."

"Perhaps he doesn't know," I suggested.

"Of course, you don't believe in him," she said in rather an offended way.

"My darling, of course I do; I have always believed in ghosts. Most of the pictures in the world, as I am always saying, were painted by *ghosts*."

"Oh, no, Aleister, you're laughing at me; but when you see Sir Rupert, as you will, in the spare bedroom, you will believe too."

"At the end of January I became Flora's accepted *fiancé*."

"In February I moved with the Brodies to Florence, where I was able to introduce them to all my kind and hospitable friends—the Berensons, the Loesers, and the Hornes. Flora was in every way a great success, and commenced a little book on *Nero di Bici* for Bell's Great Painters Series. It was quite a *primavera*. Our marriage was arranged for the following February. The Brodies were to return to Hootawa after it was vacated by the American summer tenants. I was to join them for Christmas on my return from America, where I was compelled to go in order to settle my affairs. My father, Lorenzo Q. Sweat, of Chicago, evinced great pleasure at my approaching union with an old Scotch family; he promised me a handsome allowance considering his recent losses in the meat packing swindle—I mean trade. I was able to dissuade him from coming to Europe for the ceremony. After delivering two successful lectures on Pietro Cavallini in the early Fall at mother's *soirées* I sailed for Liverpool."

"There was deep snow on the ground when I arrived at Hootawa in the early afternoon of a cold December day. The Colonel met me at the station in the uniform of the 69th, attended by two gillies holding torches."

"There will just be enough light to glance at the pictures before tea," he said gaily, and in three-quarters of an hour I was embracing Flora and saluting her mother, who were in the hall to greet me. For the most part Hootawa was a typical old Scotch castle, with extinguisher turrets; an incongruous Jacobian addition rather enhanced its picturesque *ensemble*."

"You'll see better pictures here than anything in Rome," remarked the Colonel; but Flora giggled rather nervously."

"In the smoking-room and library I inspected, with assumed interest, works by the little masters of Holland and some more admirable examples of the English eighteenth-century school. Faithful to my promise, I pronounced everyone of them to be little gems, unsurpassed by anything in the private collections of America or Europe. We passed into the drawing-room and parlour with the same success. In the latter apartment the Colonel, grasping my arm, said impressively: 'Now you will see our great treasure, the *Brodie Vandyck*, of which Flora has so often told you. I have never lent

it for exhibition, for, as you know, we are rather superstitious about it. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1780, offered to paint the portraits of the whole family in exchange for the picture. Dr. Waagen describes it in his well-known work, and Dr. Bode came from Berlin on purpose to see it some years ago, when he left a certificate (which was scarcely necessary) of its undoubted authenticity; but I was so touched by his genuine admiration that I presented him with a small Dutch picture he admired in the smoking-room, and thought not unworthy of placing in the Berlin Gallery. I expect you know Dr. Bode."

"Not personally," I said, as we stepped into the Long Gallery."

"It was a delightful panelled room, with oak-beamed ceiling; between the mullioned windows were old Venetian mirrors and seventeenth-century chairs. At the end, concealed by a rich crimson brocade, hung the Vandyck, the only picture on the walls."

"It was the Colonel himself who drew aside the curtain which veiled discreetly the famous portrait of Sir Rupert Brodie, at the age of thirty-two, in the beautiful costume of the period. The face was unusually pallid; it was just the sort of picture you would expect to walk out of its frame."

"You have never seen a finer Vandyck, I am sure," said Mrs. Brodie anxiously. I examined the work with great care, employing a powerful pocket glass. There was an awkward pause of about five minutes."

"Well, sir," said the Colonel, 'have you nothing to say?'

"It is a very interesting and excellent work, though *not by Vandyck*; it is by Jamieson, his Scotch pupil; the morphic forms . . .—but I got no further; there was a loud clap of thunder, and Flora fainted away. I was hastening to her side when her father's powerful arm seized my collar. He ran me down the gallery and out by an egress which led into the entrance hall, where some menial opened the massive door. I felt one stinging blow on my face, then, bleeding and helpless, I was kicked down the steps into the snow, from which I was picked up half stunned by one of the gillies."

"Eh, mon, hae ye seen the bogles at Hootawa?" he observed."

"It will be very civil of you if you will conduct me to the depot or the nearest caravanserai," I replied."

"I never saw Flora again."

"But what has happened about the ghost, Mr. Sweat? You never told us anything about it. Did you ever see it?" asked one of the listeners in a disappointed tone."

"Oh, I forgot; no, that was rather tragic. Sir Rupert Brodie never appeared again, *not even in the spare bedroom*; he seemed offended. Eventually his portrait was sent up to London, where Mr. Lionel Cust pointed out that it could not have been painted until after Vandyck's death, at which time Sir Rupert was only ten years old. Indeed, there was some uncertainty whether the picture represented Sir Rupert at all. Colonel Brodie never recovered from the shock, and resides chiefly at Harrogate. Gradually the servants all gave notice, and Hootawa ceased to attract Americans. Poor Flora, I ought to have remembered my promise; but the habit was too strong in me. Sir Oliver Lodge, I believe, has an explanation for the non-appearance of the phantom after the events I have described. He regards it as a good instance of bi-psychic duality—the fortuitous phenomenon by which spirits are often uncertain as to whom they really represent. But I am only an art critic, not a physicist."

ROBERT ROSS.

A FORECAST

THERE was once a silly schoolmaster whose one idea in life was to make the boys in his house constantly and consistently uncomfortable. To carry out this great aim he invented a new variety of football, compared with which the most rugged Rugger is positively sybaritic; it was such an efficient, manly, thorough-going sport that it gave the boys heart-disease in the prime of their youth, and the school doctor said it wouldn't quite do. But the master had other ways of fulfilling his main purpose: he scowled on armchairs as horribly luxurious, and when he heard that one of the boys had had two hot baths in a week he said: "Boy, boy! you are like the later Romans, boy!"

Of course, this was nonsense—a fair sample of the singularly silly nonsense to which schoolmasters as a race are addicted—but it illustrates a curious propensity common to us all of trying to institute comparisons between the present and the past, of endeavouring by this means to divine the future. One fears that this is a form of divination as futile as the old recognised contrivances—or perhaps the ancient sciences might prove their claim to a higher trust—but we are always wondering whether we are really like the later Romans, and whether our end will be as theirs. It is a futile attempt, I say; because the conditions are so utterly dissimilar. It is true that the Romans were rich, luxurious, the lords of a great empire: but with that one has to stop. They were Latins: we are a mixture of Saxon and Scandinavian, with a dash of Celtic: theirs was a slave state, ours is not: they had put away their modified democracy long before they became "later"; we have thrown ourselves, heart and soul, into a very popular form of "popular government." And then all the world-conditions are widely and utterly different: there are no Huns, nor Goths, nor Vandals to overwhelm us; or if there were we should destroy them with quick-firing guns. Perhaps if this were the seventh century and not the twentieth the Mahdi would be in occupation of the Court of St. James; but Lord Kitchener and applied science have made this mode of purgation impossible. No; it is useless to attempt this method of divination from the past; one had better stand in the old ways if one would pry into the future. Some weeks ago I read in *THE ACADEMY* of a Cambridge Don—a very violent man, I am afraid—who thinks that Geomancy means "divination by earthquakes." Well, that would be an ugly and dangerous method enough; still, it might give as good results as the way of historical comparison.

And yet one cannot help wondering and speculating as to the next chapter in human affairs; one cannot help asking oneself, for example, as to what will be the end of the United States of America. Here again, of course, there are points of resemblance between the modern state and those famous "later Romans." There are the savage contrasts of enormous wealth and hideous poverty; there is the population composed of all the nations of the earth; there is, perhaps, no very great distinction between a Servile War and a "Labour Movement." But one knows that it will not do: these likenesses are but on the surface. California is not to Washington as Egypt was to Rome; and the Roman plutocrat, though he may have been a very bad fellow, was unable to exercise the horribly corrupting and all-pervading influence of a Standard Oil magnate. Trimalchio's dinner-party, perhaps, was not in the very best taste, the *opimianum Falernum annos centum* was possibly over-accented, though one cannot help applauding the *hors d'œuvres* which pictured the Signs of the Zodiac. In any case, there

is something magnificent in the Roman millionaire's question: What is a poor man? and one is ready to pardon a good deal for the sake of his allusion to his wife as "this Megæra." Trimalchio, doubtless, was a bad citizen, and a bad subject, an omen of dissolution, if you please; but he was not an active enemy of the human race.

And so one returns, quite unfortified, to the question of what will eventually happen to the United States of America. It is really very difficult; one might have hoped something of Japan, but, as fate ordains, the Japanese have taken to the study of Herbert Spencer—or, at least, they say so. Of course, one hopes great things of the Japanese; one trusts that their Western assumptions are mere profitable play-acting; that when they have crushed the blatant Occident under their feet by means of Occidental science, they will calmly return to true civilisation, and dispute once more concerning the orthodox doctrine of arranging flowers in a jar, and the true recipe for the composition of incense. We desire to be optimistic, and if Japan is indeed true to herself the future of America may yet be secure.

But if this is not so to be, what remains for this extraordinary mass of barbarism, combining as it does all the horrible savagery of the past with the industrial atheism of the present? One does not wish to press the case too strongly. I have no desire to repeat *seriatim* the long list of abominations which I have already catalogued in *THE ACADEMY*; one needs not to emphasise the fact that the "graft" trials in San Francisco are accompanied by a kind of infernal chorus of bullies and bravoës armed with revolvers. But what is to happen?

Of course, there is one assumption constantly made by citizens of the United States which must be firmly negated. Americans are always speaking of themselves as a "young" nation. This is clearly nonsense. The original settlers of the United States were emigrants from a very old civilisation; those famous men of the Mayflower carried with them (or should have carried with them) the lessons of a thousand years of nationality. Since then the off-scourings and wretched outcasts of Europe have been poured into the States: Slavs, Italians, Englishmen, Germans, Irish have been tumbled headlong into the melting-pot. All the products of the ages are mingled there; there is certainly no element of youth in the cauldron, and one must repel, firmly but kindly, the excuses that are made because "we" are a "young people." And what is to happen?

Well, personally, I believe that the United States are going mad; that the symptoms which we have harshly condemned as evidences of national wickedness are really evidences of national mania. I do not deny that wickedness has been exalted and cultivated in "these States" to a very great degree. I am aware that the War of Independence was a squalid imposture, that the after history of the United States is a history of fraud and swindling unexampled in the story of the world; I know that American politics, national and municipal, have long been the most shameful of all stories, that justice is more rare in America than bdellium. But I do not think this is the point. I doubt whether the Americans are destined to be the final and supreme examples of national villainy; or rather, in default of purging hordes of barbarians, I question whether the curtain will be rung down on a tableau of mere wickedness. It seems to me likely that as animal decay produces a new race—maggots have no resemblance to a dead sheep—so sheer madness will be the result of the "intellectual" and "political" activities of the United States. The world, perhaps, is to behold the strange spectacle of a whole

nation in delirium. In a sense it will be something new; and yet, perhaps, historic examples might be found. Athens was politically mad in the days of Cleon, the Sausage King; England was not far from mania when the wholly unimportant siege of Mafeking was relieved; France has had the Grand Monarque and Napoleon I. on the brain—consult for the latter malady the opening pages of the “Débacle.” But the dementia of America promises to be graver than any of these.

Of course, the subject is far too vast for treatment in an article. One can only deal in head-lines, and in but a few of these. But—to take one point only—is it not a serious symptom when a potato merchant imagines himself Emperor of China? Consider, then, America, which loudly, even blatantly, proclaims itself as humanity in revolt against all the violences, villainies, iniquities of mediævalism, and yet stands before the nations clearly and indubitably as one mass of violence and villainy and political corruption, as the mere creature of fraudulent commercial anarchs, of “Trusts,” which can make and unmake president and legislature, judge and jury. But what is this if it is not madness? In the individual case, such a state of mind might be harshly termed hypocrisy; but the average hypocrite does not claim superiority over all the saints and the noble army of martyrs. If he did, we should say he was not so much bad as mad, and the conclusion as to the state which virtually does make this claim seems to me unavoidable, especially as the claim, one gathers, is really believed, cherished in all seriousness. One may “make believe” now and again, one may bluster on occasion, and yet remain sane; but one goes home and is ashamed of one’s self. But if the make-believe and the bluster accompany us to our pillows, if they really become part of our nature and interior belief, then we are mad.

Of course, mania in its technical and scientific sense has long been alarmingly prevalent in America. Wendell Holmes comments on this fact after a fashion that shows that he was himself “touched”—sane by nature as he undoubtedly was. For after stating the fact that the lunacy percentages of the East Coast were the highest in the world, he draws the astounding conclusion that the inhabitants of Massachusetts are, *therefore*, the most intelligent race in existence. The Massachusetts madmen, according to Holmes, were as the dead and wounded on the field of battle, signs that a bitter fight had been waged. The analogy is, in itself, the quintessence of craziness; one hopes that the Autocrat did not really believe in it. And since his time, one understands, madness has been increasing by leaps and bounds, so that a physician has calculated that in a hundred years half the inhabitants of Chicago will be technically insane.

One has, perhaps, a foretaste of the end in news that is quite recent, in the staring announcements, repeated day after day, of the suicide of a millionaire. One of the silliest and wickedest theories of “the man in the street” is that madness is the result of excess of imagination, that all artists are, by nature, half-crazy, and are always on the edge of complete delirium. As a matter of cold, hard fact, mania develops in the classes which are wholly unimaginative, in book-keepers, shop-keepers, and agricultural labourers—in persons who from one reason or another are purged from all consideration of art or imagination. Thus, it is without surprise that one finds the millionaire, the representative American, prone to self-destruction, and the whole race on the verge of lunacy. From the earliest beginnings, from the days of the Mayflower, this people has denied the things that make for peace, it renewed its abnegation

of the truth at the Revolution, it has confirmed its apostasy again and again in modern times—and now, perhaps, the end is not far off.

One can deduce the like conclusion from many diverse arguments. From the utter wickedness of politics and affairs, from judicial corruption, from the defiance of law as exhibited in the horrible lynchings, from the statistics of divorce—a million and a quarter divorces have been granted in the last twenty years—from social follies of the most frantic sort, from the manner in which mad “religious” sects rise and flourish in the fetid mental soil—these are all signposts which point to one goal, and that is Bedlam. The other day, one hears, some board at Boston altered the words “Christmas Day on which Christ was born” to “Christmas Day on which we go to visit our grandmothers.” One cannot call it impious; it is merely imbecile. And a gentleman named Standley Gautereau, of Stanford University, California, has just published his prose poem, “Women! I Love You,” in what he calls the “Full Obscurity Edition (Unfinished)” —a work which would certainly ensure his confinement in a lunatic asylum in any other country, if it did not rather expose him to criminal proceedings. Here is a mild example of Mr. Gautereau:

The surgeon quits when the heart ceases. He lays the scalpel down, dust settles in his microscope, his vials dry. He buries his head in nervous hands, and defeated, groans “Unexplained.”

Thy simplest act exceeds his greatest power. In the by-law of your love, you outwit Death’s constitution. Your love turns the face of Dissolution.

The politician lays down the gavel to await your living vote.

The speculator invests on population, ignorant of the fields of love on which he stakes his corner lots. His boom is to-day; thine is for ever. His city is earth, thy city is life.

Men rise—out of where?—thy love—and rule the world of what?—thine offspring. They acquire millions in a single deal. They shall leave it to an heir of thine.

There are other things—many of them quite unspeakable—and of such things is the future of America. And the end of these things is the frantic lupanar—and death.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

CONCERTS AND PROGRAMMES

IN remarking that a recent programme of Ysaye’s was utterly unworthy of the greatest living violinist, THE ACADEMY spoke the simple truth. There is already far too much bad music in London; and that Ysaye’s golden tone and miraculous breadth of phrasing should be pressed into the service of third-rate obscurities suggests the spectacle of a tame eagle catching flies. The box-office, which has more to do with the making of programmes than most people suppose, may, in such a case, partly explain (though it cannot excuse) the descent; but as often as not the bias of friendship with a composer is a determining factor in the unhappy choice.

The influence of the box-office is, after all, a limited evil, and for wanton outrages in programme construction it can seldom be held responsible. I have been glancing casually through a bundle of programmes covering a period of three months, and enjoying a malicious pleasure from the *étalage* of taste that, collectively, it affords. One ostensibly serious concert, to which four performers contribute, comprises thirty items, some of which are tolerably lengthy. A vocal recital, given by a singer who is not quite a Landi, consists of twenty-two songs (ten of them quite new) following each other without any obvious attempt at grouping save that of a couple of printer’s rules thrown across the page. At a pianoforte recital, Bach’s Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue is followed immediately by a Scarlatti sonata and the insufferable “Alceste” Fantasia of Saint-Saëns—a sequence that the pianist will need much heroism to “live down.” Equally

delightful is the juxtaposition, in another programme, of Beethoven's "Adelaide" and a harp solo, suggestively named "Echoes of a Waterfall," by a Mr. John Thomas. (Let it be freely conceded that Beethoven seldom supplies his own comic relief). Unhappily, so long as commercialism in music foists upon us performers rather more Philistine than the friendly audiences to which they delight to minister, so long shall we be compelled to protest against the ravages of this kind of selection, and to assure the stranger within our gates that we are no parties to these ugly noises.

It has been necessary to make this reference to the majority of programmes for the sake of putting them definitely on one side. Unless we happen to be critics, we are not obliged to suffer them, or any part of them, very often. Let us ask rather what is the music that we, who are not strangers to music, need to hear, and what are the conditions that we demand for hearing it well. Since St. James's Hall was pulled down to give place for some "improvement" or other, we have been without a concert-room of similar size and equally good acoustics. Queen's Hall, admirable enough for occasional and fugitive effects, takes the edge off any kind of performance as a whole; and the delightful concert-room of the Royal College of Music is, of course, private property. Assuming, then, that we have the building for which we are waiting, of what sort is to be the programme that shall satisfy us, before we take our seats, by its consistent interrelation? The analogy of a dinner, ridiculous if applied as a whole, may yet help us in one particular: it cannot be too strongly urged that a concert should begin with *hors d'œuvres*. To tell us that the true artist can plunge at once into the depths of the Sonata Appassionata or (in the case of a conductor) the fourth Symphony of Brahms, is *nihil ad rem*: he is not playing to an empty hall, but to auditors in innumerable degrees of receptivity. I should like to see the principle carried a stage further: every concert of any importance might well begin with ten minutes of complete silence, after which late-comers could be admitted without the present distracting effect on those already seated. Then a small work might be advanced, in preparation for the more strenuous portion of the programme. In a note prefixed to the score of the Eroica Symphony, Beethoven asks that it may be played near the beginning of a concert and surrounded only by specified pieces of smaller scope, so that it may not fail to produce *il suo proprio effetto*. It is only by continual care in details of this nature that music gains a chance of making its full appeal. It is obvious enough that our concerts commonly begin too early—half-past three and nine o'clock are quite early enough; that the intervals are far too short; and that there are too many separate impressions or groups of impressions. In many cases, indeed, the brain of the wearied auditor becomes, in the end, a kind of palimpsest, retaining with clearness nothing but the latest of a dozen diverse hands.

There remains the question of the one-artist programme. The smaller men can play the smaller things quite perfectly—and, in particular, things written by composers who have nothing to say, and say it beautifully. The most intimate reading of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto that I know—and the Concerto is, on the whole, the finest product of Mendelssohn's prodigious talent—is that of an artist whose playing of Bach leaves much to be desired. Great artists usually fail to recognise that they are not equally satisfying in all kinds of musical idiom, and, in consequence, do things occasionally that make us gnash our teeth in impotent rage. But they might, at least, have the grace to eschew the mottled programmes that too often make us wonder whether they have any taste at all. It would be quite easy for them to play the seventy-fifth Caprice of Tomkins and kindred effusions in an appendix for which no one would be obliged to remain on

penalty of losing some ripe growth of beauty placed at the end of the concert. Tomkins and his like may, and in some instances do, attain complete expression of all that is in them once or twice in their long and probably well-paid careers; but that is no reason why they should jostle their way to the front, elbowing aside masters in whose eyes shines the wisdom of the ages.

HOWARD BAYLES.

THE PERIL OF THE FAIRIES

It is something to have heard once in a lifetime the ecstatic thrill that glorifies Essex Hall, while that intellectual pirate Mr. Bernard Shaw sails out and scuttles a number of little merchant-ships of thought that have never hurt anybody. The applause and admiring laughter that punctuate his periods really suggest that Fabianism makes people happy, while the continued prosperity of the group gives the lie to the cynic who reminded me how popular ping-pong was while the craze lasted, and how utterly forgotten it is to-day. But I had to rub my eyes while I stood in the overcrowded room, listening to Puck in Jaeger, more witty perhaps than the old Puck, but no less boyishly malicious, and ask myself whether, after all, this was only the old magic in a new form. True, civilisation had perforce made him larger in order that human beings might appreciate his eloquence, and I saw no traces of wings or magic flowers. But beyond that, I recognised the same pitying contempt for mortals, the same arrogant confession of his own faults, the same naïve cunning. And then (perhaps a turn of the voice did it, or some slight slurring of the words) the enchantment passed, the ears of his audience resumed their ordinary dimensions, and I offered mentally two teaspoonfuls of honey to the real Puck, for I saw that he had tricked me into recognising his qualities in the most serious man the twentieth century knows.

Yet, though I had found Mr. Shaw to be only a prophet, and his fellow Fabians honest enthusiasts instead of bewitched weavers, I cannot say that the discovery left my mind at ease for the welfare of the fairy kingdom that is so important to everyone who has not forgotten it. What if this terrible seriousness were to spread? What if everyone were to turn prophet? What if a night should come when never a child in all the Duke of York's Theatre would clap its hands to keep Tinker Bell alive? At first I wished to reject this frightful end of all our play and laughter and wonder as impossible. Yet sinister stories of children who preferred sewing-machines and working models to dolls and tin soldiers rose in my mind, and it is hardly more than a step from that degree of progress to the case of the child who may find the science of sanitation more interesting than tales of fairies. The possibility should make even the extremists shudder, but it must be remembered that many honest people believe in technical education, and that for that matter practically the whole of the teaching in our schools takes the form of an attack on the stronghold of the imaginative child. It is our barbarous custom to supplant a child's really beautiful theories with the ugly crudities which we call facts, and it is impossible to realise how much humanity loses in the process. As for the fairies, frail little folk at best, how shall they prevail against the criticism of our sulphur, and the cunning of our permanganate of potash? Shall we always be able to distinguish them from microbes?

It may be well to pause here and see whither the wise, serious men of to-day are taking us. I suppose they will abolish Will-o'-the-Wisp by draining all the marshes, and their extreme industry will render Puck's kindly, household labours ludicrously unnecessary. They will turn their swords against all the bad barons,

unjust kings, and spiteful magicians, whose punishment has been hitherto the fairies' special task; and this they will do in blackleg fashion, neither demanding nor receiving their just wages of beauty and immortality. They will scornfully set aside the law, so dear to the younger inhabitants of nurseries, by which it is always the youngest son or the youngest daughter whom the gods delight to honour. They will fill with porridge and deck with flannel underclothing the little flower-girls and crossing-sweepers, whose triumphs set faith in the eyes of babes. With their hard, cruel facts they will completely wreck the fairy civilisation which has taken centuries of dreaming and wandering children to construct. They will brush our fancies away like cobwebs.

A while ago, when I was a little boy, some enemy seeing me admire the stars, thought it necessary to tell me exactly what they were; later, my natural interest in the extraordinary behaviour of the sea led another enemy to place a globe in my hands, and prick the bubble of the universe with ridiculous explanations. So it is that when I regard the heavens I see enormous balls of rotting chemicals, rendered contemptibly small by distance, floating in a thin fluid called space; so it is that when I look at the sea my mind is occupied with stupid problems about the route of floating bamboos, when I ought to be exalted as one who peers out through the darkness towards the Unknown. Where there were two then, there are to-day twenty kindly persons about every child, eager to prove the things it would like to believe in superstitious, and eager to explain away its miracles in terms of dustcarts and vegetable soup. Our babies are taught to hang out their stockings and to batter in their empty egg-shells, but are reminded at the same moment that these charming rituals are but follies, and that the capital of Scotland is Edinburgh. Youngsters babble Imperialism and Socialism when they ought to be standing on their heads to look at the Antipodes, and their parents commend their common sense. Already, I fear, the wings of many of the fairies are beginning to fade, and Puck capers but mournfully in his lonely haunts.

But fairies, goblins, elves, call them what you will, they are worth having, and that is why I would entreat the wise men who are arranging to-morrow for us, to spare them, even though they have forgotten themselves all that the presence of fairies in the world is worth. By all means feed the children and give them Union Jacks, but let their faith in the beautiful be looked to as well. And, finally, to the serious person who says with raised eyebrows: "You can't honestly say you believe in fairies," I would answer this: In a world which at present is fiercely antagonistic to the belief in any emotion less material than hunger, it is impossible to avoid occasional doubt concerning the existence of anything which it is not possible to eat. But when I am in the company of those who really do believe, I do not fail to hear the echoes of fairy laughter in their speech, and see the flicker of fairy wings reflected in their eyes, and with this knowledge I am content.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Nature's Moods and Tenses. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.)

It is not often that the reviewer can congratulate the journalist who attempts to turn his journalism into literature by re-presenting his work to the world in the form of a book, but Mr. Hutchinson's graceful prose entitles him to something more than mere approval.

"Nature's Moods and Tenses" is a collection of essays contributed to various weekly papers, and, cleverly divided into sections, the book is a charming fireside companion. Nature-lovers will find every phase of country life touched upon, perhaps not too scientifically for some, but for the general reader nothing could be more entertaining. "A Winter's Tale" is one of Mr. Hutchinson's best pieces of descriptive writing, the battle of the gulls with the gale being done with a zest that makes the whole essay one to be remembered. It is, of course, impossible even to mention the numerous issues with which the author deals. Birds of all kinds, dogs, deer, trees, and the rest of the ingredients that go to make up what is termed Nature are fit subjects for his pen. Even such uninspiring topics as snow and ponds become interesting under Mr. Hutchinson's direction. A special part devoted to an account of the Shetlands and the ways of the fisherfolk on these unenchanted islands is by far the best modern picture of the drab lives led by the northern fishermen. Even here, however, the author extracts considerable fascinating detail from amongst a mass of uninspiring surroundings. The last section of the book, entitled "Country Gossips," is attractive, and that is saying a great deal. The mannerisms of farmers and peasants are never very exciting, and it requires a skilled pen to make them worth reading. Mr. Hutchinson has succeeded, but the reader when he has finished will not have forgotten the impression created on his mind by the essays dealing with animal and Nature life. The author knows the country intimately; he can write with a keen insight and an appreciation of effects in few words, and the result is easy to imagine. On the other hand country-folk are superficial creatures at their best—that is, the simple person whose outlook on life is naively selfish—and while we sympathise with the birds, beasts and fishes, we merely laugh at the man whose erudition is crudity personified. But we all know "Country Gossips," and Mr. Hutchinson's introduction to old friends is done with a geniality that disarms prejudice. This is the reason for his success. "Nature's Moods and Tenses" is clearly not intended to be a class-book, for the writer is never didactic, but without losing any of its reality and authenticity it remains an alluring introduction to the study of country life. There are more learned works, but there are not many more fascinating.

Vignettes of the Regency. By WILLIAM TOYNBEE. (The Ambrose Company, Ltd., 6s. net.)

It will be a long time yet before George IV. regains his prestige with the English people as "the First Gentleman in Europe," but signs are not wanting of a revulsion in feeling on many points that were "crinolined"—if we may coin such an expression—under the iron respectability of the Victorian era, and when Thackeray's loud "Fie!" has died down as we pass along the ages, George will doubtless come into his own again. Mr. Max Beerbohm once gave him a thin, but shining, coat of whitewash, and now Mr. Toynbee comes to his aid, and scrapes off some of the mud that has so caked his reputation.

The first three chapters, those on the Prince Regent and the Royal Family, the Government, and the Opposition, occupy the greater part of this little book; after which are five shorter sketches that may more aptly be called vignettes, being very pleasant little sketches of such interesting and not too well-known people as Lady Holland, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, Sir John Moore, and William Pitt as a private individual. The first chapter is naturally the most amusing, and Mr. Toynbee makes very good use of the materials at his disposal in composing a lively picture, in which Princess Caroline is sympathetically given a

more prominent place than was possible in our school history books. On Lord Brougham he is unnecessarily rather than unduly severe, as well as on John Hookham Frere. But his vignettes, besides being good likenesses, are cleverly drawn, and miss nothing by being what they are, and not *portraits d'apparat*.

Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna, 1879-1904.
By AN ENGLISH OFFICER. (John Long, 12s. net.)

THE officer and gentleman who gossips of two worlds in two capitals evidently knows what he is writing about, and he certainly gives a picture of a quarter of a century's frivolity and froth of politics with a *naïveté* and frankness which occasionally becomes almost embarrassing in its ingenuousness. He chats of the opera and its stars, Gambetta, Prince Hohenlohe, Princess Metternich, Lord Lyons, Dr. Evans, Johann and Edward Strauss, Cora Pearl, and a hundred other celebrities, and gives another absolutely authentic account of the death of the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria. The book makes no pretension to be in any sense literature, but will doubtless be highly appreciated by many.

London Parks and Gardens. By the HON. MRS. EVELYN CECIL, with illustrations by LADY VICTORIA MANNERS. (London: Constable, 21s. net.)

THIS is one of those books which, of necessity, are reviewed at less length than many others of far less interest and importance. The reviewer might, indeed, write an essay of his own on the subject, but that is not reviewing. He might give a list of London parks and gardens, but that is not reviewing, either. All that there really is to say is that the book is a complete whole, and that it is extremely well done. Effectually to criticise, a reviewer would have to possess Mrs. Evelyn Cecil's trenchant knowledge and to have performed her exhaustive achievements of observation and research: the present reviewer has no such pretensions, and can only remark that where his personal knowledge was any guide he found no mistake and much interesting information. The London parks are not its least glory among cities, and here is an adequate and most pleasantly-written account of them all. Mrs. Cecil takes in the whole County of London. The individual distinction of her book is that it alone deals with the subject as a whole, and that even other books which have dealt with parts of it have not dealt with them, as this does, from the horticultural as well as the historical point of view. It should make a grateful present to anyone who loves trees and gardens, especially as Lady Victoria Manners's pictures are worthy of the text.

Studia Sinaitica No. XII. (Cambridge University Press, 1907. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a volume of twenty-two pages of introductory matter and eighty of text, containing forty-one facsimiles of dated Christian Arabic MSS., with text and English translation by Agnes Smith Lewis and Margaret Dunlop Gibson, both bearing the honorary degrees of D.D. Heidelberg, and LL.D. St. Andrews. The very learned introduction is by the Rev. David Margoliouth, Professor of Arabic, Oxford, and also deals with Arabic caligraphy. The MSS. deal with ritual, martyrology, the lives of the saints and martyrs, sermons, and the lectionary of the Gospels. There are also extracts from the Apology of Evaristus (xiv.), St. Saba (xxvi.), the Commentary of Ephraem on Genesis (xxx.), Sermons and Legends (xxxvi.), Dialogue between an Emir and a Monk (xxxvii.), Chrysostom's Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews (xxxviii.), Prologue of Matthæus Raderius to the "Scala Paradisi" of John Klimax, Abbot of Sinai (xl.), and Prayers (xli.).

FICTION

The Fruit of The Tree. By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan, 6s.)

MRS. WHARTON'S work has deservedly acquired the reputation of careful technique and earnest thought. The present book will certainly not lessen that reputation. It is a good, interesting story; not too original in plot, perhaps, although the central dramatic point of a deliberate overdose of morphia, given to put an end to hopeless pain is far from being commonplace. The main interest of the story lies in the development of the characters of Amherst and Bessy; and here there is just a point of criticism to be made. Bessy and Amherst fall hopelessly in love with each other, so hopelessly on her side that she is willing, temporarily, at any rate, to sacrifice her own interests to the object of his life, the improvement of the conditions of labour at her mills. Her nature is not strong enough to endure the self-denial, although her love for him remains as strong as ever. On his side, on the contrary, his love for her weakens as he sees her interest in his work fade, unless he appeals to her love for him. This he refuses eventually to do. "'I'll do anything . . .'" she sobbed; and in the darkness he held her to him, and hated his victory." This attitude would have been natural had Amherst simply married Bessy in order to achieve his social and economic ideals. But Mrs. Wharton does not, we think, mean this; in fact, she clearly hints that their marriage was due to love, mainly, if not alone. Amherst's attitude towards his wife is therefore slightly inconsistent, and his character is weakened accordingly. In Justine we are also a little disappointed. At first she is intensely interesting—a strong and compelling picture of the modern working woman; but her weakness—only temporary, admittedly—is inconsistent with her strength, both earlier and later in the story. The other characters in the story are neat and effective thumb-nail sketches of American society, drawn with the sure knowledge that comes from intimate acquaintance with the originals.

It must not, however, be thought from this criticism that we wish to underrate in any way the worth of Mrs. Wharton's story. On the contrary, we are of opinion that it is in many respects a good novel—far above the average of modern fiction. But Mrs. Wharton's work is good enough to stand detailed criticism, and faults, which in a less worthy book might be passed over as negligible in view of the low standard of the whole, stand out all the more clearly in her case, because the level of her work is undoubtedly high.

The Eddy. By RICCARDO STEPHENS. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons, 6s.)

ONLY in putting down this book, after reading it through with growing interest, does one realise how admirably the story is told. More than any recent book which we have seen it fulfils the famous definition of art as "life seen through a temperament."

That temperament is not the author's own, but far more subtly and impressively, while ostensibly relating the holiday life of a pleasing group of people in the Scottish Highlands and the simple love-story of charming Diana La Quesne and the young aristocrat who has taken up literature for a livelihood, Mr. Stephens reflects the struggles and character of the village doctor as he occasionally and incidentally came into contact with the occupants of the Manor. There are some admirable descriptions of Scottish scenery, fishing and shooting, and humorous interludes, notably those of the drunken Provost of Glen Aire in his officious moods. At first one is tempted to dismiss the leading characters of the story as no more than mildly interesting; their lives

are as placid and well-ordered as a yacht sailing before a gentle breeze. Then one realises that from the yacht of their lives they are watching the stern and frantic efforts of a lonely man to keep himself morally afloat, and from being drawn into the whirlpool of his weakness. Those on board the yacht are too socially remote to give him effective help. He is only an English doctor settled in a little Scottish town, which they visit at rare intervals for shooting, fishing, and holidays. No more is seen or told of him in the book than one would actually see or know of the local doctor if one were a member of an annual country-house party in the Highlands. Yet his occasional appearances in attendance at a peasant's cottage, his invitation to dinner or a day's fishing, as a matter of charity rather than courtesy, rouse a real interest in the doctor and make him the pivotal, though apparently only a subsidiary, character in the story. It is he that brings about the final crisis—an incident the more dramatic for being one of the higher risks of daily human life, and for the restraint with which it is narrated. Altogether "The Eddy" is an admirable book; the story is so well, so quietly told, without recourse to adventitious aids or spicery.

Admiral Eddy. By OLIVER ONIONS. (John Murray, 6s.)

NOT since Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age; or, Dream Days" (and, by-the-bye, when are we to have another book from Mr. Grahame's pen?) have we found any stories of childhood at once so charming and so natural as the five that compose this book. Mr. Onions has the rare gift of appreciating and understanding the child-mind, and without unduly serious psychological analysis succeeds, by neat and unforced touches, in revealing the character and thoughts of his hero.

Admiral Eddy is altogether a delightful character. Whether as admiral, or embryonic psychical research student, or General commanding the Forces during the Campaign of the Great Hall, he stands out before us, a charming little figure, brave, eager, single-minded, honourable, and chivalrous. Of course, he is fortunate in the friendship and guidance of George, The Other John, and Phyllis; the healthy barbarism of John the Younger is also an excellent tonic for his seven-years-old weakness; but even at seven years he can act alone, as shown in *The Dryad*, guarded by his instinctive honour and manliness.

In a book of short stories, where all are good, it is difficult to decide which is the best. For ourselves, we, perhaps, should be inclined to give our vote for "The Damoiseau" or "The Dryad." They are more subtle in their delineation, less obvious in their *motif*, than either "Admiral Eddy" or "The Campaign." These last, however, will possibly appeal more strongly to many readers, and certainly to readers of Admiral Eddy's own age. Fortunate, indeed, will such readers be if they have a George of their own to design and build a sister ship to the Anna Pink, and to act as First Lord in another thrilling sea fight round Port Anna; or, when the weather forbids outdoor fighting, to conduct another campaign between the Sierras in the Long Drawing Room—where Phyllis made the weather—and the Swamp by the Morning Room.

The Woman in the Way. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

EVERY chapter in Mr. William le Queux's new novel adds a new element of mystery, gives a fresh direction to the puzzled and probing mind, or holds it up altogether. But Mr. William le Queux has none of the higher qualities of mystification. He has his initial and intricate plot of crime, and then he expands it into a six-shilling novel, assuring you again and again that never were such cunning scoundrels. But he never

produces the sense of an increase of mystery. After a certain time you weary of the eternal parallel complications, none of which seems to thicken the atmosphere or co-operate with one another, like a horror with many faces. The book is exciting by sections, but, in spite of the criminal plot, it is tame as a whole. But it is obvious that there may be sections of excitement in a novel in which murdered men are "made up" to look like living men, antiquarians at work on Venetian MSS. infuse the bacilli of diphtheria into an invalid's beef-tea, a Lady Kathleen is seized at her trysting-place, hurried away in a motor-car, and pitched over a bridge into a river by night—and so on, *ad infinitum*, or rather, till the modern time-limit of the novel is reached, and Mr. William le Queux has to draw in his imagination, ready to take a flying leap into the space between the covers of his next book.

DRAMA

"EDWIN DROOD" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

PERHAPS there is no kind of play that is less likely will prove an artistic success than an adaptation of a well-known novel; and of them all, the novels of Dickens—with the possible exception of *A Tale of Two Cities*—are quite the most likely to turn into failures. Still, Mr. Comyns Carr is to be congratulated on this occasion, for at any rate, *Edwin Drood* is a great improvement on *Oliver Twist*, which was one of the worst plays I ever had the unhappiness to see. Two things were quite obvious last Saturday night; one of them was that Mr. Carr had provided a really first-rate part for Mr. Tree, and the other was that he had invented a highly ingenious and, on the whole, satisfactory solution of the Edwin Drood mystery. With regard to this solution, it is not necessary to say much, and certainly it would be tedious at the present time, considering the large amount of literature that has grown up round Dickens's unfinished novel, to contrast it with the other solutions that have from time to time been put forward. This one has, at least, the merit, which will appeal to all real lovers of Dickens, that it ends happily.

Jasper, who had acquired the opium habit and had made every preparation for the murder of Edwin Drood, is prevented at the critical moment from carrying out his purpose by the very power of this habit. So strong is the frenzy that the drug engenders, that he disturbs and warns his victim; and in the morning, when he finds the latter gone, he is firmly convinced that he has carried out the whole murder and burial in the manner that he had so carefully planned. Drood keeps out of the way until the last moment when Jasper is dying in prison, where he had been placed on his own confession, but is just in time to join hands with the too fascinating Rosa Bud and forgive Jasper for the wrong he has tried to do them.

The earlier part of the play is too well known to need telling here, Dickens's main story having been more or less carefully followed. We are left, then, with a fairly satisfactory melodrama, which was made interesting by the powerful acting of Mr. Tree, and spoilt to a large degree by the fact that in no other character was it possible to take the smallest interest, so carefully had each of them been pared down to help in producing the most typically characteristic actor-manager's play I have ever seen. But, as an actor, Mr. Tree made up for many of the defects, and it is a long time since he has produced a new play which gave him so many opportunities of displaying his great gifts as an actor of melodrama. His passion for Rosa, his mania under the influence of the opium, his craftiness in designing the crime, and, more than all, his sudden fear in the scene

with Mr. Grewgious, when he finds there is a flaw in his carefully prepared scheme, were all wonderfully portrayed, and as an actor he thoroughly deserved the applause and enthusiasm his playing evoked. As a manager he has made the mistake of producing a play which has no part sufficiently important to act as a foil for his own acting, or to keep the interest alive while he is off the stage.

The least unimportant of the other parts was that of Mr. Grewgious, whom Mr. Carr, most unnecessarily, converts into a kind of comic Sherlock Holmes; it was very well played by Mr. William Haviland. Mr. G. W. Anson gave an excellent performance of Durdles, who, as everyone knows, always refers to himself as Durdles and in the third person, a trait which Mr. Carr has exaggerated to a most irritating extent. Mr. Frank Stanmore was very good as The Deputy. The parts of Edwin Drood and Neville Landless were almost reduced to those of walking gentlemen, but were picturesquely filled by Mr. Basil Gill and Mr. Charles Quartermaine respectively. Miss Adrienne Augarde was a delightful Rosa Bud and was the most Dickensy-looking character in the whole play. Mrs. Frederick Wright, sen., too, gave an admirable performance as Princess Puffer. As to Miss Constance Collier, she has a tiny part, out of which there was nothing to be got, and, worst of all, in one act she had to wear a most unbecoming dress.

The play has no literary merit whatever.

A. C.

We are asked to state that Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's pamphlet, "Mr. Blunt and the *Times*," can be obtained from the Chiswick Press, 20 Took's Court, Chancery Lane, E.C.

CORRESPONDENCE

PATHOLOGICAL OPTIMISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The admirable article in your issue of the 4th instant, on the subject of M. Metchnikoff's latest work, leaves little to be desired so far as it summarises the book. And it is the more admirable, perhaps, in that it inevitably must put to many readers questions of some moment. For myself, I think the great pathologist's opinions arouse more interest than his discoveries, which latter we all regard as among the most brilliant and important of the past half-century. But when a miner discovers a diamond, it does not follow that he is an authority upon geology; nor if he be a great geologist do we necessarily accept his ideas upon metaphysics. Similarly, because a man devotes his life to the microscope, and is accounted therefore a great physiologist, we need not hold as authoritative his views upon life and death, nor even upon the laws of evolution. Nevertheless, so powerful is the effect of great names upon the public—more especially, it seems, upon that section which is professionally concerned in supporting the dogmas of science—that it is hard to refuse the homage expected of us when the popes thunder forth their decrees.

In one word, sir, though M. Metchnikoff's book is full of wonderful facts his researches have elucidated, full of evidences of extensive reading, full of belief in the possibilities of science, it is yet not a good book scientifically, philosophically, or logically. As you tell us, the first half of his two-fold argument is the assertion that human suffering is due to disturbances in our organic equilibrium which produce discords in our structure and tormenting doubts in our inner consciousness; and the second is that these disturbances are inheritances from remote animal ancestors, many of our organs being hindrances rather than advantages. And the book purposes to give us hope, by showing how some discords may be circumvented.

Now, in the first place, there is no physiological justification whatever for the assumption that we are so tormented. We have inherited from humble ancestors just so much and only so much of their organs and functions as have proved by their mutual adaptation beneficial. Every organ that has survived the wear and tear of the mills of evolution has done so solely because of its utility. I admit that this claim is large, and a favourite one for dispute among biologists; yet I cannot be-

lieve that any authority among them will dare assert that the large bowel in all mammals is a hindrance, or that it can be considered merely as a relic of former ages, and on the whole disastrous in its services. For the argument must stand good for all mammals as well as man, seeing that, according to Metchnikoff, it is the cause of their having shorter lives than birds and reptiles and fishes, as well as of our own fear of death. It would be quite as philosophical to argue that man's altruistic, if not his religious, instincts must be set down to his possessing this impolite organ, seeing that in the mammal generally parental affection is strongly developed, while in the reptiles and fishes it is almost absent, though birds, where the large intestine is more definitely distinguished, are certainly good parents!

Human misery, like all other misery, is doubtless the result of disharmony between the ideal and the actual; nevertheless, this discord is the very source of our evolution. It is the impetus to that adaptation to, or overcoming of, the environment which the Neo-Lamarckians proclaim as essential in the origination of varieties and species. And it is no less with the older Darwinians this discord which, accounting for the rejection of the less fit and the survival of the more fit in the perpetual struggle, has been responsible for the upbuilding of man and other kinds. But M. Metchnikoff, of course, understanding all this, now steps in with his science and will, forsooth, arrest these disharmonies! He will proclaim peace between bowel and the religious aspirations of man, and thus prolong a life that, without its efforts to overcome the disharmonies between reason and ideals, stomach and food, greed and good health, would soon sink into a state where happiness would be measured solely by the absence of grief, and man would cease to fear death because he had attained the harmonious elysium of the parasites. Science is hereafter to supersede the laws of evolution just as she has circumvented the old faiths and creeds. And *cui bono*?

M. Metchnikoff is also a bad logician. He argues from the particular to the general. Because he himself has no sense of religion, he believes that no man of intellect now dare boast any. Because some simple folks live longer than ourselves and drink sour milk, he suspects that all should drink it. Because some have surmounted the disaster of losing an organ by surgery or disease, he argues against the utility of such an organ. Similarly, a recent author has argued that because certain simple-living peoples do not eat meat and do not suffer so commonly as ourselves from malignant disease, that therefore meat is the cause of cancer, and so on.

But the worst part of M. Metchnikoff's argument lies in the use of his own particular facts. The cells he has discovered and calls *macrophages*, in the event of any injury to the tissues, swarm about it and multiply extraordinarily. They devour the blood poured out into a closed wound as well as the damaged structures, thus paving the way for complete restoration where the damage is not too great. They exist in almost all structures and, though always alive, show no tendency to exert their beneficent powers until opportunity occurs. Now, M. Metchnikoff asserts that these *macrophages* bring about senile decay, and he gives us wonderful accounts and illustrations of the manner in which they absorb and destroy the vital cells of different organs. All of which facts, coming with his authority, we dare not dispute. Yet we are perfectly at liberty to doubt whether he be not putting the cart before the horse. Seeing that the phagocytic function of these *macrophages* is during active life entirely beneficent, we are at liberty to suppose that they do not act differently in old age. They do not, in fact, destroy the living but the dying tissues: their work is still beneficent. The point may not seem to be of much importance, yet upon Metchnikoff's view, death is disease and cruel; upon this other view it is normal and beneficent. By procrastinating death, by what means soever, its nature is not changed; and unless, because of the sweet parasitic life which he offers in exchange for that of strenuous contest with difficulties, he is going to destroy our sense of reality along with our sense of horror, he will not make us wonder less, or desire less an immortality.

Sir, this putting of the cart before the horse lies at the root of all this day's failure to understand the meaning of life. John Hunter, a biologist as great as Darwin, and greater than some of to-day who ridicule those sublimer inheritances of man that cannot be demonstrated in museums and test-tubes, insisted that life was the cause and not the consequence of organisation: a dictum that Huxley declared to be fraught with the profoundest significance, and one that should never be lost sight of by the physiologist. Metchnikoff argues as if man, who, he declares, is "a sort of miscarriage of an ape,"

were a conglomeration of organs accidentally inherited along with a resultant misfortune of life; and as if this misfortune would be modified if we could but make all the organs settle down together in peace. His proposition is but a physiological Hague Conference. He fails to see that life is the cause and not the consequence of structure. He fails to see that the activity of his *macrophags* is not the cause but the consequence of death. Man may be a slave to his large intestine because he is not master of his physiology; but he will not lengthen his days and glorify his life until he learn that he is somewhat supreme to his organisation:

For of the Soul the Body Form doth take,
For Soul is Form and doth the Body make.

January 8.

GREVILLE MACDONALD, M.D.

THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your review, in last week's issue, of Elie Metchnikoff's book on this subject reminded me that I have in my possession a work entitled "The Art of Prolonging Life," by Dr. C. W. Hufeland, Professor of Medicine at the University of Jena, an English translation of which appeared in 1797. Ward, Lock & Tyler re-published this some years ago. The date does not appear, but I must have had it nearly thirty years. I have also an impression that Dr. Erasmus Wilson edited a previous edition of the same book. The work that I have is written in a popular style and is not intended as a scientific treatise, as I have no doubt Elie Metchnikoff's work is. I have not seen his book; but the one I possess has always struck me as one of the most informing popular works on the subject of health that has appeared in an English dress. Some of the subjects mentioned in your review are dealt with in Hufeland's work.

JAS. GAULT.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—After reading, as I always do, your notes under "Life and Letters," together with Mr. Sayers's reply, I find you both wrong on certain points.

As you rightly show—in square brackets—there are "free" libraries which are public, but, at the same time, are not rate-supported, notably the very successful free libraries in the City of London. Many librarians, however, object to the term "free" libraries as savouring too much of charity! I do not, for, from my own experience, the public care not two brass buttons how a library is supported, so long as it is well managed and they are well served. In fact, the name is of no importance at all—at least, to the users of a library.

The "two tickets" system, on the other hand, is no novelty, but is in use in most free libraries. Ordinarily, of course, a reader can only obtain a single book (in one or more volumes) on his or her ticket. Some fifteen years ago the bright idea struck a prominent member of the Library Association—Mr. J. Y. W. MacAlister—that it would be a good thing for libraries to grant readers a second ticket, available for any work except *fiction*. Thus, it is possible for a reader to have a light work for perusal in train, bus, or train, besides the recondite book of philosophy, history, or travel, needing more careful study. Although I cannot guarantee that all my readers do carefully wade through the *heavy* literature, I see no adequate reason for surmising, as you do, that they should trouble to load themselves up with tomes to leave lying about in their homes.

Evidently, too, you have scant sympathy with the oft-times hard-worked junior counter-assistant at many public libraries. Readers can hardly expect *extra* attention at a counter where perhaps twenty other borrowers are impatiently waiting their turn. At most libraries great help is always obtainable by referring to the librarian or sub-librarian, and probably before long English libraries may even adopt the American system of the "information desk."

Just a word about the news-room. I, personally, should be sorry to see such a useful department done away with, although it has been much abused in the past. Wherever space permits, magazines, reviews, and such-like literature are kept in a room apart, frequently in the reference department, and, certainly, such is the case in all the large and better-class libraries.

January 3.

F. T. W. LANGE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I cannot but think that your judgment of library assistants is based upon a very, very limited experience of them, and differs very much from the opinion of the majority of readers. There are, of course, instances of assistants whose intellectual equipment is not of the best, and whose knowledge of literature is also not extensive. But every profession in life contains such members—they may even be found amongst editors. Is this any reason why a whole profession should be branded with the same mark? I do not quite see how the statements in your issue of the 28th ult. can be altogether reconciled. If, as is stated, *all* assistants are greatly underpaid, then the opinion of the writer of the article must surely be that their attainments are worth a great deal more than they receive for them. Of course, libraries are open to abuses. So are churches! But you would not do away with either because of the fact. The borrower who was able to take away twenty-four volumes of Dumas at one time probably thought what a privilege it was, and most certainly would not think he was abusing the library. His opinion, as one entitled to use the institution, and possibly an indirect supporter of the same, is worth quite as much as that of—with all respect—any other person. Nearly every public library, in its rules, prohibits eating and smoking, and only the enforcement of the rules is necessary to check these things, although in my twenty years' experience of library work I have seen little, and heard less, of such happenings. One naturally regrets the prevalence of loafers in our public institutions, but it is a difficult matter to prohibit altogether a class of people for whom, as much as for any other class, such places were meant. Even the man who gazed at the outside cover of THE ACADEMY for an hour and a half may have only been meditating on some striking passage he had previously read therein. Probably some library assistants have done the same thing over the article I have been quoting. I myself had to look at the title more than once before I could convince myself that it was really THE ACADEMY I was reading. While not agreeing with Mr. Sayers that the scheme outlined in your paper is an impossible one, yet I cannot believe that it is altogether desirable. It is a fact that numbers of readers, if they were refused fiction only, would do as they probably did before the advent of the public library—spend their spare halfpennies on cheap, trashy "horribles," rather than be compelled to take matter they did not appreciate. First of all attract your public to the library with popular but good-class fiction (to number the only alternative to the public-house), and surround him with more solid literature, so that his mind may gradually be weaned to the sterner stuff in the book world. I agree with you that an assistant, when asked for a particular work and not having same, should be ready with a suggestion of something similar, although I have a vivid recollection of suggesting a work to a reader requiring information from a particular work which we had not got, and being told to mind my own business. The public are as much to blame as the staff. I happen to know that a large number of library assistants are in every way capable and worthy of the profession they serve, but we all agree that to *ensure* the highest type of official it will be necessary to largely increase the remuneration now given. This is just as true as it is erroneous to assume that *all* assistants have intellects and literary judgment no higher than those of a booking-office clerk. As regards the "courtesy" question, I can only take it that the Library Association has found that commodity so self-evident in the majority of assistants that its inclusion in an examination syllabus would only be superfluous. For the sake of my profession I truly hope so. Apologising for the length of my letter.

B. M. HEADICAR.

[We are glad to see that our correspondents do not emulate the perfervid eloquence of Mr. Sayers. Our point was, of course, that by paying library assistants more, public or free libraries would attract a more cultured class of man to their service. We should be sorry if in our zeal for their welfare we had done an injustice to the present body of library assistants. Perhaps our experiences have been unfortunate.—ED.]

A PROTEST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Is English speech losing the sound of "r" before a consonant? A poet, in your issue of January 4th, rhymes *broad* and *ford*, presumably pronouncing them *brawd* and *fawd*. The same tendency is noticeable everywhere, in prose as well

as verse; "r" seems to be taken merely as the sign of a broad vowel. Thus *khaki* is sometimes written *kharki*, and a daily paper even stated lately that *August* is "phonetically spelled *Orgust*!"

This is a serious matter for those who would preserve the purity of our language and the dignity of our verse. Colloquial pronunciations are quite enjoyable in comic pieces. When Lear of "The Nonsense Book" rhymes *Majorca* and *Walker*, when Browning rhymes *nimbly* and *chimbly* (= *chimney*), or when a writer in *Punch* rhymes *Eliza(r)* and *advertiser*, the mispronunciations are part of the fun; but no one of these is tolerable in serious poetry. It is like rhyming *Mrs.* and *kisses*; in serious verse we must say *mistress*.

It may be answered that *broad* and *ford* is a case of imperfect rhyme, just like *over* and *cover* in the stanza which follows. But the cases are wholly different. No one imagines that *over* and *cover* are pronounced with the same vowel-sound. Theirs is a genuine case of imperfect rhyme, such as may be found in all our great poets. Only pedantry condemns these; they are sanctioned by the practice of our master-singers, and are easily defensible on grounds of theory. But *broad* and *ford* are so near in sound that they are sure to be taken for perfect tallies. This, if I mistake not, was why Tennyson condemned such "Cockney rhymes." Like other youthful bards—like Keats and Mr. Swinburne, for example—he began by rhyming *dawn* and *morn*, but ceased to do so when he came to years of discretion. And the reason he gave was that people would take them for identically sounding words, which to his nice ear was abomination.

The term "Cockney" suggests a further point. Even granting that in Southern English the "r" is wholly dropped—which I by no means admit—do our poets write for one small part of the Empire? Throughout nine-tenths of the English-speaking world the "r" is certainly not dropped, and rhymes like *broad* and *ford* are held signs of an affected and namby-pamby pronunciation. At any moment fashion may restore the missing sound, as it has lately restored the aspirate to *herb* and *humble* and *humour*, and perhaps to *which* as distinguished from *witch*. Should that happen, users of these rhymes will stand pilloried as the Laura-Matilda singers of an effeminate time, when one of the least virile of English dialects tried to usurp dominion over all others.

If further argument be needed, it may be found in the chaotic uncertainty which follows relaxation of phonetic truth. Here are a few of the rhymes which I have seen used in serious poetry: *drawn* and *gone*, *dawn* and *torn*, *court* and *thought*, *hearth* and *path*, *law* and *before*, *wroth* and *North*, *ear* and *Cytherea* (Keats, also Nora Hopper), *taut* and *port*, *creatures* and *preachers*. In comic verse: *nurture* and *researcher*, *sooner* and *lacuna*, *Iena* and *explainer*, *Chicago* and *embargo*, *motor* and *iota*, *Milwaukee* and *door-key*, show to what lengths the thing can be carried. Is it well to admit even the thin edge of the wedge? Without being pedantic, may we not fairly say that colloquial slovenliness of speech accords ill with the higher strains of poetry?

January 5.

T. S. O.

[The rhyming of *broad* and *ford* is an undoubted instance of a "Cockney rhyme," and is quite indefensible. At the same time in our judgment the poem had sufficient merit to allow of its appearance, even with this ugly blemish.—ED.]

EUGENE DELACROIX

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your reveiwer of Mrs. Bussy's book, mentions "The Execution of Marino Faliero" as "the one example of Delacroix's work that is accessible to the London public." May I remind him of the two works by this master in the Constantine Ionides Collection—viz., "The Good Samaritan" and a sketch for the painting in the Louvre, "The Shipwreck of Don Juan"?

January 4.

STANLEY COX.

PARENTAL RIGHTS AND SCHOOL TRUST DEEDS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There is no necessary antagonism between the "inalienable right of the parent to choose the religious education of his child," and the defence of Church School Trust Deeds. We, who insist that the latter shall be jealously respected, are entirely warranted in taking a stand on parents' rights. That ground is impregnable. But there are several ways of making parents' rights effectual, and some of the plans before us are perilously near the worst way.

Parents have every right to prescribe the religion in which they wish to see their children brought up. They have no right to over-ride a trust deed, but at most a right to claim some relaxation of it for themselves. For instance, Nonconformists or Romanists living in a one-school area, served by a Church School, have no right to say this shall not be a Church School for Church children. They have a right to demand that the educational machinery of the district shall leave them free religious opportunity, but this right might be satisfied:

- (1) By building a new school (on the lines of sec. 8 of Mr. Balfour's Act);
- (2) By a conscience clause and facilities in the Church School; or
- (3) By a conscience clause and facilities outside the school building—e.g., by attendance at chapel.

The point to work on is that the parental right is a right over teaching, not over buildings settled on trust. The right is one to demand opportunity, not a right to tear up a trust deed.

The best safeguard of parental rights is a strong system of voluntary schools of different kinds. If we transfer our schools, who have we to trust to? An Act of Parliament: in other words, a bit of paper that the next general election might throw away! If our opponents were honestly prepared to accept parental rights as the principle of a final settlement, there would be something to be said for elaborating such plans as those which are being put forward at the present time. But our opponents are not prepared to accept the principle of parental rights. The principle they are trying to run is a hare-brained theory of the State and its rights which we could never accept. In such circumstances to elaborate these plans is to gratuitously disturb men's minds and to weaken (by dividing) the defence. It will be quite time enough to formulate a plan where we see signs of agreement on first principles.

The very worst way of giving effect to parents' rights would be to introduce the parental vote into school management. Most parents would not vote, and in many places a parent's ban would afford a delightfully easy opportunity for a handful of fanatics to carry all before them.

Moreover, our first principles do not pledge us to this. We are pledged to a system that shall safeguard parental rights and give full opportunity, but it does not follow that such a system can be best built on parental votes. It is one thing to base a system (in principle) on parents' rights, and quite another to subordinate its machinery to parental votes.

T. E. CLWORTH,
Hon. Sec., Church Schools'
Emergency League.

January 3.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A lecture will be delivered at King's College, Strand, by Dr. B. P. Grenfell, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, on Tuesday, January 28th, at 5 p.m., on "Recent Discoveries of Papyri at Oxyrhynchus."

The lecture will be illustrated by lantern slides, and will be free to the public.

WALTER SMITH,
Secretary.

January 2.

THE CRAVING FOR PRINT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The affliction so successfully diagnosed by Mr. Edgar Jepson is the result of the insensate hatred of "idleness," falsely so called, which distinguished the training of the young in the latter part of last century. "Don't sit doing nothing: get a book!" and similar admonitions, destroyed meditation. In the endeavour to be severely practical the day-dream was treated as a moral monster; and lo! in its place we find the "snappy snippet." Imagination was crushed, and maimed souls have lost the power of interior vision.

Neither prophet nor poet can be nourished on advertisements of mottled soap, and the knowledge of the exact number of lenses in the left eye of a blue-bottle in no way compensates for spiritual blindness. Then "Ho! for the Sangraal, vanished vase of Heaven," let us vow for a year and a day to follow Mr. Machen's guidance on the High Quest. Rich diet, such as this, is indicated for emaciated souls.

January 7.

FRED. G. ACKERLEY.

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Who's Who Year Book, 1908. Black, 1s. net.
Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, 1908. Dean, 31s. 6d. net.
The Literary Year Book, 1908. Routledge.
 Woodhouse, S. C. *A Dictionary of Classical Mythology*. Routledge, 1s.
 Baylee, John Tyrrell. *A Gazetteer of the World*. Routledge, 1s.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

- Stories from the Old Testament*. Retold by S. Platt. Harrap, 2s. 6d. net.
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The Royal Annual, 1907. The Sunday School Union, 2s.

DRAMA

- The Dramatic Writings of John Bale*. Edited by John S. Farmer. Early English Drama Society, n.p.

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Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Edited by Alfred W. Pollard. Macmillan, 1s. 6d.
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LIFE AND LETTERS

EARNEST students of the drama will find buried in the shy columns of the *New York Herald* an "interview," in which Mr. James Welch throws a flood of light on how the successful plays of to-day—or some of them—are written. The information is so illuminating, the light so blinding, that for the benefit of those who do not habitually read the *New York Herald* we transcribe some of the choicest passages. "The prompt book of *When Knights were Bold*, Mr. Welch told his interviewer, "is a literary curiosity. There is not a page of the original manuscript left intact. At every performance a shorthand writer is stationed in the wings and takes down every new word or bit of business that is introduced, and also records at just what the audience laughs each night. Then the next day, at rehearsal, the play is changed to suit the latest liking of the audience." It is certainly an ingenious method of play-writing, and no doubt Mr. Welch is right in dubbing the prompt book that results from it a "curiosity," though we should have hesitated to describe it as "literary." However, Mr. Welch seems to have had no such qualms, if the "interviewer" is to be credited. "In this way," he continues, "the comedy has been written and re-written time after time." ("Comedy" is good!) "Whenever a young author comes around to sell me a play I just show him this manuscript, and let him see what is in store for him. If he is not frightened he has probably the right stuff in him, and is worth paying attention to." Happy young author, who, after "coming around" to Mr. Welch, can survive his test, and so be deemed worthy to construct a "comedy" for the audiences who throng his theatre nightly! How proud he must feel, say on the two hundredth night of his piece—that is, after the industrious shorthand writer has for the one hundred and ninety-ninth time re-written it in the wings—to have been the creator of such a work of art! Unluckily, there will be one crumple in his rose-leaf, one flaw in his perfect self-content. He will not be able to recognise his work any more. But no matter. He need not repine. He "has the right stuff in him."

According to a writer in a contemporary musical journal (the *Musical News*), musical criticism, to be of any value, must be the signed work of a man well stricken in years. "The public," if we are to believe this gentleman (a Mr. S. M. Eagleton, "simply smile" at critics who remain anonymous. Mr. Eagleton also refers with scorn to "the young gentleman who does THE ACADEMY music notices." We have never heard of Mr. Eagleton, and do not profess to have any facilities for ascertaining the

ages of anonymous writers in contemporary papers; but we are able to predict that however old or however young Mr. Eagleton may be, he will grow older, and perhaps wiser in time. He may even, if he cultivates humility and gives himself up to the study of the great composers, arrive at a state of mind which now appears incredible to him, the state of mind in which a hearty dislike for the works of Stainer may not appear wholly outrageous and preposterous. With advancing years, too, his style and his manners are likely to change, and any change in these would probably be for the better.

Why is it, by the way, that the epithet "young" is so often used as a term of reproach when it is applied to those who write reviews or criticise plays, and music and what not? "The young gentleman who does the poetry," "The young gentleman who attends to the fiction," and so on? The person who writes the particular paragraph or notice which draws forth these bitter protests may not be young at all; he may be very old, or simply middle-aged, and he may not even be a gentleman. The most admirable musical and dramatic criticism has frequently been written by elderly people, who had no earthly pretensions to be considered gentlemen; ladies for instance, or mere men who are not gently born. If Mr. Eagleton had referred to "the elderly and low-born reprobate who does THE ACADEMY music notices," he would at least have shown a little originality. As it is he merely demonstrates to all whom it may concern that he is one of that large class of persons in this country who not only prefer bad music to good, but also invariably lose their tempers when anyone ventures to disagree with them.

In a speech at the National Liberal Club on the 13th, Mr. Macnamara is reported to have said that the second ballot was wanted if the will of the people was to prevail. Now, since the year 1645, or thereabouts, whenever any party in the State has attained its ends, it has confidently affirmed that either the designs of Providence or the will of the people has prevailed. We certainly heard a great deal about the prevalence of the will of the people after the last general election, and we understood from Mr. Macnamara and others that it was still continuing as late as last June, when Mr. McKenna issued his regulations. Mr. Macnamara now joins Mr. S. T. Evans in pointing out the fact, which has not been doubted for a long time by anyone outside the circle of party politics, that the will of even a bare majority of the people has never yet been represented in the House of Commons at all. We congratulate Mr. Macnamara and Mr. Evans that the exigencies of their party have allowed them to show their commonsense and breadth of view. Mr. Macnamara cites the seven constituencies which have returned members to Parliament since the last general election, after "three-cornered" contests. The returns show that in every instance the present members represents a small minority of the votes polled.

We quote the data in the following order:—(A) Number of votes for defeated candidates; (B) name of constituency; (C) party of candidate elected; (D) number of votes in his favour.

A	B	C	D
12,684	West Bradford	Labour	4,957
19,611	Croydon	Conservative	8,248
14,226	Jarrow	Labour	4,698
13,792	North-West Lanark	Conservative	5,588
10,370	Colne Valley	Socialist	13,648
16,228	Huddersfield	Liberal	5,762
15,517	West Hull	Liberal	5,623
102,428			38,524

Consequently, since the total number of voters in the seven constituencies was 140,952, rather more than one quarter only are now represented in Parliament, as they desired. Further, it is fair to assume that a proportion of those who did not vote abstained from doing so on principle, because neither of the three candidates before them represented their views.

Last week we commented strongly on the untrustworthiness of Mr. Macnamara's statistics. We are glad to point out that his quotations in this case are quite impartial. In fact, the two elected candidates, who will presumably always vote against the Government, show up to rather better advantage as regards the proportion of votes cast for them than the members of the other three parties. We do not enter into Mr. Evans's comparison between the seats in Parliament and the votes given at the three general elections which he cites, because it involves another question—namely the numerical size of constituencies, which the matter of the seven "three-cornered" constituencies does not. But he, too, points out quite candidly that Welsh Conservatives, whose number he estimates at between eight and ten thousand, are now entirely unrepresented in the House of Commons. We do not suggest that the present Government is more likely than any other party Government which has preceded it to promote electoral reforms, unless they are likely to prove profitable to its party. Nevertheless, Mr. Evans's suggestion deserves to be considered on its merits. He points out that the objection to a second ballot is that voters will not be got to the ballot boxes twice. He suggests instead that they should be allowed to record substitutive votes, by numbering the candidates "1," "2," "3," etc., in the order of their preference, *omitting one candidate*. If no absolute majority appeared on a first count of the voting papers, the candidate obtaining the fewest votes (who would, of course, be the one oftenest omitted) would be eliminated from the contest, and the votes recorded for him be transferred to the next candidate in order on his supporters' lists. The process would be repeated until an absolute majority appeared.

But Mr. Evans's party sting is situated in a proposal to join his scheme, which he calls "alternative votes," in a Bill with "the closing of public-houses on polling days," and "single votes." He hopes by doing so to steal a march on the House of Lords. He hopes that they may refuse to abolish the plural vote, and by doing so incur odium by rejecting a scheme of electoral reform which has the appearance of justice and impartiality. He carries out the present Government's policy of "filling up the cup." A Government greatly influenced by conscientious persons, which plays the *agent provocateur*, and deliberately fosters evils which it loudly denounces, in order that good may come of them, presents a disgusting spectacle of hypocrisy. If the Government really believes that the House of Lords, as it stands, is the evil which it pretends, it should appeal to the country on the question of its reformation or abolition. Happily, there is a will of the people slow to move, and difficult to entice to the ballot-boxes, which considers the House of Lords, without false representative pretensions, more entitled to respect, more useful and more impartial than a House of Commons which does not represent it, but the will of party caucuses.

The correspondence columns of a newspaper are like a net let down into the great deep—strange monsters are borne up into the light of day, and the fishermen,

now and again, find their nightmares realised. A queer fish, indeed, has just been landed by the *Daily Chronicle*, in the person of a gentleman who calls himself "Non-Musical," and writes from the City. Thus he argues:

Knowledge has made considerable strides since Shakespeare with his "Music of the Spheres." These spheres are shown not to exist. Physiology has shown that the "emotions" caused by music are of the nature of physical "commotions"; that is, they are merely sensuous and unworthy to form a medium for a communion of intelligences as are the pictorial and literary arts. Indeed, in so far as literature borrows from music for the elaboration of its effects it loses much of its finer character. Music has a value as promoting fighting and love-making. It is a stimulus of our baser instincts, but in the realm of pure reason it has no place.

One cannot help feeling that this interesting correspondent has allowed his strong artistic bias to overcome his rational faculties. For, agreeing with him that Bach's Fugues constitute a sensuous, unworthy, and immoral appeal to man's basest and most degraded instincts, that they are, in short, "a commotion," why should we be less the servants of "pure reason," when we consider the other arts? "Non-Musical" certainly does make a distinction between the fine and the lower literature; it is, of course, manifest that the "City Article" belongs to the former class, and the work of Keats to the latter. Indeed, all poetry, borrowing as it does from music, must be condemned as unworthy. But how about painting? What shall we say of architecture, of sculpture? Possibly we may let a few statues pass as useful illustrations of anatomy; but are the emotions excited by the sight of Chartres Cathedral anything but "physical commotions," belonging no more to the region of pure reason than stomach-ache or mumps?

And then we must recollect that knowledge has made considerable strides since Chartres Cathedral was built. We may feel quite sure that neither the architects nor the master masons could have passed the most elementary examination in physiology, so their work is clearly debasing and sensuous, too. Besides, gargoyles are shown not to exist. And as to painting—well, here "Non-Musical" allows his æsthetic prejudices to land him in mere decadence. He must know quite well that Turner's work does not make a purely rational appeal, that Botticelli's paintings contain representations of beings whose existence Hæckel could not allow for a moment. It is, of course, possible, that "Non-Musical" means by the "pictorial" art the beautiful drawings of engines which may be seen in certain technical papers. We hope it is so, for it would be a pity to view so powerful an intelligence degraded by sensuous and unworthy physical commotions.

"How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!" We used to think so, but we are not now at all sure that we wish to know more of him than his inimitable nonsense rhymes and his "limericks." Apparently he had a habit of indulging in a crude and, to us, unappreciable kind of fun, without regard to time or circumstance. The specimens which we have seen quoted by our contemporaries have on our nerves the same sort of effect as an inquiry made in our presence by one friend of another for his wife, when we know that he has just divorced her for eloping with the groom. It is most disappointing to find that so charming a writer made such a terrible and tiresome fool of himself in private. We can only pretend that his letters are spurious. Of course, his original "limericks," those included under the rubric, "There was an old Derry-down-derry," were almost all of the two-rhyme sort. We remember very few which had the third rhyme, which was a later improvement of his.

THE BRIDE'S WELCOME

(County Donegal.)

What, did you say, was my sister sayin' ?
 "No luck comes where the eyes are green."

Take that folly an' turn it strayin',
 Green is the luckiest colour seen.

Isn't grass green for the eyes to rest in?
 Arn't the trees of the same sweet hue?
 Mind you this, when she starts her jestin',
I'd love you less if your eyes were blue.

What was my little brother shoutin' ?
 "Hair that 'ud match our red cow's tail."
 I'll be with him an' stop his floutin'
 With a kind little word from the tip of a flail.
 You, with your hair where the sunshine ranges,
 Like the autumn light on the beechen track.
 Is it me would be wantin' changes?
I'd love you less if your hair was black.

What was my poor old mother croakin' ?
 "Never a cow and hens but few."
 Widows, Cushla, is sore provokin',
 Tis often all that they've left to do.
 She, with her lame back, there at her knittin',
 Angry with pain, and sad to be old—
 Mind you this, when she starts her twittin':
I'd love you less were you hung with gold.

ALICE FLEMING.

NIGHT AND DAY

When the grey night comes drifting o'er the sea,
 The melancholy sea that will not sleep,
 And the moist wind is sad with ghosts of flowers,
 Dear, do you think of me?

Alas! . . . But when the birds wake, and anew
 Dawn weaves her coronal of rosy hours,
 Pale from the vigil that remorse must keep,
 I think and think of you.

I am the image of night, expressionless;
 Haunted by mocking ghosts and hateful dreams;
 Heavy with anguish of distracted thought;

But you —O you are like the dawn that gleams
 On men who wander in a wilderness;
 Guiding their wounded feet to holy streams,
 And gilding the fair city that they sought.

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

LITERATURE

AN ELEGANT APHORIST

The Comments of Bagshot. Edited by J. A. SPENDER.
 (Constable, 3s. 6d.)

LONG ago Mr. Balfour raised the question of witchcraft. He did so quite incidentally, as an illustration, if one remembers rightly, of an argument; he was discussing, perhaps, the valid reasons of belief and disbelief, and pointing out, as an *obiter dictum*, that we had no earthly grounds for disbelieving in the existence of sorcery and sorcerers. One forgets whether he noted the usual (and quite illogical) suppressed reason for disbelief in such things—"I have lived in Park Lane—or Whitechapel—for the last twenty years, and I have never seen an undoubted case of sorcery." Such an argument as this, it is clear, will never do; it proves nothing, it establishes not even a probable reason for disbelief: and the question is whether there are not a great many propositions of universal acceptance among "rational" people which have no better grounds of justification.

For example, here is the admirable Bagshot as edited by Mr. J. A. Spender, recording the following aphorism in his notebook:

The weaknesses commonly attributed to democracy by the pessimists are mostly weaknesses inherent in collective action of any kind—oligarchic, aristocratic, or democratic. They could be avoided only by absolutism, which is impossible in modern States.

Why impossible? Because the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times* would never stand it? But then, under an absolutism, these admirable journals, as they now are, would no longer exist. And then, on the next page, one reads this "motto for Cabinets"—Twenty wise men may easily add up into one fool. The old arguments against democracy were never more tersely put; though the sentence recalls a passage in an antique writer, a passage which marvels over the fact that while the mob is a raging and devouring beast, each of its component parts is a rational human being, a creature made in the image of God. And, again, in this most entertaining and excellent book one comes across dicta as to modern politicians—dicta which assume, more or less, the fact that politicians are humbugs. Bagshot, it is true, tells them that they could get on very well without being humbugs: still one may almost gather from these various places the probable conclusion that "collective action"—i.e., politics—is a corrupt and insincere tomfoolery, and that the only safe way is absolutism—which, for some unassigned reason, is declared to be impossible.

Let us not be misunderstood. It may well be that there never were witches, that absolutism is impossible, that (to cite another passage) the speculations of the schoolmen and alchemists were "fantastic": but the excellent and philosophic Bagshot should have given us reasons. Alchemy, for example: how is it "fantastic"? Diamonds have been made by art: why not gold? Bagshot, in this instance, is certainly positing the standpoint of Bacon, but one gathers that he takes the statement as his own. But surely alchemy is by no means fantastic when one thinks of the latest hypotheses in science, regarding all matter as diverse manifestations of one force—one may note with advantage the curious approximation to the "fluid" universe of Law. And our Bagshot should not have been ignorant of the Symbolic Theory of Alchemy, according to which the physical transmutation is a mere image of the interior and spiritual transmutation possible to men—or to a few men. As for St. Thomas Aquinas and the schoolmen—well, if Bacon really thought of alchemy in the abstract and of the scholastic

philosophy as mad whimsies, is there much ground for doubting that Bacon, on these points, was an ass?

But the fact is that Bagshot must have reconsidered these matters. If Mr. Spender will look more closely, we are convinced that he will find these questions summed up in a final and satisfying form. For Bagshot is, in most things, a most admirable guide. Take this:

The worst spectacle in politics is that of everybody doing what everybody disapproves in the hope of pleasing somebody else who doesn't exist. This fictitious being is commonly called "the man in the street."

And again:

Second-rate minds are apt to be confirmed in their inferiority by education. This is why a liberal education so often results in illiberal opinions.

And more excellently still:

A large number of scholars are men of science gone astray, and many editions of classical authors are but chemical analyses of their component parts, from which the element of literature is excluded. It is for this reason, amongst others, that a classical education so often fails to impart a literary sense.

It would be difficult to put more admirably the case against "education" as a pill remedy for all the ills of the world. The "green tree," Bagshot seems to point out, of a truly liberal education has often produced pedants, bores, and churls: what are we to expect from the poor "substitutes" which the Board School has to offer? If the Odyssey will not make a man a gentleman, how vain to expect much from the Seventh Standard Reader.

One wishes the clergy would make themselves familiar with the wisdom of Bagshot:

What curious instinct is it (he asks) which has led the Christian world to describe the "ages of faith" as the "Dark Ages"? Last Sunday I heard a preacher exhort his congregation to return to the Christianity of the "first six centuries," and within five minutes he was speaking of a large part of this period as the "Dark Ages."

Mr. Spender, the editor of these papers, says that Bagshot was a kindhearted and charitable man. So much is evident from the passage quoted; he is good enough to speak of flatulent hypocrisy as a "curious instinct." We, who have not the good temper and the sweet charity of Bagshot, know all about that preacher—who is certainly no creature of the imagination. The "first six centuries" is a catchword of a few years ago, a catchword invented by a person who was utterly ignorant of its implications, who was void of information concerning the celebration of the Divine Liturgy in Jerusalem c. 400. But the phrase had a popular sound and so it "caught on": the standard of the first six centuries became a test of safe, moderate churchmanship. The "Dark Ages"? Well; there were no motor-cars in the sixth century; and it is by such tests that the ordinary cleric judges the light and dark of the soul.

We are convinced that Mr. Spender has not exhausted his material. There is, we are certain, an interior cabinet which he has not yet explored. Bagshot has said so many excellent things that there must be things more excellent still hidden and occult:

Thoughts are chords, and words are single notes—for which reason music so often expresses thought more profoundly than speech. Perhaps in another world there will be a kind of orchestrated literature combining the two—a speech of many parts all blending into one immensely enriched meaning.

He who knows these things is initiated in the mysteries; he knows the true sense of the words *κόγξ ὄνραξ*.

ALMOST A GREAT MAN

Sir George Grey, Pioneer of Empire in Southern Lands. By GEO. C. HENDERSON, M.A., Professor of History at Adelaide University. (London: Dent. New York: Dutton and Co., 12s. 6d. net.)

THE strenuous Colonial statesman buried in St. Paul's some ten years ago was one of those men who just

missed greatness by reason of certain personal defects. His ideas were large and by no means ill-conceived, he had the strength and courage of a lion, and he was animated by a deep sense of duty to his country and to humanity. But he had the temper of an autocrat and a sensitiveness to criticism which went far towards paralysing his usefulness as a public man. His present biographer goes so far as to assert that he was "totally unfitted both by nature and training for playing an important part in constitutional government"; and we do not think this at all an exaggerated affirmation. Yet Australia probably owes more to Grey than to any single individual except, possibly, Parkes; South Africa to-day acclaims him as the prophet of the coming Federation; whilst in New Zealand, the scene of his worst mistakes, the dominant policy goes back past the late popular idol, Dick Seddon, and finds in Grey its true source and origin.

Mr. Henderson's biography is an able piece of work, clear, discriminating, judicial. An Oxford scholar holding a chair in an Australian university, his outlook is Imperial rather than Colonial, and he delivers himself of no shibboleths. He has had access to, and has made good use of, Grey's private papers and correspondence, and has treated, in due proportion, his services in Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand, setting forth his merits with generous appreciation, but expressing candidly and without reservation his view that he erred gravely on not a few occasions.

The only part of the book, indeed, to which we feel inclined to take any exception is the introduction, some of which seems to us superfluous, or at any rate misplaced. That the cry "Government by the people for the people" goes back to the days of Edward I. seems a somewhat hazardous statement; and that the advent of the Labour Party in England (which may or may not be a benefit) is "a striking example of the influence of Colonial politics" is at least open to question. There is, too, an absurd pomposity about such a phrase as "raised to the rank of lieutenant." Further on in the book Mr. Henderson's English editor should not have allowed "Earl Carnarvon," "the Parliament" and a few similar inaccuracies to appear.

A signal example of the unnecessary comma appears in the sentence (p. 98): "Edward Gibbon Wakefield is reported to have said that the company was founded by men with great souls and little pockets, and fell into the hands of men with great pockets and little souls"; the sentence, as it stands, seems to refer to an awful accident having befallen the author of the famous system of colonisation.

Sir George Grey belonged to the family of Lord Stamford (the Greys of Groby) and was therefore of aristocratic extraction. Like his father, who fell at Badajoz, he had also been a soldier. These two facts go some way towards accounting for the masterful temperament which made Grey's enemies represent his democratic views as insincere. The supposed inconsistency is easily shown by Mr. Henderson to be baseless. Nothing can be more certain than the lifelong devotion of Grey to democratic ideals, except his equal devotion to the cause of the British Empire. He was that somewhat rare creature, a Radical Imperialist. The most consistent of Home Rulers, he extended the principle, not only to the four provinces of Ireland, but also to Scotland, Wales, and separate areas of England. But the spirit of his scheme was Imperialistic, not provincial; there was nothing peddling about this man's politics. His belief in self-government and popular education were, however, unlimited, and carried him to the length of proposing to the Federal Convention of 1891 that the Governor-General of the proposed Australasian Commonwealth should be elected by the people. The ex-Governor of New Zealand proved too Radical for the Radicals of England

in 1870, though he was charged (quite unfairly) with having hindered the cause of self-government in the Colony. Whether to-day he would find anyone to agree with his view that fiscal differences need be no bar to Imperial Federation may be a subject for speculation.

Sir George Grey (who must not be confounded with his contemporary, the popular Whig Home Secretary, who was for a few months his namesake's superior at the Colonial Office) is chiefly remembered by the man in the street to-day for his action in diverting to India, on his own responsibility, the troops that were going to China in 1857. This was a good and fortunate action for the Empire; but as regards the High Commissioner's own career it may be looked upon as a doubtful symptom. Hitherto, as Governor of South Australia and New Zealand, as well as in South Africa, Grey had won signal success in organising young colonies and conciliating native races. But his success was the success of a pioneer statesman with practically a free hand. After the Indian Mutiny, he, in the words of his present biographer, "was more and more disposed to act as though he were the head and centre of the Empire; and that led to a conflict between him and his superior officers which left them no alternative but to demonstrate in the clearest manner that in the last resort his will must yield to theirs." And therefore, despite Mr. Froude and others, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Henderson that "it is still possible to believe that Downing Street was amply justified in paying high tribute to his services in 1867, and—finally dispensing with his services."

The biographer accumulates instances of the great Proconsul's insubordination. "The important dispatch which Earl Grey wrote advising the maintenance of the authority of the Maori chiefs was not even acknowledged; the conditions for the settlement of the Anglo-German Legion in South Africa were ignored; repeated orders to effect a reduction in the Kaffrarian expenditure were not complied with; and in order to get settlers for the South-East he entered into a contract with a private firm at Hamburg to send out German families, when he knew that the Imperial authorities had decided against it; the preparation of a scheme for the federation of South Africa was recommended to the Cape Parliament, though the Colonial Secretary had advised him to take no step without first consulting Her Majesty's Government." Grey's method was this: "Instead of carrying out instructions that were distasteful, he would express some anxiety lest he had not fully explained the situation and signified his intention of awaiting the Colonial Secretary's reply to his more elaborate explanation. In the days prior to the introduction of steamboats this gave him a respite of twelve or even eighteen months."

But so great was the appreciation felt, and often expressed, by the Imperial authorities for his services that no sooner had Sir George Grey been recalled from South Africa than he was sent back to serve for a second time as Governor of New Zealand. Here, in the face of immense difficulties, he failed on the whole, and at the expiration of his term of office was not again employed. He practically defied the Colonial Office, and at the same time came to loggerheads with his own Legislature. Mr. Henderson, while coming to an adverse decision, sets forth fully the very difficult part the Governor had to play, and exposes the unfairness of much of the criticism to which he was exposed. While condemning unsparingly his subsequent conduct towards the Imperial authorities, and admitting his failure as a New Zealand parliamentarian, he shows that Grey's ultimate influence in the politics of the Colony was paramount.

But whilst the fascination of contemplating the

spectacle of a conflict between circumstance and temperament has led us to dwell upon Grey's difficulties and failures, it must not be supposed that there was not a decided balance in his favour, taking his long life as a whole. It was he who saved the struggling settlement of South Australia from abandonment and made it a model colony; it was he who first laid down a just but firm policy towards the natives, both of New Zealand and South Africa; and it may be maintained with more than a show of reason that, had his policy been accepted, the two Boer wars might never have been necessary. Moreover, he was no slave to materialism, as are so many Colonial statesmen; he had imagination enough to value the treasures of the old world, though he thought so many of its traditions pernicious. His political work covered a wider field than that of Sir Henry Parkes or Cecil Rhodes; and his book on Polynesian Mythology is a legacy of a kind that neither of his fellow-men of action left behind them.

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE

The Literary Man's Bible. A selection of passages from the Old Testament. Arranged, with introductory essays and annotations, by W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D. (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN his preface Mr. Courtney shows himself fully alive to certain obvious objections that can be brought against the compilation of a biblical anthology for "the literary man." He shows his wisdom in thus anticipating, and in some measure disarming, his critics, for, in truth, we can imagine nothing more provocative of criticism than the title of the volume. It may be true, as Mr. Courtney seems to suggest, that the religious view of the Bible has so completely overshadowed its literary aspect that many "thoughtful men are not able to appreciate, or have ceased to appreciate, its unparalleled value." By "thoughtful men," we suppose Mr. Courtney to mean those who reject the crudely stated doctrine of actual literal and verbal inspiration. Some, it may well be, who oppose or are indifferent to Christianity never read the Bible, and so are likely to remain ever blind to its beauty as literature. But we are inclined to doubt if they are likely to read it any more because they have the selections from the text presented to them in ordinary print and binding, with notes and comments by Mr. Courtney. If, however, we misinterpret Mr. Courtney's meaning if he intends to imply that to regard the Bible as "the Word of God" is to lessen one's capacity for appreciating its literary aspect, we deprecate and repudiate the suggestion. The religious man is more likely to have his sensibility to its literary beauty quickened, rather than deadened, by his belief. And does Mr. Courtney forget the number of people to whom the Bible is "literature," the numbers to whom it is the only book of literary value they ever read. It is not rare to come across people in every class of life steeped in Bible phraseology. To them "the Good Book" has been the most active instrument in their lives, opening up a new world of thought and sensation. It has served—as great literature does serve—to withdraw their thoughts from the mere machinery of life, and to fix them, with appropriate emotions, on the great and universal things that matter. But it is not for these that Mr. Courtney has compiled his book. And, as for "the literary man" (we dislike the term as much as does the editor)—well, he *must* read the Bible, and, reading it, presumably would prefer to select for himself the passages of supreme literary value. It is impossible, surely, to conceive that anyone whose care is literature does not read the Bible, and read it con-

stantly. There will be well-thumbed passages in every "literary man's" Bible, pages where the volume opens of itself, so often have they been conned. And to the Bible will he turn as a sort of sanctuary—a place of refuge where he is secure from the hideous and screeching vulgarities of so many of the books of to-day. In its sober, sonorous sentences, in its gorgeous jewelled passages, or in its quiet, tranquil chapters, he will find for himself both solace and inspiration. And in his Bible he requires no introductory essays, or historical section, or index, or division of the book into (1) The Prophets, (2) Poetic Section, (3) Wisdom Literature. From the text alone he prefers to select what appeals most to his literary sense.

It may be that we are wrong. It may be that in this age of anthologies there are thousands of "literary men" who have long been secretly pining to have a Bible specially prepared for them. If a "literary man's Bible" had to be, we would as lief that Mr. Courtney compiled it as any other man. He had taste, discrimination, and knowledge. He has included in his selections nothing that is not "literature."

SIR HENRY WOTTON

The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton. By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. In Two Volumes. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 25s. net.)

IN these two volumes Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith has made a comprehensive and scholarly contribution to the European history of the early seventeenth century. He appears to have spared himself no pains in the amassing of material—contemporary documents. State papers and modern histories have all been laid impartially under contribution; over five hundred of Wotton's letters have been included; and, finally, in a series of appendices, a considerable amount of information invaluable to the historical student has been collected. The result is a memoir which, for sheer industry and thoroughness of research, can successfully challenge comparison with any similar work in our literature.

To the majority of modern readers Wotton is little more than a name. He is remembered, if at all, as the writer of a few lyrics, one of which has found its way into every anthology of love poems that has been compiled within recent years. In his own day, however, he played many parts, all of them with grace and distinction. He was, as Mr. Pearsall Smith has reminded us, "a noble example of that much maligned class, the 'Italinat' Englishman." He embodied in his person the finest culture of the Renaissance and of the succeeding period. An accomplished Greek scholar, a poet of no mean order, an enthusiastic bibliophile and art-collector, he was the friend and correspondent of Casaubon, of Donne, and, at a later day, of Milton. It was, however, chiefly as a man of affairs that he was known to his contemporaries. His life was one long series of strange and startling vicissitudes. He moved in an atmosphere of plot and counter-plot, of treachery, cunning, dissimulation and intrigue. His experiences did not tend to raise his opinion of human nature, and a thinly-veiled cynicism is the dominant note in many of his letters to the great personages of the English court. He never scrupled, when it suited his purpose, to make use of knaves, whom he found "almost as necessary as honest men." He had, it must be confessed, much to justify him in such a belief, and the wonder rather is that he retained through all his surprising adventures and disillusionments so much faith and simplicity.

We see him in these pages ambassador in Holland and in Vienna; journeying to Scotland, in the disguise

of an Italian nobleman, to warn James VI. of a plot to assassinate that monarch's life; serving with Essex in Ireland; angrily remonstrating with the Doge at Venice on the question of anchorage taxes; attempting to establish a form of Protestantism within the confines of the Venetian Republic; negotiating a marriage between Prince Henry of England and the Infanta of Savoy; involved in domestic broils; one moment the pet of a fickle sovereign, the next in disgrace, and summoned back to England.

Perhaps the most interesting section of this biography is that devoted to Wotton's ill-starred attempt to introduce an alien form of religion into Venice. The incident has received but scant attention from most historians, and Mr. Pearsall Smith, who has dealt with it at considerable length, deserves the warmest thanks of his readers. The facts, briefly stated, are as follows: Shortly after Wotton's arrival in Venice he found the Republic in a state of seething agitation at the high-handed action of the Papacy. The moment seemed opportune to strike a blow for Protestantism, and Wotton confidently anticipated the co-operation of James I., who had been thrown into a state of nervous trepidation by the discovery in England of the Gunpowder Plot. In Venice itself he had the unobtrusive aid and advice of Paolo Sarpi, a Servite friar of liberal tendencies. Sarpi, however, was too cautious a statesman to sanction any violent scheme of religious reform. "He seemeth," wrote Wotton to Salisbury, "as in countenance so in spirit, liker to Philip Melancthon than to Luther, and peradventure a fitter instrument to overthrow the falsehood by degrees than on a sudden; which accordeth with a frequent saying of his own, that in these operations *non bisogna far salti*." But Sarpi's hatred of the Papacy carried him a considerable way with Wotton, and his position as theological counsellor to the Republic invested his action in the matter with an unique degree of importance. The settlement of the dispute between Venice and the Papacy did not serve to diminish Wotton's ardour, and preparations for the formation of a Protestant league went on apace. Works on controversial theology were distributed and eagerly read by the nobility of Venice, and at length Wotton, acting on the advice of Sarpi and Fulgenzio, sent to Geneva for a Protestant pastor. The movement, however, which, as Mr. Pearsall Smith says, "depended on the political condition of Europe for its success," was destined to be abortive. It was, indeed, so far as Venice was concerned, rather anti-Papal than anti-Catholic, nor does it seem at all probable that Wotton's dream of converting the Republic into a Protestant State could ever have been realised, even under the most favourable conditions. It is strange nevertheless, that such an enterprise should have received so little attention from historians of the period. As Mr. Pearsall Smith truly says: "It is of interest on account of the personalities involved, and the political forces and the currents of thought it brought into relief and opposition. As a counter-attack on the Papacy in the midst of the Catholic reaction, conducted by members of the English Church, it deserves a place in the history of Anglicanism."

The closing years of Wotton's life are characterised by a certain sober charm. "Arrived near those years which lie in the suburbs of oblivion," the aged diplomatist was free to cultivate unmolested those interests which were, in truth, never far from his thoughts. For in the midst of his busiest activities he preserved an admirable detachment of mind.

He is the first of that bookish, contemplative class of authors, men like Cowley, Marvell, Gray, Cowper, Charles Lamb and Edward Fitzgerald, whose names lend a rare distinction, and whose writings gave a certain fragrance to English literature.

We like to think of him as wandering among the bookstalls of Venice, engaged in scholastic disputa-

tions with his friend, Casaubon, or angling with Izaak Walton by quiet waters. He was always pre-eminently a man of letters, and he shared that devotion to the phrase which is one of the distinguishing qualities of the literary genius. He defined an ambassador as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country," and he paid dearly for the pun. On another occasion he wrote: "The itch of disputation will prove the scab of the Church (*Disputandi pruritus fit ecclesiarum scabies*), and, with pardonable vanity, he had the epigram engraved upon his tombstone. Throughout life he had been a faithful son and servant of the English Church, and he died within her fold, in deacon's orders. He was forgotten by the children of those whom he had served so loyally, and a modest request to Charles I. that he might be given the Mastership of the Savoy met with no response. He was not, it would appear, without his interior consolations:

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill. . .

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book, or friend!

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

In these lines one recognises the lineaments of a noble spirit, whom disappointment might sadden, but could not subdue.

Of Mr. Pearsall Smith's labours, as embodied in these volumes, it is impossible to speak except in terms of the highest praise, and we owe him thanks for the publication of so many of Wotton's letters. In an age when the art of letter-writing was held in some esteem, these letters and despatches, by virtue of their fluent and graceful style, occupy an unchallenged supremacy. To the student of history their value is of the utmost importance. They throw an interesting sidelight on the domestic and diplomatic history of Europe in the opening decades of the seventeenth century, and, in Mr. Pearsall Smith's words, "they give an intimate picture of an English ambassador's life in the time of Shakespeare."

"THE FINAL ATOM-DANCE"

Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet. By JOHN MASSON, LL.D. (London: Murray, 1907.)

THE delightful and inspiring side of the genius of Lucretius is what Statius calls his "soaring frenzy," *furor arduus Lucreti*, the solemn dignity of the imagery and the language which illustrate and express his scabrous speculations. He worships his master Epicurus. "He was a god," he cries, "a very god." It is his delight to watch through quiet nights, expounding the great truths of Epicurus, and to rehearse them in his dreams when sleep overtakes him. One must not, he urges, be dismayed by the novelty of his speculations. How the firmament itself would paralyse us if suddenly presented to us!

Look up at the bright and unsullied hue of heaven and the stars which it holds within it, and the moon and the sun's light of dazzling

brilliancy: if all these things were now for the first time presented to mortals, what could be named that could be more marvellous? [*Here and elsewhere we avail ourselves of the vigorous prose translation of Munro.*]

Enthusiasm, even when it takes the form of despair, is the keynote of the sombre and majestic poem.

But the book before us has comparatively little to say about the form of the six books, "*De Rerum Natura*." It deals almost wholly with the Epicurean, not the Poet. It is largely an amplification of a former volume by Dr. Masson, "*The Atomic Theory of Lucretius*" (1884). He truly remarks that the "*De Rerum Natura*" is the only book dealing primarily with Science which still remains a poem. Tennyson, a profound admirer and intelligent student of the poet, as his "*Lucretius*" shows, might have achieved a similar feat. He has shown on a small scale in his "*Two Voices*" a similar faculty for

Shutting reasons up in rhyme
Or Heliconian honey in living words.

To speak of a work on science as a poem might seem paradoxical. But one might venture on a greater paradox, and say that the work of the Roman atheist—for atheist he was, though he did provide a place in his system for extramundane beings whom he calls gods—is a religious poem. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has shown a keen insight into the mind of this high priest of irreligion, who rails against religion yet betrays a profoundly devout spirit:

Lucretius—nobler than his mood:
Who dropp'd his plummet down the broad,
Deep universe, and said "No God,"
Finding no bottom: he denied
Divinely the divine, and died
Chief poet on the Tiber-side,
By Grace of God! His face is stern,
As one compell'd, in spite of scorn,
To teach a truth he could not learn.

For most readers the grand roll of the hexameters, and the solemn music of the poet's digressions on the ironies of life, "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," will constitute nine-tenths of the pleasure to be derived from the work. But students of Dr. Masson's volume will see how deeply interesting it is to compare the Epicurean of the Roman Republic with the thinkers of the last three centuries from Gassendi to Clifford and Herbert Spencer. Dr. Masson writes:

Modern speculations regarding Evolution and the origin of Life, and in particular the famous controversy between Tyndall and Martineau regarding the "Potency of Matter," furnish a parallel which enables us to realise more clearly how Lucretius's Atomic Theory led him to a new conception of Nature as a self-working power, and how it developed into a naive theory of evolution.

The theory of the potency of matter, which is closely related to Prof. Clifford's theory of mind-stuff, is a corollary from the Declination (*clinamen*) of Atoms, which is called by M. Guyau the central and most original doctrine of Epicureanism, as implying a power of spontaneity or modified free-will action residing in all forms of matter, and by its working producing what we call chance. We are certainly often struck by an appearance of malignity in inanimate things, which may not, after all, prove a mere fancy. Dr. Masson is very interesting in the chapters setting forth the debt of science to Lucretius. This includes no less than modern chemistry, which is founded on the Atomic Theory of Democritus, developed by Epicurus, preserved for us by the Latin poet, and revived by Gassendi in the seventeenth century.

According to Lucretius, law exists everywhere in Nature. There is nothing but atoms and void. The atoms are of many different but a finite number of shapes. They are inconceivably minute, yet have parts. In applying to this theory the data of modern speculation Dr. Masson observes:

Sir Wm. Thompson says that if a drop of water could be magnified to the size of our globe, the molecules composing it would appear

to be of a size varying from that of shot to that of billiard-balls. According to Clerk-Maxwell about two million molecules of hydrogen placed in a row would occupy $\frac{1}{33}$ of an inch, and a million million million million of them would weigh something more or less than 70 grains troy.

Again, exactly to the same effect as Lucretius I. 628-634, Clerk-Maxwell says:

We do not assert that there is an absolute limit to the divisibility of matter: what we assert is that, after we have divided a body into a certain finite number of constituent parts called molecules, then any further division of these molecules will deprive them of the properties which give rise to the phenomena observed in the substance.

Balfour Stewart, too, almost in the very words of Lucretius, writes:

A simple elementary atom is a truly immortal being, and enjoys the privilege of remaining unaltered and essentially unaffected by the powerful blows that can be dealt against it.

This at once brings to our minds the discovery of radium and the statement one often meets that it involves the downfall of the atomic theory. In answer to a question how far is the atomic theory affected by the discovery of radium, the distinguished chemist, Professor F. R. Japp, holds that, if we could stop at the radio-active elements, the atomic theory would not be maintainable. But we cannot stop there, and he sums up thus:

To chemists and physicists the essence of the atomic theory does not lie in the unchangeableness of the atoms, but in the fact that the phenomena dealt with by chemistry and physics can only be interpreted satisfactorily on the assumption that matter consists of discrete particles—that it is discontinuous. No chemist or physicist of standing that I have heard of suggests that these recent discoveries involve the abandonment of the atomic theory. *We have only to go a little further down for our ultimate particles.* At present they are the electrons—if there is anything ultimate in science. So far from the atomic theory being abolished, I consider that Crookes's spinthariscopes, which show the individual flashes of light produced when each α -particle (helium atom) is shot off from a small quantity of radium and impinges on a phosphorescent screen, does the same thing for the atomic theory that Foucault's pendulum experiment has done for the rotation of the earth.

But our space will not permit us to go deeper into the science of the book. Our readers will have already seen how thoroughly the author attacks scientific problems. We commend especially to their attention Chapter X. on Atomic Declination and Free Will. The *clinamen* is really the headstone in the corner of the whole structure. Nothing else can deliver the mind of man from necessity.

As to religion, though Lucretius fiercely assails it, he is far outdone by the reckless and biassed virulence of some modern writers. Dr. Masson quotes the following from the late Prof. Clifford:

If we once admit that physical causes are not continuous, but that there is some break, then we leave the way open for the doctrine of a destiny or a Providence outside of us, overruling human efforts, and guiding history to a foregone conclusion. I think that, if it is right to call any doctrine immoral, it is right so to call this doctrine, when we remember how often it has paralysed the efforts of those who were climbing honestly up the hill-side towards the light and the right, and how often it has nerved the sacrilegious arm of the fanatic or the adventurer who was conspiring against society.

Chapter I. on the times of Lucretius is very readable and instructive, and one can see that the writer is an ardent admirer of the genius of the poet, though he does not say much about it. But we must protest against his very unsound critical method in dealing with the celebrated judgment of Cicero on the poem of Lucretius. No critic should be rash enough to change the logical quality of a proposition as it stands in the MSS., unless that proposition is demonstrably an impossible one, and unless he can show how it came to stand in that form in the MSS. The passage runs thus, as handed down to us by the MSS.:

Lucreti poemata ut scribis ita sunt, multis luminibus ingenii multae tamen artis.

The criticism of his brother with which Cicero expresses his agreement is that Lucretius had not only

much of the *genius* of Ennius and Attius, but also much of the *art* of the new school of poetry, which might seem incompatible with that genius. Now, whether genuine *afflatus* and minute perfection of execution are incompatible is a question which may be argued. To us it appears that they are not. Tennyson and Milton (not to bring in Shakespeare) have both. But even now some deny genius to Tennyson because of his perfect art. The criticism, whether true or false, is perfectly possible and intelligible. What is the verdict of Dr. Masson?

In the MSS. a "not" is clearly wanting which must be supplied before either "genius" or "art."

Those who believe in that way of dealing with ancient tradition would undermine the study of classical literature. What should we think of a hardened realist who should "emend" a modern text of Shakespeare and make Prospero say:

We're *not* such stuff
As dreams are made on?

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

The Comedy of Errors. Edited by HENRY CUNNINGHAM. "The Arden Shakespeare." (Methuen and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

A LARGE octavo, clearly printed, with margins wide enough for making notes in, and light enough to hold without fatigue, is a very pleasant and useful form in which to publish the Shakespearean plays; and if they are all as carefully edited and fully annotated as this one is, they should prove a very popular series. At the same time, it is allowable to suggest that the notes have here and there a tendency to over-fulness. If it be a fault, it is certainly on the right side; and the inclusion of the whole text of Warner's translation of "Menaechmi," as an appendix, is so welcome that it seems hard to make any complaint. But there is too much mere "dictionary" in the footnotes, and such notes, for instance, as those on pp. 26-28 might well be curtailed.

The really interesting question about *The Comedy of Errors* is, did Shakespeare read "Plautus" in the original Latin? And into this Mr. Cunningham goes boldly in his preface. We say boldly, because no one but the boldest would go flatly against so redoubtable an authority as Professor Churton Collins, who claims, in his "Studies in Shakespeare," to have demonstrated that "in the Latin original he certainly read 'Plautus.'" It is an interesting challenge, for fully as we agree with the bulk of Mr. Collins's conclusions in this essay, there is certainly room to doubt this particular demonstration. "He must have read the original," is what he says, "as no English translations, so far as we know, existed at the time." To this Mr. Cunningham replies by quoting the printer's preface to Warner's translation:

The writer hereof (loving Readers) having divers of this Poet's Comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus' own words are not able to understand them, I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad for a public recreation.

This was printed in 1595, while the earliest date assigned to *The Errors* is 1589, the general opinion being that 1591-2 is more probable. In 1594 it was specially performed at Gray's Inn.

So far, the honours would seem to be with Mr. Cunningham, for whether we regard the young Shakespeare as an illiterate genius or a trained classical scholar, nothing is more likely than that Warner's translations should have found their way into his hands, busy as we know he was at the theatre adapting and producing plays. But Mr. Cunningham sadly

weakens his case by quoting fifteen "parallels" between Shakespeare and Warner, which, he says, "may be considered with much reason to have been in Shakespeare's mind when engaged on the composition of *The Errors*." It is hardly too much to say that if any weight is to be attached to these, then Mrs. Pott may be triumphantly acclaimed as having established the Baconian authorship beyond question.

A stronger point in Mr. Cunningham's favour is that Shakespeare turns Plautus's "Epidamnus"—as does Warner—into "Epidamnum." At first sight this seems conclusive. That Warner, translating from Plautus, should make the mistake is curious enough; but that Shakespeare should do so too is inexplicable. But it must be remembered that while Warner's translation was in print as early as 1595, *The Errors* did not see the light until 1623, and we have no history of the MS.—evidently a very faulty one—from which it was printed; and during the twenty years in which it was knocking about, and sometimes being acted, it is quite possible that Heminge and Condell thought "Epidamnum" was correct, and altered it. Again, there is a very significant clue in the fact that the two Antipholi, in the first two acts, are called *Sereptus* and *Erotes*, respectively. The latter is inexplicable, but the former must surely be a reminiscence of *Subreptus*, or *Surreptus*, as the first Menaechmus is called by Plautus—but not by Warner.

In the text there is nothing to decide the question; and the fact probably is that, whether Shakespeare was a classical scholar or not, he did not in this case consult either Plautus or Warner, but adapted the older play, *A History of Error*, much as he did *The Taming of a Shrew*; that is to say, he made an entirely new play out of an old one, disregarding the text altogether. This is, of course, assuming that the *History of Error* was an adaptation of Menaechmi; but even if it were not, it is more likely that some old version existed which Shakespeare treated in the way he was accustomed to at that period of his development, than that he went direct to Plautus, either in Latin or English, without leaving more traces than are pointed out by Mr. Cunningham.

A word must be said about Mr. Cunningham's conjectural emendations. One or two of these are certainly happy, and will probably stand; for, sacred as the first Folio may be, there is no doubt that in the case of an early play, such as this, making its first appearance in the Folio, there is room for emendation. But in another case Mr. Cunningham's zeal seems to have strangely blinded him—viz., in Act I., sc. 1, l. 61, where the introduction of the words "but scarce" is not only not "essential to the construction following," but is actually forbidden by the words "any" and "but longer" in the following lines.

THE GENESIS OF HELLENIC CULTURE

The Palaces of Crete and Their Builders. By ANGELO MOSSO. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin, 21s.)

DR. MOSSO'S contribution to the literature of Cretan discoveries has an outstanding merit which has undoubtedly influenced his method of treatment; "The Palaces of Crete" contains incidentally one of the most sympathetic appeals for the recognition of the human element that we ever remember to have seen advanced in the name of archæology. The theory that intellect alone should be tolerated in prehistoric treasure diggings has so long been responsible for confining archæology within esoteric bounds, and for driving

rusty nails in the coffin of culture, that we must extend a warm welcome to the work of a scholarly author who recognises that it is the specialist's business to spread and stimulate culture, not to corner it. "Crete has been fortunate in its excavators," remarked Professor Burrows in his own recently published account of the discoveries in that island, another book on the subject, whose aim was to come within the reach not only of classical scholars, but of the general cultured public; doubtless it is largely owing to the fact that Crete has been fortunate in its excavators that it has also been singularly fortunate in its writers. But "it is not enough to be a writer to describe excavations," says Dr. Mosso; "the soul must rise and vibrate in the highest realms of science and feel the impulse to clear away the darkness which veils the unknown. The heart rather than the intellect must palpitate with the fever of research—the sacred fire which intoxicates until the mind attains to the revelation of an almost superhuman dream, in which the secrets of history are seen beneath the earth. The writer who could reproduce these emotions in the poetic surroundings of the Hellenic landscape would find a new and inexhaustible spring of poetry, for our inner life becomes more intense in the presence of the origins of our civilisation." And where are we to look for the ideal writer? The director of the new International Laboratories at Col d'Olen on Monte Rosa points neither to the laboratory nor to the study; here is his testimony as a liberal-minded guide:

The most intense excitement which I have ever felt is that of excavating. An *artist* [the italics are ours] who is overcome by this passion should describe the surroundings in which archæological researches are being made, should reproduce from life the anxiety of the first attempts, describe the technique of the pits and trenches and the coming to light of the documents which speak when history is silent. If the artist and the archæologist could transmit to the reader the enthusiasm and excitement which he feels while standing among the labourers when the pick gives a hollow sound and the ground echoes as a presage of new discoveries, if he could show the hands which tremble as they grope in the earth, or timidly pass over the fragments of a work of art to remove the coating of dust which hides it, if he could explain the hidden power of excavation to exalt the mind, and the insistent, almost childish call on fortune to grant new treasures, he would write not a book, but a romance, a drama of the human soul which seeks the unknown.

Dr. Mosso has only written a book, but at least that book proves that he is a sympathetic student of human nature as well as an eminent anthropologist, that he has a keen appreciation of the beautiful transcending an intellectual interest in the history of art, and that he can transmit feeling in addition to imparting knowledge.

Leaving the question of archæology's call to the artist-collaborator we must now readjust the scales, and come without prejudice to a consideration of Dr. Mosso's survey of Cretan discoveries. He has jotted down observations and expressed opinions in such a way that 323 out of his 342 pages constitute a traveller's note-book; the few remaining pages are devoted to a scientific essay, with the avowed object of proving that Mediterranean civilisation was not derived from the Indo-Germanic race. The scholar, as the enthusiastic prey of the diverse interests of a cultured amateur archæologist, is a very different writer from the anthropological specialist with whom we are brought into contact in the last chapter of this book. We are forced to the conclusion that the first and larger section of the work was written with a purpose in a style born of the artistic instinct, but for fear that purpose should have escaped the reader, the second all-purpose section was added. Dr. Mosso prepared us in his preface for this dual method of letting evidence speak for itself and afterwards speaking for it; it is as a tribute to his way of presenting that evidence that we confess the last chapter came upon us as a surprise, in spite of the introductory warning that was responsible for the initial difficulty

in making up our minds whether to begin with the first chapter or the last. Reminded of our doubt on this point, we quote the author's advice and add our own:

I hope to convince the reader that primitive Mediterranean civilisation did not originate with the Indo-Germans, and I advise him to begin with the last chapter that he may see at once the conclusions to which I have come. If, however, he has faith and patience it will be better for him to follow the order in which I have arranged the evidence and related my impressions of travel.

Speaking from experience we should say that this is certainly one of the books which "should immediately be read twice," the first time from Chapter I. onwards, whilst the starting point of the second reading should be a reperusal of the final chapter.

A first reading on the lines suggested will make no demands on either the faith or the patience of those who have already followed step by step the discoveries in Crete, but for the many who were waiting till quite lately to become familiar with the work through the medium of a summary, Dr. Mosso's book will, we should think, be a little confusing at the outset, owing to the use of the terms Minoan and Mycenæan. "Minoan" being a comparatively new artistic adjective, and one that has been the subject of heated discussion, would it not have been better to have begun with the note, which now occupies page 130, explaining its use and that of the more familiar term "Mycenæan"? And, again, will not the general public, to whom Dr. Mosso makes a point of addressing himself, feel the need of a map of Crete in such a book? And, yet again, does not Dr. Mosso presume on faith when he speaks of fixing dates with certainty by the aid of Egyptian evidence of the XIIth Dynasty, without pointing out that the actual date of that Dynasty is the subject of yet another heated discussion? But, such details apart, this first reading will certainly be fraught with much enjoyment, for whether he discourses on prehistoric art, religion, society, or domesticity the author treats the Cretan discoveries as a vital part of a living past rather than as relics of a dead civilisation, whilst the numerous excellent illustrations add to the interest and testify to the value of the text.

In the second reading, beginning with the conclusion and going back to check conclusions, we are called upon to decide how far Dr. Mosso has proved his case in connecting up a past and its future with the present, in linking Crete and Greece, in identifying Minoan with Hellenic culture. Briefly stated, that case is a plea for the abolition of the Aryan race theory, and the substitution of a belief that European civilisation was an entirely South to North movement; as its learned counsel justly remarks, "the problem of race is apt to become a burning question," but he might have added with greater justice that the whole problem he aims at solving is the subject of many burning questions, and with still greater justice he might have brought forward more fully other theories that have been advanced on other evidence for a counter North to South movement. On all sides, however, the evidence is more or less incomplete, and even if it be felt that Dr. Mosso has proved his case to-day there still remains the fascination of speculating on what to-morrow's discovery will reveal.

MIRABEAU

MIRABEAU, the Demi-God! This is Mr. Trowbridge's apotheosis of him. Mirabeau, the gasbag; Mirabeau, the heartless humbug, the flamboyant fraud; Mirabeau, the physical and moral degenerate from half a dozen bandit breeds, Florentine and French; Mirabeau, the

Mirabeau, the Demi-God. By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

Marseillais, swindler, spadassin, confidence trickster, *mari complaisant*, egregious fool, police spy; Mirabeau, the mischievous *farceur*, who transformed what was at its outset an admirably progressive and humane movement into a sanguinary harlequinade; Mirabeau, the Whole Hog—surely this is the true Mirabeau!

Mr. Trowbridge, who has evidently felt the somewhat meretricious charm of M. Gaston Lenôtre's clever stories of the French Revolution, in which historical sobriety of statement is subordinated to picturesque anecdote, very honestly presents his biography of Mirabeau under the guise of a romance. It is, however, only a modified romance. Even the conversations are ostensibly based upon phrases of genuine correspondence between the persons concerned. And if it were not for Mr. Trowbridge's inclination to present his hero as a true hero, one might congratulate him upon having produced a very telling picture of Mirabeau, and contributed to vulgarise in English one of the most shocking passages of French history. He takes Mirabeau at his birth, describes the loathing which his hateful old father had for him—a prophetic kind of instinctive repulsion which did credit to an otherwise detestable character—he describes his school days, leads us through the miasmic maze of his married life, shows us Mirabeau in exile in Holland, in prison in Vincennes, and is in a measure his apologist throughout all the "smart and dirty" adventures of which his chequered existence was composed, until this aristocratic Robert Macaire and broken-down Lovelace, finally resolving upon the rôle of political Judas which he is to play to the end of the chapter, hammers for admittance to the *Tiers Etat*, where he had no right, and thus steps upon the most blazingly lit-up of all stages.

It has recently been announced that M. Sardou is about to produce a play dealing with Mirabeau which is specially destined for the English public. It will be curious to see whether this master of melodramatic stagecraft will be able to make his hero comprehensible to the English intelligence. English writers on the French Revolution have hitherto misunderstood and misrepresented Mirabeau because they have not sufficiently studied the Meridional French character. The men of the North have discussed the men of the South without bearing in mind, or being perhaps ignorant of, the essential distinctions which divide the mentality of Northern Europe from that of the Midi of France. This is a mistake which no Frenchman would make. And no serious student of French literature need fall into such an error, for with "Numa Roumestan" before him, to mention one out of many analyses of the Meridional character with which French fiction supplies us, he may be sufficiently edified on the topic. "Honour," shrieked Carlyle, on his topmost note, "to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams and is something. For in the way of being *worthy*, the first condition surely is that one *be*. Let Cant cease, at all risks and at all costs: till Cant cease nothing else can begin. Of human criminals in these centuries," writes the moralist, "I find but one unforgivable—the Quack." Yet if Carlyle had not been so eminently a man of the North, and a good deal of a Quack himself, he must have perceived that Mirabeau never opened his lips but to cant, and in the matter of quackery could have given points to Cagliostro and beaten him. Mirabeau was, if not the actual inventor, at least one of the most blatant exponents of that dreadful semi-humanitarian, semi-political cant which for more than a century has been the curse of French public life. It has invariably been from the Midi, the Southern and Mediterranean districts of France, that these cyclones of cant have come, spreading devastation and desolation

in their path. From Mirabeau to Gambetta is but a step; but it is a giant stride of Death across a vast plain of French history strewn to its glimmering horizon with the whitening bones and crumbling skulls of the innumerable fools who have been sacrificed to the national fetish of Gab. There is, perhaps, no more pathetic monument to the decline of France than that egregious statue of Gambetta in the Place du Carrousel, spouting, with its mouth wide open and its arm waving in the air, amidst the silent stones of the deserted Louvre. From the day that the French Revolution started to the present day France has been in constant danger of talking herself to death. The baneful orators whose irrepressible gab has helped towards her dismemberment, after losing her the hegemony of Europe, are to be counted in scores. One of the first and most mischievous was undoubtedly Mirabeau. In the long tale of sanguinary mystifications of which French history since the end of the eighteenth century has been largely composed no one deserves a higher pedestal than he in the temple of Humbug. But while there have been mischievous "rhéteurs" galore, who were neither insincere nor wilfully dishonest, Mirabeau was frankly dishonest. In every important phase of his private and public life he appears as a traitor. His final act was to sell the cause of the people, to play Judas to the political Messiah of his own creating. His own father, who probably knew him best, would never listen to any of the apologies for his son which friends and relatives might, in their kindly weakness, put forward. He knew Gabriel to be an unmitigated rascal, a complete villain. He would have killed him had he been able. He did his best to accomplish this aim, and it is certainly a pity that he did not succeed. He had made up his mind to destroy him just as one would a mad dog. He knew the Midi too well to be taken in by his son's Meridional gush, and was constantly warning other people against its fatal influence. In one of the most characteristic passages of his correspondence on the subject of his son, he writes to his brother, the Bailli de Mirabeau: "The romance with which he perfumes himself from top to toe appears to have affected your judgment. If you trust him he will mould you to his liking. Let me advise you to beware of the gilded bill of your tame canary." Thus is the simple-minded old country gentleman warned, of whom, by the way, Mr. Trowbridge says: "Very Riqueti of very Riqueti, the Bailli might be described as the *revers de medaille* of his brother." Even Carlyle's English is preferable to this. But "the romance with which he *perfumes* himself from top to toe"—what an admirable description of the particular Meridional type to which Mirabeau belonged, showing how thoroughly well the Marquis knew and appreciated his Midi! Perhaps the best character which could be written of Mirabeau would be obtained by piecing together these scattered remarks about him which appear in his father's letters. The old man was himself of the Midi; indeed, as Frenchmen jocularly put it, of *Midi et demi*, of Marseille (by origin), of the Marseille of the *Marseillaise*, and there is a grim irony in this old man's fate to have conceived a Socialistic theory embodied in his nonsensical "Friend of Men," and then to have engendered Mirabeau the Monster, and Mirabeau the Tun; by the one to have let loose the wind which was to sweep away the class he was trying to reform, and in the other to have symbolised the wine-barrel in which its survivors might, and very generally did, seek consolation. Old Mirabeau, with his preposterous economical theories, leavened by his gigantic egoism, is a ridiculous figure enough, but he had a native nobility of temperament and motive which contrasts him sharply with his son. "There are dregs in every race," the old man is credited by Mr. Trowbridge with

having said to his son, "and you are the dregs of the Riquettis." No doubt the father was right. Historians make a mistake when they decline to accept a positive judgment such as this pronounced by one who was better situated to know than anybody else. "But whoever will, with sympathy, which is the first essential toward insight," says the excellent Carlyle, "look at this questionable Mirabeau may find that there lay verily in him, as the basis of all, a Sincerity, great free Earnestness," . . . and so forth. Why look for sincerity in a born liar, for Earnestness (with a capital E) in this putrid gasbag? Just as there is a type of elephant called the rogue elephant which sane elephants ruthlessly and very properly destroy at sight, so there are rogue men and rogue women. Woe to those who have listened to their blandishments, to their lachrymose appeals to the highest human principles, who have extended the slightest sympathy to their fraudulent whinings and specious lies. Danger and death lie that way. History should brand the rogue man for what he really is, and Mirabeau not as a demi-god, *pace* Carlyle and with apologies to Mr. Trowbridge, but as the rogue man, the consummate swine. To express the slightest sympathy with such beings is an act of lèse-humanity. In one of his volumes on Socialism, M. Jaurès deplores the pecuniary difficulties which, in his opinion, forced Mirabeau to be a traitor to his principles. Poor demi-god! And who knows but that Judas owed exactly thirty pieces of silver to his *blanchisseuse*!

Mr. Trowbridge will have it that Mirabeau's life was a romance. Romance or sordid tale of villainy, there was a Balzacian epilogue to it which has only recently been revealed. In "La Comtesse de Mirabeau," by Dauphin and Leloir, just published by Perrin et Cie, we learn from hitherto unpublished documents that this curious woman, "widow of the most illustrious Gabriel Honore de Riqueti," married after Mirabeau's death a Sardinian officer, named De la Rocca, who died from falling out of a cab. Then the ex-Madame de Mirabeau installed herself on the first floor of the Hotel de Mirabeau in the Rue de Seine, which belonged to her sister-in-law, paying 154 francs a month for full board and lodging. Forgetting all the outrageous conduct of her worthless first husband towards her, she surrounded herself with portraits and souvenirs of him. She convinced herself that she had always loved the man to whom she had been cynically unfaithful. She defended his memory at a time when his name was held in universal execration, and finally died at the age of forty-eight in Mirabeau's room and in his bed.

ROWLAND STRONG.

RICHARD VERSTEGAN

THE earliest writer on the subject of English etymology was Richard Verstegan. In the Dictionary of National Biography the name is spelt Verstegen. But I prefer the spelling which I find in the volume which I shall presently discuss; it occurs at the end of the Dedication to James I., at the end of the "Epistle to our English Nation," and again in the Commendatory Verses contributed by friends; twelve times in all, and always spelt with a.

We are told that his grandfather was a Dutchman, named Theodore Roland Verstegen; but his father lived in England, following the trade of a cooper, and adopting the surname of Rowlands. Young Richard Rowlands was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, to study, where he imbibed a love for letters. Only a few years previously Archbishop Parker had been endeavouring, and with some success, to revive in

England the study of Anglo-Saxon. Already, between the years 1566 and 1570, two editions had been issued of Ælfric's sermon on the Paschal Lamb; which was followed, in 1568, by William Lambarde's selections from the Anglo-Saxon Laws; by the important edition by John Foxe, the martyrologist, in 1571, of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels; by the publication, in 1574, of Asser's "Life of King Alfred," including the Anglo-Saxon text of the Preface to the King's translation of Pope Gregory's "Pastoral Care"; and by Lambarde's "Perambulation of Kent," printed in 1576, which also contained a few specimens of our oldest Southern English. Rowlands was attracted by some of these publications, and professed a great admiration for the study of Anglo-Saxon. He did not, however, long remain in England, as we find him living at Antwerp in 1588, where he doubtless became more or less acquainted with his grandfather's native tongue. The result was his publication at Antwerp, in 1605, of the once celebrated work by which he is best known, entitled "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the most Noble and Renowned English Nation. By the Study and Travel of R.V." Later editions appeared in 1628, 1634, 1659, and 1673. I have only access to the last of these, which contains some obvious misprints.

It will be seen that Rowlands (or as he here calls himself, Verstegan) had a quite unique opportunity. Had he been in the least degree careful and accurate, he might have poured a flood of light on the study of English. But it is impossible, after a careful study of his work, to be blind to the inevitable conclusion that he did immensely more harm than good, as he never hesitates to mislead his readers of set purpose, if he can only impress them with a respect for his own learning. The very natural remark, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," that the work "exhibits his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon," turns out to be lamentably far from the fact. One could, of course, pardon in him any number of small inaccuracies; but it is difficult not to resent the confident effrontery with which he thrusts upon us results which he must have known to be wholly unfounded guesses. It is difficult to believe that he had any accurate knowledge; he certainly had not the scholar's instinct.

Take the remark:—

I find the name of our Lord Jesus to be in our ancient English translated Hælende, that is to say, Saviour or Salvator.

If he had read as far as the fourth chapter of St. Matthew, he would have found that the right form was Hælend, occurring seven times, and that Hælende, with *e*, expresses the dative case. This sets us on our guard at once, though it refers to a nicety which was no doubt then considered as being of little account.

It is much more serious when he delivers himself of a guess as if it were a downright and undisputed fact. I give an example.

Speaking of "our Saxon ancestors," he says:—

They used to engrave upon certain squared sticks about a foot in length, or shorter or longer as they pleased, the courses of the Moone of the whole year, whereby they could certainly tell when the New Moons, Full Moons, and changes should happen, as also their Festival daies; and such a carved stick they called Al mon aght, that is to say, Al-mon-heed, to wit, the regard or observation of all the Moons; and hence is derived the name of Almanack.

It is obvious that this is deliberately and inexcusably false. Of course, they never called it anything of the kind; but it is the author's ingenious way of insinuating an etymology which he had made up for himself. Such a compound is wholly impossible in English; and, in order to compose it, he has used "aght" to express the German and Dutch "acht," care, heed; a substantive which the English did not so employ. What

one resents is such a statement as "they called," as if it could quite easily be verified.

This discovery is followed up by an explanation of the Anglo-Saxon names of the months, which, as a matter of fact, he did not know. He actually substitutes for them names which are partly taken from Dutch or Flemish, or else invented for the purpose. The following is a specimen:—

They called February "Sprout-kele," by "kele" meaning the kele-wurt which we now call the cole-wurt, the greatest pot-wurt in time long past that our ancestors used, and the broth made therewith was thereof also called kele [!]. . . . it was the first herb that in this month began to yeeld out wholsom young sprouts, and consequently gave thereunto the name of Sprout-kele.

It is all invention. This precious *Sprout-kele* is merely a made-up term, to give a supposed origin for the Dutch name for February, which is *Sprokkelmaand* or "*Sprokkel*" month. The "kele" to which he refers is (as we find in the Oxford Dictionary) a bad Southern English spelling of "kale" or "kail," for which the true Southern form is "cole"; all unoriginal forms, from the Latin "caulis." No doubt "sprout" is a native word, but Verstegan did not find it in Anglo-Saxon, because it has not yet been found even at the present day. As a fact, the Anglo-Saxon name for February was something quite different—viz., "sol-monath," which is discussed in Toller's Dictionary. And as for "sprokkel," the older spelling was "sporkel," which cannot be explained by cabbage-sprouts.

Towards the end of the book there is a valueless and confused alphabetical list of "Saxon" words, some taken from the Gospels, some from Dutch, and some so grotesquely spelt as to be neither reasonable English nor reasonable Dutch. A few notes occur, some of which are curious enough. Thus, under A, we find:—

And-warp [meaning Antwerp], anciently Hand-warpe, took that name, as is said, of hands being there cut off, and cast into the River of Skeld.

Under C, he gives a form which is not Anglo-Saxon, but modern English dialect:—

Clough, a kind of breach down along the side of a hill.

This relapse into common sense and matter of fact is only momentary. Would that he had mentioned hundreds of such words! But I fear it stands almost alone; though the next page yields "culver, a pigeon."

Under D is an example of Verstegan at his worst:

Dugud [he means A. S. *duguth*] or Dought, virtue; we yet sometimes call a man of strength and valour a doughty man. [True enough, except that Dought is an invention; but mark the sequel.] It is also written Thugud [it never was]; whereof they use in some parts of England the word thewhes or thewes, to wit, virtues, good qualities, or parts of the mind.

The false spelling "thewhes," which never occurs, is ingenious; in order to let us down gently, from *g* to *w*, we are allowed an intermediate but imaginary *wh*.

There is some hope that the book is practically dead; but it must not be forgotten that it had a most unfortunate influence, and showed such antiquaries as were more anxious to parade their learning than to arrive at truth how easy it was to have their own way by the simple process of manufacturing such forms as might be required.

Before taking leave of Verstegan, let us learn something from him. It is remarkable that he gives in full the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. He dates it for us near the end of Chapter III.:

And this great wonder happened on the 22 day of Julv. in the year of our Lord 1376.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

VENEREMUR

THE Socialists assert that they are creating "a new heaven and a new earth." It is a progressive age; and a progressive heaven would, doubtless, be home-like to many of us. Still, to some old-fashioned spirits this Socialist phrase "a new heaven" gives pause. The Socialist new *earth* is a thing imaginable. A well drained, well ventilated, well washed, thoroughly inspected community, fed from co-operative stores, and "educated" on text-books; a community in which everyone is as good and no better than his neighbour is quite conceivably the new earth of Socialism. But what is the new heaven which is to be attained by an equal distribution of those material goods which a man was anciently supposed to leave behind him when the tenure of his years expired? What does Socialism offer a man when he has done with his "crust of clay," when the co-operative stores and nationalised land of a new earth slip from his sight?

Chance recently took me into a district where some relief from the conditions of our twentieth century earth was certainly needed. And in that district I stumbled on the heaven, the *domus aurea*, of a percentage of those grey toilers. It was not a new heaven. It was entirely unprogressive. To the maker of new heavens (who happened to be actively engaged in his manufacture that very evening not two streets away) it is an obsolete curiosity of the human museum. It has nothing whatever to do with the individual's equal shares of tea, leisure, and land. But it had, as it appeared to me, an onlooker, everything to do with what is perhaps a matter of even greater importance, the individual's common and indestructible happiness. This is what I saw.

Firstly, grey mud, grey asphalt, grey houses, and a slant grey rain beating across the sodden street. It was a long street of small tightly-curtained windows, the main artery whence diverge hundreds of lesser streets, as the lesser nerves branch from the central stem; and each of these lesser nerves is alive, and each very often aching with one common pain, the pain of poverty. For in that vast network of streets rent day dominates the week; sloopshops and second-hand furniture dealers thrust their poor wares out on to the dirty pavement; and the pawnbrokers' windows are filled with the itinerant household gods of a population never far from disaster.

As you go down that main artery the surrounding miles of struggling humanity take shape as one vast restless organism; a creature with flashes of noisy joy in its cheap excursions; with, to quote the jangle of a poet of many peoples, the

Depth and the thickness
Of sorrow and sickness

always quite close to its daily round, and with an everlasting greyness for its physical world; greyness of dark, wet asphalt this day of mild south-wester, greyness of foul, hot, dust-covered asphalt under August suns, a shivering greyness of icy pools and gutters when winter is pitiless.

Out of this great grey sea, this fluctuating multitude of toilers, ever shifting, ever the same, I stepped into the porch of a quite outrageously cheerful, red-brick building, attracted thither by gleams of that crimson, for which the eye unconsciously aches in those streets of monotone. The crimson flashed hither and thither behind the glass doors; it was Sunday evening, and, idly curious, I entered. Within opened the nave of a bare, clean, spacious church, the seats of smooth, well-wrought oak, the walls of a light red brick, unstained as yet by the smoke of the great city. The far-off altar alone shone with any attempt at decorative beauty, gleaming with many coloured marbles, and heavily

enriched with gold. The flitting crimson flashes resolved into the broad shoulder-scarfs, worn as an officer wears his sword sash, of surpliced choir-boys, preparing it would seem, for some immediate ceremonial. What, I wondered, was to happen that dull wet Sunday evening in that dull grey district? A few working women were already seated, not without premonitory whisperings, in front of me; and every few minutes came the patter of busy little feet, as tiny children, each carrying a large paper parcel, and more or less in charge of an elder, came up the aisle, and vanished through a side door. Slowly the congregation gathered. Old working men and women in Sunday best, if the one family umbrella had lost its handle; solemn-eyed three-year-olds, in frocks too starched to admit of sitting down even edgewise; young men and women in the full spring of life; and, to epitomise the whole, wriggling on the seat in front of me, the very imp of street mischief, an imp who presently pulled out of his velveteen breast pocket the dirtiest possible wisp of a pocket handkerchief, and proceeded to apply it with the conscious flourish of a Beau Brummel. A stir in the church, crowded now to the doors, and the rows of vacant seats in front are filled with a mass of the clearest snow white, as two by two, from the sacristy door, come perhaps a hundred girls, the tiniest not five years old, all alike dressed and veiled in white. The veils thrown over the little heads are mostly clear muslin, but one dark-haired mite is covered by a bit of spotted window blind, surely the effort of some poor home to do its best in honour of "sacred mysteries," venerated through all the squalor of its struggles. The organ sounds, and the people kneel as the choir boys, crimson-sashed for the festival, enter, followed by a tall, spare young priest, a figure knit up with energy, alert in body and in mind. Still kneeling, the people join with the priest in that most human, perhaps, of all music, the music of many voices, caught for once into unison. A five minutes' sermon, instinct with the vitality of the preacher, and the ceremonial of the day begins. Lamps flash out down the long aisles, for the cloudy evening light is fading. A lad, carrying aloft a crucifix, followed by two others with great lighted and flower-wreathed candles, advances slowly, from the foot of the altar steps, down the nave; and behind, two by two, from the tiniest solemn child of four, to girls on the brink of womanhood, all the white figures, with little white gloved hands folded, and some with white flower chaplets beneath their veils, move down the long church, the red-robed choir boys and the gold-vested young priest closing the procession. As they move on they sing hymns known to all, the whole congregation taking up the familiar words. Down the nave, up the aisle, past the High Altar, "illustrious with light," down the further aisle, back again up the nave, go the children, one long river of shining white, flowing among the grey kneeling lines of the working folk. Now they are singing the *Stella Maris*:

Ave Maria, the night-shades are falling,
Softly our voices rise unto thee.
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven,
Shine on our pathway, fair Star of the Sea.

The voices of the people rise full and deep, and the tiniest of the children sing beneath their white veils, for who is there here who does not know "The Star of the Sea":

Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

An old man, kneeling in front of me, with silvered hair, and rough overcoat, has some trick of the head, some outline of the figure at prayer, that involuntarily sweeps the mind back for one moment to the lovely canvases of the old Italian masters; and yet it is the twentieth century, and the hoot of the motor and the

cry of the Sunday coster come in at the open door from the streets of this our London.

The procession is over, the children are in their places, filling their seats with a cloud of innocent white, the priest goes up to the altar, and the people remain kneeling as the organ bids them join in the hymn of the *Salutaris Hostia*, in preface to the customary Sunday evening Benediction. No cockney twang, no street-bred stridency of voice, mars the beauty of the deep-toned Latin, sung by these working people with a familiarity born of knowledge from far-off childhood, and with a depth of feeling that perhaps is sometimes lacking in the costliest choir music. For this church is the church of the poor, and here it is the many voices of the toilers, kneeling in sombre lines from the altar steps to the western door, that sing the well-known words of these, some surely of the most beautiful, if the briefest, hymns of any liturgy. The ringing of the altar bell precedes the deep silence of the Benediction. The last chant of the *Adoremus* is sung. And then choir boys and priest file out; one by one the altar lights are extinguished, and the people rise and step out into their square miles of rain-sodden asphalt streets. Their heaven has been as closely present to them, to recur to the words of the Latin hymn scarce off their lips, as are the foes of misery and sickness, despair and sin, which, as they have sung, press round them on every side:

Bella praeiungunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

At the next street corner, in an open space, across which the slant rain drives, the new heaven and new earth are being dispensed. Their outward and visible sign is an unwieldy van, adorned with gigantic letters spelling out "Liberty, Fraternity, Landlordism, Capital." Outside the van an orator shouts himself hoarse as, in angry tones, he addresses his listeners. The van is a *Clarion* Van, and the preacher and his audience are accounting themselves to be in the forefront of progress. To them a kneeling people is a mediæval anachronism; to them one man is as good as another; their New Earth is an equal apportionment of bread and brains; their New Heaven is, presumably, an equal attainment of social virtues. But to some of us, who doubt whether man can preserve happiness on bread and brains alone, it may seem well that the poor, struggling in the thick of our monstrous cities, enclosed in the grey world of their mean streets, emmeshed in the day's toil for the week's food, should believe themselves to kneel at the open gate of a heaven not of their own making, and having nothing whatever to do with the equal or unequal distribution of the goods of this world. G. M. GODDEN.

THE NATIVE FICTION OF CHINA

RECENT criticism of the supposed evil effects resulting from the translation into Chinese vernacular of sensational European literature naturally directs attention to the quality and characteristics of native fiction, a subject in itself full of interest to the student of national mentalities.

Considering the great length of time over which accessible Chinese literature extends, observers are generally much impressed by the fact that hardly more than 20,000 volumes of this description can be accounted familiar even to the scholarly classes of the Celestial Empire, while not a tenth of that number are known to the ordinary reading public. Of these "novels" the earliest extant were written about the twelfth century. Now, seeing that the great Chinese revival of letters took place under the Han dynasty (B.C. 206—A.D. 25), and bearing in mind that the extreme reverence

of the native for any script makes for the preservation of everything actually committed to paper, this absence of early fiction has perplexed the critic. More especially is this the case in that Japan, a far less literary country, affords existing examples of a fictional character dating at least two hundred years earlier, such, for instance, as the famous "Pillow Sketches," a record of contemporary court intrigue, largely scandalous, and no doubt partly imaginary, written by a Japanese lady about the year 1000.

The explanation of the deficiency is perhaps twofold. In the first place, the *literati*, sole authority on all matters intellectual, whose dicta are and have always been accepted by the rest of the nations as final and irrefutable in things literary, despise fiction as unworthy script, far beneath the criticism of a man of letters, and condemn its authors as "recorders of small talk," an expression of contempt much more scathing than the nearest Western equivalent "penny-a-liner."

Secondly, imagination is not a distinguishing quality of the Chinese mind.

Whether these are the sole causes of the small output of fiction is doubtful; a consideration of the nature of such novels as do circulate will reveal a factor perhaps more determining than either of the above.

Judged by Western standards the native story is on the whole yet more deficient in quality than in quantity. Inordinate length (the most famous Chinese novel, the "San Kwo Chih Yen," is in 24 volumes), the lack of coherence, the superabundance of dreary aphorisms and detailed moralising, and an elaboration of minutiae, incredible if not noted at first hand, combine to make the social or domestic novel intolerably dull, while in stories of a ghostly or fabulous nature—a common form—absence of *vraisemblance* deprives the mysterious of its normal attractions.

These qualities being in measure characteristic of Chinese mentality the novelist whose work evinced no traces of them would, of necessity, be unrepresentative of his race.

But there is another and entirely external cause for the mediocre success of the native novel—assuming that criticism to be itself just, which is perhaps to assume too much.

The "Book" language does not lend itself to the writing of fiction; a statement perhaps not appreciable by the student familiar only with the adaptable qualities of European languages, but in this instance extremely germane to the just consideration of the subject. Prof. Douglas may be quoted in this connection:

"As a consequence of the very unplastic nature of the language there is wanting . . . that grace of diction and varying force of expression which are found in languages capable of inflection and of syntactical motion. The stiff angularity of the written language, composed as it is of isolated unassimilating characters, robs . . . works of fancy of half their power, but in no way interferes with the relation of facts, nor the statement of a philosophical argument. And hence . . . the poetical and fanciful works of Chinese authors offer fewer attractions than their writings on history, science, and philosophy."

It is to this inherent deficiency in "Book" Chinese, plus the hardly credible handicap to a novelist of being compelled to write in a language in which he never speaks, thinks, expresses, or hears others express emotions or passions, which is therefore in no true sense the vehicle of his personality, that the faults of the native novelist must be largely attributed. "Book" Chinese—the literary tongue is a very different language from that of ordinary speech—can only be acquired with much labour, and remains as unknown as any foreign language to a considerable proportion of the populace. When *Kuanhua* becomes first the sole colloquial of the Empire, and then the tongue common to both speech and writing, a tremendous development

in the quality and convincing power of Chinese fiction may be confidently anticipated. The novelist will then write as he speaks and as he is accustomed to hear his fellows speak in all the varying moods of life, which at present are often inexpressible in "Book" Chinese. In love romances and fabulous or ghostly stories the Chinese writer for these various reasons falls considerably below the Japanese, but in respect both of the historical novel and the detective story the Chinese production stands easily first, at least in all the best-known examples of these two classes of fiction.

The "San Kwo Chih Yen," already mentioned, by Chin Shan or Kuan Chung, of which several translations exist under the title of the "History of the Three Kingdoms," is not only a thrilling narrative, but also affords one of the best sources of information on which scholars rely for knowledge of the stirring times of the later Han, beginning about or before 200 A.D.—a notable period of Chinese history.

The "Shui Hu Chuan" is another fine example of the historical novel, and deals with the doings of real brigands, prototypes of the modern *Hunghutsze*, who, for the safety of well-nigh impregnable marshes, for years terrorised an enormous area of Mid-China. Among others of this class may be remembered the quaint "Narrative of an Embassy," translated into English nearly a hundred years ago by Sir G. Staunton, a volume which concludes, oddly enough, with an abstract of the early part of the Yu-Kiao-Li (usually spelled Yu-Chiao Li), a love story of the tenth century. The explanation given by the translator for not completing his labour—the novel being comparatively short—is that the interest dies out after the initial volume! In his opinion, however, the worthy knight will not find himself in agreement with modern scholars. The plot has the very elementary but eternally recurring foundation of one man and two women. One of the young ladies is of skittish and most un-Chinese disposition, and ruffles it not infrequently as a man, in which guise, indeed, the hero first meets her. The unconventional charmer turns out to be a loved and lost relative of his first innamorata, and the complications are quite admirably sketched, the fact that the man is actually ardently in love at the same time with the two strongly contrasted types of femininity being treated as an incident as commonplace, as possibly it actually is; did not conventionality of thought no less than conventionality in action induce a truly unconscious self-deceit in such cases among Western communities?

The conclusion of the problem, probably foreseen by Chinese readers, comes as an interesting surprise to the foreigner. The hero marries both ladies, and all settle down to an ideally happy *ménage à trois*! The "Hung Lou Meng" or "Dream of the Red Chamber," is, by modern critics, placed alone in the front rank of Chinese fiction. As already stated, it extends to 24 volumes, and though the author is uncertain, the date is placed by native scholars in the seventeenth century. Considering its huge length the plot is well constructed and the characterisation skilful. Parts of it afford pleasant reading, and the whole presents aspects of Chinese social and domestic relations, and Chinese points of view on many debatable subjects, as these could never be extracted from any set volume of essays or ethics, or from many conversations with the frankest of natives.

"The Student's Daughter Revenged," in the collection of dramatic stories and plays called the Yuen-Jin-pe-Tchong, is a clever story of how a young woman out-manceuvred the villain, who, after various other ill-doings, succeeded in practically exiling her guardian on some distant mission of State in order that he might work his nefarious will on the unprotected girl refused to him in marriage. Finally there are the criminal romances, which, but for undue length, are often capably

conceived and related. The two best examples of this class are the "Liao Chai Chih," written in 1679 ("Strange Tales from a Chinese Studio") and the "Chin-Ku-Chi Kuan" ("Marvellous Tales"), an earlier work, both now translated. From one of these collections comes the "Brass Nail Story," an excellent specimen, told with slight variations by several writers, and recently recounted at length in Sir C. Eliot's Eastern letters.

A magistrate being unable to determine the cause of death in a murder trial which he had to decide found himself, in default, in peril of execution by virtue of local law. In this dilemma his wife advised him to look under the root of the victim's pigtail. In that well-concealed spot the head of a nail revealed at once the fate that had overtaken the deceased. The widow was arrested, confessed her crime, and suffered the extreme penalty. But now the magistrate was torn by new emotions. Secretly he exhumed the body of his wife's first husband, examined the skull, and learned to his horror the excellent reason of the lady's sagacity in the late difficulty.

The rest of the story is given up to a skilful detailing of the conflict which proceeded in the unhappy man's mind between the claims of gratitude and marital affection on the one hand, and of personal fear and public duty on the other. Nor does the whimsical author think it needful to disclose how this mental struggle ended. Chinese readers, however, are confident that in suicide the problem found solution.

J. R. C.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Game Animals of India, Etc. By R. LYDDEKER.
(Rowland Ward.)

THIS is a reprint, with additions, in a much cheaper and handier form, of Mr. Lyddeker's splendid volume well known to all hunters of big game, "The Great and Small Game of India, Burmah, and Tibet." The principal item of addition in this reprint is the Malayan Peninsula, and since Burmah and Tibet are still included and fully discussed from the author's standpoint, it becomes apparent that the elastic "Etc." of his present title has a capacious range. What his standpoint is may be said shortly. Mr. Lyddeker is equally equipped as a naturalist and a sportsman. He has a knowledge hardly rivalled of the subjects and the countries which he touches. He writes in a clear, straightforward manner; he treats his large scheme with a perfect thoroughness, both as to discussion of the place in classification, and structural characters of the various animals, and also as to the means of approaching and hunting them. The scientific part is not so emphasised as to make the reading dry for those to whom this side of the subject makes no special appeal, and yet is sufficient for those to whom it does; and his general descriptions of the hunting and the scenes in which it is followed are lively enough to please the general reader. It is seldom, indeed, that a combination is found of so many of the requisite qualities for a work of the kind, and the result is a whole which seems as if it must be almost the final word—in the present state of our knowledge, at all events—on the big game of the wide areas covered by it. Each animal is treated in a chapter by itself. The clouded tiger and the snow leopard, for example, are not grouped together among "Tigers" or "Leopards" respectively, and dismissed with a few sentences merely; and the accounts of the smallest, as of the largest and most dangerous game animals, are fully adequate. In regard to illustrations, heads of all the animals discussed are shown, and shown with beautiful clearness. Besides these there are illustrations from photographs of some of

the kinds stuffed and set up, the best-known specimens of each kind being taken when available, and there are many showing the live animals. The last have generally been taken from the creatures in captivity, but are none the less illustrative. It is difficult to criticise such a book, for just criticism has to fall into the strain of unmodified praise. It is hardly conceivable that any lover of big game shooting who does not already possess the more sumptuous edition will hesitate to possess this; and even those who have the larger will find the additions in the smaller, but more comprehensive, book worth their attention.

With Shelley in Italy. By ANNA BENNESON MCMAHAN. (Unwin, 5s. net.)

It would be easy to mock at this book as the patchwork compilation of pictures and extracts, which it might easily have been, and which most emphatically it is not. The spirit which pervades the whole book from cover to cover gives it unity and cohesion; and that spirit is the spirit of reverence. It is no pretentious volume hurried together to take the public eye by one who has much time to waste and a *schwärmerei* for Shelley. The object of the book is absolutely unpretentious, and to its execution have gone care, understanding, and skill. The object is simply to suggest in detail the Italian atmosphere in which the poems of the last four great years of his life were written. This has been done by means of well-made selections from his letters and note-books (which are far too little known), and of photographs. Never has photography been put to a better use. There are sixty-four photographs, and with a few exceptions all are admirably illustrative. Some of the pictures are quite extraordinary. They show not only the place, but the place under the very aspect which Shelley saw and described. For all lovers of Shelley we know that this book will contain at least an hour's unmitigated pleasure, and for those who are not well acquainted with Italy much delightful information.

Tales of Troy and Greece. ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, Green and Co., 4s. 6d. net.)

THE stories of the childhood of the world have become the storehouse of the childhood of to-day. Not for the first time does Mr. Andrew Lang now turn to the child's account his love and knowledge of Homeric themes. And in this book he has brought the real Homer nearer than ever to the modern child. Catches and turns of phrase that we know for Homer's, in their English guise, carried along in the swing and the swirl by the epic tide, though that tide be diverted into the vaguer channels of the prose; sudden appeals to the comparison of modern days and places, that set the picture for a modern child—or the older modern lover of a well-told story—Fairyland and Wonderland made real. These are the charm and the marvel of this story-book of Greece and Troy.

Not only so, but all the wealth of Mycenæ, Troy and Crete, of Melos and Orchomenos, is pressed into the service, though never for a moment does the archæologist overcome the teller of a tale. But we can imagine no happier schoolboy than he who, having become familiar with this book from cover to cover, for love of the story and its glittering colour, suddenly realises that in his Homer the tale is retold for him: surely the Greek must lose its terrors for that fortunate one.

The pictures, by H. J. Ford, are charming, but they do not help the story overmuch: perhaps they are too fairy-like for stories so real—stories of Ulysses, Sacker of Cities and Wanderer, of Jason, Theseus and Perseus. From whatever source, whether Chian, Alexandrian or Attic, Mr. Lang has drawn, the stream that he has drawn is one of pure delight.

The Book of Fair Women. By FEDERIGO LUIGINO OF UDINE. Translated by ELSIE M. LONG from the Venetian Edition of 1554. (Werner Laurie, 6s. net.)

THOSE were good days in which men, tired after a long day's hawking, drew their stools round the fire, and having quietly determined upon a subject to discuss, discussed it. Messer Federigo Luigino of Udine describes a conversation of such a party at which he dreamed he was present, after the literary fashion of the time, in this book which Miss Long has translated. She has done her work well. The original is gay with a gallant grace, and much of the grace and gaiety has been instilled into the translation.

This is Luigino's dream. He dreamed that Signor Giacomo, M. Pietro Arigone, the excellent Doctor della Fornace, Signor Vinciguerra, Signor Ladislao, and himself were conversing with such animation and mutual interest that Signor Giacomo cried out: "Fair sirs, if it so please you let us defer our argument for the present and I will carry you with me to my house at San Martino. . . ." There he proposed to spend three days in hawking, and to show them a falcon of such unexampled prowess that by its side Federiga degli Alberighi's bird would seem but a barn-door fowl. "The days we will devote to chasing the heron and the wild duck, and the nights thereof to sweet discourse on such matters as may best entertain and divert you. I pray you therefore, gentlemen, to bear me company and to bring with you hearts rightly attuned to gaiety." Who would wish to refuse such an invitation? Certainly not five gallant Venetian gentlemen. They immediately made ready and rode out to San Martino. They arrived before nightfall. They warmed themselves and supped with all imaginable cheerfulness; then, tired with the ride and anxious to get up very early in the morning, "we gaily addressed ourselves to repose, singing, some madrigals, others ballads, and others again sonnets, each of us extolling the lady whom he chiefly delighted to honour." Now it happened, as Luigino with delightful seriousness points out, that each gentleman averred in his song his lady to be the fairest of all women in the world. Not lightly did each man aver it, but with strong conviction, so that strife loomed amongst them, until Signor Pietro Arigone suggested that Luigino should act as arbiter in the contention. They were to fashion a peerless lady in their talk, and whoever of them should add most to the charms of this imaginary beauty, his lady and no other should be accepted by the company as the fairest woman in this world.

So they set themselves to their gallant task with such earnestness that the humour of the enterprise does not escape them, and the perfect lady slowly comes into being. First they decide the grace of her body and the several graces of her mind and character. Then Luigino praises the virtues of each man's lady, gives the award to the small daughter of their host, Signor Giacomo, and awakes suddenly from his dream.

It is a delicately conceived and delicately executed little work, full of charm and freshness. The form in which the book makes its present appearance is good, though it might have been improved by the omission of the design on the cover, and by the use of slightly smaller, more compact, type.

The Brahmans, Theists and Muslims of India. J. CAMPBELL OMAN. (Fisher Unwin, 14s. net.)

THIS is a strange book, and a striking one. It is not a book to dip into, to skip, or to read carelessly. At first, it seems chaotic, too "chatty," too loosely strung together to be thorough. But there emerges from it at length a human and forcible picture of the Indian religious welter, which is a gain to those who seek the real life of the mysterious East. Charlatanism and

cheating, side by side with a religious fervour which enters into every act of daily life, a blind and child-like faith coupled with that strange and universal manifestation of human nature which can only be described as religious vanity—these are appreciated in a vast degree by Mr. Oman, whose point of view, though quite sufficiently detached for the purposes of sane criticism, is nevertheless far more sympathetic than that of the average of European writers on such subjects. Nor is there lacking the saving grace of humour, which lends its aid in the description of the National Congress of 1893 at Lahore. The whole series of chapters upon the Indian Social Reformers is admirably arranged, but the prevailing note is not hopeful, especially in reference to the custom of child-marriages. On the whole, there is perhaps a tendency in the author's mind to regard the Hindu with more sympathy than he can accord to the Muslim. The worship of Kali is treated with a noticeable absence of European prejudice, while the Muhammadan faquirs are, for the most part, regarded as rather impudent frauds. Mr. Oman has the gift of anecdote, and the little detached series of stories concerning faquirs and saints is well calculated to produce an impression of the immense gulf which separates Hindu and Muhammadan thought in India, though the author brings out very clearly the contamination of the Muhammadan point of view by the tremendous influence of Kali, who is also to be found installed as a great goddess even in the stronghold of Buddhism, Lhasa. It is not surprising that, among so many rivals, the natural outcome of varied race and climate, Christianity should have made so little headway in India. The book is one of great interest, for it bears the stamp of that first-hand knowledge with which Mr. Oman has already made us familiar in his previous works.

The Junto. By TERESA MERZ. With introduction by W. F. LORD, M.A. (Newcastle: Andrew Reid and Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS little book was inspired by Mr. Frewen Lord, and it won the Gladstone Prize in 1903—we presume in the Durham College of Science, Newcastle. A somewhat epigrammatic introduction is contributed by the "onlie begetter," who is a great admirer of good Queen Anne, and considers St. John (Bolingbroke) "a great man." He also informs his readers that "it is not with law as it is with other pursuits," for "one either knows the law or one does not." We should say usually one does not. But to our task. "The Junto" is a very tolerable specimen of prize-winner. It claims to have neither novelty of fact or treatment; but it is clearly written, accurate, and equipped with references. It may be found useful by young students of the period. There are, however, one or two strictures to be passed before dismissing it with a blessing. The remarks upon the character of the age in which the members of the Junto lived are true, but misplaced. It is true that the time which saw the foundation of the Bank and the National Debt is interesting to study, because it saw "the real beginnings of our own age." But this should have been said at the outset, not casually dropped in the course of the biography of Halifax. That able financier and Lord Somers were the only two of the five who formed the Junto who have any claims to be considered great men. It was scarcely necessary for the author to mention (as she does in two places) the absurd attribution of the "Tale of a Tub" to Somers by a certain Mr. Cooksey, who wrote a life of the great lawyer. Swift's comparison of Steele and Addison to Somers and Halifax, and his remark that the characters of the two latter were well expressed in their mottoes (*Prodesse pram conspici* and *Otium cum dignitate*),

are appositely cited; but, unfortunately, the last word of the first of the two mottoes twice appears as "loved, or had any good opinion of." The statement (p. 59) that "Somers retired from public life and continued one of the Opposition till Queen Anne's death" embodies a contradiction in terms. There seems nothing very surprising in Wharton's father having been "well-known as a staunch Calvinist, beside being an ardent Covenanter." The Dean of St. Patrick's for once hit off an opponent's career justly when he characterised that of the writer of "Lillibullero" as "wholly occupied by vice and politics"; and we would venture further than the prize-author, who cautiously avers that he was "probably somewhat correct." The sketches of Russell (Orford) and Sunderland call for no comment.

My Rock Garden. By REGINALD FARRER. (Edwin Arnold, 7s. 6d. net.)

ROCK-GARDENS have grown so greatly in popularity of late years, and literature of much account intimately concerning them is so scant that Mr. Farrer's book is certain of a considerable public. Every page will be eagerly read by the enthusiast for alpine plants (a chapter is devoted to making the garden), but "My Rock Garden" is in the main a plant catalogue, and although it is pleasantly written, it is very certain that the uninitiated would only be sadly bored by chapters upon subjects such as the Kabschia Saxifrages, and Papaveraceæ, Cruciferæ, and Dianthus. The extreme pleasure that the enthusiast finds in rock-gardening is somewhat of a mystery even to many people who are energetic flower-gardeners; but rock-gardens of imposing dimensions, constructed at great cost, are multiplying rapidly throughout the country, and, speaking from experience, we can warn the immune that every garden-lover is in some danger of taking up this delightful but expensive craze. Moreover, the inoculated are not always content to stay peacefully at home and cultivate their plants. There is even the danger that a perusal of "My Rock Garden" may eventually send the reader exploring the mountain ranges of the world collecting plants as its author does. Mr. Farrer is a welcome addition to the ranks of writers upon garden subjects; we have all too many garden books, but those which are the outcome of much knowledge commonly possess grave literary defects, while the authors of those which do not sin in this respect too often possess but an extremely superficial knowledge of gardening. The illustrations are reproduced from photographs, and are not particularly good.

FICTION

The Heart's Banishment. By ELLA MACMAHON. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

It has often been said that no book has ever been written which gives a true picture of Oxford life. The truth or falsity of this need not be discussed here; but this, at least, may be said, that in "The Heart's Banishment," although no single scene is laid in Oxford, Mrs. Macmahon has succeeded in reproducing to an astonishing degree that subtle, indefinable spirit or note which is the hall-mark of Oxford men. This is perhaps the chief interest in the book, and consequently it will probably not meet with such a success as might otherwise have been possible. For the story itself is scarcely convincing. Frederic Vane—country curate and successful playwright—is so self-contradictory that he becomes difficult of acceptance. As the former he is most ordinary, if a little above the average in conscientiousness; as the latter he is so

extraordinary in his brilliance that he becomes quite another person. The best shown and most consistent character in the book is Father Lankester, and the scenes between him and Vane are really admirable. To compare him with another character in fiction, of similar purpose—Father Lamplugh in *The Christian*—is perhaps the best method to show his worth. Mr. Caine's character is a caricature; Mrs. Macmahon's, if not a portrait, is a conceivable, in fact, a true type.

The Doverfields' Diamonds. By E. M. VAN DEVENTER (LAWRENCE L. LYNCH.) (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THOSE experienced in the ways of fiction will guess before they have got beyond the title-page, that the Doverfields' diamonds were stolen, or they would hardly have been considered worth writing about. They will, therefore, not be surprised to meet with several old friends, closely associated with the style of literature. The sparkling foreign lady, a dazzlingly beautiful brunette, whose past is a mystery to all but the French police; the young, innocent wife, who is keeping something from her puzzled but trustful husband; the fascinating blackguard; the wretched dupe bent on revenge; the brilliant detective who unravels the mystery; and, last but not least, the piquante lady's maid, are all familiar figures. The diamonds have to be found, and the reader knows they must turn up in the most unlikely place possible; he is therefore not surprised when they are discovered sewn up in the French lady's bustle. The detail of the plot is ingenious enough to be interesting, and the story ends with a satisfactory scrimmage in the dark among the various rogues and detectives.

The Conqueress. By GEORGE OHNET, translated by FRED. ROTHWELL. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

"THE CONQUERESS" is but another illustration of the difficulty of producing a satisfactory rendering of the French into the English tongue. That the feat is a possible one has been proved by the work of Lafcadio Hearne and other able translators, but in most cases those who cannot read French in the original have to be content with heavily British versions of Gallic wit, or, what is worse, strange productions in language closely resembling Du-Maurier's "franc-ingle" or "ingle-franc." The translator of Mr. George Ohnet's novel has had a more than usually hard task before him, and he has met it in the heavily British spirit. He has produced a conscientious and painstaking version, and in so doing has lost much, if not all, of the delicacy of touch which characterises the work of the French author. The fact that the book is an exceedingly difficult one to translate does not excuse such a vulgarism as: "She was now living, along with her brother, in the Hotel de Condottier."

The House on the Thames. By G. W. APPLETON. (John Long, 6s.)

It is one thing to write a sensational book, another to produce a quite improbable one. "The House on the Thames" contains the elements of a very exciting tale, but loses all value owing to the fact that the principal incidents of the plot are beyond all bounds of possibility. Young ladies, even in fiction, do not shoot German gentlemen of distinction in foreign hotels and depart, unmolested, a few hours later, as if nothing had happened. There is a police force, even in Germany, and it keeps a very paternal eye on the movements of the ubiquitous British tourist. The other situations in the book are on a level with this one. The story of three girls besieged in a house on the river, but a few miles from a police station, the midnight capture of two of them by the minions of

the German Baron; their subsequent adventures on board his yacht, and their ultimate release, does more to rouse the reader's sense of incredulity than to whet his interest.

Mrs. Barrington's Atonement. By VIOLET TWEEDALE. (Long, 6s.)

It could scarcely be expected that Audrey Barrington would appreciate her husband's numerous visits to the house of the widowed Lady Calthorpe, and, as a consequence, what the authoress terms "the crudities of her nature," made trouble for everybody. Vincent, her husband, is a spiritualist, and as Lady Calthorpe appears to be a first-rate medium, the two spend some pleasant moments with spirits of the dead. But Mrs. Barrington grows jealous, and in her grief thinks she can find consolation in Guy Talbot, who is a handsome gentleman of undecided position. She claims his protection eventually, and he, with great discretion, sends her to her room and goes out to bring Lady Calthorpe to look after the runaway. Of course, many complications arise out of Audrey's desertion of her husband, and the curious medley of characters introduced serve to prolong the story beyond the necessary length. Guy is a sort of pagan hero, who loves a dying woman, Lady Calthorpe, who in turn is still in love with her dead husband; Vincent is appeased by his wife's atonement—the birth of their baby—and after considerable trouble peace is restored to the owner of Great Vincent Hall. Of the book it may be said that Violet Tweedale has done better work. There is a great deal of slipshod writing in "Mrs. Barrington's Atonement," and sentences like "was similar to many another house of the same type lying hidden away in the rural villages of England" irritate quite as much as the immature analyses of the thoughts of the principal characters. Nowadays, however, this sort of thing passes in certain circles for cleverness, but "Mrs. Barrington's Atonement" is not a clever production by any means.

The Marble Sphinx. By ST. JOHN LUCAS. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.)

WHEN the Greek slave Alexis was thrown out into the high road, bleeding from the whips of his master's gigantic Nubians, he lay so still that all the wild things of the woodland came and looked at him and went away; he lay like a broken flower until the dryad saw and loved him and healed him with her magic herbs. So they lived together in the forest until the Centaur broke in upon their peace with the message that the dryad must choose between her woodland nature and her human lover. She chose her human lover and they passed together out of the forest towards the strange life of the city. They came to the house on the city's outskirts where Thanatos lived with Erös, and where among the eternal roses of the garden stood the Marble Sphinx. They were welcomed as guests to the great feast which Death was preparing in honour of his triumph over the gods of old. The guests arrived, singly at first, the chief guests, the Kings of Life and of Thought, and others, then in large numbers. Of the dreadful awakening of the Marble Sphinx, of the strange happenings that followed closely upon his awakening, of Death's utter overthrow, it is written with well-chosen words.

It is a delicate piece of work. Mr. St. John Lucas has written a short story of considerable beauty in the form of an allegory—a prose fancy, in which the prose is good and the fancy graceful and vigorous. He penetrates to the depths of modern life in an imaginative atmosphere that is agreeably free from the mists of modern conventions. There is no heavy insistence upon one interpretation, with the result that the allegory is instinct with fine meaning, which is as natural and potent and satisfying as is the smell of sweet-briar in the early morning sunshine.

CORRESPONDENCE

"A FORECAST"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I observe in your issue of the 11th instant an article, entitled "A Forecast," from the pen of Mr. Arthur Machen. Mr. Machen, in general, writes as one with authority, on subjects of which he knows more than a little, and often with a power of invective which is very refreshing. It is with the greater regret that I see him condescending to such pettiness as disfigures the opening of the article in question. It would scarcely be worth noticing, did not the final quotation of the first paragraph make the whole a slur upon one man, for to one man only do the quoted words belong.

The wit or wisdom of these words in themselves matters little: it is a well-worn trick to pick up a phrase *widowed* of its context—of its antecedents, of the mood, the tone in which it was uttered—and hold it up to ridicule. But the ingenuity which can take such an isolated saying of a man who least among men conformed to any received "pedagogic" type, who in his relations to the boys under him and his attitude to life at large was a whole world away from the kind of "Public School ideal" which makes its victims a sorrow to their friends and a derision to their enemies—the ingenuity which can take this and call it "a fair sample of the singularly silly nonsense to which schoolmasters as a race are addicted," is indeed transcendent. But Mr. Machen's very subtlety plays him false and locks the pillory upon him, for assuredly he must stand self-convicted as ill-informed or superficial in the eyes of any who knew the man and possess the slightest insight into character.

True, we all have our points of view, and a reasoned attack on a man's memory, delivered with obvious sincerity and conviction, would need no excuse, even if it called for refutation. But a casual and sidelong flier such as this needs no refutation, and can have but one excuse—ignorance. Its motives are obscure, and, whatever they may be, no purpose can be served by this particular kind of *de mortuis*, which to those (perhaps necessarily few) who take its full import, is an impertinence quite in the vein of that "K. H." on whose back your ploughers have recently and deservedly ploughed and left long furrows.

"There was once a silly schoolmaster, whose one idea in life was . . ." The acumen of it!

E. PHILLIPS BARKER.

January 13.

[Mr. Machen writes: I am afraid I do not quite see the point of Mr. Barker's objection. It is true that "the quoted words" were uttered by a well-known schoolmaster, whom we will call Mr. X. It is my opinion that they do constitute "a fair sample of the singularly silly nonsense to which schoolmasters as a race are addicted," and I may add that, in my judgment, the "Memoirs" of Mr. X. furnish many more samples of the same kind. So far as I can gather from Mr. Barker's letter, he waives all argument as to the sense or nonsense of "the quoted words," and simply says that he knew X. and liked him. I am quite content to believe these two propositions, but I am afraid I must pronounce them impertinent—in the logical, not the social, sense.]

A GERMAN POETESS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Whilst perusing your esteemed publication a few days ago, I came across the name of Marie Madeleine, the German poetess, some of whose stanzas, it appears, have just been ably translated. I was delighted to hear of a good translator of modern German verse-writers, who have, in my opinion, been rather neglected.

Marie Madeleine, who was still very young when I saw her, has written several promising pieces; but she is only one among many new German bards who have done really fine work. I am thinking of Felix Dahn, Theodore Fontane, Paul Heyse, the volatile author, Theodor Storm, and Ernst von Wildenbruch, whose "Herenlied" is most dramatic, while all his prose, especially the little "Legende" entitled "Claudia's Garten," bears the imprint of a truly poetical spirit. I am not aware if Heyse's epic, "Der Verrückte Roland," has ever been translated, but I do know that it is a splendid creation, and the outcome of a mind deeply influenced by the Roland legends of Germany and those early Italian masters, Boiardo and Ariosto. Another clever and fascinating poet is Prinz Emil zu Schönau-Carolath, a relative of the well-known Reichstag member, whose verses, "Der Letzte Tag," I once

translated inadequately myself. He has composed some haunting lines, and his "Sulamith," "Das Schwarze Haus," etc., will ever linger in my memory. Also the words of several modern German songs would repay translation, for the German vocalist is a sentimentalist too, and many of his madrigals exhale the sweet violet scent of Heinrich Heine.

Yes, modern German poetry cries aloud for translators, and I do not see why it should not be done into English just as well as the best Teuton prose work has been, such as the novels of Hermann Sudermann and Gustav Frenssen.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE QUEEN SQUARE CLUB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The committee of the Queen Square Club wish it to be known that they will be "At Home" on the evening of Tuesday, January 21st, at the Club House, 9, Queen Square, to any ladies and gentlemen who may be desirous of becoming members of a non-political social club, and who would thus have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of some of the present members and of inspecting the delightful Queen Anne house which forms the club premises.

The Queen Square Club was founded chiefly for men and women interested in artistic and literary matters, whilst facilities for bridge, chess, etc., are also afforded. Debates, concerts and lectures upon topics of the day, by well-known people, are given weekly.

Further particulars may be obtained from

THE SECRETARY,

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THE DAILY NEWS READING CONTEST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of the 11th of January you have inadvertently misinterpreted the details submitted to you in connection with the *Daily News* Reading Contest.

No money prizes are offered by the *Daily News*, this being one of many features which distinguish it from the Limerick Competitions, with which your notice has erroneously identified it.

I feel sure that in your next issue you will contradict this statement, as it is calculated to mislead your readers as to the real objects of the *Daily News* Reading Contest.

A. G. GARDINER

(The Editor).

January 15.

[The *Daily News* offers, as the awards in its Reading Contest, prizes of the value of £1,500. The question whether the awards are made in cash or in kind seems to us quite immaterial, but we are glad to make the correction, though it in no way affects our criticism of the scheme.—Ed.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

Lord Wantage. A Memoir by his Wife. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.

Ellice Hopkins. A Memoir by Rosa M. Barrett. Wells Gardner, Darton, 3s. 6d.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Official Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland. Griffin.

The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book. Black, 1s. net.

The Clergy Directory, 1908. Philipps, 4s. 6d.

DRAMA

Sutro, Alfred. *John Glayde's Honour*. French, 2s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL

The Fowre Hymnes. Edited by Lilian Winstanley. Cambridge University Press, 2s. net.

Victor Hugo. *Selected Poems*. Edited with introduction and notes by H. W. Eve. Cambridge University Press, 2s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Wylde, C. H. *How to Collect Continental China*. Bell, 6s. net.

Gordon, Seton. *Birds of the Loch and Mountain*. Cassell, 7s. 6d. net.

Kennedy, Bart. *The German Danger*. Collier, n.p.

- The History of Freedom, and other Essays.* By Lord Acton. Macmillan, 10s. net.
- Historical Essays and Studies.* By Lord Acton. Macmillan, 10s. net.
- Barzini, Luigi. *Pekin to Paris.* Grant Richards, 16s. net.
- Webb, Wilfred Mark. *The Heritage of Dress.* Grant Richards, 15s. net.
- Wright, J. C. *In the Good Old Times.* Elliot Stock.
- Gordon, Seton. *Birds of the Loch and Mountain.* Cassell, 7s. 6d. net.
- The English Housewife.* Edited by Constance Countess de la Warr. The Grosvenor Library, n.p.
- Charity's Guerdon.* Compiled by T. Edwards Jones. Ipswich: Smith's Suitall Press, 1s. 6d. net.
- Griffith, C. J. *The Romance of the Sky.* Routledge, 1s.
- Larymore, Constance. *A President's Wife in Nigeria.* Routledge, 7s. 6d. net.
- The "Gloucester" Diary and Directors' Calendar for 1908.* Gloucester: Brooke, n.p.
- Dobbs, Archibald E. *Philosophy and Popular Morals in Ancient Greece.* Simpkin, Marshall, 5s. net.
- Baughan, Edward Algernon. *Ignaz Jan Paderewski.* Lane, 2s. 6d. net.
- Wallace, Alfred Russel. *Is Mars Habitable?* Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
- Hulbert, H. H. *Voice-Training in Speech and Song.* University Tutorial Press, 1s. 6d.
- Memorials of Old Derbyshire.* Edited by the Rev. J. Charles Cox. Bemrose, 15s. net.
- Aphorisms and Reflections.* From the works of T. H. Huxley. Selected by Henrietta A. Huxley. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.
- Marden, Philip S. *Greece and the Aegean Islands.* Constable, 12s. 6d. net.
- Stopes, Charlotte Carmichael. *Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries.* Shakespeare Head Press, n.p.
- Brydges, R. H. *Bridge Catechism.* Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.
- Penrose's Pictorial Annual, 1907-8.* Penrose, 5s. net.
- Haselden, W. K. *Daily Mirror Reflections.* Pictorial Newspaper Co., 1s.
- Bonhote, J. Lewis. *Birds of Britain.* Black, 20s.
- Leclère, Albert. *La Morale Rationnelle.* Paris: Félix Alcan, fr.7.50.
- Reed, Helen Leah. *Napoleon's Young Neighbour.* Little, Brown & Co., n.p.
- Marlowe, Francis. *The Secret of the Sandhills.* Sampson Low, Marston.
- Herkless, John, and Robert Kerr Hannay. *The Archbishops of St. Andrews.* Vol. I. Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net.
- Bone, Gertrude. *Children's Children.* Duckworth, 6s. net.
- Heywood, N. Arthur. *Oddities of the Law.* Ouseley, 2s. 6d. net.
- Crichton, Douglas. *Sanquhar and the Crichtons.* Dumfries: The Courier and Herald Press.
- Barrett, Charles. *From Range to Sea.* Melbourne: Lothian, 1s.
- The Year's Work in Classical Studies, 1907.* Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.
- Memorials of Old Dorset.* Edited by Thomas Perkins and Herbert Pentin. Bemrose, 15s. net.
- Epilegomena on Horace.* In the form of a critical letter by E. R. Garnsey. Swan, Sonnenschein, 5s. net.
- Lawson, W. R. *John Bull and His Schools.* Blackwood, 5s. net.
- Blok, P. J. *Geschiedenis van het Nederlandeche Volk.* Sijthoff, 10 marks 50 pf.

POETRY

- A Rose of the Old Régime.* By the Bentztown Bard. Doxey Book Shop Company, n.p.
- Frazer, Eppie. *The Clodhopper.* Book III. Prue, Bale & Danielsson.
- The Poetical Works of Campbell.* Edited by J. Logie Robertson. Oxford University Press, 2s.
- The Poetical Works of Shelley.* Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. Oxford University Press, 2s.

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By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

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Owing to the failure of the Publisher the book has been unobtainable for several years. 150 copies, all that remain of the second edition, are now offered for sale at the original published price, 5/- net, by MESSRS. BICKERS & SON, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, from whom alone they can be obtained.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Late Mr. LIONEL JOHNSON in the OUTLOOK in an Article entitled "A Great Unknown."

"The title of these arresting poems is taken from that of an opening set of four sonnets, and it well describes and defines the writer's poetical attitude. Here is not the impeccable dulness of an accomplished imitator, of the soulless craftsman who has caught some master's style; behind or within these poems is a personality. The pieces which will probably win most admirers are three ballads. Youth in its white, fresh grace, its wistfulness and joyousness, wonder and simplicity, sings and sighs in these ballads, of which one is a legend, one historical, and the third a beautiful invention. . . . But possibly finer than these fine fantasies are the more personal, or at least more intimately conceived and meditative poems. . . . Let the reader turn to 'Rejected,' a mystical lyric worthy of Blake and impossible to describe otherwise; if he has any sense of poetry he will feel and confess that we have here an authentic poet. Among crowds of clever versifiers here comes a poet."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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"The remarkable success which I hear the book has since had in England does credit, I think, to the judgment of our French critics, which is often singularly just in its estimate of English poetry, especially if it belongs to the Elizabethan period of our literature, or be animated by the Elizabethan 'Souffle' . . . and surely it is this 'Souffle,' a pure invigorating wind from heaven which blows and whispers and weeps in this new poet's verses. The two translations from Baudelaire are as perfect in form and in the repetition of the *frisson* of the original verse as Baudelaire's own translations from Poe and Longfellow. It is a pleasure to find so complete, so temperamental a sympathy between a great French and great English poet."

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MR. GEORGE STREET IN THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

"In my case, I reckon but very few of the contemporary writers of verse known to me, as poets—how few I should hardly like to say. Among them I place without hesitation the anonymous author of the 'City of the Soul.' . . . This inspiration I take to be first of all the beauty of visible things freshly impressive on the senses. It is as though a child said 'Look, how beautiful!' but a child able to see minutely and variously. . . . and the power to see beautiful things and to express them beautifully is so rare, that one is justified (taking my view of it) in thinking the appearance of this little book a most fortunate event."

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"N.O.B." IN THE ECHO.

"A new poet who is of serious account is something of a rarity to-day. Yet such I fancy is a true description of the anonymous author of 'The City of the Soul.' . . . The lovely little ballad of 'St. Vitus' is one of the most arresting things in the volume, for here it is that the formal grace of the anonymous poet makes its first irresistible appeal. . . . But to my mind the new bard's claim to attention might be established on a single poem. Scarce a line is there of 'Wine of Summer' which Keats might not have contentedly signed."

THE SUN.

"His thoughts are poetic and so is his expression of them. He is a master of technique, and he has in his lines a lilt and a rhythm that is musical and fascinating. His 'Perkin Warbeck' is an exquisite specimen of the ballad. . . . The whole book is full of gems."

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THE DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

WE have long sought a favourable opportunity of noting the discrepancy between the reports given by our daily contemporaries of legal proceedings and the dictates of Law, Reason and Commonsense. We express no opinion whether the fault lies with our contemporaries' reporters or with the remarks of the legal officers, mainly magistrates, which they report. Whichever be the case, the reports are not likely to promote public respect for the law, and we suggest that an official report should be supplied, on which reporters can make what comments they please. We remember a report which caught our eye a long time ago now, which represented a city magistrate—we fancy it was the late Sir John Voce Moore—as having actually sentenced a boy to some small penalty for having obstructed the traffic by shaking his master's mats early one morning, in St. Paul's Churchyard. But upon the master rising in the court and violently denouncing the magistrate, and warning him that if he did not look out, he should hear a great deal more of the matter, the decision was reversed on the spot, and the boy discharged. All this occurred, according to the reporter, in this truly admirable but Oriental fashion.

The other day, in the York cruelty to children case, the chairman of the bench of magistrates is reported first, to have strongly reprobated the behaviour of the public, because an "important" witness for the defence had been frightened away by its violence, and was consequently not forthcoming. At first sight, the case ought obviously to have been adjourned until the "important" witness could be recaptured. On second thought, we conclude that the able counsel for the defence considered that his absence was, on the whole, more favourable to his clients than his presence. If so, the chairman's observation, as reported, was pointless. Secondly, in giving the reasons of the bench for not sentencing the male accused to prison, the chairman is reported to have said: that the fact of the accused's holding an honourable public office could have no bearing on the question whatever, except that

it proved his good previous record, because he would not have held that office if anything had been known against him; and that, consequently, the bench had decided to sentence him to a fine, instead of the imprisonment which it considered his conduct deserved. The consequences of this inconsequent rigmarole, according to the report, is, that in the estimation of the York bench, the local Education Authority's ignorance entitles their solicitor, who was convicted by the bench of gross neglect of children, to remain at large, when he would now be in prison, if the Education Authority (whose ægis, unfortunately, facilitated his neglect) had never employed him; although the fact that they did employ him had no bearing on the question, except as evidence that he was incapable of such misconduct as that for which the bench convicted him.

The whole distressing case suggests two other questions more important than the first: (1) Where was the school attendance officer, and why did he not report that the children did not attend any school? (2) Cannot the system of confinement "during the King's pleasure," or some other which would produce the same practical effect, be extended to such cases as that of the female prisoner? By some such means such persons who are not positively insane might be subjected to the humane and remedial treatment of expert doctors, in cases of moral degeneration arising from physical causes, as they are at that admirably conducted institution—Broadmoor.

The sudden and lamented death of Sir John Lawson Walton recalls one of his first successes, the enormous damages which he obtained for the plaintiff in the notorious "Kitson Case." It will be remembered that the verdict struck a salutary terror to the hearts of the few garrulous medical practitioners who disgrace a profession distinguished by honour and discretion. A correspondent to the *Morning Post*, signing himself "An Old Customer" of a very well-known banking company, indignantly protests, as well he may, that the company's representative has recently confessed, with some *naïveté*, that his company only divulges its customers' secrets when asked to do so by companies for the collection of debts—but never—"no never," to individual inquirers. If "An Old Customer's" protest is well founded, it is about time that an action was brought against the banking company in question, which, in common with all banking companies, attracts custom by loud asseverations of inviolable secrecy, and on its own confession violates it in favour of other commercial companies. We trust, if such gross breaches of confidence are proved, it will be taught probity and discretion by damages that will break Sir John Lawson Walton's record.

How is it that "occultism"—a wide term covering many things foolish and some things not so foolish—has proved such bad material for imaginative literature? There are exceptions, of course; Lytton's "Strange Story," still more his "Haunters and the Haunted," have genuine thrills, and the latter certainly stands very high in the literature of terror. Each of these books represents an occult theory of things; the experts would no doubt inform us as to how far they are directly due to the teaching of Eliphas Lévi. It is certain that Lytton was a disciple of the Restorer of Magic; it is asserted that Lévi performed an Evoca-

tion of Spirits before Lytton at night, on the roof of the Pantheon in Oxford Street. At all events there are many traces in both the books mentioned of a tradition that is both ancient and occult; and the result, from a literary point of view, is excellent.

But how about Spiritualism? It has burdened the earth now for some sixty years, and so far as one knows it has not been responsible for half a dozen lines of decent literature. It has given us "Inspirational Discourses," it is true, and about these "Discourses" let the veil be drawn. Popular journalism, no doubt, has been, and is, responsible for some sorry stuff, but its crime in this sort is light, its offence small when one compares its output with the communications that are said to have come from "the other side." Then there was "Theosophy"; the mid-eighties of the past age gave us "Karma" and "United," which were—well, not great books. One remembers, later, fiction that appeared in an extinct journal called *Lucifer*. It was strange, but bad; and one fails to find much merit in a story that is running through some Theosophical magazine at the present day. It is called, we believe, "Little Mary in Heaven," and irreverent people wonder as to the name of the restaurant.

One fears that the teaching of Mary Baker G. Eddy is not to prove more inspiring than that of H. P. Blavatsky. "The Seamless Robe" (Laurie), by A. Channel, is an earnest attempt to impress the novelist's art into the cause of "Christian Science." Polemically considered it may be excellent; one notices that the Bishop of Exminster (usually alluded to as Bishop Saul) is brought to his knees in a highly satisfactory manner before the teaching of the Boston Prophetess; but from the mere literary standpoint there is little to be said for the tale. The authoress may have gained many spiritual treasures from Mary Baker G. Eddy; but she has also learned the use of the horrid word "antagonise," presumably from the same quarter. It must be said, however, that one meets the very best society in these florid pages; and perhaps something might be done with the tale if it were recast in dramatic, not to say melodramatic form, and called "The Worst Bishop in England."

We regret that owing to our date of publication, we could not effectively call attention to the Special Consultative Meeting and the Mass Meeting arranged for January the 24th, by the Church Schools' Emergency League, which brought them to our notice. However, we have pleasure in calling attention to the League's copious supply of emergency leaflets, which have now completed their sixth series, and especially to the useful alphabetical index to the series, compiled by the Hon. Secretary, Rev. W. E. Cleworth, giving references to all the subjects mentioned in the leaflets, as well as to their actual titles. We may give an idea of the usefulness of the leaflets by mentioning that No. 73, "The Training Colleges," not only contains large extracts from the controversy on that subject down to the end of December, but also an account of the manner in which the Japanese Government succeeded in "jerrymandering" the American Congregational body out of a college which it established at Tokyo, founded with the Japanese Government's permission, through the efforts of a native Congregationalist. The story is an example of the use made of professions of Liberalism by Governments—and particu-

larly by the Japanese Government, if these facts have been correctly reported—to commit commercial trickery. The case offers a striking parallel to the attempts which are being made in England by the present Nonconformist Government to cheat private corporations out of the full enjoyment of institutions on which they expended large sums of money, on the faith of the direct encouragement given to them by preceding Liberal and Conservative Governments when in need of private capital, in order to carry out their policy. We doubt whether this method of indirect repudiation is likely to increase confidence in Government guarantees of any kind.

Our attention has been drawn to a peculiarly unpleasant pamphlet issued by the *Daily Dispatch*, with a view of securing advertisers for its columns. It is adorned on the cover with a picture of Mr. Lloyd-George, and with small reproductions of this picture on every page. It is elegantly called: "What are you going to do about it?" After quoting some figures from a recent speech of Mr. Lloyd-George's as to the great prosperity of Lancashire, it proceeds in the sort of strain indicated by the selections we append:

Is not the fact of the weekly income (from £8 to £10) of the average artisan's home in Lancashire sufficient to tell you that here is a splendid opportunity to create additional trade for yourself? Eight pounds are seldom earned by a working-class family outside Lancashire. But here Cotton reigns supreme, and King Cotton, in 1907, stands unchallenged.

Every mill is working to its fullest capacity, working from six a.m. to, perhaps, eight o'clock at night. Competent operatives are scarce. Every man who can do the work is snapped up; women, girls, boys, all are pressed into the service of King Cotton, their wages going to swell the family pay-roll. Thus we in Lancashire do not think it an extraordinary state of affairs when we see father, mother, and children at work in the same mill.

But do you, Mr. Advertiser, know all this?

Cosmetics and patent medicines are, and more could be, profitably advertised. The strenuous life of the mill soon tells its tale. Beauty fades and health often fails, with the result that chemists in working-class districts do a roaring trade.

We call the attention of the President of the Board of Trade to the use which is being made of his words and his effigy. If he will read the pamphlet through we cannot help thinking that it will give him, as a "Liberal Progressive" statesman, food for thought. We have seldom read anything more nauseating than this pamphlet.

Opinions may differ as to the advisability of retaining the Censor of Plays, but there can be no two questions of the useful purpose that would be served in the interest of certain "dramatic authors" by founding the office of, shall we say, "Official Supervisor of Plays." One of the duties of the office might be to correct inaccuracies before the production of the venture which would be specially beneficial in cases where the authors write about phases of life altogether outside the sphere of their acquaintance. The capacity of the supervisor would not be too severely tested in pointing out to those responsible for the play, *A White Man*, now being played by Mr. Lewis Waller, that the hero cannot be the "Hon." James Winnegate, and at the same time the cousin and heir to the Earl of Kerhill. If the American author had no knowledge of the class of life about which he wrote, surely either the manager or one of the actors, or the prompter, or even the call-boy (a possible son of the butler) ought to have observed the absurd mistake. The blunder recalls the grotesque large advertisement posters which were launched forth some few years ago by a well-known theatre before the production of a serious play of Roman life. There was a large poster of a Roman coin of the Republican epoch bearing the head of Julius Cæsar, with the date B.C. 44 on the coin.

LA MÉCHANCETE DE LA NATURE

"We are certainly often struck by an appearance of malignity in inanimate things which may not, after all, prove a mere fancy."—R. Y. Tyrrell, *THE ACADEMY*, January 18th, 1908.

Le chemin est perfide et la forêt traîtresse,
Et la nuit, vénéneuse, avec les rameaux tresse
Le filet effrayant où nous tombons un soir
Et le marais trompeur a caché son miroir.
Le brouillard épaissit l'horreur de son suaire;
Et dans l'obscurité visqueuse et séculaire,
Tordant ses bras cruels, le chêne, triomphant
Sur l'arbre rabougri chaque jour étouffant,
Se dresse, envahissant le ciel, et se balance.
Et le long peuplier s'aiguise en fer de lance.
Pour vivre, les ormeaux sont devenus bourreaux,
Et l'on sent s'augmenter le farouche chaos
D'atômes ennemis, hideux, sans cesse en guerre
Contre nous, nés comme eux de la féconde terre.
Le roc sous l'ocre rouge a l'air d'un assassin,
Car la pierre est féroce et le pic inhumain.
Lorsque l'étang fétide et fauve tremble et fume,
De grands yeux flamboyants épouvantent la brume.
Et dans la menaçante épaisseur des taillis
Les faibles par les forts sont toujours assaillis;
Et le vent porte au loin leur plainte formidable,
Mais la loi les écrase, armée, inexorable.
Ils tombent, se changeant en l'horrible limon
D'où s'échappe à son tour la peste et son poison.
Et l'on entend la Mort peupler l'ombre vivante. . .
Alors l'on te maudit, O Nature méchante!

ANDRÉ TURQUET.

IMITATION FROM MAURICE
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They slew three maidens white of sin,
To seek the thing their hearts within.
The first maiden was Happy-days;
Where her blood fell on trodden ways,
Lithe adders lisp and leap always.
The second maiden was Gladdening-eye;
Where her blood fell the streams a-nigh,
Meek lambkins bleat to the mild sky.
The third maiden was Ah-Alas!
Where her blood fell in the green grass,
Archangels watch till three years pass.

M. A.

LITERATURE

THE ENTENTE IN POETRY

Revue Germanique. Sept., 1906. LES CONTES DE CANTERBURY. Prologue.—CONTE DU CHEVALIER.—CONTE DU MEUNIER.—CONTE DU CUISINIER.

Revue Germanique. Sept., 1907. LES CONTES DE CANTERBURY (Suite). CONTE DE L'HOMME DE LOI.—CONTE DU MARINIER.—CONTE DE LA PRIEURE.—CONTES DE CHAUCER SUR SIRE TOPAZE et sur MELLIBEE.—CONTE DU MOINE.—CONTE DU PRETRE DE NONNAINS.—CONTE DU MEDECIN.—CONTE DU PARDONNEUR. (Paris: Félix Alcar.)

Dans les sentiers de la Renaissance anglaise, par EMILE LEGOUIS. (Paris: H. Didier.)

Les Sonnets de Shakespeare. Essai d'une interprétation en vers français.—I.—CAHIERS DE LA QUINZAINE. (Paris: 8 Rue de la Sorbonne.)

ENGLISH poetry, like English paintings, has been until recent years sadly neglected in France. Shakespeare, Milton, Ossian (!), Byron, with possibly Pope, were the only poets known. The late Professor Beljame, by his lectures and translations, did a good deal to popularise the poets of the nineteenth century, notably Shelley and Tennyson. He left behind him in the Universities a steadily increasing band of workers, Hovelake, Angellier, Legouis, Derocquigny, Morel, to mention only a few, who have published studies on English literature that no scholar can afford to ignore. Quite recently M. Legouis, who is already well-known for his masterly translations of Wordsworth, has formed a joint-stock company of translators, who have undertaken the formidable task of turning Chaucer into French. Two issues of the *Revue Germanique* have been monopolised by the translators, and there is still more to come. Thanks to the liberality of the French Academy a certain portion of the Prix Langlois has been assigned to the work, and it is earnestly hoped that in a month or two the whole of the Canterbury Tales will have appeared in a French dress. Considering Chaucer's immense debt to French literature it seems remarkable that this act of poetic justice has so long been delayed. It is true there exists a translation by the Chevalier de Chatelain, but this pedestrian version of the Pilgrim's ride is the merest Boileau and water, with everything typically Chaucerian carefully "steam-rolled" out of it. M. Legouis has apparently accorded his assistants a wide discretion in the interpretation of their task. It is, of course, difficult to hit the happy mean between a modern and mediæval style. We understand one realist among the translators, who would have probably pleased the late Samuel Butler, proposed to render our host as "Notre Amphitryon"! Too great an affectation of archaism would likewise be a mistake. The majority of translators appear to have aimed at a sort of Butcher and Lang style, slightly archaic, but always intelligible. None of the translators have attempted a version in rhyme, but in many cases an effort has been made to reproduce the sense of rhythm by translating into verses of ten or twelve feet, and by observing the cæsura. It seems rather invidious to pick and choose among so many excellent interpreters, but the Prologue by M. Cazamian and the *Conte du Meunier* by M. Delcourt seem to us especially successful, while the *Conte de l'Intendant* by M. Derocquigny reads like an original work. This is no doubt due in part to his unrivalled knowledge of Norman-English, which has so often been placed at the service of the Oxford Dictionary. M. Derocquigny's renderings remind us at every moment of the vividness, the energy, the sly

and broad humour, with its whiffs of mediæval middens of the author of *Maître Patelin* and of Rabelais, with the ease and flow of the *Contes*, of La Fontaine, whose reticences at times he happily copies.

Not content with introducing Chaucer to his countrymen, M. Legouis has recently published a series of studies in translation entitled, *Dans les Sentiers de la Renaissance anglaise*. Avoiding for the most part the highways of Elizabethan poetry, he takes his readers by a series of cross-roads and by-ways for a delightful ramble from Sidney to Herrick and Herbert, not the least charming part of the stroll being the indications he gives when passing from one poet to another. There has always been a very widespread half-truth current concerning French that it is a language into which re-translation in verse is practically impossible. Englishmen are, however, always ready to capitulate before a fact. Let them read M. Legouis's renderings and then decide. Our mind, we must confess, is already made up. Here is a scholar who has gone behind his Boileau and his Racine straight to the sources of the *Pléiade*. He writes in a style that recalls the unaffected ease and grace of Ronsard and du Bellay. In method he reminds us of Mr. Gilbert Murray. He takes the English phrase, and instead of servilely translating, he re-thinks it in French. Take for instance his translation of Sidney's extraordinarily modern "Bosquet de cruelle Délices" (eighth song of *Astrophel and Stella*). It may, by the way, introduce the English poem to some of the readers of *THE ACADEMY*. The former, on account of its length, is not nearly so well known as it should be, owing to its comparative neglect by the makers of anthology, who are too much inclined to make their selections with a foot-rule. Here are the opening stanzas:

Dans un riche bosquet ombreux
Tout chantant d'oiseaux amoureux,
Quand Mai s'embaumait, jeune encore,
Des fleurs que ses pas font éclore,

Un jour Astrophel et Stella
Vinrent s'entre-consoler là :
Deux infortunes infinies,
Mais ivres d'être réunies.

Il est pâle d'un regret fou,
Elle, un joug vil mord son beau cou ;
Mais à se revoir, elle oublie
Son joug, lui sa mélancholie.

Ils avaient pleuré (ô douleurs !)
Et voici que sourient leurs pleurs :
Les yeux dirigés par les âmes
Echangent et croisent des flammes.

One would like to quote the whole. For lack of space, one can only give a few lines of the lover's appeal:

Oh ! accorde-moi—mais hélas !
Mes mots rentrent, ils n'osent pas—
Accorde—ô Dieu !—la peur m'opprime—
Mais prier ne peut être un crime ;—
Je t'en prie à genoux, Stella,
(Et sur la terre il s'agenouilla),
Que—pas moi—mais, si je t'adore,
L'heure ou le lieu pour moi t'implore !
L'air riant me donne raison ;
L'oiseau chante "C'est la saison !"
Est-il alcôve mieux fleurante ?
Est-il heure plus enivrante ?
Voici ce vent tiède se poser
Sur les feuilles et les baisser ;
Comme il fait chaque branche belle
Et souffle son désir en elle !
Le sol boit l'onde avec bonheur,
L'onde heureuse en le sol se meurt ;
Si les choses font tels échanges,
N'est-il de pitié chez les anges ?

Almost equally happy are M. Legouis's translations of the too little known sonnets of Spenser, notably of the one beginning:

Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace.

From Spenser he passes to the "dramatic" sonnets of that "megatherium" of the Elizabethan epoch,

Drayton. He lays alike under contribution and obligation, Campion, Carew, Suckling (*esprit gaulois*) and Herbert, forerunner of the pre-Raphaelites, subtly varying his style to suit the grave, or gay, realistic or mystic mood of each. With Herrick alone, with whom he ends this pleasant excursion, does he appear to be less successful. There is in the English, something ethereal, diaphanous, impalpable, that evaporates in the French version, due no doubt to the more precise, definite, and matter-of-fact nature of the French vocabulary, less rich in subtle shades of poetic meaning. At one period of the route M. Legouis ventures to stray into the beaten track, and translates several of the sonnets of Shakespeare. The following seems to us an admirable reproduction of the masculine note, so prominent in many of the sonnets. (Sonnet lxxi.):

Ne me pleurez pas plus longtemps après ma mort
Que ne résonnera la cloche rauque et sombre
Disant au monde vil qu'un plus vil encor
J'ai fui pour demeurer parmi les vers de l'ombre.
Oubliez, si ces mots alors vous relisez,
La main qui les traça, car je vous aime tant
Que je ne voudrais mort même en vos chers pensers
Si de penser de moi vous alliez attristant.
Oh ! dis-je, si jamais vous relisez ce mot
Quand ma chair ne fera plus qu'un avec la glaise,
N'allez point répéter mon pauvre nom tout haut,
Qu'avec moi votre amour enseveli se taise ;
De peur qu'après ma mort le monde aux yeux railleurs
Ne compte pas vos soupirs, ne me cherche en vos pleurs.

M. Legouis, in spite of his vigour, preserves a certain suavity, not to say sweetness, which admirably reproduces the undertone of the sonnets. M. Charles-Marie Garnier, to whom we owe a complete translation of the first part of the sonnets, with a promise of the rest, if less sensitive to the subtle and complex orchestration of Shakespeare, gives a singularly vigorous rendering of the dominant characteristics of his music. Unconsciously one thinks of instruments of brass and horns of iron, as one reads his spirited rendering of the xix. sonnet, that gauntlet flung in the face of Time. He has, indeed, recaptured some of the male vehemence of the poet of the sixteenth century, quite a different note from the often shrill and supersensitive violence of the *Châtiments*:

O, Temps, ronge au lion ses ongles acérés,
Rousse la terre à dévorer sa propre race ;
Brise au tigre cruel ses crocs de sang lustrés ;
Sur l'orgueilleux phénix de cent ans fais main basse.
Qu'en l'œil pur des saisons, les rires et les pleurs
Passent, quand passe, ô Temps, ta grande aile rapide,
Chasse de l'univers les parfums et les fleurs :
Soit, mais je te défends crime de régence !
Point ne laboureras le front de mon ami.
Point ne le rayeras de la plume alouvie ;
Tu laisseras intact et toujours raffermi
Ce moule de beauté renaissante et de vie.
Frappe à ton gré, vieillard, épuise ta rancœur :
Mon Amour par mes vers sera toujours vainqueur !

ROMA VALE!

The Life of Cavour. By EDWARD CADOGAN. (Smith, Elder and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

The Roman Journals of Ferdinand Gregorovius, 1852-1874. Edited by FRIEDRICH ALTHAUS and translated by MRS. GUSTAVUS W. HAMILTON. (Bell, 10s. 6d. net.)

Fuit Roma. They are knocking down the walls of Aurelian in order to raze the distinction between the Romans who live in the city and the suburban who live outside it. The snobbishness which calls Maida Vale and the Edgware Road "Hyde Park," and heads its notepaper "North Kensington" when it lives on the further side of Ladbroke Vale, is merely silly: it becomes criminal when it destroys what is not its own, but is held upon trust for the world. The Romans of

to-day—Romans no longer—have blocked up the approach to the Capitol—which is the world's, not theirs—with a monument, which they cannot afford to finish, in honour of a lascivious Savoyard, who, through no doing of his own, achieved the crown of the foreign kingdom of Italy. They have chosen the spot held sacred by prescription to the princes of the Church for the erection of a huge and insolent memorial to a melodramatic freebooter; and they have done their futile best to hide St. Peter's behind a modern hospital. *Fuit Roma*. In a few years there will be no telling it from Berlin or Birmingham. And it is no mere "despite of heart" and "love of havoc" with which Fame will tax these degenerate and unworthy men. The secret is a genuine hatred of a past they cannot understand, and a greatness they are unfit to appreciate:

Rome will forfeit the cosmopolitan, republican atmosphere which I have breathed here for eighteen years. She will sink into becoming the capital of the Italians, who are too weak for the great position in which our [i.e., the German] victories have placed them. . . . The Middle Ages have, as it were, been blown away by a tramontana, with all the historic spirit of the past; yes, Rome has completely lost its charm.

So wrote Ferdinand Gregorovius—the historian of the Rome whose decline and fall he saw with his own eyes—in November, 1870, and how true his words were any who know the Rome of to-day will realise. What Gregorovius foresaw as inevitable has been hurried on much faster than he could have expected, by the ignorance and jealousy of foes more ruthless than Goth or Gaul.

Gregorovius was a Liberal, a Protestant, and a German; but he was a poet, and he had a mind sensitive to the charm of the Middle Ages, if blind to the good and the true in the system whose death struggles he watched. He hated the temporal power; but he thought very little of the brand-new kingdom. He scorned Pio Nono (it is needless to say that he despised Antonelli), and judged him without regard to the unique circumstances of his position; but he was not taken in by Garibaldi:

Garibaldi has become a romantic sentimentalist. After having been led like a show lion through drawing-rooms by a string of roses, Garibaldi was to leave England yesterday.

Such are the terms in which he refers to the red-shirted hero. "Unfortunate Garibaldi!" is all he has to say of the leader who fled after the defeat of Mentana; while of his followers led captive in triumph past the Quirinal he draws a vivid picture, which combines the warmest sympathy with his matchless power of description.

It is due to the complex character of Gregorovius that we find his diary (which has been extremely well translated by Mrs. Hamilton) one of the most fascinating books recently published. His reverence for the past, kept sane and cool by a shrewd judgment; his German sentimentality, reined in by vast erudition and a keen sense of dignity in himself and other people; his passionate love of Rome, joined to his almost as passionate love of what he knew by the name of liberty (which was neither the "perfect freedom" nor the freedom at present enjoyed by the Italians)—all combine to make him an ideal observer of one of the most difficult and exciting periods of history. He entered Rome in 1852; he left it, in tears, in 1874. We have only to think what had happened in the interval to see how marvellous a field was this for an acute observer and a vivid writer. Out of all the historic things which he saw "from the inside," it is possible now only to take one example, though any one must seem inadequate:—

Rome, Palm Sunday (1861).

Was present to-day at the ceremony in St. Peter's. My place was immediately beside the Tribune, where sat the whole family of the dethroned King of Naples. Francis II. looked bored and misanthropic. His demeanour was unconstrained, neither military nor princely: he looks older than his years. Queen Maria pale and

suffering. . . . The entire Royal party appeared in St. Peter's like a little heap of withered leaves. . . . Francis II. ascended the steps of the Papal throne and knelt to receive the palm. A dethroned king receiving the palm of resignation at the hands of a falling Pope is a sight of historic value.

While Gregorovius sat in his rooms high up in a house in "the street which almost bore his name," or dived in libraries, or walked the turbulent or empty streets, far in the north—in what was practically a foreign land—the man to whom all that Gregorovius saw was mainly due, was writing, speaking, cajoling, plotting, and brow-beating to bring about the vast change which, in all honesty, he believed to be to the advantage of Italy and mankind. It is impossible, whatever one's shade of opinion, not to respect and admire Cavour. The mind turns away disgusted from the extravagance of Mazzini, the sentimental postures of Garibaldi, to rest on Cavour's masterly statesmanship with admiration. The man who used France as Cavour used her, keeping her friendship against fearful odds, in order that he might squeeze it dry; the man who could make use even of Garibaldi, could appropriate all the good he did and disclaim responsibility for all the harm; the man who forced Turin on the Congress of Paris, and even jockeyed D'Azeglio out of the post of plenipotentiary; the man under whose rule a negligible, poverty-stricken little kingdom was exalted into the *crux* of all Europe, was obviously no sentimental adventurer, no shrieking revolutionary, but a statesman of genius. Cavour was strong enough to be mean, and Mr. Cadogan, whose temperate, sound biography is an admirable piece of work, simply wastes trouble in trying to pretend that the affair of D'Azeglio was anything but a master stroke of deceit. And, unpleasant as all such characters cannot fail to be, there is so much that was admirable in Cavour the man, besides what was powerful in Cavour the statesman, that one cannot but regard his death as a calamity, not only for himself, but for the kingdom he formed. "He died," says Gregorovius, "like Moses on Mount Nebo, his face turned to the promised land, which he was not to enter." It would have been well for his Israelites had he lived. Cavour would have found some way out of the deadlock: since his day there has been no statesman able to grapple with the difficulty. He would have eased the surrender and prevented the spoliation of the Papacy he loved, as a spiritual force, with all the reforming ardour of Rosmini. *Fuit Roma*. He made it the capital of his kingdom. But he cannot be blamed for the ignorance and spite of those who are unworthy to inherit what he won for them.

THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC

Studies in the History of Venice. By HORATIO F. BROWN. Two volumes. (John Murray, 18s. net.)

THE historian of Venice is confronted with certain initial difficulties. The magnitude of the subject is bewildering, and there are not wanting the elements of paradox. For Venice is unique among the cities of the world in that, with the oldest and proudest aristocracy in Europe, she based her claims to greatness chiefly upon her commercial enterprise. The trading instinct has, indeed, characterised her citizens from the earliest times. It tempered even the chivalry of the mediæval Crusaders, who returned from the Holy Land laden with costly spoils. It formed the basis of that sense of civic responsibility which became the distinguishing note of the Venetian Republic. To the ideal of the State all private interests and ambitions were subordinated. Unlike Rome, Florence and Assisi, Venice is less a city of great names than of great movements. She boasts no Michel Angelo, no Dante, no St. Francis. Her triumphs lay in the good government of her citizens, in her freedom from attack.

in the expansion of her trade. Deeply tinged with the spirit of the Orient—her very churches betray the influence of Byzantium—she never absorbed that fatalist philosophy which has proved so detrimental to the great civilisations of the East. From the beginnings of her history to her final overthrow by Napoleon Bonaparte, she preserved a continuity of tradition which the stormiest vicissitudes and the bloodiest revolutions were unable to impair.

The English student of Venetian history owes a debt of deep and lasting gratitude to the labours of Mr. Horatio Brown. Alike as an original investigator and as the translator of Molmenti, Mr. Brown has done more than any contemporary writer to interpret the Queen of the Adriatic to English readers. His latest book consists of a series of careful studies in some of the outstanding events in Venetian history. Ten of the essays included in these volumes had already appeared in "Venetian Studies"—a work, unfortunately, now out of print. They have all, however, been revised in the light of subsequent research.

A diligent study of contemporary documents has led Mr. Brown to dissent somewhat violently from the traditional standpoint on more than one topic. In his illuminating paper on the conspiracy of Marino Falier, for instance, he demonstrates with convincing force the falsity of that view which sees in the ducal conspirator a liberator endeavouring to free his subjects from an intolerable tyranny—a conception which we owe mainly to Byron. Following Signor Lazzarini, Mr. Brown proves that the Doge was actuated throughout by motives of private revenge, and that, from the moment of its inception, the conspiracy was due to failure. There was no public sentiment behind it. The personality of the chief actor in the tragedy has invested the movement with an entirely fictitious importance. It looms far larger in the popular imagination than the conspiracy of Bajamonte Tiepolo, though, as Mr. Brown very justly says "the one created the Council of Ten, while the other merely demonstrated its supremacy."

An even more interesting paper is the one on Political Assassination. Venice has earned an unenviable notoriety as a city of assassins. But Venice has always had her enemies, and, in every age, there have been those who have not scrupled to attack the Republic with a venomous and unwarrantable malignity. An acquaintance with the actual facts of the case does not tend to the impression that life was less secure in Venice than in any other great capital, during the period when political assassination was regarded as a convenience rather than as a crime. The age was not conspicuous for its nicety in these matters. An enemy to the State was a public menace, and his removal, by whatever means, became a subject of prime consideration. The instruments employed were not the cleanest: the tools of statesmen seldom are. But the professional murderer multiplied and flourished—in Venice, as elsewhere. Mr. Brown has unearthed a curious tariff tendered by Brother John, of Ragusa, to the Council of Ten. It runs as follows:

On the 14th December, 1513, the said Brother John of Ragusa presented himself to the Presidents of the Ten, and declared that he would work wonders in killing any one they chose by certain means of his own invention, and therefore begs: First, that on the success of his experiment he shall receive one thousand five hundred ducats a year for life; secondly, that if the noble lords wish him to operate on anyone else, the annuity shall be raised in a sum to be agreed upon.

The Council were graciously pleased to close with the offer, and there followed a scale of prices:

For the Grand Turk, 500 ducats; for the King of Spain (exclusive of travelling expenses), 150 ducats; for the Duke of Milan, 60 ducats; for the Marquis of Mantua, 50 ducats; for his Holiness, only 100 ducats. As a rule, the longer the journey and the more valuable the life, the higher would be the price.

It is impossible, within the brief limits of a review, to bestow more than a cursory glance at the contents

of these two volumes. We may, however, commend, as especially worthy of notice, the essay on "Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus," the brilliant and scholarly lecture on Paolo Sarpi, and the short paper on "Shakespeare and Venice," which is a model of exegetical criticism.

There are a few minor misprints. It is only fair, for instance, to assume that when the author represents the Turkish slave-girl Dorotea as saying:—(ii.-156) "Monsignor Bianchetti, chamberlain to Pope Gregory, was my sponsor at the front," the word *font* is intended.

GENIUS LOCI

The Sentimental Traveller. By VERNON LEE. (Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)

AGE may have its special charm and dignity. It has been written somewhere that the beauty of old age declares the triumph of the spirit. That beauty is rare, but very precious and encouraging. Moreover, it has this peculiarity, common in a less degree to all forms of beauty—namely, that it is only apparent to a very few. A certain reverence is necessary for its appreciation, and a greater self-elimination than is required to see other forms of beauty. That point is illustrated in "The Princess and the Goblin," one of the most delightful fairy tales that have ever been written. Not everyone could find the old staircase that led through deserted rooms to the garret chamber where lived that very old princess, Irene's great-great-grandmother. In reading this volume of notes on places by Vernon Lee, it is impossible not to be reminded of that exquisite old princess. Vernon Lee writes with a kind of graceful intimacy, and takes you into her confidence with dignity. There is nothing querulous, nothing acid, nothing pompous in what she writes or in her manner of writing. All is sweet and gentle, and touched with that indefinable grace which age alone can lend. Very soon you hear the low tones of her voice, you see "the great brow and the spirit-small hand propping it," you watch for the smile of pleasure at a happy expression, and the various movements of her face as she shows the humour, or the beauty, or the pathos of some matter. For you cannot but feel in the company of a very distinguished and very beautiful old lady. You cannot but listen to her words with reverence. And she is speaking about her favourite subject, what she calls the Genius Loci, the spirit that inhabits different places, and to whose influence she has grown more and more sensitive, more and more alive as the years have advanced upon her. She has travelled much and seen many places, always in her own way, always remaining quietly, firmly individual:

The places for which we feel such love are fashioned, before we see them, by our wishes and fancy; we recognise rather than discover them in the world of reality; and this power of shaping, or at least seeing, things to suit our heart's desire comes not of facility and surfeit, but of repression and short commons.

So, when she is talking of Wernigerode, she tells how she and her friend climbed the Poor Folks' Hill, and dusk overtook them as they conversed among the hills about Stevenson and the romantic parts of Meredith; how, coming suddenly upon the lights of the little town, it seemed an adventure had happened to them, and, having lit the porcelain stove, they read the Walpurgis Night and Faust's Death in the twopenny edition. And that reminds her of another memorable evening at Dessau, when she was suffering from a persistent cold, and the same friend tended her:

with temperate punch and the "Letters of Goethe and Bettina." Was the punch really as hot and as fragrant of lemon? Are those letters really so marvellous a brew of finest lyricism, humour, and romance?

She remembers how they talked and how they seemed to partake of all the finest qualities of Goethe and Bettina, and wonders whether her memory has played her false. Then answers the question with a little sigh and a half smile of sad amusement, saying:

Alas! we are, habitually, none of us one-half as interesting or appreciative or wise or childish, as lovable and loving—in a word, as happy—as we have it in us to be. And the dear Spirit of Localities, taking our shape by turns (as mocking elves were wont), did, after all, perhaps merely reveal our real self to ourselves and each other. And surely that is one of the most interesting recollections we can bring back from foreign travel.

And so she continues to talk with the same whimsical charm and precision. Whether we agree or differ with what she says is of small account. We listen with delight and out of courtesy which her manner compels, leaving our own standpoint, where necessary, and looking, as it were, with her eyes, we come to see much that is beautiful and some things which we might have missed.

Perhaps she is gentlest and most attractive (most her real self, if we may plagiarise an expression) when she is writing about the chapel of the sick children at Berck, which stands among the sandhills by the sea. She tells you what the place meant to her, and how M. Albert Besnard has expressed that meaning on the walls of the little chapel which stands among the sand-dunes, out of joy at his child's recovery, healed by the doctors of the great hospital at Berck. She feels the forces of perdition and redemption arrayed against each other at Berck with singular distinctness:

The poverty, brutality, overwork and shame of the great cities, which send out cargoes of such poor little half-living refuse; on the other side the tender skill of hand, the disciplined intuition, the impersonal motherly love, which say *No* to all such horrors; and the cleansing sea-tides and winds, the quickening sunshine among the sands which add their steady elemental *No* to the faltering human one.

And she goes on to explain how these forces fuse themselves quite naturally into visible symbols; and she describes the frescoes which M. Besnard painted. You see the gleam in her eyes as she says, quite quietly:

All evil is disease, begotten of ignorance and indifference; and the double holiness of heart and mind shall rise up and cast it forth from the world of mortal men.

Age has lent her added grace and dignity, and has taken away none of the hopefulness and vitality which are supposed to belong to youth.

MISADVENTURES AMONG MASTERPIECES

Through the Magic Door. BY A. CONAN DOYLE.
(Smith Elder, 5s.)

SIR CONAN DOYLE tells a curious story in this book "of one of several incidents in my life which have convinced me of spiritual interposition—of the promptings of some beneficent force outside ourselves, which tries to help us where it can." The particular occasion of this "perfectly marvellous" declaration of faith is that, by a piece of singular good fortune which he cannot believe to be of the nature of a mere coincidence, he was once prevented from writing a story which Maupassant had already written. Whereat he is constrained to aver, in a sudden illumination of charity: "The old Catholic doctrine of the Guardian Angel is not only a beautiful one, but has in it, I believe, a real basis of truth."

Well, we are not sure that this "spiritual interposition" (why so vague?) was not a little unnecessary. Why should one of our most popular novelists, author

of seven-and-twenty books, shrink from competition with Maupassant? Surely he is something too modest. And further, if it be not a profane meddling with profoundest mysteries, why was there no "spiritual interposition, prompting of some beneficent force" when "Through the Magic Door" was darkly suggested to him? The Magic Door, we may explain, after glancing at the frontispiece, is apparently the door of Sir Conan Doyle's study. We believe the contents of the book have already appeared in one of the magazines. This we mention in justice to the author—but after all, why trouble about it when the author is not particular, in justice to himself, to mention it? Indeed, we are thinking that in justice to himself he would not have published the book at all. There are a dozen "chats about books," the "chatty" nature of which you are to understand, we presume, by the slovenliness of the style. For that style there is, we think, just one word which will describe it exactly and which the author will be quick to appreciate; the style is "slack."

From the extract already given it will be guessed that Sir Conan Doyle has distilled his criticism through the medium of his own personality. It is essentially personal criticism, though we fancy he would disclaim the title of critic; but if we do not take him as critic we don't know how to take him. And the best critics, Arnold, Pater, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, have always made criticism personal. Sir Conan's is genially personal, as when he says of Borrow: "My word, what English the fellow could write!"—though in Borrow's case it is sometimes more to the point to say, what English he *did* write. Or it is intimately and deliciously personal as when, in a tribute to Macaulay, from whose essays he has had most pleasure and profit, he recalls the time when Macaulay's tomb was:—

the one great object of interest which London held for me. And so it might well be when I think of all I owe him. It is not merely the knowledge and stimulation of fresh interests, but it is the charming gentlemanly tone, the broad liberal outlook, the general absence of bigotry and of prejudice.

This confession of personal qualities has the frankness of Montaigne, and even more than Montaigne's indiscretion. Perhaps it is a little lofty of Sir Conan to claim "charming gentlemanly tone"; but how thankful we must be for the "broad liberal outlook," etc.

Of our author as critic we fear we cannot speak so highly. The instinct which in Sherlock Holmes was so swift and unerring is here at fault; and, playing Dr. Watson to Sir Conan, we are reluctantly betrayed into a suspicion of his intuitions. The range of the book, says the publisher, "is very broad, for there is no branch of literature which is not discussed. Above all, it is not pedantic, but companionable and human." Doubtless they are pedantic people who hold a special or unique regard for Charles Lamb as one of the finest and wisest spirits, for our literary Sherlock has discovered an essayist to be put above Lamb—"because there is a flavour of actual knowledge and of practical acquaintance with the problems and affairs of life, which is lacking in the elfin Londoner. Both are exquisite, but—is for ever touching some note which wakes an answering vibration within my own mind." Who is it? you ask with alert astonishment. It is Oliver Wendell Holmes, the immortal detective's namesake and—surely!—intellectual compeer. It is in Holmes—the American one—that "the lightest and deftest touch is found"; in witness whereof you are given a page of the autocrat's colourless platitude.

You will not now be surprised to learn that a faulty passage from Mr. F. T. Bullen is quoted as an example of "the music of prose," a passage in which you hear of "coruscating clusters of countless stars" and a vapour that "clung clammily." You will not be surprised to hear that our author "has a strong belief in the critical discernment of the public" and does

not think good work is ever overlooked. Who can speak more confidently on this than the author of "The Sign of Four?" You will not be surprised to hear that the "Lives of the Poets," that fine body of powerful writing and generally powerful sense, "are no more than a succession of prefaces;" that Sir Conan Doyle "has no great sympathy with Sterne's 'finicky' methods;" that though Hawthorne has never appealed in the highest degree to him and is dismissed in six irrevocable lines, the unhappy Hawthorne's portrait yet forms one of the embellishments of the book; or that, in asserting a resemblance between Macaulay and Scott (in a comparison of their poetry), he says, with equal elegance and acuteness, "The machines must be alike when the products are so similar." You will not, in short, be surprised at the whole book.

Do not think the author has a light view of his responsibility in calling the world to "The Magic Door." On the vital question of an artist's subject-limitation he says:—"We are of our own age and must live *up* to it." Who more competent to speak of the needs of our own age? If we have dealt at more length than may seem necessary with a book that, critically, may be called parasitic, it is because it affords curious evidence of the intellectual competence of a very popular figure in current literature. That he is popular is nothing to us, since it does not affect the merit of his essay in criticism. What is to the point is that a novelist of some contemporary prestige should use that prestige in behalf of a book which is, to speak generously, of the very smallest value. We need not repeat that the style is bad; that of itself is hardly pertinent to the question; Professor Saintsbury's style is bad. But what we do expect is that such a volume as this shall provide in itself and apart from its author's reputation some plain and powerful justification for itself. "Through the Magic Door," however, contains nothing of value; with the possible exception of a chapter on prize-fighters and another on Napoleonic memoirs, it contains nothing of interest. It is purely parasitic. In justice to himself, the author, we would say again—but there! our belief in guardian angels, at any rate in Sir Conan Doyle's, is sadly shaken.

THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS

What is Religion? By WILHELM BOUSSET. Translated by F. B. Low. (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.)

IN this brilliant book Professor Bousset addresses himself primarily neither to students nor theologians. His appeal is to all who care about religion, to all who "feel within themselves at least a questioning and a seeking after this side of life." Only those who hold that religion is "merely fantasy created by man's urgent impulse and an illusion" can fail to find a fruitful source of inspiration in the volume. Professor Bousset writes as an ardent believer in Christianity. To him not only is Christianity the highest point reached, but "in it all former lines of religious thought appear to converge." He discards entirely the old idea so long clung to by theologians that to Judaism alone had Christianity any affinity. He aims at showing that all forms of religion contain phases of God's revelation to man. The beliefs of the past were not base and degrading superstitions, full of falsehood from beginning to end. They were the germs from which the truth sprang. They were Christianity in the making. Religion passed through many stages before it culminated in the Christian faith, and in order to understand it in all its aspects, we must look at it in its infancy and youth as well as maturity. It is only by means of a comprehensive survey such as this that

we are in a position to attempt to answer the question as to what religion really is. Professor Bousset lays down the proposition

that the whole religious life of man and his history springs from the work and action of God by means of which He draws men individually from error to truth, from imperfection to perfection, from egoism to fraternity, from the sensual to the moral, from the natural to the spiritual, and attracts them to Himself.

Starting with the most primitive condition of mind wherein the difference between man and the animal is not felt, when men are depicted as descended from animals, animals change into men and men into animals, the author proceeds to show that even in the crudest and most savage ideas lie the fixed belief that death is not the end of all things. From fetish worship and ancestor worship sprang the tribal life. National life is created by the union of different tribes and with the idea of nationality comes the death of savagery. But "the basis of national life is the basis of polytheism." As tribal distinctions fade the gods remain. Separate provinces of the national life are assigned to the separate gods according to their character. Thus the divinity of the conquering tribe remains the god of war and probably the god of the conquered tribe is considered the god of shepherd and peasant life. In forming an estimate of religion based on national life, Professor Bousset uses as concrete examples the Babylonian and the Greek religions. The Babylonian Pantheon had its Trinity who stood at the head of all its other gods. The relation of man to the godhead in the Babylonian religion is that of complete subjection. The author quotes from the litanies which have been collected under the name of the Babylonian Penitential Psalms, extracts which bear striking resemblances to the Old Testament Psalms. A great many hymns and songs have come down to us in which the believers acknowledge their sins and implore the god to show mercy:

I, Thy servant, full of sighs, call upon Thee,
I am a sinner, whose ardent entreaty Thou wilt accept;
Like the doves do I moan, I am o'ercome with sighing,
With lamentation and groaning my spirit is downcast.

Professor Bousset claims that the Greek religion stood indisputably highest among the national religions. It afforded the most striking example of a national life, permeated through and through with religion. And so through all the religions of polytheism "everywhere we are conscious of broken rays of a Divine nature which shine into the hearts of men; broken rays certainly, but rays of Divine majesty and glory, of Divine goodness and charity." Professor Bousset divides the religions of the world into religions of the law, of which Judaism and Islamism are the chief examples, and religions of the Redemption, which are best represented by Buddhism and Christianity. He does not discover in Buddhism any elements likely to appeal to the Western world:

The work of the world and the morality developed from it lies only on the outside of Buddhism. All this is regarded, as it were, as subordinate, the central idea and the final object remaining "flight from the world." Thus in attracting constantly the best and most profound minds, in calling away from the work of the world those who are striving upwards and aspiring to the higher life, by showing them the gate of deliverance, Buddhism has contributed at the same time to stagnation; for wherever it is the dominating religion, civilisation and morality have stood still, have remained in a state of torpor and sunk deeper and deeper into spiritual death.

It is, then, to Christianity that we shall turn, for as Professor Bousset concludes: "What we have learned in the course of our wanderings through the history of religion is precisely this fact, that the Christian religion is absolutely superior to all the other religions, and that Christianity represents the highest point which religious development has reached."

THE ACADEMY

JANUARY 25, 1908

EDUCATION

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM

THE boys vanished, and Mr. Horbury returned to his task: he was editing a selection called "English Literature for Lower Forms." He began to read from the slips that he had prepared:—

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse.

He stopped and set a figure by the last word, and then on a blank slip, with a corresponding letter, he repeated the figure, and wrote the note:—

Lyonesse = the Scilly Isles.

Then, he took a third slip and wrote the question:—

Give the ancient name of the Scilly Isles.

These serious labours employed him till twelve o'clock. He put the materials of his book away as the clock struck, and solemnly mixed himself his nightly glass of whisky and soda—in the day-time he never touched spirits—and lit the one cigar which he smoked in the twenty-four hours. The stings of the Head's sherry and of his conversation no longer burned within him; time, work, and the bite of the cane in Meyrick's flesh had soothed his spirit, and he set himself to dream, leaning back in his arm-chair, watching the cheerful fire.

He was thinking of what he would do when he succeeded to the Headmastership. Already there were rumours that Chesson had refused the Bishopric of St. Dubric's in order that he might be free to accept Dorchester, which, in the nature of things, must soon be vacant. Horbury had no doubt that the Headmastership would be his; he had influential friends who assured him that the trustees would not hesitate for an instant. Then he would show the world what an English public school could be made. In five years, he calculated, he would double the numbers. He saw the coming importance of the modern side, and especially of science. Personally, he detested "stinks," but he knew what an effect he would produce with a great laboratory fitted with the best appliances, under the charge of a highly qualified master. Then again, a great gymnasium must be built; there must be an engineer's shop, too, and a carpenter's as well. And people were beginning to complain that a public school education was of no use in the City; there must be a business master, an expert from the Stock Exchange, who would see that this reproach was removed. Then he considered that a large number of the boys belonged to the land-owning class; why should a country gentleman be at the mercy of his agent, forced for lack of technical knowledge to accept statements he could not check? It was clear that the management of land and great estates must have its part in the scheme; and again, the best known of the crammers must be bought on his own terms, so that boys wishing to get into the Army or Civil Service would be, practically, compelled to come to Lupton. Already he saw paragraphs in the *Guardian* and the *Times*—in all the papers—paragraphs which mentioned the fact

that 95 per cent. of the successful candidates for the Indian Civil Service had received their education at the foundation of "stout old Martin Rolle." Meanwhile, in all this flood of novelty the old traditions should be maintained with more vigour than ever. The classics should be taught as they had never been taught. Every one of the masters on this side should be in the highest honours, and, if possible, he would get famous men for the work—they should not merely be good, but also notorious scholars. Gee, the famous explorer in Crete, who had made an enormous mark in regions widely removed from the scholastic world by his wonderful book, "Daedalus: or, The Secret of the Labyrinth," must come to Lupton at any price; and Maynard, who had discovered some important Greek manuscripts in Egypt, he must have a form, too. Then there was Randall, who had done so well with his "Thucydides," and Davies, author of "The Olive of Athene," a daring but most brilliant book, which promised to upset the whole established theory of Mythology—he would have such a staff as no school had ever dreamed of. "We shall have no difficulty about paying them," thought Horbury, "our numbers will go up by leaps and bounds, and the fees shall be £500 a year—and such terms will do us more good than anything."

He went into minute detail. He must take expert advice as to the advisability of the school farming on its own account, and so supplying the boys with milk, meat, bread and butter, and vegetables at first cost. He believed it could be done; he would get a Scotch farmer from the Lowlands and make him superintendent at a handsome salary and with a share in the profits. There would be the splendid advertisement of "the whole dietary of the school supplied from the school farms under the supervision of Mr. David Anderson, formerly of Haddanneuk, the largest tenancy in the Duke of Ayr's estates." The food would be better, and cheaper, too; but there would be no luxury. The "Spartan" card was always worth playing; one must strike the note of plain living in a luxurious age; there must be no losing of the old public school severity. On the other hand, the boys' hands should be free to go into their own pockets—there should be no restraint here. If a boy chose to bring in *Dindonneau aux truffes* or *Pieds de Mouton à la Ste. Menehould* to help out his tea, that was his look-out. Why should not the school grant a concession to some big London firm who would pay handsomely for the privilege of supplying the hungry lads with every kind of expensive luxury? The sum could be justly made a large one; as any competing shops could be promptly put out of bounds, with reason or without it. On one side *Confiserie*, at the other counter *Charcuterie*; enormous prices could be charged to the wealthy boys of whom the school would be composed. Yet, on the other hand, the distinguished visitor—judge, bishop, peer, or whatnot—would lunch at the Headmaster's house and eat the boys' dinner and go away saying it was quite the plainest, and very nearly the best, meal he had ever tasted. There would be well-hung saddle of mutton, roasted, and not baked, floury potatoes and cauliflower, apple pudding and real English cheese,

with an excellent glass of the school beer, an honest and delicious beverage made of malt and hops in the well-found school brewery. Horbury knew enough of modern eating and drinking to understand that such a meal would be a choice rarity to nine rich people out of ten; and yet it was "Spartan," utterly devoid of luxury and ostentation.

Again, he passed from detail and minutiae into great Napoleonic regions. A thousand boys at £500 a year; that would be an income for the school of five hundred thousand pounds! The profits would be gigantic, immense; after paying large, even extravagant prices to the staff, after all building expenses had been deducted, he hardly dared to think how large a sum would accrue year by year to the trustees. The vision began to assume such magnificence that it became oppressive; it put on the splendour and delights of the haschisch dreams, which are too great and too piercing for mortal hearts to bear. And yet it was no mirage; there was not a step that could not be demonstrated, shown to be based on hard, matter-of-fact business considerations. He tried to keep back his growing excitement, to argue with himself that he was dealing in visions, but the facts were too obstinate. He saw that it would be his part to work the same miracle in the scholastic world as the great American storekeepers had operated in the world of retail trade. The principle was precisely the same: instead of a hundred small shops making comparatively lean and humdrum profits, you had the vast emporium doing business on the gigantic scale, with vastly diminished expenses and vastly increased rewards.

Here again was a hint. He had thought of America, and he knew that here was an inexhaustible gold-mine that no other scholastic projector had even dreamed of. The rich American was notoriously hungry for everything that was English, from frock-coats to pedigrees; he had never thought of sending his son to an English public school because he considered the system hopelessly behind the times. But the new translated Lupton would be to other public schools as a New York hotel of the latest fashion is to a village beershop; and yet the young millionaire would grow up in the company of English gentlemen, imbibing the unique culture of English life, while at the same time he enjoyed all the advantages of modern ideas, modern science, and modern business training. Land was still comparatively cheap at Lupton; the school must buy it quietly, indirectly, by degrees; and then pile after pile of vast buildings rose before his eyes; he saw the sons of the rich from all the ends of the world drawn to the great school, there to learn the great secret of the Anglo-Saxons.

Chesson was mistaken in that idea of his, which he thought daring and original, of establishing a distinct Jewish house, where the food should be "kosher." The rich Jew who desired to send his son to an English public school was, in nine cases out of ten, anxious to do so precisely because he wanted to sink his son's connection with Jewry in oblivion. He had heard Chesson talk of "our Christian duty to the seed of Israel" in this connection; the man was clearly a fool. No; the more Jews the better, but no Jewish house. And no Puseyism either; broad, earnest religious teaching, with a leaning to moderate Anglicanism should be the faith of Lupton. As to this, Chesson was certainly sound enough; he had always made a firm stand against Ecclesiasticism in any form. Horbury understood the average English parent of the wealthier classes thoroughly; he knew that though he generally calls himself a Churchman he is quite content to have his sons prepared for Confirmation by a confessed Agnostic; certainly this liberty must not be curtailed when Lupton became cosmopolitan. "We will retain all the dignified associations which belong to the Es-

tablished Church," he said to himself, "and at the same time we shall be utterly free from the taint of over-emphasis of dogmatic teaching." He had a sudden brilliant idea; everybody in Church circles was saying that the English bishops were terribly overworked, that it was impossible for the most strenuous men, with the best intentions, to supervise effectually the huge dioceses that had descended from the sparsely-populated England of the Middle Ages. Everywhere there was a demand for suffragans and more suffragans; in the last week's *Guardian* there were three letters on the subject, one from a clergyman in their own diocese. The bishop had been attacked by some rabid Ritualistic person, who had pointed out that nine out of every ten parishes had not so much as seen the colour of his hood ever since his appointment, ten years before. The Archdeacon of Melby had replied in a capital letter, scathing, yet humorous. Horbury turned to the paper on the table beside his chair and looked up the letter. "In the first place," wrote the archdeacon, "your correspondent does not seem to have realised that the *ethos* of the Diocese of Melby is not identical with that of sacerdotalism. The sturdy folk of the Midlands have not yet, I am thankful to say, forgotten the lessons of our Great Reformation; they have no wish to see a revival of the purely mechanical religion of the Middle Ages—of the system of a sacrificing priesthood and of sacraments efficacious *ex opere operato*. Hence they do not regard the Episcopate quite in the same light as your correspondent 'Senex,' who, it seems to me, looks upon a bishop as a sort of Christianised 'medicine-man,' endowed with certain mysterious powers which have descended to him by an (imaginary) spiritual succession. This was not the view of Hooker, nor, I venture to say, has it ever been the view of the really representative Divines of the Established Church of England. Still," the archdeacon went on, "it must be admitted that the present diocese of Melby is unwieldy, and it may be fairly said, unworkable." Then there followed the humorous anecdote of Sir Boyle Roche and the Bird, and finally the archdeacon emitted the prayer that God in His own good time would put it into the hearts of our rulers in Church and State to give their good bishop an episcopal curate.

Horbury got up from his chair and paced up and down the study; his excitement was so great that he could keep quiet no longer. His cigar had gone out long ago; and he had only sipped the whisky and soda. His eyes glittered with excitement; circumstances seemed positively to be playing into his hands, the dice of the world were being loaded in his favour; he was like Bel Ami at his wedding, he almost began to believe in Providence.

For he was sure it could be managed. There was a general feeling that no one man could do the work of the diocese; there must be a suffragan; and Lupton must give the new bishop his title. No other town was possible. Dunham had certainly been a see in the eighth century; but it was now little more than a village, served by a miserable little branch line, whereas Lupton was on the great main track of the Midland system, with easy connections to every part of the country. The archdeacon, who was also a peer, would undoubtedly become the first bishop of Lupton; and he should be the titular chaplain of the great school! "Chaplain: the Right Reverend Lord Selwyn, Lord Bishop of Lupton." Horbury gasped; it was too magnificent, too splendid. He knew Lord Selwyn quite well, and had no doubt as to his acceptance; he was a poor man, and there would be no difficulty whatever in establishing a *modus*. *Sunt certi denique fines*, he murmured to himself, thinking of Burke's translation of the line. The archdeacon was just the man for the place; he was no pedantic theologian, but a broad,

liberal-minded man of the world; Horbury remembered, almost with ecstasy, that he had lectured all over the United States with immense success, the American Press had been enthusiastic, and the First Congregational Church of Chicago had implored Selwyn to accept its call, preach what he liked, and pocket an honorarium of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. And on the other hand, what could the most orthodox desire safer than a chaplain who was not only a bishop but a peer of the realm? Wonderful! here were the three birds—Liberalism, Orthodoxy, and Reverence for the House of Lords—caught safe and secure in this one net.

The games? They should be maintained in all their glory, rather on an infinitely more splendid scale. Cricket and sticker (the Lupton hockey), rackets and fives should all be encouraged; and more, Lupton should be the only school to possess a tennis-court. The noble *jeu de paume*, the game of kings, the most aristocratic of all sports, should have a worthy home at Lupton; they would train champions, they would have both French and English markers skilled in the latest developments of the *chemin de fer* service. "Better than half a yard, I think," said Horbury to himself; "they will have to do their best to beat that."

But he placed more reliance on Rocker. This was the Lupton football, as ancient and distinctive in its way as the Eton wall-game. People have thought that the name is a sort of portmanteau word, a combination of "rugger" and "soccer," but in reality the title was derived from a field where the game used to be played in old days by the townsfolk. As in many other places, football at Lupton had been originally an excuse for a faction-fight between two parishes in the town—St. Michael's, the parish church, and St. Paul's-in-the-Fields. Every year, on Shrove Tuesday, the townsfolk, young and old, had proceeded to the town field and had fought out their differences with considerable violence. The field was broken land, a deep, sluggish stream crossed one edge of it, and in the middle there were quarries and jagged limestone rocks. Hence football was called in the old time "playing rocks," for, indeed, it was considered an excellent point of play to hurl a man on the other side over the edge of the quarry on to the rocks beneath, and so late as 1830 a certain Jonas Simpson of St. Michael's had had his spine broken in this way. However, as a boy from St. Paul's was drowned in the Wand on the same day, the game was always reckoned a draw. It was from the peculiarities of this old English sport that the school had constructed its game. The town field had, of course, long been stolen from the townsfolk and built over; but the boys had, curiously enough, perpetuated the tradition of its peculiarities in a kind of football ritual. For, besides the two goals, one part of the field was marked by a line of low white posts; these indicated the course of a nomenal Wand brook, and in the line of these posts it was lawful to catch an opponent by the throat and choke him till he turned black in the face—the best substitute for drowning that the revisers of the game could imagine. Again, about the centre of the field two taller posts indicated the position of the quarries, and between these you might be hit or kicked full in the stomach without the smallest ground for complaint, the stroke being a milder version of the old fall on the rocks. There are many other like amenities in Rocker, and Horbury held that it was by far the manliest variant of the game. For this pleasing sport he now designed a world-wide fame; Rocker should be played wherever the English flag floated. East and west, north and south, from Hong Kong to British Columbia, in Canada and New Zealand there should be the *repêvoi* of this great rite; and the traveller seeing the mystic enclosure, the two goals, the line of little posts mark-

ing "brooks," and the two poles indicating "quarries," should know English soil as surely as by the Union Jack. The technical terms of Rocker should become a part of the great Anglo-Saxon inheritance; the whole world should hear of "bully-downs" and "tokering," of "outsides" and "rammers." It would require working, but it was to be done: articles in the magazines and in the Press, perhaps a story of school life, a new "Tom Brown" must be written. The Midlands and the North must be shown that there was money in it, and the rest would be easy.

One thing troubled Horbury. His mind was full of the new and splendid buildings that were to be erected, but he was sure that antiquity counted for something, and unfortunately Lupton could show very little that was really antique. Forty years before, Stanley, the first reforming headmaster, had pulled down the old High School. There were prints of it; it was a half-timbered, fifteenth century building, with a dipping roof-line and an overhanging upper storey; there were dim, leaded windows, and a grey, arched porch—an ugly old barn Stanley called it. Scott was called in and built the present High School, a splendid hall in red brick, French thirteenth century, with Venetian detail, and it was much admired. But Horbury was sorry that the old school had been destroyed; he saw for the first time that it might have been made a valuable attraction. Then again, Dowsing, who succeeded Stanley, had knocked the Cloisters all to bits, there was only one side of the quadrangle left, and this had been boarded up and used as a gardener's shed. Horbury did not know what to think of the destruction of the Cross that used to stand in the centre of the quad.; no doubt Dowsing was right in thinking it superstitious still it might have been left as a curiosity and shown to visitors, just as the instruments of bygone cruelty—the rack and the Iron Maid—are preserved and exhibited to wondering sightseers. There was no real danger of any superstitious adoration of the Cross; it was, as a matter of fact, as harmless as the axe and block at the Tower of London. Stanley and Dowsing had been too hasty, they had ruined what might have been important assets in the exploitation of the school.

Still, perhaps the loss was not altogether irreparable. High School was gone, and could not be recovered; but the Cloisters might be restored, and the Cross, too. Horbury knew that most people thought that the monument in front of Charing Cross Railway Station was a genuine antique; why not get a good man to build them a Cross? Not like the old one, of course; that "Fair Roode with our Dere Ladie Saint Marie and Saint John, and below, the Stories of the Blissful Saints and Angels"—that would never do. But a vague, Gothic erection, with plenty of kings and queens, imaginary benefactors of the school, and a small cast-iron cross at the top; that would give no offence to anybody, and might pass with nine people out of ten as a genuine remnant of the Middle Ages. It could be made of soft stone and allowed to weather for a few years, then a coat of invisible anti-corrosive fluid would preserve carvings and imagery that would already appear venerable in decay. There was no need to make any precise statements; parents and the public might be allowed to draw their own conclusions.

Horbury was neglecting nothing. He was building up a great scheme in his mind, and to him it seemed that every detail was worth attending to, while at the same time he did not lose sight of the whole effect. He believed in finish, there must be no rough edges. It seemed to him that a school legend must be invented. The real history was not quite what he wanted, though it might work in with a more decorative account of Lupton's origins. One might use the *textus receptus* of Martin Rolle's foundation—the bequest of land c. 1430 to build and maintain a school where a hundred

boys should be taught grammar, and ten poor scholars and six priests should pray for the founder's soul. This was well enough, but one might hint that Martin Rolle really re-founded and re-endowed a school of Saxon origin, probably established by King Alfred himself in Luppā's Tun. Then again, who could show that Shakespeare had not visited Lupton? His famous schoolboy, "creeping like snail unwillingly to school," might very possibly have been observed by the poet as he strolled by the banks of the Wand. Many famous men might have received their education at Lupton; it would not be difficult to make a plausible list of such. It would be necessary to give currency to such phrases as, "it has always been a tradition at Lupton that Sir Walter Raleigh received part of his education at the school;" or again, "an earlier generation of Luptonians remembered the initials W.S. S. on A. cut deeply in the mantel of old High School, now unfortunately demolished." Antiquarians would laugh? Possibly; but who cared about antiquarians? For the average man "Charing" was derived from "chère reine," and he loved to have it so, and Horbury intended to appeal to the average man. Though he was a schoolmaster he was no recluse, and he had marked the ways of the world from his quiet study in Lupton; hence he understood the immense value of a grain of quackery in all schemes which are meant to appeal to mortals. It was a deadly mistake to suppose that anything which was *all* quackery would be a success—a permanent success at any rate—it was a deadlier mistake still to suppose that anything quite devoid of quackery could pay handsomely. The average English palate would shudder at the flavour of *aioli*, but it would be charmed by the insertion of that *petit point d'ail* which turned mere goodness into triumphant and laurelled perfection. And there was no need to mention the word "garlic" before the guests. Lupton was not going to be all garlic; it was to be infinitely the best scholastic dish that had ever been served, the ingredients should be unsurpassed, and unsurpassable. But—King Alfred's foundation of a school at Luppā's Tun, and that "W.S. S. on A." cut deeply on the mantel of the vanished High School—these, and legends like unto them, these would be the last touch, *le petit point d'ail*.

It was a great scheme, wonderful and glorious, and the most amazing thing about it was that it was certain to be realised. There was not a flaw from start to finish; the trustees were certain to appoint him—he had that from a sure quarter—and it was but a question of a year or two, perhaps only of a month or two, before all this great and glorious vision should be converted into hard and tangible fact. Horbury wondered how Columbus felt as he saw at last the shores of his dreams take solid shape and rise above the deep weltering seas. He drank off his glass of whisky and soda, it had become flat and brackish, but to him it was nectar, since it was flavoured with ecstasy.

He frowned suddenly as he went upstairs to his room. An unpleasant recollection had intruded for a moment on his amazing fantasy; but he dismissed the thought as soon as it arose. That was all over, there could be no possibility of trouble from that direction; and so, his mind filled with glowing images, he fell asleep, and saw Lupton as the centre of the whole world, like Jerusalem in the ancient maps.

A student of the deep things of mysticism has detected a curious element of comedy in the management of human concerns; and there certainly seems a touch of humour in the fact that on this very night, while Horbury was building the splendid Lupton of the future, the whole palace of his thought and his life was shattered for ever into bitter dust and nothingness; the dread arrest had been solemnly preconised, and that wretched canonry at Wareham was irrevocably

pronounced for doom. Fantastic were the elements and forces that had gone to the ordering of this great sentence; raw corn-spirit in the guise of sherry, the impertinence (or what seemed such) of an elderly clergyman, a boiled leg of mutton, a troublesome and disobedient boy, and—another person.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

SCHOOL BOOKS

It is difficult to believe that any new Latin Grammar for schools is needed. The "Public School Primer," in its various editions, has served so many generations of school-boys that any other exposition of the Latin tongue seems superfluous to those for whom "Common are to either sex" is a classic. Of more advanced grammars there are not a few; but the "First Latin Grammar," by Messrs. E. H. Scott and Frank Jones (Blackie and Son, 2s.), is, as its name implies, intended for beginners. We have no difficulty in admitting the force of its claims. It is admirably arranged, the thick type is judiciously distributed, and the extensive table of propositions, with examples of their use, is a valuable feature of the book. Two good ideas also are the blank columns for the insertion by the learner of examples of verbs of the various types, and the addition to the alphabetical list of verbs of English derivatives so selected as to aid the memorisation of the principal parts. There is a good index. Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. publish "Aeneae Facta et Fata," by Dr. E. Vernon Arnold (n.p.). This is an attractive little book of selections from the Aeneid with a good introduction, a somewhat lengthy classified vocabulary, and grammar, with some notice of the history of Latin hexameter verse. There are also exercises based upon the text. There are many line illustrations, chiefly drawn from sculptural sources, and a couple of highly coloured and highly imaginative illustrations from the sack of Troy. The book is ingenious, in that it is practically a self-contained elementary "Latin book."

"Cicero in Catilinam, ii. and iv.," by Ralph Harvey, M.A., is published by Hachette and Co. (1s. 6d.). The two speeches with their notes are also published separately. Each paragraph is preceded by an English summary. The notes, which are designed for students who have passed the most elementary stage, are full and easily comprehensible, and special attention is paid to the close definition of shades of meaning. There is also a full vocabulary and an index of proper names. Well worth the shilling, which is its price, is the reprint of Conington's translation of "Aeschylus' Agamemnon," with an introduction and notes by Professor Churton Collins (The Clarendon Press). The introduction consists of a life of Aeschylus, and of a brief but lucid consideration of the Agamemnon legend, the moral and religious teaching of the whole trilogy of which the Agamemnon forms a part, and of the structure and plot of the play. The little book should prove most useful to University Extension students, of whose needs Professor Churton Collins has had so much experience.

To judge from the flood of English texts which is ever pouring from the publishers of educational works, the rising generation should end by knowing something about its own language and literature. We have before us a number of "readers," of "selections," and "collections" which cater for all grades of school students. We cannot quite see the value of the "selections" from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Wonderbook and Tanglewood," tales edited by H. Hampshire, and published by Messrs. Bell (1s.). The whole of the "Tanglewood" part of the book is carved out, and the selection consists of four "Tanglewood Tales," and one taken from the "Wonderbook." There is a brief life of Hawthorne. In our opinion the books were better, and just as useful, in their original form. Nor can we commend the book from the same publishers in which "The Ancient Mariner and other English Ballads" (edited by A. Guthkelch, 1s.) are brought together. The fact that Coleridge's design was to copy the style of the old English ballads as represented by Percy's "Reliques," does not make the "Rime" a happy companion of "Chevy Chase," Otterbourne or the "Geste of Robyn Hode." And Keats' "Robin Hood" makes an incongruous finish to the whole. Messrs. Horace Marshall's "New English Reading Books, V. and VI." (1s. 6d. each), edited by C. J. Thompson, are of very varying merit. It is with a shock that we discover "Scots wha hae" carefully transliterated into English shape. And we doubt the value of a rather plodding paraphrase of the "Wife of Bath's" tale. Indeed, the trail of "adaptation" is over the whole collection. But the selected passages are well grouped, and Book V.,

with the sub-title "Stories of the Empire," is a valuable lesson in patriotism for youthful readers. The better selection, on the whole, is that of Book VI., "World Stories," in which Homer (in the shape of Pope's translation), Herodotus, Plutarch, Livy, find a place, while some of the later selections are long enough to be really informing.

We have three "history-books" before us. "The Groundwork of English History," by M. E. Carter (University Tutorial Press, 2s.), is, like the majority of publications from the same source, frankly no more than a collection of note-headings, designed, with a liberal use of heavy type, for "cramming" examination candidates. No doubt it will serve its purpose. "English History from Original Sources, 1216-1307," compiled by N. L. Frazer (Black's Historical Series: A. and C. Black, 2s. 6d.), is the first of a series of volumes of extracts from contemporary authors and documents, so arranged as to present a very nearly consecutive narrative of the principal events of English History. Without seeing the later volumes, by various editors, which bring the history down to 1715, it is hard to say how the scheme will work out, but the books should be most useful in giving some actuality to the teaching of history in schools, if used in conjunction with a history of the usual type. Somewhat of an innovation, of a kind likely to be appreciated in schools north of the Tweed, is an "Outline of Scottish History, from Roman Times to the Disruption," by W. M. Mackenzie (A. and C. Black, n.p.). It is written from a very decidedly Scottish point of view, and strikes the happy mean between an excess of detail on the one hand and of over-brevity on the other. The style is vigorous and rapid, and the tale, of murder, blackmail and treachery, which, first and last, makes up Scottish history, should be as fascinating to a schoolboy as "Henty." There is a certain unevenness to be noted: we doubt whether a student to whom the word "chapter" (of clergy) presents difficulties calling for explanation will be able to appreciate "the tactics of the school of Gustavus Adolphus": and in several instances we have noticed the same uncertainty in the author's mind as to the standard of intelligence he looks for in his readers. None the less the book opens up new fields for school study in a most attractive manner.

Messrs. Macmillan publish "Modern Arithmetic with Graphic and Practical Exercises, Part I.," by H. Sydney Jones (3s.). The book, which has been written mainly with a view to the co-ordination of school arithmetic with the requirements of the various University Local Examinations, seems to us to be sensibly arranged. The introduction of decimals before vulgar fractions, and the inclusion of approximations are the only variants from the plan of the usual elementary arithmetic. "A First Year's Course in Geometry and Physics" (Bell, 2s. 6d.), by E. H. Young, more generally known as the author of "The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe," is a thoroughly practical introduction to the commonsense side of the subject. The smallest boy could understand the opening chapters, and the decimal system is placed within his grasp in a page. Every lesson is practical, and, from our own experience of such teaching, it is also eminently practicable. The methods laid down for the use of simple apparatus are of the right kind to preclude all possibility of the greatest danger in the school laboratory—namely, "fooling about"; and the boy who is taught on the lines of this book will quickly learn to think efficiently. "The Elements of the Geometry of the Conic," by G. H. Bryan and R. H. Pinkerton (Dent, n.p.), is an eminently practical introduction to the study of the conic, which should find favour with students of applied mathematics, physics and engineering. Analytical geometry is not introduced, and the more advanced parts of the subject are not included. A good chapter is that on the catenary, epicycloid, hypocycloid and cardioid curves, which will serve to introduce the student to the more advanced study of these curves with the help of the Calculus. The simplicity of the language and the conciseness of the proofs render the book an excellent one for beginners.

"Steam and Other Engines," by J. Duncan (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), is written with the object of providing students of engineering with an explanation of the elementary principle of science applicable to heat engines, and with a description of the essential constructional details of typical engines. The student is naturally assumed to possess a knowledge of practical mathematics and of the first principle of machine construction and drawing. A course of laboratory work is provided. The language of the book is simple, and the diagrams and illustrations are intelligible, though in some instances

they suffer from over-reduction. The chapter on steam turbines suffers less than most in this way.

"The International Geography," by Seventy Authors, edited by H. R. Mill (Macmillan, 15s.), is not exactly an "educational" book. It is rather an invaluable book of reference: it is "neither a gazetteer nor an encyclopædia, but is intended to give a readable account of the character of all countries as regards land and people in language which is neither technical nor childish." The task has been well performed. Naturally, in a book written by so many hands, there is some inequality. The section dealing with the Balkans seems to us rather less successful than the majority. But on the whole the Editor has been admirably supported. The introductory chapter on the principles and practice of geography is excellent. Throughout the book free use has been made of the diagrammatic method, and the small maps in the text serve their purpose well. The small heraldic sketches are poor, and the line drawn between arms, "arms," and badges seems to be governed rather by fancy than fact. But a minor point like this can well be overlooked in a work of such scope. The price is extraordinarily low. The index is excellent. Altogether it is a most desirable book, and into the limited space of about 1,000 pages an immense amount of information has been compressed.

EDUCATION: A GLANCE AT PRACTICE

THE last year, and especially the latter half of it, has been peculiarly fertile in suggestions to those who are interested in the subject of education or instruction, and I propose to touch on a few of the numerous statements which have been made recently, and seem to me useful or unusually harmful. For the moment I avoid as far as possible the more particular political aspects of the question; on these I may have more to say later. I have already argued in these pages that before the State made attendance at primary schools compulsory under penalties, it ought to have rendered it possible by ensuring that the children of those parents upon whom it pressed hardest, and who had had no voice in the making of the law, were in a physical condition to bear it. It ought to have provided instruction fitted for them, rather than for any more privileged class. Common humanity and common-sense required that the State should do both—it did neither. At last, after forty years of compulsion, the Board of Education reports as follows:

It is the imperative duty of local authorities, and of this Board as supervising their work, to see that the children have at least as good opportunities for improving and developing their physique as their minds. It would be a duty to the child were a healthy body not a condition precedent to effective control of education. As it is, *there can be no justification for making the national education compulsory unless this duty is fulfilled by those who inspire the compulsion.*

I cannot help digressing, to wonder whether other departments of State are so ethical and self-critical in their reports. Nevertheless, since education actually is compulsory, I am glad that the Board of Education is endeavouring, at least in theory, to remedy the injustice which it has been inspiring for forty years. Whether the remedies are actual is a further question. The Education Act of 1906 allows local education authorities to provide out of the rates free meals to children attending recognised schools. Bradford, among other towns, has availed itself of the Act, and the picture which Miss Margaret Macmillan has given of the result is attractive. She tells of excellent meals, which cost on the average from 1d. to 1½d. a head, according to the numbers of children fed. Their favourite dinner costs ¾d. Croydon, I observe, cannot provide such meals under about 2½d. a head. At Bradford the *menu* consists of seventeen dinners of food prescribed by a resident doctor, Dr. Crowley, which contains the percentage of proteid, fat, salt, etc., which he judges that children require, from a series of elaborate experiments in feeding and weighing them. The London education authorities, like those at Croydon, are trying to feed the children by means of

private subscriptions, and to exclude by systematic enquiries all but necessitous cases. Bradford appears to be lax in this respect. Meanwhile the Social Democratic Federation are doing their best, for political purposes, to wreck the voluntary scheme, by casting on the fund cases of supposititious necessity. It is also urging that clothes should be provided, whether the parents require them or not. How many suits the Federation proposes to have provided for pawning purposes we have not yet been told. These efforts are made for the personal well-being of the children during the school-day; but the Board of Education also remarks that "unless the home conditions can be improved, it is of little use to improve the conditions during the five hours' school out of the total twenty-four hours in the day." This remark follows closely on Mr. G. R. Sims's graphic repetition of the familiar story of dens emptied of everything but filth and starvation, and vast numbers of native parents (unless they be Jews by race), all over the country, whose brutality and callous neglect make these dens Hell to their children. I hope to recur to this question and the remedies suggested, in another article.

So much for the physical state of the children; I go on to their mental development. Professor E. M. Sadler attributes such important changes as these and others which extend the same principles, to the influence of modern science, which has emphasised "the importance of hygiene and of the physical nurture of children"; has by the study of the brain shown "the educational value of handwork," and has influenced modern education in many other directions, unfortunately too many for me to notice. No doubt it is the influence of modern science which has produced corporate effort, but care of the body and the value of handwork were not discovered by modern science to be essentials of education; these certainly have always been so recognised by educators. The same may be said of most of the other essentials which Mr. Sadler mentions. Applied science has indeed, as he says, "led to remarkable developments of technological training," though, again, it is obvious that the necessity of technical training was also always recognised. The care of the body has been a tradition in education from the Greek gymnasia (where it is most familiar to us), and before the Greeks, through Vittorino to Comenius, and beyond him to our grandmothers, the kind women who did their best to provide that the children voluntarily attending the dames' schools in remote hamlets from even more remote cottages, should not go to school ill-clad and ill-fed; just as they provided that they should not be kept away for lack of the small fees. In fact, where has the tradition not prevailed, except under compulsory education in England? Again, when did the training of the hand not form part of education, even when the child had not to live by handicraft? Chiefly under Gothic influence, which some of our modern educators are so anxious to substitute now for Greco-Latin. In Greece, and at the time of the Renaissance, training of the hand was secured by teaching music and drawing. Mahomet enjoined on all men the practice of some form of positive handicraft, and Richard Burton says that the Commander of the Faithful of his day made and sold cigarettes. If training of the hand was not an ancient practice in England, among those to whom it was not necessary to livelihood, it is a very old-fashioned practice. I doubt whether our great-grandfathers were not encouraged in some form of it; perhaps owing to the influence of Comenius. There were certainly more expert conservers and needlewomen among our great-grandmothers than there are cooks of edible food and good plain sewing women among the products of our primary schools now. Among children dependent on labour, training of the hand was, of course, supplied by apprenticeship, under which it was

possible to make the workshop the training school for the trade. "Our system of technical education is supplying but a poor substitute in its place"—at any rate, so Mr. Alderman Hamshaw gothically says, and I find a consensus of opinion to the same effect, in spite of the achievements of applied science.

It is very likely that modern science, by co-ordinating these old saws of upbringing, has been able to reach the devious mind of politics which their direct force would never strike. Perhaps, too, those equally deviously-minded persons who have long regarded examination as the criterion of learning, who think that the accumulation of facts is knowledge, that instruction is education provided it is "public," and valuable provided it is "free," would never have grasped these common facts if they had not been able to read them set forth in a text-book. At any rate, it is well that Mr. Montmorency and Professor Sadler should draw attention to the facts on which Comenius insisted—namely, that the observation of objects, and especially of natural objects, is the beginning of true knowledge, which cannot be attained by the study of their descriptions written in books. So, school journeys, country schools, vacation schools, play centres, have been instituted by Mrs. Humphry Ward and many others. General R. S. S. Baden-Powell's "Scouting for Boys" extends the idea, as does also the demonstration of the scientific side of geography by means of the neighbouring countryside, and the vivifying of history by reference to local antiquities. The principle is still further extended by bringing the eye more into use in the teaching of history, by the revival of tables and diagrams showing its perspective at a glance. These and all such expedients, being of the nature of education rather than of cramming, are good. The value of a foreign language as a factor of education, and, above all others, of Greek and Latin, has been often insisted upon in THE ACADEMY. I have never seen the defence of Greek and Latin better stated than in Mr. S. H. Butcher's presidential address to the Classical Association of Ireland. As regards the teaching of English literature, I would emphasise Mr. J. W. Mackail's advice to teachers of English, given before the English Association: "Stand aside from between the pupil and literature. . . ." What bond of association there can possibly be between him and Mr. Raleigh on the one side, and most of the associates on the other, it is difficult to explain.

I have been much interested, not only by the speeches and letters to which I have specifically alluded, but by Mr. F. H. Matthew's book, "The Principles of Education," by Professor W. H. Woodward's "Studies in Education during the Age of the Renaissance," by Professor M. E. Sadler's remarks everywhere, by those of the writer on education of the *Morning Post* very often, and by the speeches delivered before the following societies:—The Headmasters' Conference, the Incorporated Association of Headmasters, the Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters, the Historical Association, the Modern Language Association, the Association of Directors and Secretaries for Education, the Conference of Teachers of Commercial Education, and many others. There has been scarcely a meeting, a speech, or a letter which has not had some suggestion to make, worth consideration, and has not shown a breadth of view and a true appreciation of education proper, which, if felt, was seldom practised thirty years ago. At the same time, I doubt whether more than two or three of these able and enlightened educators owe anything whatever, either directly or indirectly, to State instruction; the great majority I know for a fact do not. They are the product of the endowed schools, or private tuition, or the two great Universities, whose work political faction is trying to supersede by a wholly untried and undecided system of national instruction.

B. P. S.

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"HOGMANAY"

THE solution of many a puzzle is extremely simple—when you know it. This is certainly the case with *hogmanay*, which is duly described in the New English Dictionary, with plentiful quotations. It was the name given in the north of England and in Scotland to the last day of the old year. The note in the New English Dictionary can hardly be bettered, and runs as follows: "*Hogmanay* corresponds exactly in sense and use to O.F. *aguillanneuf*, the last day of the year [New Year's Eve is the best phrase, as will be seen], new year's gift, the festival at which new year's gifts were given and asked with a shout of *aguillanneuf*. Of this Godefroy gives many variants." I select, in particular, the forms *aguillenneu*, *aguilloncu*, *haguilennef*; also *aguilan*, *guillanneau*, *hoguinané*, *hoguino*; all of which are easy enough when once we have the key.

All these extraordinary forms are mere Latin, done into more or less Frenchified disguises. The words resolve themselves into the extremely simple formula, *Hoc in anno*, "in this year," which was the burden or chorus of the song sung upon the occasion. The song is preserved for us in the Norman glossary by MM. Edélestaude and Duméril (Caen, 1849), who say that

De Brieux has preserved for us a sort of song without rhyme which was still sung, in his time, when *les haguignettes* [or *hogmanay* presents] were asked for, *hoc in anno*:

Si vous veniés a la depense,
A la depense de chez nous,
Vous mangeriés de bon chous,
On vous serviroit du rost—
Hoguino!
Donnez-moi mes haguignètes
Dans un panier que voicy,
Je l'achetay Samedi
D'un bonhomme de dehors;
Mais il est encore à payer
Haguino!

Here, in the old song itself, we first find *Hoc in anno* in a French spelling *hoguino*, and secondly in the still more corrupt form *haguino*. This affords proof positive that *haguin*-, or *aguin*-, is the same thing as *hoc in*, and all the rest is easy enough. The form *aguillanneuf* is for *hoc in l'an neuf*, a delicious compound of Latin and French, and quite correct from a macaronic point of view. *Hoguino* is *hoc in anno*. *Hoguinané* is *hoc in année*. *Guillanneau* is *hoc in anno*, with the loss of *ho* and substitution of *ll* for *n*, and so forth.

As for *hogmanay*, it is a mere ghost-word, and obviously arose from misreading *in* as *m*. Restore it to its true shape—viz., *hoguinanay*—and it is the same as *hoguinané* above.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF MUNICIPAL ART GALLERIES

BROUGHT into existence by the enthusiasm and generous energy of Mr. Hugh P. Lane, a Municipal Museum of Modern Art has been opened this week in Dublin. No great sum has been expended on the housing of the fine collection which Mr. Lane has brought together; no great palace with "all the latest improvements" has been erected at the cost of ratepayers or for the wider advertisement of a successful tradesman. The museum is simply a house, as are the Mesdag and many other famous and joyous museums; it is a Georgian house, beautifully proportioned, and if the light comes normally from the side instead of from the top, it is almost impossible to name a picture which suffers in consequence.

Of the contents of Dublin's new museum it is difficult to speak without enthusiasm. It is the only public gallery in the British Isles where the great impressionist

masters of France can be adequately studied; it is the only public gallery in the world where a serious attempt has been made to represent the best and most vital elements in British painting of the twentieth century. Fully to demonstrate its unique character it would be necessary to reprint the greater portion of the catalogue, but some idea of the importance of the collection may be gathered when we recall that it includes the "Eva Gonzales" and "Garden of the Tuileries" of Manet, the small but lovely "Toilet" of Puvis de Chavannes, Monet's prismatic "Snow Effect at Vétheuil," a splendid group of vigorous Mancinis, bronzes and marble busts by Rodin, a Renoir, a Pissarro, a Sisley, a Mathew Maris, a James Maris, and a noble Daumier.

Nevertheless, these artists, if the mastery of some is veiled to certain unobservant or partial eyes, are by this time so widely recognised that the presence here of examples of their work, if eloquent of Mr. Lane's munificence, are less absolute proofs of his courage and acute judgment than the inclusion of certain pictures by the younger of our contemporaries. And here I refer, not so much to the fine examples of the art of Messrs. Orpen, Lavery, Wilson Steer, and others who have already made their names respected by connoisseurs of painting, but to works by still younger squires of Art, who are but at this moment qualifying for their spurs. As an example, I will take Mr. Gerald F. Kelly, whose portrait of "Mrs. Harrison" has been acquired by Mr. Lane from the exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters, held last autumn at the New Gallery. Mr. Kelly has some reputation in Paris, where he is an Associate of the Salon d'Automne; but in England he has exhibited little, and his fame is yet to make. A year ago the great promise of his work was dwelt on in THE ACADEMY, but it is only within the last few months that the merits of his work have been publicly commented upon by one or two other English critics. Mr. Kelly's "Mrs. Harrison" is an excellent portrait, though personally I am of opinion the painter will go much farther. It is soundly constructed, soberly painted. The careful search for the modelling of the face and figure reveals a finely analytical eye, and gives to the representation that suggestion of life and feeling of the weight and density of the human figure which were so sadly lacking in the portraits of many more widely-known painters in the same exhibition. The pose of the old lady, naively bunching up her skirt, shows not only a designer's skill of placing his figure decoratively on the canvas, but a psychologist's penetration in expressing character by pose. Mr. Lane deserves the highest praise for his purchase of this work, a purchase obviously prompted by his own good judgment and not by a respect for the name of an artist or for the opinions of others.

This is the spirit in which purchases should be made for a public gallery, the considered decision of a competent judge to buy because the painting is good as painting, not because it has attached to it a name well known or popular, or because it represents something that may please the foolish and ignorant. Both as a whole and in many particulars this Modern Art Gallery of Dublin is a striking vindication of the policy of entrusting the formation and extension of public galleries to a single mind. Committees always end in compromises, compromises usually result in the triumph of mediocrity, and hence the Chantrey Collection and the later additions to the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. So long as Mr. Lane lives there is little fear of the standard he has set being lowered in Dublin, for I understand he has been appointed honorary director for life. But though we all hope that day may be far, far off, even in the hour of his triumph he should remember that one day he must have a successor. The matter is so important that it cannot be too soon to

remind him to arrange, while Dublin is filled with a lively sense of gratitude, that his successor shall have powers as absolute as possible, and that his appointment or election shall be in qualified hands, likely to result in Mr. Lane handing over the reins of government to someone who will continue his enlightened policy.

To have a policy is most necessary for a public gallery, if its collection is to have any real and lasting worth, if it is to bring visitors and prosperity to its neighbourhood. The indiscriminate purchase of all styles and periods is always dangerous, and in unskilled hands it is reckless folly. Dublin has made an admirable start, and the new museum will undoubtedly attract many students and lovers of a form of Art not easily accessible in other parts of these Isles. The formation of a fine art collection is a valuable municipal asset. Already people go to Scotland to study the Raeburns, as they go to Holland for Rembrandt; to Birmingham for the Pre-Raphaelites as to Venice for the Venetians; to Manchester for Ford Madox Brown as to Assisi for Giotto. The more clearly the value of thus specialising is perceived by those responsible, the more important in every way will their museum become. In some quarters the fact appears to be recognised from the purchases made by the different museums during 1907. In Edinburgh, for example, they are careful to concentrate their attention on Scottish work. They rarely allow a Raeburn to slip through their fingers, unless the price demanded is prohibitive. They are also wisely turning their attention to the sterling work accomplished by more recent Scottish artists, and last year there was added to the National Gallery of Scotland examples of Robert Brough, W. E. Lockhart, and Arthur Melville, as well as of Allan Ramsay, Wilkie, and Andrew Geddes, the ablest of Raeburn's disciples. At Glasgow less wisdom has been shown, the chief acquisition being a Millais, at the extravagant price of £1,000. It is not even a first-class Millais, and in the week of its purchase a smaller but better example was sold at an auction for a ten-pound note. When will the petty minds of these trading councillors who govern our art galleries learn that in Art it is quality and not quantity that matters? Glasgow, after a magnificent start, has been rapidly deteriorating of late years, and a few more of these exorbitant and inferior acquisitions will bring it to the present level of Liverpool. There is the worst tale of all. The Walker Art Gallery, which once made so many fine purchases, has this year squandered about £700 on absolute rubbish. In spite of the several sterling paintings—notably one by Mr. David Muirhead—which the autumn exhibition contained, almost the worst possible selection has been made for purchase. A trumpery "literary" illustration in oil colour, "The Admonition," by Mr. Henry Woods, R.A., was purchased for something like £300, I am informed. If it was put up to auction at Christie's tomorrow I doubt if it would bring near a third of that sum. The drawing is faulty, there is hardly the attempt at a decorative composition, the values are false and there is no atmosphere, and the colour is so crude that it could please only the most mean and barbarous taste. For a water-colour by Mr. T. Young Hunter, "The Two Voices," £150 has been given; for an example of the art of Mr. Loys J. Prat, £120. And the only acquisition that has any real interest for an educated spectator, and likely to have any permanent value, is the cheapest of the lot, a fifteen-guinea sketch of Tangiers, by Mr. Terrick Williams. Such purchases virtually amount to a misuse of public moneys. I do not know the names of the gentlemen who are responsible for buying them, but they are evidently in hopeless and abysmal ignorance of the qualities which constitute greatness in a work of art. As they do not under-

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stand these things, they should entrust the selection for purchase to someone who does. If they were going to build a town hall they would call in an architect, and not attempt to construct it according to their own uneducated plans and likings. In view of their ignorance they should similarly call in an art connoisseur if they wish to construct a fine art collection. The money at their disposal is not their own that they should consider nothing but pleasing themselves. It is trust money put into their hands to buy examples of good art—which they obviously do not like—and to misapply this as they have done, is an immoral, if not illegal, offence. Manchester has acted far more wisely. They have bought Ford Madox Brown's "Finding of the Body of Harold," which London allowed to escape her; they have bought another Cecil Lawson—"Twixt Sun and Moon"—thus intelligently strengthening their strongest features; they have bought Müller's "Turkish Cemetery at Smyrna," the "Paolo and Francesca" of Watts, and Mr. Clausen's "Winter Morning." Not an exception can be taken to any of these, for they are all pictures which would be an ornament and an asset to any art gallery. In confining their chief attention to works by deceased painters they have perhaps been wise, for it is certainly easier and requires less knowledge to admit the worth of the dead than to perceive the merit of the living. Nottingham, too, deserves a word of praise for its intelligent purchase of Bonnington's "Ruined Abbey" from Messrs. Shepherd. It is far better to buy good old pictures from a dealer than bad new ones from the artist. I know that in some quarters there is a strong feeling against purchasing from dealers for fear of secret commissions, but these objectors should be reminded that in the present corrupt state of municipal politics jobbery is always possible, and that artists can and do give "secret commissions" as well as dealers. Whenever an excessive price is paid for any picture for a public gallery, it would be wise to investigate the relations between the advocate of the purchase and the owner of the work advocated.

This brief review of some art purchases for public galleries during 1907 does not pretend to be either complete or adequate, but it may serve to show Dublin its own good fortune, and to remind Mr. Lane of the dangers against which he has to guard his gallery and his successor.

FRANK RUTTER.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Plato's Psychology in its bearing on the Development of Will. By MARY HAY WOOD, M.A. (Oxford University Press, 1907.)

Miss Wood's essay originally appeared as a Thesis for the degree of M.A. in the University of London. It is a sterling piece of work and shows an amazing familiarity with Plato. It is excellently written. There is not an objectionable phrase except, perhaps, "belongs there," an Americanism, on page 32. Its component sections are Introduction, Activity, Appetite, Emotion, Thought and Reason, Will. Miss Wood meets the objection that the notion of Will as an element in Plato's Psychology is an assumption by pointing out that it is implied as merely one aspect of mental life, though not under a specific name, which is all the better, as the fallacy of hypostatization is thus avoided. It has been urged as an objection against the Platonic Psychology that he divides the mind into "faculties," but the divisions of soul are rightly regarded only as kinds or forms of activity, and it is to be noted that in indicating the so-called parts of the soul he avoids as far as possible the use of a noun and prefers the neuter

of an adjective. In the section on Emotion we meet a very suggestive observation:

In spontaneous bodily movement, so specially characteristic of all young creatures, and when unimpeded realising itself in pleasure—it is in this that Plato finds the germ of a pleasure, an activity, eventually peculiar to man. For man, unlike other animals, realises his movements in rhythm, he alone, "dance-fellow of the gods," finds his pleasure in harmony. To this pleasure, rightly called "æsthetic," all his senses contribute. Here there is abundant scope for the training by habit. Through eye and ear and every sense the environment must conduce to evoke this activity to pleasure—an activity which, as it is distinctly human, can be developed only by specific human co-operation. In fine, as these stirrings of life are the germ of the rhythmic movements of dance and song, so it is music and art that must supply their appropriate nourishment. The æsthetic activity becomes assimilative through imitation—it is at once a power of movement and a capacity for being moved, its very receptivity marks it as emotional (*ἀνακτινικόν*).

In a double sense, therefore, the will of the individual is seen to be the outcome of the will of the community, the soul owes not only *παῖδα* but *ἔξω* also to the society in which it forms part. In other words the *εὐφροσύνη*, the harmonious nature, is itself the product of individual wills trained to act in harmony with the whole, and meeting with such training in its turn will so act as to produce similar natures, and so on in an endless progression. Of what should be the starting-point of the series, the actual origin, Plato, as we have seen, gives no account save in myths, where he attributes it to the action of a Divine Will (*βούλησις*) and Reason (*διανοήθη δειν* Tim. 39 E), a Will whose purpose and whose expression are the perfection of Beauty, Harmony, and Truth.

A Bird Collector's Medley. By E. C. ARNOLD. (West, Newman and Co., 1907.)

THE list of books on birds which had better never have been written is a long one, and we venture to think Mr. Arnold's book should be added thereto. It is a dull chronicle of slaughter, unrelieved by any signs of intelligent observation of his victim's habits during life, or the many problems which they present. It is a chronicle of "small beer," a book for "collectors," by a collector. In the course of some years spent in prowling about mud-flats he has acquired sufficient skill to detect the common species at a glance—for them, accordingly, he has no use; they are now so many animated counters, to be ignored, that all attention may be concentrated on the discovery of "rarities"—the strangers within our gate, and such species as have become, from long persecution at the hands of "collectors" and gamekeepers, and from other causes, reduced to the verge of extinction.

Knowing, for example, that the Bearded Tit, once one of the ornaments of our waterways, is now extinct in England, save in one small area of the kingdom, he cannot rest till he has arranged for "a drive," and returns, as he complacently tells us, in the evening, "possessed at last of some Bearded Tits, and having spent a thoroughly delightful day!"

You can take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink; and, similarly, you can take a collector into the wild places of Nature, but you cannot make him see. Observant ornithologists know well that with the exception of the "passerine" birds, all birds when they fly carry the legs held straight out under the tail. Yet, in one of his illustrations, which are by his own hand, a Great Crested Grebe is shown flying with the legs drawn up under the body, after the fashion of a crow! One of the most remarkable peculiarities about that most remarkable bird the "Ruff" is the fact that no two are ever alike in the colour of the plumage assumed at the breeding season, and this is especially true of the frill of feathers round the neck—the "ruff" from which the bird takes its name. Yet in another of his pictures he shows a pair of birds "sparring," as is their wont, which might be described as "identical twins": each looks like a mirrored reflection of the other!

He is not even really conversant with the names of even the commonest birds, as is shown by the fact that he, throughout the pages of this book, prefixes the adjective "Lesser" to the name of the Black-Headed Gull!

The illustrations, to which reference has already been made, are the crudest and most amateurish attempts at draughtmanship which we have ever seen.

FICTION

The Halo. By BARONESS VON HUTTEN. (Methuen. 6s.)

WE do not think that the authoress of "Pam" would have made her present very considerable reputation had she started her literary career with this novel. "The Halo" is not by any means a poor book; it has many light touches that go to make it distinctly interesting, but supposing it had been the first novel of an unknown author we feel sure it would not have attracted any great amount of attention. The halo apparently clings to the head of a certain Victor Joyselle, who is represented as being the first violinist of Europe. Lady Brigit out of sheer boredom becomes engaged to his son, Theo, but after a short time falls in love with Victor, who is only too ready to respond. In a lazy manner one wonders what will be the end of it all, and perhaps one is not very much surprised that Joyselle's wife has to die suddenly the very night before he and Brigit are to elope together. And so the book ends; and we at any rate feel little anxiety to know what befel Brigit and the unconscious Theo.

There is, however, a certain raciness about the book which makes parts of it distinctly amusing. Lady Kingsmead, Brigit's mother, belongs to a very smart set whose morals are still smarter; and we have many good old jokes from society plays dished up again in quite up-to-date form. Perhaps the most amusing character is Tommy, Earl of Kingsmead, aged twelve, who has, when he likes, all the manner of the head of his family and an invincible desire to understand everything, which leads him into strange paths. The latter part of the story takes us to Falaise, where Joyselle's peasant relations live, and there are interesting descriptions of the Norman golden wedding ceremony. From no point of view can we think "The Halo" a work of art. The problem arouses no desire to grapple with it, and the setting is not particularly new. The authoress, too, raises a doubt as to her knowledge of the more out-of-the-way places described by her inaccuracies as to London topography. Are the descriptions of Falaise any more correct than her account of the old house in Tite Street with its wonderful and historic studio? The authoress should take a peep at Tite Street, where she will certainly find many studios, but nothing earlier than Whistler and the æsthetic movement.

Shakespeare's Sweetheart. By SARAH H. STERLING. Illustrated by C. E. PECK. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

THE publisher's note to "Shakespeare's Sweetheart" asserts that the book will be of "real service to any reader of Shakespeare's plays who finds it difficult to realise the man himself or the times in which he lived." Readers will certainly find things new and strange to them in Anne Hathaway's love story, written at Ben Jonson's request, after the poet's death. To many it will be nothing more than a fantastic tale, others may see in it an attempt to whitewash certain incidents. The cloak of conventional respectability is stretched and smoothed out until it not only covers, but gracefully drapes the two figures who masquerade as Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. Anne vouches for it that she was Will's only sweetheart; that he wrote the sonnets to her alone, or with the friendly design of furthering Count William's wooing of the Dark Lady. Again, Anne was secretly married to Shakespeare, but her pride forbade her to publish the fact when neighbours' tongues began to clack about the birth of Susannah. Disguised as a boy she travels to London in search of Shakespeare; unrecognised by him, becomes his servant, Cesario, and plays Juliet to his

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Romeo before Queen Elizabeth. All this and more of Anne's adventures, even to her befooling of the Dark Lady, may be found in these pages, where the author "aims at historical accuracy—up to a certain well-defined limit." Exact reproduction of Elizabethan life and speech is not attempted; the "Star of Poets," when not quoting from his own plays, does not disdain to use the phraseology of to-day. He can regret that "such an opportunity may not occur again," like the rest of us; he expresses a hope that his "dream-world shall materialise into comforts" for his wife and child, just like the ordinary man round the corner. These familiar touches should help the reader to understand what manner of man Shakespeare was in domestic life. Regarded simply as a romance of Elizabethan times or thereabout, Anne tells a pretty, lively, readable tale. That it entailed upon the author some labour and a careful study of the period we can readily believe. The six coloured illustrations are ridiculously ill-drawn.

The Adventures of a Respectable Bohemian. By ELIZABETH P. RAMSAY-LAYE. (F. V. White, 6s.)

A LITTLE more than a third of this book deals with the adventures of a "respectable Bohemian," the rest being composed of a collection of short stories. Of the two divisions, the second is by far the better, for Margaret Day's reminiscences are most uninteresting, and to call a few trivial episodes "adventures" is interpreting that word with a freedom we have seldom seen surpassed. The five short stories, however, are of good average magazine merit, and, if this is not very high praise, it may induce the reader to persevere in spite of the discouraging beginning. "Kleptomania" and "An Old Proverb" are the best of the stories, but the book as a whole bears the stamp of the ready-made novel.

The Thornton Device. By the HON. MRS. N. GROSVENOR. (Constable, 6s.)

AFTER reading the "Bands of Orion" we looked forward to Mrs. Grosvenor's next book with interest. "The Thornton Device" passes agreeably beyond our expectations, which were considerable. It is carefully observed, quietly written, and well constructed—an admirable piece of work. There is nothing original in the main theme of the story, but the line-by-line detail, which matters, is handled with complete originality. That is to say, Mrs. Grosvenor is inspired, not by books or other people's ideas, but by what she sees herself of the life around her, and by her own thoughts, simply and sincerely recorded. She does not see very deeply, but she sees accurately and without bias. Madeline Urquhart comes to live with Geoffrey Thornton and his invalid wife. She is a girl full of vitality and unselfishness, and she helps to bring happiness into the life and household of the Thorntons, on whom things have pressed somewhat too heavily. She practically saves Geoffrey from becoming a drunkard. Living as neighbours to the Thorntons are the Delamains; Jack Delamain has married a practical busy American woman, with much money and little insight. He is a weak, attractive creature, and is very sorry for himself; the more so because he finds that he is able to get much sympathy from other ladies. Her best qualities lead Madeline into the snare of sympathising with him, and blind her to his weakness and selfishness. She loves him. He seduces her. Up to that point the story has been told with quite remarkable skill. Delamain and his wife and Madeline stand out vividly for the excellence of their drawing, Geoffrey Thornton a little less so, because on him rests the weight of a clumsy solution to the difficulty in which Madeline is placed when she finds that she is going to have a baby. He becomes less and less of an individual and more of a puppet to help the writer. She manages him very cleverly, but

he carries no conviction with him. But, in spite of this ultimate fault, the book is a good one, and well worth careful reading. The Delamain *ménage* is one of the ablest bits of character drawing that we have had the pleasure of reading for some time.

The Heart of the Northern Sea. By ALVIDE PRYDZ. (Allen, 6s.)

MISS ALVIDE PRYDZ is generally acknowledged to be the greatest woman writer of Norway. Such critics as Henrik Ibsen and Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson have endorsed public opinion, and the Norwegian Government, with that generosity to the Arts which is so characteristic of un-English countries, have on three occasions presented Miss Prydz with honorariums to enable her to travel in Germany, Austria, France and Italy. And now one of her works is translated for the benefit of the English reader. "The Heart of the Northern Sea" is a great piece of Nature writing. There is always the atmosphere of the sea; indeed, it may be said to be the principal character. The Haero family live by the Northern Sea, and seem to be part of it. From it they derive all their emotions, their sorrows and their joys. When Gunvor—a splendid figure of a woman—loses her lover, she goes to the sea for peace, and one feels instinctively that it is from whence she came. The other characters show the same traces of the fascination of the deep, and on every page of the book its influence is seen. The story told by Miss Prydz is not new, but the manner of telling it decidedly is. Fru Elin and her daughter, Gunvor, inhabit an ancient mansion overlooking the sea. Gunvor is engaged to a young medical student, who displays an indolence out of all proportion to the restless energy of the girl. She tries to reform him, only to send him into the arms of her *protégé*, Irmild Myrland. Gunvor, with all the willingness of her native pride, surrenders Svein Torgensen to Irmild, and tries to forget him. There is the local judge, an artist in bric-à-brac and wines, who falls in love with her, and for a moment the young girl with the soul of a woman fancies herself in love with him. But the struggle is soon ended, and when, after an interview with Edmund Falck, the judge, she realises the strength of her dreams, she cannot resist the call of the storm, and in the sea she finds the peace denied her since Svein Torgensen allowed his passion for another to overcome his love for her. That is the whole story, but slight as it is, it should gain for Miss Prydz a large audience of English readers. She knows the secret of describing a storm without being stormy, and depicting passion without being passionate. In these subtle distinctions lie the art of writing a great Nature novel. The translators, Tyra Engdahl and Jessie Rew, have done their work well, choosing their English with great care and discretion. "The Heart of the Northern Sea" is one of those books which tempt the reviewer to copious extracts to prove the quality, for it recommends itself, and it should pave the way for the regular translation of all its authoress's productions.

Cynthia in the Wilderness. By HUBERT WALES. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is a second-rate book about second-rate people. The writing is clever and slipshod; the point of view is clever and narrow; the frankness, for which Mr. Wales has made a name, is clever and false. It is as if the animals were celebrating their loves, as a great man once remarked; only in this case there is no gusto and abandon. At one period Mr. Wales seemed to have something to say; he seemed to care for his work, and to fashion his characters with truth. There is no trace of motive in the present novel, other than that of profit. The book is sensational with a pornographic flavour—the kind of book which used to be considered fit reading for the servants' hall, but is so no longer.

CORRESPONDENCE

ADDLED ANTIQUITIES AND NATURAL HISTORY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Leeds, in point of population, is the sixth city in the United Kingdom; it is the commercial capital of the largest county in the United Kingdom; and it is not without literary and scientific distinction, historical and existent. The City of Leeds can boast of this fact also: it possesses materials for an antiquarian and natural history museum—local and general—second to few cities in the Empire, but these are housed in such a manner that renders them absolutely useless for educational purposes. The natural history collection is not so valuable as it was ten years ago, several of the finest specimens of the "Milner Collection" having been either sold or transferred to other museums. A few fine specimens, however, remain. These it is impossible to study with comfort and advantage. There are, I have been informed, also a large collection of skins of great value. These are as safely, as sacredly, and as usefully hidden from inspection as the treasures of the Imperial Library at Pekin, which can only be seen once in a hundred years, and that by a favoured few. As far as orderly classification is concerned there is only one word equal to the description: "higgledy-piggledy" (a cant word, corrupted from *higgle*, which denotes any confused mass, as higglers carry a huddle of provisions together.)—Dr. Johnson). The whole mass is of the nature of an ornithological haggis ("A confused mangle-mangle of divers things jumbled together."—Cotgrave). And many of the "things" are so vilely "stuffed" and so woodenly set up, so mouldy and tattered and torn, that the merest novice cannot examine them without feelings of disgust and contempt. No adequate effort has been made to label and describe the specimens, and there is no printed guide to the collection; it cannot be seen properly either as a whole or minutely inspected in detail, and in all respects, as an educational factor in Science progress, it would disgrace the most obscure Eatenswill village from John O'Groats to Land's End.

With regard to the antiquities, even a cursory glance is sufficient to show that Leeds possesses an exceptionally fine series of specimens illustrating the developments that have been made in human handiwork from prehistoric times to a comparatively recent period. In the art gallery, in the municipal buildings, can be seen a collection of prehistoric stone and bronze implements of an altogether unusual completeness. There are also bronzes, etc., of ancient Egyptian, ancient Greek, Roman, and other civilisations, whilst here and there Chinese, Peruvian, South Sea Island, and relics from other sources can be seen. There is just such a collection as could be arranged to form an attractive and educational series, showing the developments of the arts in different areas. Instead of this, what do we find? Mixed up together without any attempt at classification are various implements crowded in a way which makes them most unattractive. The specimens are not labelled or described in any way, excepting by a usually brief and inaccurate ticket, which frequently seems to be as ancient as the specimens themselves. Amongst the prehistoric stone implements are several belonging to Yorkshire which are of great value; but with them are some from America and other parts of the world, and there are some forgeries which had been made to sell. As there is nothing to distinguish the local from the foreign or forged specimens, the collection as it stands is not only doing no good, but is probably doing harm; though from the way in which they are "arranged," it is quite possible that in view of the few people who will pause to look at them, this harm may not be very great. In the same way the Ceramic products of pre-Roman, Roman, Saxon, Mediæval, and later times are "arranged," apparently according to their size. From some small labels, which, with the aid of a good reading glass, can be identified, it appears that several of these specimens at one time belonged to former Leeds antiquaries, who must have spent much time and money in getting them together, and the knowledge of the present condition of the specimens would surely make them turn in their graves.

In addition to this, the floor upon which these specimens are exhibited is so crowded with cases that it almost seems difficult at times to wedge oneself in between them: whereas the journey upstairs reveals large rooms almost bare, and exceedingly unattractive, which, however, seems to serve some use in providing a playground for young children. In the museum of the Leeds Philosophical Society in Park Row matters are not quite so bad as regards the labelling, but

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even Mr. Crowther himself will admit that the accommodation for the antiquities is exceedingly inadequate, that it is absolutely impossible to show them in anything like a proper way, and that in their present crowded, dark cases they do not serve the good purpose that they might were better accommodation, classification and display available. "Classification" is a word which does not seem to be known much about in either of the Leeds' museums.

The student of history situated in Leeds must feel at a great disadvantage from the way in which he is catered for, compared with what exists in even small towns in other parts of the north of England, and if nothing else, the present condition of the historical and archaeological collections in the municipal buildings and Philosophic Hall at Leeds demonstrate the necessity for a proper rate-paid museum, in which the specimens might be attractively exhibited, intelligently displayed and accurately labelled. The present position of having two collections going, and both badly arranged, is not a credit to the city. Fortunately, the specimens are there: and the collections are such that when the time arrives they will unquestionably prove exceedingly attractive, and enable Leeds to hold its own in the matter of antiquarian treasures, and so we must live in hopes of the future. At present things are certainly depressing.

G. W. M.

THREE UNILITERAL EMENDATIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In Thomson's "Liberty," Part IV. 668:

Then (sad relief!) from the black coast, that hears
The German Ocean roar, deep-booming, strong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue ey'd Saxon came

is the reading of the edition of Thomson's works published in 1788, "with his last corrections and improvements," and seemingly of all subsequent editions. The passage is also so quoted in "Ivanhoe." But the second line of the passage should certainly be:

The German Ocean roar deep-booming, strong,
with which we may compare Shakespeare's "deep-mouthed sea" and "the booming billow" that closed over Ulysses and his companions in Cary's translation of Dante.

Sidney in his "Apologie for Poetrie" refers to the oracular consultation of chance verses of poetry, "whereupon," according to the *editio princeps* of 1595, "grew the worde of sortes Virgilianae." Probably "worde" here is a misprint for "werde" (= weird) used in the sense of "prophecy," "omen," as often in the ballads which Sidney loved so well and in Bellenden's translation of Livy (1540), where we read that the "unchangeabil seit of God Terminus" was accepted by the Romans as a "werde of perpetuite."

In the Arden edition of "Julius Cæsar" I have ventured to suggest that the true reading of III. i. 38, 39 might perhaps be obtained by altering the "lane" of the folios into "lune," meaning "humour" or "caprice." The passage would then run "turn pre-ordinance and first decree into the lune of children." This emendation is, I find, supported not only by the comparison of "varying childishness" in the "Winter's Tale," but also by the close parallel of the following passage in the 1603 Quarto of "Hamlet":

For the principal public audience that
Came to them, are turned to private plays
And to the humour of children,

where we have the same combination of noun and verb, except that, instead of "lune," we have the equivalent term "humour." Such repetition of similar combinations of words with slight changes in different plays is a characteristic of Shakespeare abundantly illustrated by every commentator. For instance, Malone compares in the hundred and twenty-second sonnet:

Thy tables are within my brain
Full character'd in lasting memory

with "Hamlet" I. iii. 59:

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character,

and with "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" II. vii. 4:

Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd.

MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

"TELEGRAPH" AS AN ENGLISH WORD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—On page 24 of "A Monument of Parental Affection to a Dear and Only Son" (Fourth Edition), printed at Wellington (in Salop), 1811, Mr. Joshua Gilpin, the vicar of Wrockwardine, writing in 1808, and referring to some kind of a machine or toy contrived by his son about the year 1800, says: "His printing press is no longer employed; his telegraph stands still, and his yeomanry troop is called out no more." The youth in question had been entered as a gentleman commoner at Christchurch in Oxford. In what sense was the word "telegraph" then used? At what date did it come into use as an English word? Probably Dr. W. W. Skeat will be able to give an answer.

EDWARD G. DODGSON.

January 18.

THE DAILY NEWS READING CONTEST.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some weeks back I wrote expressing disagreement with certain remarks of yours. I am glad to be able to-day to say I thoroughly coincide with you on above subject. Mr. Gardiner is entirely in the wrong and you are entirely in the right. I have studied the matter of newspaper competitions for years, and although I have won on several occasions I can safely say that the Legislature would never do a better day's work than if it prohibited them altogether. They dull the edge of husbandry, they excite false hopes, they rouse jealousy and bitterness of spirit, they are honeycombed with chance and fraud.

Four years ago I met a man who told me he had once been sent by a certain religious society, together with other temporary clerks, to help in the work of adjudicating in some mammoth competition promoted by a "Snippety" journal. They worked by piece-work, he said, and whenever they got the chance they threw away solutions by handfuls. Of course somebody won, and the editor's decision was final and binding. The whole thing is done behind closed doors and is vitiated from that very fact. The prizes go where the promoters want them to go.

I can see nothing in the conditions of the *Daily News* competition, nor in the questions set, that makes it anything else but a gamble. Fees are not solicited, but people are encouraged to buy unnecessary copies of the paper. What, however, makes it fundamentally a lottery is this: An average half-educated man is made to think—and rightly—that an average half-educated man can win. If Macaulay were to come to life and enter that competition under an assumed name, he would be declared beaten by Farmer Giles, of Slushton-in-the-hole, Mangel-Wurzelshire; or John Smith, employed in a Sauce Factory.

ARCH. G.

"FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Another painting by Delacroix seems to have been overlooked—namely, the "Faust and Mephistopheles" in the Wallace Collection. It is No. 324, next to Meissonier's "Print Collector," and underneath and a little to the left of the same artist's "Polichinelle."

January 19.

CALEB PORTER.

MIRABEAU

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Rowland Strong is apparently a rival to Mr. Machen, whose power of invective Mr. E. P. Baker finds refreshing, for in his letter he favours Mirabeau with fourteen opprobrious epithets, beginning with "gas-bag" and ending with "consummate swine," that remind the reader of the insults of the Parisian populace when escorting a victim to the guillotine. If we contrast the term Mr. Trowbridge uses—"the demi-god"—with these choice epithets we find a vast gulf between them. In Mr. Strong's long tirade there is one

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opinion worth note. He says: "The men of the North have discussed the men of the South without bearing in mind or in ignorance of the essential distinctions which divide the mentality of Northern Europe from that of the South of France." There is, however, an exception to this rule, besides Mr. Strong, in M. Dumont, a man of the North, a Swiss, and an intimate friend of Mirabeau, who appears to understand this, and in his "Souvenirs sur Mirabeau" gives a very clear appreciation of his character.

Carlyle did not obtain his notion that Mirabeau was a hero or demigod from this memoir, for Dumont distinctly states that Mirabeau was not a great man, but a very remarkable man of rare talents. He makes no apology, which is impossible, for his private life, partly, he thinks, due to his father, the self-styled friend of the people, who, as the French say, was a tyrant to his family. Mr. Strong says nothing of Mirabeau's public career. To read his letter no one would suppose that he had been the most powerful leader of the Assembly, the idol of the people, and that at his death he received almost regal honours. This in the eyes of Mr. Strong was no doubt silly and out of place. Nor was he a mere hunter after popularity; as he said himself he was *populaire* but not *populacaire*. He opposed the fusion of the orders, which cost him his popularity for a time, and when the motion was carried by Sieges did all in his power to hold in check the Jacobins, clearly perceiving that their object was to thwart and master the Assembly. After his death they succeeded, if it can be called success, to throw their country into a state of anarchy. Mirabeau told Dumont that he expiated very cruelly the errors of his youth, which had thwarted his endeavours to bring order out of chaos. There was in him, says his biographer, much evil and much good. The good was devoted to obtain what he believed was for the good of his country, a constitution resembling the British as far as circumstances would allow, with some checks on popular opinion. He failed, and probably would have done so had he lived.

With good will a Republican stable constitution might have been evolved after the flight of the King, but the Jacobins opposed all attempts of the kind. The fiasco of the Revolution was due to many causes combined. M. Dumont puts first the want of character in that blameless man in private life, the King, who lost his prestige and frittered away all his opportunities.

H. D. BARCLAY.

[Mr Strong writes: I am not a rival of Mr. Machen's, and my strictures upon Mirabeau were contained in a review of Mr. Trowbridge's book, and not in a "letter" to THE ACADEMY. It is not the fact that I said "nothing of Mirabeau's public career"; on the contrary it was his public career that I have been at pains to define. Its details are elaborately set forth by Mr. Trowbridge, but to rehearse them one by one does not come within the scope of a review. To call a spade a spade and Mirabeau a thorough-paced rogue is not invective, but the plain duty of the impartial historian and the dispassionate critic. If any one of your readers is reminded by such definitions as "gas-bag" and "consummate swine" of "the insults of the Parisian populace when escorting a victim to the guillotine," he must have a very inadequate idea of the resources of the French language in the mouths of the Parisian *canaille*, and of what the French Revolution really was. A Swiss is not necessarily a man of the North (your correspondent is here confusing the Matterhorn with the North Pole—altitude with latitude). Dumont's opinion that his friend Mirabeau was "a very remarkable man with rare talents" is beside the question. So was Jonathan Wild. It is characteristic of the cant which prevails in North Britain (and parts of South Britain, to say of a man that "no apology is possible for his private life," and then, on party grounds, to seek an apology for his equally dirty public life. Public immorality is no better nor worse than private immorality. Your correspondent should take a few lessons in French. There is no such word as "populacaire" (*pou-poul' au Caire?*), and Mirabeau could not have used it. He may have said that he was not "populacier," thereby meaning that he did not address his audiences in the unspeakably filthy slang which was common to many of the Revolutionary leaders. He deserves no credit for opposing, when it was too late, the theoretical fusion of the classes, which in practice never took place. His first public step was to associate himself with the Tiers Etat. When he opposed the Jacobins he was in the pay of the Monarchy. To paraphrase a familiar expression of Dr. Johnson's, "the man was a rogue, and there's an end on't."]

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THE CITY OF THE SOUL

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

This volume was issued anonymously in May, 1899. The first edition of 500 was exhausted within a few months of publication, and a second edition of 500 was issued in December, 1899.

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"A PARISIAN" IN THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

"These poems, 'The City of the Soul,' by an anonymous author, were known in part to the Parisian public before they were printed in England, for some of the best among them—and the volume, it seems to me, is a treasure-house of gems—first appeared in the 'Revue Blanche,' with the accompaniment of a French translation. That is some three years ago, and the great masters of French poetry, chief among them the late Stéphane Mallarmé, were not slow to applaud."

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"A PARISIAN" IN THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

"These poems, 'The City of the Soul,' by an anonymous author, were known in part to the Parisian public before they were printed in England, for some of the best among them—and the volume, it seems to me, is a treasure-house of gems—first appeared in the 'Revue Blanche,' with the accompaniment of a French translation. That is some three years ago, and the great masters of French poetry, chief among them the late Stéphane Mallarmé, were not slow to applaud."

"The remarkable success which I hear the book has since had in England does credit, I think, to the judgment of our French critics, which is often singularly just in its estimate of English poetry, especially if it belongs to the Elizabethan period of our literature, or be animated by the Elizabethan 'Souffle' . . . and surely it is this 'Souffle,' a pure invigorating wind from heaven which blows and whispers and weeps in this new poet's verses. . . . The two translations from Baudelaire are as perfect in form and in the repetition of the *frisson* of the original verse as Baudelaire's own translations from Poe and Longfellow. It is a pleasure to find so complete, so temperamental a sympathy between a great French and great English poet."

The Late MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON IN THE ACADEMY.

"He has a rich sense of language, a true gift of mellifluous versification. Few poems are without cunning and iridescent diction; and all have a rich, youthful passion for beauty which is in itself an inspiration. . . . No poem at once complete and brief enough for quotation will exhibit altogether the glow of his diction, the luxuriance of his fancy, and the melodious quality of his verse."

MR. GEORGE STREET IN THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

"In my case, I reckon but very few of the contemporary writers of verse known to me, as poets—how few I should hardly like to say. Among them I place without hesitation the anonymous author of the 'City of the Soul.' . . . This inspiration I take to be first of all the beauty of visible things freshly impressive on the senses. It is as though a child said 'Look, how beautiful!' but a child able to see minutely and variously. . . . and the power to see beautiful things and to express them beautifully is so rare, that one is justified (taking my view of it) in thinking the appearance of this little book a most fortunate event."

THE STANDARD.

"The verses have a character of their own, and are at times quite exquisite in point of workmanship. . . . this accomplished and skilful hand."

THE SCOTSMAN.

"This is a book of anonymous poetry of a rare distinction. . . . This is a verse of the proud kind that scorns a vulgar appreciation, and looks for the approbation of connoisseurs. . . . In all these the feeling is always wrought to a high pitch of intensity, yet cautiously and solemnly, without weakness of hysterics."

THE TIMES.

"He is by turns æsthetic and introspective, and is at his best in his ballads, especially the ballad of 'St. Vitus,' almost every stanza of which is a Pre-Raphaelite picture."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"These are the verses of a poet. The volume is small, but it would be most unjust to call it the production of a minor bard. . . . It is a work of a remarkably high order. The author has achieved great distinction in his sonnets. . . . Indeed, all through the book one comes upon lines which are astonishing in their beauty and their distinction. . . . a poet who proves himself capable of the very highest work. There can be no doubt as to the fate of these poems."

THE STAR.

"The fresh, clear voice of a poet sounds unmistakably in 'The City of the Soul.' . . . I have no space for a tenth of the glorious poetry with which this little volume is strewn. . . . a scroll of poems this which before many days will set the world wondering, and the name of the author? Well, the world will know it also before long. He cannot disguise his genius."

"N.O.B." IN THE ECHO.

"A new poet who is of serious account is something of a rarity to-day. Yet such I fancy is a true description of the anonymous author of 'The City of the Soul.' . . . The lovely little ballad of 'St. Vitus' is one of the most arresting things in the volume, for here it is that the formal grace of the anonymous poet makes its first irresistible appeal. . . . But to my mind the new bard's claim to attention might be established on a single poem. Scarce a line is there of 'Wine of Summer' which Keats might not have contentedly signed."

THE SUN.

"His thoughts are poetic and so is his expression of them. He is a master of technique, and he has in his lines a lilt and a rhythm that is musical and fascinating. . . . His 'Perkin Warbeck' is an exquisite specimen of the ballad. . . . The whole book is full of gems."

THE GLASGOW HERALD.

"Nothing could be finer than the treatment of these subjects (the ballad of 'St. Vitus' and 'Perkin Warbeck'), and they clearly show that the author, whoever he is, possesses the ballad-making faculty. . . . Some fine lyrics and sonnets help to illumine the volume."

THE DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

"Work of so fine a cast ought to have borne the author's name. Only rarely amongst books of poems published nowadays does one appear distinguished by such really lovely and lofty fancy. . . . One or two of the poems are introspective without being morbid; some have their music and colour taken direct from nature, and convey much the same impressions as may be derived from exquisite water-colour drawings. Others are like dreams that 'go out like tapers,' caught and preserved in magic lines."

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

"The anonymous author of 'The City of the Soul' has genuine talent. . . . He moves easily and gracefully in various measures; he has imagination and sense of colour and an excellently full vocabulary."

THE WESTERN MAIL.

"From the first page to the last every piece has not only something, but a good deal to lift it above the common-place. . . . Indeed, although we are afraid to say it, we thought we recognised sometimes a *timbre* of which no other English poet than Swinburne is capable."

THE BRITISH MERCURY.

"We need only read the opening pages of this little book to be amply convinced that it is the work of a true poet."

"The volume begins with a sequence of four sonnets. They ought to be carefully pondered over by the reader. . . . For ourselves we regard them as the crowning effort of his genius. . . . The writer of this book handles the ballad with consummate skill."

THE IRISH INDEPENDENT.

"This is a volume of poetry to which the author does not append his name. We admire his modesty. . . . They appear to us to be suffused with the colour and the atmosphere we find in Keats. . . . We shall eagerly look forward for another volume by the same writer."

THE BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE.

"The anonymous author of 'The City of the Soul' has indubitable power, rich imagery, and a deep vein of thought. There is an intensity about his utterances which grips the reader, and the plaintive tone reaches the heart. . . . As a proof of a different power take the subtle 'Impression de Nuit,' the picture of London which this author can trace in fire and blackness, in marvel and misery."

ABERDEEN FREE PRESS.

"In this almost luxuriously simple little volume we have some of the sweetest song that we have chanced upon for a long time. The name 'Poetry' is no misnomer for the work of this tuneful singer."

MONSIEUR LAURENCE JERROLD IN LA REVUE BLANCHE.

"Parmi les innombrables volumes de vers qui s'accumulent et dont il est vraiment étonnant de ne rien dire, en voici un, anonyme, du plus haut intérêt. Il y a une émotion intense et une belle musique des mots dans cette *Cité de l'âme*, et l'âme est celle d'un vrai poète. . . . Le volume se termine par une sorte de péan magnifiquement simple, une 'ode à mon âme' orgueilleuse et triomphale, où s'affirme une outre-cuidance fiévreuse dans un chant rapide, d'un style parfaitement pur et d'un souffle large. Cependant il y a de meilleures choses peut-être encore dans le volume. . . . Le volume—qui contient en outre plusieurs sonnets d'un beau style—est l'œuvre d'un vrai poète."

MESSRS. BICKERS & SON, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE *Evening Standard* is, we believe, a "Conservative" journal. This is the fashion after which it comments on the theft of the late Archbishop Richard's palace:

A crowd of monarchists and friends, some 3,000 in number, conveyed him with much show of pomp and indignation, which fell rather flat, to the house of the devoted adherent of the Church, M. Denys Cochim.

And the agreeable *Evening Standard* adds in its pleasant, reminiscent vein:

By a strange irony of fortune, the palace which Mgr. Richard had just quitted was promptly turned over to the Ministry of Labour, which is presided over by M. Viviani, who has given frank expression in the Chamber to his atheistic views.

And one wonders what it is precisely that this "Conservative" organ exists to "conserve." Not the rights of property, surely, since the title of the chief pastor of Paris to a house in his archdiocese must be considerably more than a thousand years old. Not the true democratic principle, which leaving the hereditary noble, the hereditary peasant proprietor the just enjoyment of that which they have inherited, takes care that there shall be some career open to talent as apart from descent, that there shall be a few prizes left for those who are not so fortunate as to be born rich and distinguished. Not religion, certainly, unless the "frank" M. Viviani, the atheist (why is an atheist always "frank," and a Christian always "bigoted"?) is the representative of the religion of the future. What, then, does the *Evening Standard* desire to conserve? Well, there are fourteen columns in the issue from which we have quoted devoted to such matters as "Latest Tape Prices," "Market Movements," "Wall Street Cables," "Closing Prices," "Dividends and Reports." One wonders whether there were any hot-headed Cavaliers who felt that the enthusiasm over King Charles the Martyr was overdone, and fell rather flat, that it was funny to think of Cromwell in Whitehall, and that after all the best thing was to "do business," and to see what could be done with the widow and orphan—in affliction, certainly, but still with a small capital awaiting invest-

ment. Conservatism? Mr. Sikes was a violent fellow, but at least he is not recorded to have professed an oily enthusiasm for the Decalogue.

We commented last week on the curious fact that youth or youthfulness is so often alleged against writers in newspapers as a term of reproach, and in the *Sphere* of January 25th Mr. Clement Shorter gives us one more case in point. Mr. Shorter is annoyed, and quite rightly so, because someone in the *Daily Graphic* has been advising him to read his Milton and Shakespeare. Mr. Shorter says, "I note that some youthful writer in the *Daily Graphic* has," etc; and again, "The youthful impertinence of the *Daily Graphic* writer was doubtless due to an interregnum caused by a change of editor." The implied assumption is that only very young people are ever impertinent, but experience shows that impertinence, or, to speak more correctly, impudence, is by no means confined to youth, nor even particularly characteristic of it. We can think of several middle-aged people who could give points in impudence to a whole college of undergraduates. For ourselves, when, as occasionally happens, people say very rude things about us, we prefer to think of them as victims of senile decay. The insults of youth can be borne with comparative equanimity, but the gibes of the bearded and the abuse of the bald are hard to bear.

It appears that Father Adderley has been inviting a Mr. P. W. Wilson to "preach Protestantism" to his congregation of working-men at Saltley. One would have thought that the energies of a Catholic priest would have been more fittingly directed to the suppression than to the encouragement of "false doctrine, heresy, and schism." This, however, is by the way. What is of interest is the mental attitude of the Protestant preacher, as revealed in a recent issue of our Nonconformist contemporary, the *Daily News*. Mr. Wilson is careful to inform his readers that "the Hon. and Rev. J. G. Adderley . . . is brother to Lord Norton, and, therefore, almost a peer of the realm." The statement, coming as it does from a representative of our free and independent Protestant democracy, is too delightful to require comment. As if, however, the cup of Mr. Wilson's bliss was not already quite full, we are subsequently informed that the Protestant preacher was permitted to meet and converse with another Anglican priest, "also related to various aristocratic titles." Truly, a red-letter day in the life of Mr. P. W. Wilson! We understand that Mr. Wilson is the recently-retired Radical Member for South St. Pancras, and we congratulate South St. Pancras on its acquisition of so virile an exponent of democratic sentiment.

We protest against the indiscriminate publication of names in Police-court cases, and are amazed that some of our respectable daily contemporaries should fall into this solecism against public order. During the past few weeks the following case has been proceeding. A perfectly honourable foreign lady was charged with shop-lifting, on December 20, by a well-known Regent Street firm. After having been arrested and charged before Mr. Mead, she was released on bail. On January 25 she surrendered to bail a second time. The lady then went into the witness-box, and on the conclusion of her evidence the counsel for the prosecution, Sir Charles Matthews, said that he had listened carefully to her evidence, which "was verified by witnesses called on her behalf, and if the magistrate should feel a doubt in his mind, or find that the effect would be to make a jury feel that the case should be

dismissed, he would be perfectly content to leave the case where it stood. Mr. Mead said he was very glad that the evidence of *the lady* impressed Sir Charles as favourably as it did himself. She gave her evidence in a clear, composed, and dignified way. . . . He was satisfied with the explanation she had given. It was much to be regretted that a lady of her position should have been a subject of suspicion, but it was an unfortunate circumstance for which no one was to blame."

Possibly not, but nevertheless the lady had been arrested, had had to appear three times before the magistrate, and has to pay her solicitor, Mr. Barrington Matthews, and her counsel, Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Bruce, for conducting her defence. On the third hearing the charge against her is dismissed after nearly a month's vexation and annoyance. The publication of her name at all, before she had been committed for trial even, could serve no purpose whatever. It will injure the prosecutors, in spite of any justification they may have had in bringing the charge. Customers who cannot be bothered to carry about with them elaborate guarantees of their status and character, will avoid dealing with them; and an entirely superfluous and irreparable injury has been done by the Press to an innocent and honourable person. Had the lady been of a different character, it would have been quite soon enough to publish her name, *after* she had been committed for trial. Our quotations are made from the pages of a contemporary of high reputation; we print "the lady" where our contemporary, by unaccountable lapse from decency, prints her name. "Wragge" has been "in custody," and that fact still appears to our contemporaries generally a sufficient reason for blasting a reputation as far as it is within their power to do so. As regards the Regent Street firm, we give them the benefit of Mr. Mead's remark that no one was to blame, otherwise we would print their name without the lady's, and take care that our remarks should be copied by the Continental Press.

At a well-known bookseller's shop in Piccadilly there is a certain gentleman who has, by careful and deferential treatment of that portion of "Society" which likes to think itself "literary," raised himself from a very humble position to one of trust and affluence. Mr. — has lately taken to giving advice, not only of a positive kind (which was harmless and pleased those who mistook the shop assistant's tricks of the trade for a real knowledge of books), but of a negative kind. Thus, in the case of a book which was the work of some author who had incurred the displeasure of this "adviser in literature to the aristocracy," he actually strongly advised a chance customer, a lady, not to buy it, and offered her something of the same sort, "only a good deal better." The lady in question was a simple soul, and would not have ventured to dispute the judgment of so renowned a critic, but she happened to be the aunt of the author of the book, and as she was probably buying it more from a sense of family duty than for any other reason, she felt aggrieved, and ventilated her grievance, and it was then discovered that other inquirers for the same book had fared in the same manner in the same shop. Now these people are looking out for a bookseller's where the methods of the cheap drug-store are not in use, and the matter having been reported to the publisher of the book, there is some talk of a possibility of further developments. We shall await these with great interest.

It was at the same highly fashionable "resort" that the writer of this note once tried to obtain a copy of Barnfield's poems. He mentioned that they were published in the English Scholar's Library, and the omniscient gentleman to whom we have referred graciously promised to get him a copy if possible. Months, and finally years, went by, and still it was apparently impossible to obtain a copy, although no particular limit as to price had been mentioned, and although the gentleman referred to assured him that he had advertised for the book and made every conceivable effort to obtain a copy. About three years after the commission to obtain the book had elapsed, the search was abandoned, and some three weeks afterwards the writer of this note commented to a friend on the extraordinary difficulty of getting Barnfield's poems. The friend, who was wise, merely smiled, and appeared on the following day with two copies of the book, purchased at Glashier's in the Strand, where there had been all the time a plentiful supply of these volumes in the identical before-mentioned "English Scholar's Library" Series, and at the original price!

It is to be supposed that daily newspapers know their own business best, but it is sometimes very hard to understand the principle on which they apportion their space to various topics. For instance, that admirable journal, the *Daily Telegraph*, has thought it necessary to have half a column or so almost every day for the last three weeks in the most prominent part of the paper concerning the marriage of a certain Miss Gladys Vanderbilt to "a young Hungarian nobleman," of the name of Count Szechenyi. A visitor from another planet, on seeing this prominence given to a marriage, would naturally suppose that it excited the greatest interest in England. But the truth is that not one person in a hundred thousand in England had ever heard of Count Szechenyi or Miss Gladys Vanderbilt until all the violent and unnecessary publicity was given to them. In England people of infinitely greater social importance than the Vanderbilts are constantly being married, and no fuss at all is made about it; and if people are vulgar enough to spend £50,000 on a wedding the depressing fact remains a secret between themselves and their bankers. Why, then, we ask, is this ridiculous prominence given to the doings of absolutely insignificant people? We ask purely for information.

An important legal decision has been recently given by the Court of Appeal equally interesting to the Press and the public. Mr. F. B. Mason, proprietor of the *Tenby Observer*, appealed from a judgment of the late Mr. Justice Kekewich, granting to the Tenby Borough Council an injunction excluding Mr. Mason from their meetings. The Court of Appeal upheld the judgment, and the Master of the Rolls said that no member of the public, whether he was a burgess or not, had a right to attend the meetings without the permission of the Council. We know nothing of the quarrel between Mr. Mason and the Tenby Council, but the gratitude of the public is due to Mr. Mason for having upheld its rights by bringing the action. We are by no means extreme advocates of the liberty of the Press in cases where publication merely excites morbid curiosity, but if it is to be of any service to the public at all, the meetings of local governing bodies, among which the most shameless nepotism and corruption are rampant, are precisely the occasions when the liberty of the Press is of the utmost value to the public. As a legal correspondent of our contemporary, the *Morning Post*, points out, in commenting on this case:

"Closed doors may result in a Star Chamber in a legal body or wholesale corruption in an administration." He remarks further that local inquiries at Poplar, West Ham and elsewhere have shown the necessity of publicity in order to check to some extent this wholesale corruption. As long as local affairs are "run" on political or sectarian lines, or with regard to the interests of secret societies, some check on nepotism and corruption is as much as we can expect.

The most important features in the speeches delivered at the opening of Parliament are Lord Lansdowne's remarks on the failure of the Government to attempt to deal with the House of Lords, which it represents as the main impediment to legislation; his attack, and that of Mr. Balfour, on Mr. McKenna's administration; and the faintness of Mr. Birrell's defence of Mr. McKenna. We do not pretend that the last implies disagreement within the Government, for we are not political partisans. It was not Mr. Birrell's business to defend Mr. McKenna, and the fact that he only did so tamely does not warrant the assumption that he radically disapproves of his administration; it merely reminds us that his own action while he held the same office was totally different. Criticism of the Government's education policy is peculiarly within the province of a literary journal, but Lord Lansdowne's and Mr. Balfour's criticism of its administration deals with a more important question, and one of still wider interest. Both statesmen corroborate the charges which we have repeatedly made against Mr. McKenna, of *usurping the functions of the Legislature*. We quote from Lord Lansdowne's speech:

Upon education I will only say this one word. I am full of gratitude to the Government for announcing that their proposals are to take the form of a Bill, because the recent action of the Education Minister has suggested the idea that he considers himself free to dispense with the assistance, not only of the House of Lords, but of the House of Commons also, and by executive action of his own department to do things not only not authorised by any existing statute but diametrically opposed to the spirit of the existing law.

THE WATCH BELOW

The bell has sounded and the watch is done,
The dawn enlightens all the darkened sea—
That cold relentless friend of such as we—
The bell has sounded, brother: soon the sun.

No more to stare on dreary sheets of foam,
No more to scan the stars in any wise,
No more to clamber riggings hard with ice;
Lo! on the port repeat the lights of home.

Oh, we were weary, weary, and the best
That life could give us was to plough the main
Through the wide night till dawn loomed up again;
But God at last has covered us with rest.

The bell has sounded, 'tis the watch's knell;
Let us make haste below where it is warm,
Out of the cold and fog, the dark and storm:
The bell has sounded, brothers. All is well.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

LITERATURE

NOCTIUM PHANTASMATA

A History of the Christian Church since the Reformation. By S. CHEETHAM, D.D. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.)

THE title of this book is an improper one. The Christian Church is composed of the Latin, Greek, and Anglican obediences: neither the Baptist, Lutheran, Calvinist, Moravian, Presbyterian, or any other sect has any claim to be included under the style which Archdeacon Cheetham has chosen. True, a Lutheran, having been duly baptised, is a Christian; but there is no such thing as a Lutheran Church. And, again, by no stretching of terms can the Oneida Community be termed Christian, and it must be a large charity indeed which could apply the term to the followers of Mary Baker Eddy. This defect of title apart, the book is to be commended as a useful work of reference, as a store-house of names, and facts, and dates. Of course, in the compass of five hundred pages it would be foolish to expect minute detail or anything approaching it; the history of Christendom and of the Christian and semi-Christian sects for the last three hundred years is too complicated a matter to be dealt with effectively in so small a space. Still, Dr. Cheetham has provided an excellent skeleton outline, and if one wants to know the dates at which American Calvinism passed into Unitarianism, and Unitarianism again into amiable (or apparently amiable) deliquescence, these things are to be found in this "History of the Christian Church." Here and there, perhaps, there are statements which are questionable: it is doubtful whether the author has made sufficient allowance for the survival of the Laudian (and Catholic) teaching into the eighteenth century, and even into the nineteenth. Dr. Johnson was not a Latitudinarian, and Dr. Routh was alive in the 'fifties of the last century; and one must not forget that during the darkest days of Whiggery in the sanctuary there was a certain Bishop of Sodor and Man so famed for Apostolic holiness that the French King ordered that his see should be left untouched in time of war. Again, the notice of John George Gichtel, the disciple of Böhme, should have contained a reference to the Theosophic Correspondence of St. Martin and Liebistorf, and one is sorry to see that the index contains no reference either to St. Martin or to his master, Martinez Pasqually. Still, after all deductions, this story of the Church and the heretics remains, as we have said, a very useful book.

Useful, perhaps, above all, as giving us in a brief compass a comprehensive view of multifarious, multi-coloured error. To read it is as though one saw a succession of nightmares thrown on the white sheet by the magic lantern; and as we read we realise that we hold, each one of us, all these heresies potentially in our hearts. Just as every man is potentially a madman, so is every man potentially a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a follower of Elias Eller, a Latter-Day Saint. We know what fantasies we gladly harbour in our dreams, what wild seas we navigate, what horrors we perpetrate without horror and without astonishment. And in waking also most men trespass into paths that lead to no sane abodes; moment by moment we skirt the region of the monstrous, and do so with a kind of pleasure, as some will walk by the edge of a high cliff, testing the imagined terror of the fall upon the rocks, well aware that they are in no real danger. Well, we can do these things and be secure against madness so long as we

are careful to keep within certain bounds, so long as we are conscious all the while of our true standpoint in reality. But, let this standpoint be forgotten for a moment; then the fantastic dreamer is in danger of becoming a raging madman. And, again, there are certain dreams which, in a sense, are true—as dreams—which once translated into the logical speech of waking hours are at once transformed into maniacal or ridiculous delusions. And so with many or most of the sects which have flourished, which flourish still to the prejudice of good art, holy living, and clear thinking: to the destruction of all true religion where they reign unchallenged. Once these schemes and systems were, perhaps, harmless if fantastic dreams, some certainly were nightmares from the first; still, if a man wakes up and shakes the ugly fancy from him, not much harm is done. If Calvin had kept his monstrous system of Ill Will to Men in some odd corner of his brain, as one keeps an ugly idol in a locked drawer, how much misery, how much horror, how much of hideousness, how much atheism and blasphemy had been spared the world. St. Augustine, we may believe, had seen all that Calvin saw, and was able to refrain himself in time; and it may be that there is no extreme madness of these our days, no crack-brained error of the craziest sect in all the United States of America that has not been presented to the vision of some one or other of the most illuminated saints. And it may be that the distinction between the heresiarch and the saint is chiefly in this: that whereas the inventor of heresy sees a great deal, the saint sees all, beholds the beautiful error trailing away into a hideous serpent, whose slime befouls the earth, whose breath blasts all that is lovely. Literally it is not likely that St. Austin foresaw the work of the Covenanters, the Salem of Cotton Mather's time, or modern Glasgow on Sunday; but it is probable that he saw images and similitudes of these desolations and abominations, and realised that the ladder whose first step seemed so firm and so fair led to no pleasure or paradise, but to the fields of burning marl. The first saints of the Church could reason gently with Pagans; violence they reserved for the dissenters or Gnostics. A child is, in the natural order, ignorant about many things, unreasonable about most things; in this ignorance and unreason there is nothing uncomely, and we teach the child better, and the more kindly we teach, the more swiftly will the child be enlightened. But very differently do we treat the grown man who sees snakes crawling over his bed, the grown woman who has a mission from heaven to cut her children's throats, since delirium tremens and homicidal mania are far removed from the ignorant simplicity of tender years; nor is homicidal mania mitigated at all if it be complicated with religious melancholia. We do not scold a little boy because he does not pile his wooden bricks into a form that recalls St. Peter's at Rome; we have every reason to scold the people of mature years who build, or cause to be built, the hideous structures called Dissenting Meeting-houses.

*Procul recedant somnia
Et noctium phantasmata.*

BARTOLOZZI

Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A. By J. T. H. BAILY.
(*Connoisseur*, Extra Number. Otto and Co., 5s. net.)

To the collector of artistic small ware, such as prints and drawings, irrespective of anything but its intrinsic beauty or its historical interest, the name of Bartolozzi is a continual exasperation. He (the collector) discovers a fresh and distinctly promising-looking shop, but his enquiry for anything in the way of

prints is met with a reflective shake of the head and "We've no Bartolozzis"—as though there were nothing else fit to be considered. His fair friends, to whom he is displaying his collection, ask pointedly, or disappointedly, if he hasn't got any Bartolozzis; while his sister or, worse still, his wife, shows him a Bartolozzi which she has picked up for a tenth of its market value, and he has not even the satisfaction of knowing enough about it to point out that it is an undoubted "fake." A plague on these alien immigrants!

At the same time, it is no use denying to Bartolozzi the high place to which his talent and industry undoubtedly entitle him; and though stipple engraving was by no means the only, or even the best, method of reproducing the works of Reynolds and others who in Bartolozzi's time were making English art famous, there is no question that in his own line he was a superlative craftsman, and we need have no hesitation in allowing him one of the foremost places in the history of his art.

Making due allowance for the absurd over-estimation in which Bartolozzi is held by a host of fair or foolish collectors, of whom most have never heard of anybody else, and many could hardly be expected to tolerate anything but ecstatic praise of their idol, Mr. Baily has certainly produced a very useful and acceptable book. A hundred excellent reproductions of the prints, most of them in colour, are a feast in themselves; and Mr. Baily's biographical sketch is a very suitable accompaniment to the banquet, saying much that is interesting about the artist and some of his contemporaries, without going too deeply or seriously into his subject. Nobody is always right, and there are various occasions on which he incurs the liability of contradiction—as in stating that Sir Peter Lely was a German, or that Bartolozzi's prints were directly inspired by the Italian Renaissance—but as a whole it is a very pleasant and useful sketch.

For the long and important Appendix I. ("A List of Published Engravings by Bartolozzi") it is difficult to believe that Mr. Baily himself can be responsible, and we can only suppose that it was left in other hands. The number, no less than the nature, of the mistakes in it makes mention of them imperative, and we can only regret the oversight (for it can hardly be otherwise) of letting the list go out as it is. Half an hour's work on it would have sufficed. Many of the errors are obvious to any reader—such as "Ranelagh Mosque" for "Ranelagh Masque," "Colia" for "Celia" in "As You Like It" (this occurs twice), "Aemilius Paulus and her Children," "Sacrededge," "Elliott, T. Knight" for "Sir Thomas Elliott," "Raphael Zanzio" and "Raffael pines" in two consecutive lines, "Confirmation" for "Confirmation," or "Triolus and Cressida." But there are others by which collectors who have no special, or even general, knowledge of art and artists might easily be misled. Such are the names of painters given as R. Westal, B. Rebecca, P. da Cartona, Dom Zampieri, Coates, W. Marten, Andrea Vanechi. Worse still are such entries as the two following:

Northumberland, Duke of: Hugh Smithson.
Spencer, Countess: G. Pointz.

which, from the form adopted throughout the appendix, would imply that Smithson and Pointz were the painters of the portraits. Nor is the following quite happy:

Spencer, Countess: G. Pointz—
Ditto with naked shoulders.
Woman with a Turban.

It is obvious, in fact, that whoever compiled, or copied, this appendix knew nothing of the subject in hand, and was not even a competent indexer.

PARLIAMENTARY HASH

Fourteen Years in Parliament. By A. S. T. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN, late M.P. for the Tonbridge Division. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE sort of Parliamentary hash which is provided in this book by Mr. Boscawen, whom we remember as a fluent speaker with a rather strident voice at the Oxford Union, is not without its uses, provided it be tolerably served. And we must say at once that the cook is not a bad one. But the mess is at best but reference journalism, and cannot be treated as history, and so strong is the prejudice of the present reviewer against anything of the former kind making an attempt to pass as the latter, that he has attempted to draw a line between the two by leaving uncriticised the last hundred pages of the book. The procedure may be illogical, and the line drawn at the retirement of Lord Salisbury, somewhat arbitrary; but the compromise is consoling to his mind.

The author, one of the Conservatives slaughtered at the polls of 1906, is a strong party man and does not pretend to be anything else; but his boasted attempt to be fair to his opponents may be granted to be successful upon the whole. So that they and the general reader may use his record, if they will. Moreover, as we shall see, he shows that there were times when party had not entire possession of his soul.

We wish that his spelling and composition were equally blameless. He is terribly fond of that literary bugbear, the improper use of the words "phenomenon" and "phenomenal"; writes of something being "fully availed of," of one thing as "different to" another, and "the latter" in reference to the last of several; whilst he employs the unusual forms "agressive" and "siezed," and misspells the name of a former Russian Ambassador and more than one member of Parliament. Yet we believe Mr. Boscawen took a first class at his University, and has, presumably, enjoyed some leisure of late.

There is no question here of the *quorum pars magna fui*; and Mr. Boscawen's name does not figure once in the useful index appended to his work. Yet he was something more than a mere spectator, having been Parliamentary Secretary to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach when Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Parliamentary Charity Commissioner—a curious position which carries with it no salary, and the holder of which ceases to be a private member without becoming a member of the Government. The former point of vantage enables the author to let his readers into the secret of the restorative used by his chief on Budget days and to retail one of those tempestuous asides by which he relieved himself on occasion. Moreover, Mr. Boscawen has always been a zealous member of the Church party, and on at least one occasion successfully moved the rejection of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. In this connection we note his denial of the supposed Cecil plot, by means of which that now triumphant measure was once prevented from reaching Grand Committee. "It was the absolutely spontaneous action of a large number of members who felt that they had not been treated quite fairly"—nay, more: "among the most conspicuous loiterers, I saw some of the oldest and most respected members of the Cabinet."

In reference to the second reading of Mr. Balfour's Education Bill (the last one), we get a quaint little piece of revelation as to the methods of Parliamentary orators:—

For my part, I rose in my place eleven times before I could fire off a speech, for which I had hastily prepared an equal number of

impromptu exordia to rebut the statements of the previous speaker, a well-known device calculated to make the speech appear extempore.

Another personal incident which Mr. Boscawen quite pardonably introduces is that of his being dragged out of his bed (to which he was confined with influenza), and driven down to the House in a closed carriage to support a vote of censure. "When I got there I was placed in a warm room behind the Speaker's chair, where were two other Unionist members in the same condition as myself; in the Opposition room were three supporters of the Government, similarly situated." It was a case for pairs, as he remarks: as it was, "we all risked our lives and doubtless spread the influenza germs far and wide through the Palace of Westminster." Some years later, the member for Tonbridge, though in general faithful enough to the call of the party whip, on one occasion preferred a college dinner to Parliamentary duty.

In an early chapter of his book Mr. Boscawen, in recording Mr. Gladstone's retirement (which he thinks was occasioned by his unwillingness to deal with the Welsh Church question), praises his "marvellous old-world courtesy," and naïvely remarks: "I remember that he sat through my maiden speech, which is more than any of my own leaders did."

As to these last, Mr. Chamberlain is obviously his hero, though Mr. Balfour's dexterity is appreciated, and his wide and generous sympathy towards the Church, "of which he is usually believed not to be a member," gratefully acknowledged.

We are glad also to see that so ardent a Tariff Reformer is fair to the unfortunate Mr. Brodrick, who has had to bear an undue amount of obloquy; and his remark on one of Mr. Wyndham's "beautifully phrased speeches"—that as it gave satisfaction neither to the Nationalists nor to the Ulster party, it was "probably an exceedingly wise one"—commends itself to our judgment.

Our Parliamentary recorder severely criticises Conservative Cabinet appointments, especially those of 1900, and his dictum that the reconstruction of that year amounted to "a sort of twentieth-century reproduction of the old Whig system in the eighteenth century" is quite felicitous. He admits that in the first session of the Unionist Government of 1895 things were shockingly mismanaged; that the committee on the Jameson Raid was unsatisfactory, "and the matter remained an unsolved mystery"; that the Conservatives were "far too easy-going" about Ministerial directorships of companies; and he thought that Mr. Balfour's new rules of procedure were "the chief causes of the disintegration of our party." Nor does he defend the way in which Mr. Balfour on two notable occasions threw over two of his colleagues, though one of these was Sir John Gorst—certainly not a favourite with the writer.

Mr. Boscawen acted with the small band of members who advocated a Chinese policy less cautious than Lord Salisbury's. He confesses, however, that the China party had no debating "giants"; and concedes that, not having the information open to the Government or their breadth of outlook, the action of the group may have been ill advised. The question whether the rise of Japan is likely or not to prove of ultimate advantage to the world has been propounded before, but it is none the less a highly pertinent one.

One is glad to find that the author's experience in the matter of the National Telephone Company and other questions has led him to Burke's view of the functions of a member of Parliament, "that a member must not be a mere delegate, but owes to his constituents the use of his judgment."

We do not share the ex-member's views of the complete futility of debates on the Address, and are of

opinion that he does something less than justice to the career of the late Lord Ritchie. He is capable on occasion of making merry over the weaknesses of his own particular favourites as well as of those with whom he has little sympathy. Thus in treating of Mr. Chaplin's conduct in Committee of the Agricultural Rating Bill, he remarks that the then President of the Local Government Board "made really great speeches on the smallest amendments," so much so that it was remarked that he seemed to consider it "not a Rating, but a perorating Bill." We only hope that the conversation that is supposed to have taken place on the Treasury Bench, the outcome of which was Mr. Balfour's tardy perception of the advantages of a legal training, may have been historical.

It probably, however, gave Mr. Boscawen more genuine pleasure to tell his readers that Mr. Ian Malcolm once explained to him "that he occupied a middle position between Mr. Balfour and the Free Fooders"—a place he confesses that he himself "could not find on any map." But here we are trenching on that dire fiscal question which we have vowed to ourselves to keep outside this review.

In treating of his political opponents, Mr. Boscawen is sometimes very severe, but seldom patently unjust. This last epithet should, however, one thinks, in view of recent information, be applied to his description of Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule as "sudden." The present Premier, we are told, only escaped succeeding Mr. Peel as Speaker ("he was undoubtedly covetous of the position and excellently qualified") because "he was the only Cabinet Minister who was on speaking terms with all the other members of the Rosebery Cabinet!" He admits, too, that the Conservatives underrated his "tenacity" when in Opposition.

Two *obiter dicta* met with in the book are amusing—that apropos of Mr. Yoxall, the Liberal representative of the N.U.T.—"Elementary school teachers are always well dressed"; and that evoked by the late Sir Michael Foster's opposition to the Pure Beer Bill—that scientists "regarded the making of anything out of something different from what the public expected as progress." The Welsh farmer "who had previously supported disestablishment, hoping to get rid of the tithe," but when he heard that the money was to go to museums said that "he would sooner support the parson than an old bones house," is still, it is to be hoped in existence.

Mr. Boscawen writes well and dispassionately, considering the nearness of the events, of the South African War. He has, however, his own little fling at the War Office in reference to the delay in the granting of his own leave from garrison duty in Malta. His account of the two worst "scenes" in the House during his career is of some interest. In the free fight during the Home Rule debates of '93 he declares that "no real damage was done," but that débris were collected in the shape of "a broken arm of a bench, some buttons, several shirt studs, and a false tooth." He recalls the fact that during the prolonged committee proceedings of this period, when the terrace became "the most fashionable lounge in London," passengers on the penny steamers used to chaff members, calling out to them "to go in and look after the Home Rule Bill."

These are a few of the humours of the book; but the recorder is, all the while, very much in earnest, and expresses his opinion that the best speech he ever heard in Parliament was one of those fervid lay sermons for which Lord Hugh Cecil, in the last Parliament, became famous. And, as we hinted at the beginning, there are evidences in this book, however slight its claims to be read as history, that its author is something more than a mere party politician.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS: 1544—1907

The Stage Censor. A Historical Sketch, 1544-1907, by G. M. G. Illustrated. (Sampson Low, 1s. 6d. net.)

THOSE persons—and they appear to be tolerably numerous just now—who are interested in the long quarrel between the English dramatists and the Licensor of Plays, should be grateful to G. M. G. In his book, "The Stage Censor," he sums up for them in a brief hundred and twenty pages the history of the relations between State and Stage in England during the past three hundred and fifty years in a vivacious and interesting manner. A writer in the *Times* recently published two very instructive articles on the subject, full of information extracted from reports of commissions and other not very accessible works. But those articles dealt mainly with the Post-Walpole Censorship. Sir Robert is, of course, the father of the institution in its modern form. G. M. G., on the contrary, devotes a large part of his volume to the earlier period, when the drama was still under the control of the King's Master of the Revels. The history of the censorship in this country is not a pretty one from whatever point of view one regards it. Neither English art nor English statesmanship cuts a very creditable figure in it. We have instances of tyranny and oppression, instances of dubious financial practice, instances without end of crass stupidity, and, lastly, a general flavour of corruption, political and otherwise, which produce an impression the reverse of agreeable. From Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels of seventeenth century days, squabbling over his fees and receiving £3 from Mr. Hemmings, "for a courtesie done him about their Blackfriars Hous"—what was the nature of that "courtesie," we wonder?—to the younger Colman, Censor in the days of George IV., who made up for the laxity of his own plays by being ludicrously strict about everyone else's, the chronicle is equally odious and absurd. Colman is the gentleman who would not allow a lady to be called an "angel" on the stage because angels were beings of a celestial order, and, therefore, unfitted to be mentioned in a theatre. But that, of course, has been more or less the censorial attitude towards the drama in this country ever since a censorship has existed, and it is still the attitude of those persons who support the censorship as an institution. The theatre, according to these people, is a lewd and disreputable institution, which must be very carefully watched by specially-appointed guardians, lest it should get out of hand. Dramatists and managers are terrible fellows, who are only waiting for their chance to swoop down upon an innocent public with plays of the most blasphemous and indecent character. Only the interposition of the censorship prevents our playhouses from being flooded with the grossest improprieties, and if ever that beneficent check were withdrawn managers would "find themselves compelled"—that is the phrase—to stage entertainments of an objectionable character in order to fill their houses! Why theatre managers, any more than the members of any other decent calling, should "find themselves compelled" to do something which their own consciences do not approve does not appear, especially as we are told in the same breath that the production of these dubious entertainments would lead to riotous protests from the audiences, owing to the inherent virtue of the English people, and, therefore, must be prevented in the interests of public order. Theatre managers are not very intelligent people, but they can be trusted not to put up plays which would be both improper and un-

popular as well. However, that is not the view of the censorship and its supporters, their view for the last three hundred and fifty years having been that only assiduous watching can keep the playwright from the worst excesses. Of course, this attitude of the modern licenser is well meant, just as the identical attitude of the Master of the Revels was well meant. Theatres, being in their nature wicked, or at least frivolous institutions, must be strictly controlled, like other wicked or frivolous things and people. They must be prevented from laying their profane hands on subjects which religious or serious people take seriously. They may stage light farces and comedies "from the French," but they must not expose political abuses, and "angels" must not be mentioned on their stages. One can quite understand that such prohibitions were intended to put a salutary restraint on playwrights and purge their work from offence. But one can also understand how in practise such regulations had precisely the opposite effect. If you single out one of the arts for special police supervision, and frankly proclaim that you consider it unfit to deal with a large class of subjects which are allowed to its sister arts, the resultant degradation of that art is inevitable. If you cut it off from dealing with the higher, more vital and significant subjects, and confine it to the frivolous and the trivial, you are necessarily weakening its influence, starving its powers, and turning away the more vigorous minds from devoting themselves to it. In England the novel is free from all censorship other than that of the police. The drama is fettered by the ridiculous rule-of-thumb restrictions of the Lord Chamberlain's Office. Hence it is to the novel or the essay that the man of letters who has anything to say turns as a vehicle of expression. While the man who writes for the theatre, if he is wise, frankly recognises that his business is to provide, not a drama which is a work of art or a criticism of life, but an entertainment, and shapes his plays accordingly. The result may be a quite amusing and even wholesome evening's entertainment, but it does not make for great drama. And if it be desirable for a nation that its art should be great rather than puny, even in so grovelling a sphere as that of the theatre, the attitude of the censorship is scarcely calculated to contribute to that result. But this is too large a question to go into in the limits of a brief review. We will only add that "The Stage Censor" is furnished with some interesting illustrations, including several portraits of men of letters and others who have been brought into collision with the Lord Chamberlain's licensing authority at various periods.

NEW MEDIEVAL LIBRARY—II.

Of the Tumbler of Our Lady and Other Miracles. Translated from the Middle French, with introduction and notes, by ALICE KEMPE-WELCH. With eight illustrations. Title page, repeated on cover, designed by MISS B. C. HUNTER. New Medieval Library, vol. 2. (Chatto and Windus, 5s. net and 7s. 6d.)

In this second volume Mrs. Kempe-Welch gives us versions of the now well-known story, "Tombear nostre Dame," with the following other legends:—(1) How Our Lady appeared to a knight, said to be an Englishman, while he prayed; a story introduced into France by Abbot Eustache II. of St. Germer, at Flaix, who journeyed to England in 1200-1201: (2) how Our Lady fought at a tourney in the person of a knight who had forgotten to present himself at the lists, absorbed in his devotions to her, a story related by Jacobus de Voragine in "The Golden Legend": (3) the story long

"La Vénus d'Ille," concerning Theophilus, the Eastern clerk, who placed a ring upon the finger of a statue of Venus or of the Virgin, as related in the "Gesta Romanorum" of William of Malmesbury, in the "Speculum Historiale" of Vincent of Beauvais, and elsewhere: (4) of the monk who daily recited in the Virgin's honour five psalms commencing with the letters of her name, Maria, and in whose mouth were found five miraculous roses after his death: (5) of the delivery of the city of Chartres from the army of the Norseman, Rollo, through the holy *camice* of the Virgin, presented to Charlemagne by the Empress Irene, and to the city by King Louis de Debonnaire: (6) of the drowning man saved by Our Lady's veil, a legend, it we mistake not, depicted on the south wall of the Lady Chapel at Winchester with many more: (7) of a Jew who took in pledge an image of the Virgin; a legend of the tenth century connected with the church of S. Sophia at Constantinople: and (8) of a renowned troubador, Peter de Siglar, on whose head a lighted taper descended thrice as he prayed before the ancient shrine of Roc Amadour, in Lot. Most of these legends, as Mrs. Kempe-Welch tells us, are to be found in the MS. of Gautier de Coinci, in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, and in the MS. which belonged until recently to the Seminary at Soissons, and has now been seized by the Freemasons who govern France. We commend it to the attention of American millionaires. Fortunately it was edited by Poquet, in 1857, under a more liberal *régime*. Gautier de Coinci was a monk at Saint Médard, at Soissons, and later prior of Vic-sur-Aune, where he died at the age of 59, in 1236. His "Miracles de Nostre Dame" consists of a poem of 30,000 lines, written in a very elaborate style, with many "*rhymes riches*." He indulged in violent denunciations of the corruption of the clergy, of the evilness of the Jews and of all Christians who held any communication with them. A second collection was compiled by Jean de Marchant, a secular priest, of Chartres, about 1240. It was largely composed of legends connected with Chartres, which he patriotically also endowed with others actually belonging to Soissons. He borrowed much from Coinci, and both derived from a Latin collection made by Hugues Farsit in the twelfth century. There are also two other anonymous collections, with many isolated legends, such as versions of Theophilus and the ring, told, among many others, by Rustebœuf, who died about 1280; of Our Lady at the tourney; and of the "Tombear nostre Dame," a legend most widely spread, which may have been brought to Europe by Crusaders, even from India. We do not find that Mrs. Kempe-Welch tells us precisely from what originals her stories are derived. In the case of these legends, the French text is more than ever necessary to the appreciation of their beauty; the text of most of them has been published. Mrs. Kempe-Welch gives us excellent notes, among them information about Roc Amadour, and elaborate derivations of the ancient battle cry, "Monjoie." The latter are interesting but only partially credible. For "*setueille*" we suggest the translation, "lampern," a word which was, and for aught we know is still used in the western counties. Yarrell so designates the river—lamprey. Dame Juliana Berners recommends as bait for trout in April, "*juneba*, otherwyse named vii-eyes" ("*setueille*").

ON UNBENDING OVER A NOVEL

I HAVE been allowed to take as a peg on which to hang a few remarks at large upon sensational fiction Mr. Joseph Conrad's recent novel, "The Secret Agent" (Methuen).

This is an excellent novel told in an appropriate manner. It is terrible, amusing, and convincing. There

would be impropriety in giving away the ingenious plot, for, being frankly a detective tale, it will be part of its charm for many readers that they do not know what to expect. But the plot is only one thing by which the book appeals. The drawing of the characters and the suggestion of the environments in which they move is completely skilful. Sometimes the effect of probability is obtained by the minutest touches and sometimes by the broadest lines, but whichever way Mr. Conrad works he shows himself an accurate as well as an imaginative observer of men and things. The leading villain, an *agent provocateur* and a lazy, verbose man; his wife, a smouldering fire; his mother-in-law, ready to endure all loss of personal dignity to secure the well-being of her weak-minded son; the assistant commissioner of police, who was not to be bounced by his chief inspector; the chief inspector, a sly ass made up to look like an acute and trustworthy fellow; and the Russian *attaché*, alike a social evil and a social success—all these are housed and clothed exactly as they should be; they conform sufficiently to type to make elaborate explanations of their words and actions unnecessary, but their traits are brought out with a sharpness which renders them realisable individualities. If the anarchists seem to fall a little below the supporters of law and order in their level of portraiture, we must ask ourselves whether Mr. Conrad does not know more of those people than many of us do—it may be that he is right and that popular conceptions are wrong; and if the *grande dame* and the Minister of the Crown savour of burlesque we must remember that their originals may have done the same when playing their parts in the real world, for these two persons are not quite the creation of Mr. Conrad's imagination.

The pleasure to those who love a good story, who read novels mainly for the story, and who often regard as the subterfuge of writers who have not much story to tell any long disquisitions upon a political question or delicate definitions of a moral scruple—the pleasure to such readers is very great when a "simple tale" like this falls into their hands. Mr. Conrad means, of course, by his sub-title that he has employed a simple manner of telling, not that the events narrated are of an everyday character, for, on the contrary, the things that happen in "The Secret Agent" are bizarre as well as melodramatic, while the way in which they are made to happen has required great dexterity in composition. The simplicity lies neither in the events nor the planning, but in the author's method. The tale is unfolded without parade of psychology and as directly as possible, with a wholly impersonal pen. Mr. Conrad does the telling, and you do the thinking, with very little indication from him as to what direction the thinking should take. The vast relief of it! "Easy writing makes damned hard reading," said Lord Byron (or somebody else); but that is not the situation here. Nor have we the usual instance of very difficult writing made to look facile by the author's subtlety. It is rather the case of the man who can do much harder things showing that he can undertake a lighter task without falling away from a high standard. The talent is not universal. Here is a picturesque writer, who has set down for us in other works passionate passages in men's inmost lives and tremendous upheavals in Nature, turning from the recording of moral and oceanic typhoons and the describing of the indescribable, to write a detective story, and taking care to do it extremely well, with an ease that never degenerates into slovenliness. Of course, such a book is bound to delight those who love a novel for the sake of the story. It may be said, even by many of those who have read "The Secret Agent" with great gusto, that there is no need to talk so expansively about it—that, at best, to praise it is only to say that Mr. Conrad, who has done greater things, shows, as might have been expected, that he can do less, and that it is hardly com-

plimentary to dwell on a writer's success at the moment when he is lessening his efforts. I know the irritation that is provoked among the friends of an author by praising his simpler works. To prefer "Daisy Miller" to "The Turn of the Screw," "Under the Greenwood Tree" to "Jude the Obscure," "The Sign of Four" to "The White Company," and "The Wrong Box" to "The Master of Ballantrae" is always to run the risk of the accusation of "sighting" the author. But there is no sense in the accusation. It is a perfectly intelligible frame of mind to admire "Le Lys dans la Vallée," and yet to find Vautrin's final escapades more congenial reading. Granted that in making sweeping assertions about one book by an author being better or worse than another we are always doing a careless thing, and trying to erect a matter of personal, and perhaps temporary, taste into a general law, yet the fact remains that a large class of readers love a story for its story; and as they are not all housemaids or invalids who make us this class, many of them possess the strength of body or mind to be doubly pleased if the presentation is good. What accounts for the perennial popularity of "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White," "La Corde au Cou" and "M. Lecoq," and the disappearance into oblivion of all the works of G. W. M. Reynolds and Boisgobey? The telling of the tale. And the telling of good tales is generally simple. There are improbabilities enough and to spare in the incidents of all these four famous sensational novels, but the author's meaning is never in doubt. The mysteries are not deepened either by the inability of the artist to draw or by his uncertainty as to what he should put on to his canvas. They are simple tales, because of the way that they are told.

Cannot more good writers, sound thinkers, and artistic observers have consideration for those who want to "unbend over a novel"—I quote the phrase because I have seen it used as a text for a scornful tirade against a slack-backed class? I write as one of that class. My idea of a novel is not primarily that it should be a work which will instruct me, or widen my sympathies, or move me to better things. I ask, in the first case, that it should interest and amuse me, detach my mind from worries, and accompany pleasantly my tea and muffins on those fortunate afternoons when I can make time for debauch. If it will do the other famous things for me, why, so much the better. Thackeray and Dickens, Balzac and Scott can be read for relaxation alone, although their position in literature is what it is; their works can be unbent over, although they are great masters of fiction, and in spite of the knowledge that the unbending process may lead to occasional lapses in our appreciation of the author's higher aims; why should writers with less claim on our attention than these masters insist on trying to keep us in a strained attitude of respectful attention? Not long ago an author wrote to a newspaper describing the resentment with which he had witnessed a girl on a steamer-deck run her eye in a desultory way down pages the writing of which had caused him aching pain. This was a ridiculous letter, for it revealed in a naïve manner the unfortunate seriousness with which the writer took himself. But there was nothing singular in his consequential attitude. Dozens of decent novelists take up the same; nay, more than dozens, for if we are without archbishops in fiction we have just now many archdeacons in the hierarchy of the circulating library, able to instruct us up to a respectable literary pitch. All what may be termed our leading writers of fiction, being properly and nobly filled with other wishes than merely to amuse us, regard as a slight upon their art the desire of a reader to unbend over their books when there is nothing else more pressing to do. It is to be regretted that some of our best

writers of fiction have such fine and uncomfortable ideals of work, so that they are always inspired with the intent to elevate us or to make us sit up; and I believe that a good many publishers share this view. To unbend over a book exactly represents what a large class of readers want to do, and their gratitude to the author who gives them a story which neither irritates them by its absurdities nor hypnotises them by its lofty aims or its psychological subtleties is deep. Why are they given so little to read? Why are there no more such books written as "The Secret Agent"? If it were possible to cross-examine the prominent publishers as to their probable attitude towards the author of a good, straightforward, sensational novel, thoroughly well-planned and thoroughly well-written, their answers would reveal them as not averse from risking the issue. And if, further, we spoke of the matter to the booksellers, in whose behalf it is now understood that the publishers wish to be found acting, it is probable that the booksellers would declare, one and all, that such a book is an easy commodity to sell. And there is a large public ready to buy it. If we have the wholesale and retail machinery ready to sell, and the market ready to buy, the fault of the non-supply must be with the producers.

Our leading writers do not attempt the simple, sensational story; they do not try to give us anything of the thrill that we get when we take from our shelves "Les Esclaves de Paris," "Uncle Silas," "Edwin Drood" (perhaps much of the charm of the last for those who unbend over a novel lies in its not having been finished in some unconvincing way), "Le Fiacre No. Trieze," or "It's Never Too Late to Mend." The feeling of these leading writers may be that the simple, sensational novel is in some way a trivial or inferior piece of work. They may believe that such productions appeal only in a vulgar way to an uncritical audience; that their author convicts himself of having low aims, and of being still in the 'fifties. Perhaps our leading writers are not quite so absurd as this, but, at any rate, the mere fact that there are scores of abominably bad sensational novels written every year indicates that to write a good one is not an easy task. It is a task that is too hard for those who make a habit of essaying it, and they seem to show that they know their inability to meet the strain upon their intellect. It is impossible to account in any other way for the output of some six or seven prolific writers of the sheerly sensational school. Having industry and inventiveness, these gentlemen and ladies can only fail time after time because they do not try in any definite way to write what it lies within their power to write. Feeling that they have no arts of description, no powers of suggestion, and little knowledge of life upon which to depend, they serve up a hodge-podge of impossibilities and horrors in the hope that all the murders, abductions, arson, sorning and regrating will not be wasted—in the hope that some one terrific event will at least capture the attention of a reader. But upon most of us their primitive strategy is wasted, for these are not books that can be read by educated people. The fact that persons can be found to publish them ought not to prevent our leading writers from giving us, now and again, the old sort of sensational novel, part of whose charm lay in an excellent construction, while the possibilities of the plot were made the most of by due exercise of literary craft. May Mr. Conrad's example be followed! May some of the other writers who stand in public esteem as high as he does—they are but a small band—be moved to give us occasionally a simple tale on the old-fashioned lines! Affectionate regard and much money awaits the skilful author who is not above meeting the demands of those who want to unbend over a book.

S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE.

JAPANESE FAIRY TALES—II.

HERE is a story that, psychologically, touches profound issues. It is about a haunted house, and it is told in this manner:

"You must learn that in the East there are two sorts of haunters, the Shi-ryo and the Iki-ryo. The Shi-ryo are merely the ghosts of the dead; and here, as in most lands, they follow the ancient habit of coming at night only. But the Iki-ryo, the ghosts of the living, these may come at all hours, and they are much more to be feared.

"Now, the house of which I speak was haunted by an Iki-ryo. The man who built it was an official, wealthy and esteemed. He designed it as a home for his old age, and when it was finished he filled it with beautiful things, and hung tinkling wind-bells along its eaves. Artists of skill painted the naked, precious wood of its panels with sprays of blossoming cherry, and plum, and figures of gold-eyed falcons poised on crests of pine, slim fawns feeding under maple shadows, herons flying, and iris flowers blooming, and long-armed monkeys clutching at the face of the moon in water—all the symbols of the seasons, and of good fortune.

"And fortunate the owner was. Yet he knew one sorrow, he had no heir. Therefore, with his wife's consent and according to antique custom, he took a strange woman into his home that she might give him a child—a young woman from the country, to whom large promises were made. When she had borne him a son she was sent away; and a nurse was hired for the boy that he might not regret his mother. All this had been agreed to beforehand, and there were ancient usages to justify it. But all the promises to the boy's mother were not fulfilled when she was sent away.

"After a little while the rich man fell sick, and he grew worse thereafter day by day. And people said there was an Iki-ryo in the house. Skilled physicians did all they could for him, but he only became weaker and weaker, till at last they confessed they had no hope. The wife made offerings and prayed to the gods, but the gods made answer: 'He must die, unless he obtain forgiveness from one whom he hath wronged. And undo the wrong by making just amend. For there is an Iki-ryo in your house.'

"Then the sick man was conscience smitten, and sent out servants to bring the woman back to his home. But she was gone, lost somewhere among the forty millions of the Empire. And the sickness grew ever worse and worse, and the weeks passed in vain. At last there came to the gates a peasant, who said that he knew the place to which the woman had gone, and that he would journey to find her if means were given him. But the sick man, hearing, cried out: 'No, she would never forgive me, *because she could not; it is too late.*'

"And he died.

"After which the widow, and the relatives, and the little boy abandoned the house. And strangers entered thereto."

Curiously enough, and herein lies the interest of the tale, the people spoke harshly of the mother of the boy, holding her to blame for the haunting. Yet an Iki-ryo goes forth without the knowledge of the person whose emanation it is. There is nothing voluntary about the sending forth of this spirit. She, from whom the Iki-ryo proceeded, was not blamed by the people as a witch. They never suggested that it might have been created with her knowledge. They even sympathised with what they deemed to be her just plaint. They blamed her only for having been too angry, for not controlling sufficiently her unspoken resentment, because she should have known that anger secretly indulged can have ghostly consequences."

This story is told as illustrating an Oriental belief. Yet we, in the West, are not without our traditions of the consequence of evil thought. They have taken shape in the belief in the Evil Eye, only with us, this truth, which is none other than the power of conscience, suffers the same inversion as in this story from the East. The finality and despair in the man's exclamation "She would not, because she could not," had less relation to the woman, had he known it, than to himself. It was because he, though perhaps half consciously, knew he was to blame that he had lived all those years with a weight on his prosperity, and had at last succumbed to its force.

In the tradition of the Evil Eye the illiterate mind, sensible of having warred against its diviner self, attributes its disease to the exerted will-power of the injured. So superstition, growing from a twisted portion of truth, like fungus upon a living tree, regards the results of self-condemnation as an active spirit of revenge.

There is a saying in our religion that touches on this theme, disowning, as it does, so completely any personal correction, any idea of an avenging God: "I judge him not, but the word that I have spoken judgeth him."

Its message is of the spiritual sequence of thought and act—a force, some may think, influencing even the outward circumstances of our lives.

In the existence of the Shi-ryo, who are, as this story so pleasantly says, merely the ghosts of the dead—in the existence of the Shi-ryo you may, or you may not, believe. But the Iki-ryo, the ghosts of the living, these, surely, are true? But it is lives they haunt, not houses.

To the self-accusing there may be irony in the austere compassion of the words: "And let the counsel of thine own heart stand, for there is no man that shall be more faithful unto thee than it."

PAMELA TENNANT.

MENANDER

THE large new pieces of Menander found in Egypt, which have been so eagerly awaited, have now been published by M. Lefebvre, with the aid of M. Maurice Croiset; and all students will offer to him and the French Institute their warm thanks and congratulations on a discovery of so great importance. We have here no less than 1,300 lines, in several large fragments. If they still deny us the material for estimating Menander's management of a whole play, there are nevertheless complete scenes which show us very clearly his light touch and vivacity of style. But, as M. Lefebvre recognises, before we can appreciate them fully, there is much restoration and correction to be done. *Bis dat*, as he says, *qui cito dat*: he promises us presently a facsimile, and then a second edition embodying what other scholars can contribute. One such contribution I make here.

P. 9, vv. 40, 47 Τίβειος: so in *frag* 231 read εὐθυμία, Τίβειε (for βίε), τὸν δούλον τρέφει, and in 331 ἄλλ' οὐ Τιβεῖον (for τὰ βίου) νῦν ἴσως δει φροντίσαι. v. 57 ἔρια

P. 35, v. 10 εἰ δὲ σε 32 καθίζομαι σου 41 ἐκπρίσσω 129 φῆσ' 139 [δὲ καὶ] ἐπεξιόντος τὰδικεῖν (i.e. τῷ ἀδικεῖν) μέλλοντί σοι. 150 αἰσ[χρ]ά 192 ἡ μοι δός, αὐτῷ ἴν' εὐ παρέχω σὼν 258 ἐν[ε]παίσε· καὶ μοι γὰρ 261 αὐτῇ θ' [ὁμοῦ σου νέπαιζον 263 παῖδά γ' 273 ἀπολωλεκυῖ (or—λέκειν) 278 εἰ γὰρ ἐστ' ἐλευθέρως παιδός, τί τὸ γεγονός; 280 ἦτις ἐστίν, 281 ἐμοὶ σὺ or σὺν; read νῦν σύνθελε; 294 ποιήσῃ 301 τὰκεῖν (rather than τὰ γ' ἐκεῖν) 310 ὡς δ' ἀναιδῆς ἦσθα 326 πάντων γ' ἐμάντῃ σ' αἰτιον ἡγήσομαι τούτων. 333 μετέχεις or μετέβεις 340 ὡς ἐπέπεισθ' ὅτι 382 ἵνα καὶ τὰ γ' ἄλλα 433 νιοῦ δὲ καὶ 435 κατὰ μόν[ας] 442 νῆ τὴν φίλῃν Δήμητρα 451 περιμείνω; 460 σε (or ἴσθι;) ταῦτ' ἐμοὶ φρονεῖν 488 ἀπαγαγεῖν σαυτοῦ παρ' ἀνδρὸς θυγατέρα 504 οἷδ', ὡς ἐγὼ μ. α. 507 νυνὶ

δ' καὶ ἅπαντ' ἀγαθὰ or ἅπαντα τὰγάθ. ΣΜ. ἱερόσυλε γραῦ, τί φῆς: 517 εἰ τοῦτ' ἀληθές

P. 113, v. 31 ὑπὸ τοῦ <τον>, 43 ἵνα οὗτος ἀφίκοιτ' or ἀφίκοιτ' 58 τὰνταῦθα κρύψῃ 83 οὐχί (or οὐν οὐ) κατὰ τρόπον 87 ποῖ 107 [ὅπως] ἔχει 110 ἐνδύμαθ', οἱ φαίνεσθ', οἷα δ' (i.e. φανείται), ἡνίκ' ἂν οὐ γὰρ ἐόρακεν γε πῶ 114 λαλῶν. ΠΑΤ. μὰ τὸν Δί' (deleto οὐδ' ἐν) 117 οὐκ ἐκφθερεῖσθε 118 εἰς πεπηδήκασιν μοι. νεοττιῶν δ' οὐκ ἂν δύναντ' ἂν ἐξελεῖν 141 αὐτὸς ἐμελέτων λόγον (for ἐμὲ λέγων). 145 ἐγν[ω]κας εἴ 147 τοῦτό μ[οι]. Παραχρήσεται. τοῦτό <γε> γελῶν; 151 Εγὼ δ' ἄλλ' ἄρισθ' οὕτως ἔχεις 168 ἐχθρὰν τε πρα[όνως] φέρειν

P. 149, v. 52 ὥσθ' ὅτι μὲν αὐτῆς ἐστὶ τοῦτο 70 δοκεῖς γ' ἐμ[οί, νῆ τοὺς θεο]ύς 81 'Εμὲ τις καλεῖ; Ναί, <ναί> χι. 94 'Εγώ; μὰ τὸν Διόνυσον, μὰ τὸν 'Απ[όλλω, γ' ὡ μὲν σὺ 115 [ἡ] 'ναγκασμέν[ος] 124 κοῦκ ὄντ' ἐν αὐτοῦ. πολλὰ δ' <ἐξ> ἐργάζεται [τοιαῦτ' 159 διὰ τοῦτ' ἱμάντι καὶ— 160 τοιοῦτ' ἦν <τι> 178 for ἐταίραι read ἐτ' ἐραι 183 τάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς τύχης ἐγώ 192 τί ποτε (deleto ἐστὶ) τὸ γεγονός; 203 πάντα, τέλος ἔχει τὰ πράγματ', 238 σεαυτὸν 243 μικρὰ μετ' ἐμοῦ καὶ σεα[υτὸν ἀν]άλαβε οὐκ ἀκήκας λεγόντων, εἰπέ μοι, [σὺ πάπο]τε χρυσὸς δ' Ζεὺς ἐρρήη 255 ἐστ' or θεῖον δ' ἀκριβῶς ἐστὶ 261 παῖδας 263 σὺ δ' ἀποφαιλέεις (or rather ἀποφλαυρίζεις) σεαυτὸν; (or—εἰς) 268 ποιήματ' ἄττα (or ἦν τὰ) παρ' ἐμοί 289 περισπτόον 317 ποίει 320 μόν' ἐνθαδὶ 322 προσ—or (πεισ—) θήσομ' αὐτῷ. πῦθανόν εἶναι δαί μόνον. 327 διὰ κενῆς (for διακινεῖς) σαυτὸν ταρατταί, ἐμὲ δὲ 329 θυμία (or some form), not οὐ μία 336 δῆπως; ἴθι 338 [μὴ δέη]τ', 341 ὀχέτ' εἰ 383 οὐκ ἀηδῆς (for ἀτελής), ὡς εἰκεν, εἰμ' ἰδεῖν, οὐδ' ἐντ[υ]χεῖν 388 ἐστὶν, 400 "μὴ καί τι τούτων" φῆσ', ["ὅ παῖς ἀκήκας; 401 Dele καὶ 403 φῆ]σ', "ἴκοιο. ἀλη[θ]ές 409 ΔΑ. μὰ τὸν 'Απόλλω τούτον, as 251, where give the phrase to Demeas. 417 ΔΑ. μὰ τὸν 'Ασκληπιόν. 434 οὐκ ἐστὶ γὰρ ταῦθ' 440 κακοδαίμων' οὕτω δεσπότην ὦ τῆς π[ικρ]ᾶς 445 ἂν ἐξ ἀγροῦ θάπτον [πάλιν] ἔλθῃ, ταραχὴν οἷαν ποήσει 454 τίς πόθεν; 474 καὶ τετρωβόλους καλεῖς; 'Επαῖζον. <ὥς> σκατοφάγος εἰ.

WALTER HEADLAM.

IN DEFENCE OF DREAMING

TWENTY philosophers, backed by all their wealth of logic and law, are of no avail against a man in love, for he pits his rhyme against their reason, his transcendent faith against their cold argument, his living, breathing woman against their chiselled statues, from which no rosy ray of dawn can ever strike the music of dreams, and, somehow, he has the best of it. Let the wise men, if they will, invent unpleasant names for his state of mind—call it sex-attraction, the law of perpetuation, or worse things—the lover, with a fine tolerant laughter, puts them all to scorn—that is, if he be a real lover. And the lover, safe in his enchanted citadel, is only the dreamer *in excelsis*, with the re-awakened mystery of childhood suddenly flung over this world that he views through manhood's eyes; a mystery that enfolds and enwraps his life as the net of shining gossamer, softly falling, veils and enchants the green October meadows. The child and the lover are the two great visionaries. Coventry Patmore had that knowledge at heart when he wrote:

Love wakes men once a lifetime each;
They lift their heavy lids and look,
And lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book;
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but either way
That and the child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

Let us look at the lover's state of mind. When first he comprehends the sublime and simple thought expressed by Gabrielle Rossetti:

Not in thy body is thy life at all
But in this lady's lips and hands and eyes—

more often than not he is rendered intensely practical, and will leave his pocket volume behind that he may carry a railway time-table, wherewith to discover how he and she may more easily meet; the time-table has become full of poetry, a book of romance. "If we let romance go," says Mr. Meredith, "we exchange a sky for ceiling," and twice in our lives, when we are children and when we are lovers, we realise this. Those letters which are never written in cold pen and ink—the letters which a woman writes in her heart to the man she loves while she hears the night-hours passing or walks the busy streets—are among life's perfect things. Those words which lovers never say—the words which lie below every conversation, yet which to each one are as assured as though they rang out upon the air—are the perfect language for which no symbols can ever be wrought. Lovers meet life with a song. And why not? In these times, when ninety out of a hundred books are "love stories," and nine out of the remaining ten are thin attempts to break down the divinity of love, there is urgent need, surely, for such singing. We sound the futile profundities of oceans of print with few pearls to show for our diving. Below stairs Em'ly must have her twopence coloured account of the unhealthy amours of the dashing, totally fictitious guardsman and his impossible lady, or their equivalents, crammed with hyphenated adjectives and scenes by moonlight, served up with unlimited cash and, if possible, a murder. There are a dozen such travesties now running in London papers alone. Alys above stairs assimilates her daily *rechauffée* of half a dozen divorce scandals offered between daintily tooled and tinted covers with a tempting name. This is the false dreaming which loses itself in the contemplation of second-hand loves and the tawdry trappings of the author who writes down to it, vulgarising literature as his peer vulgarises the stage—for the sake of a big haul of money. Not always, of course, are those held within its spell to be blamed. They simply worship the god provided, and "there is a long twilight between the time when a god is first suspected to be an idol and his final overthrow."

Consider the child and his visions for a moment. We are so busy making the world smaller, so engrossed in our experiments, our negotiations, our getting and spending, that we are apt to forget how once we used to dream, in spite of the fact that the little inhabitants of that wonderful land wherein we ourselves dwelt for some secure and happy years are all round us. The heart of a child is the sweetest, purest thing in life, and we do not understand it, often do not try. Problems of sin have not touched it; mysteries of sex and sorrow are as yet ahead of it; the skies of children's dreams are the brave skies of morning; the country of their thoughts is the veritable Faëry Land, full of

Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illuminated caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist.

To them the dry clatter of blown autumn forest-drift is the scamper of invisible fairy feet; the curled leaf sailing down the stream is a shallop laden with an elfin crew, whose merry steersman, "doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup," laughs farewell and waves his grassy oar as he vanishes round the bend; the garden holds a hundred tiny, wordless voices; half amused, half afraid, they watch the shadows on the nursery wall and fit them with impish names and attributes. It is well for that man and woman who can remember the fantasies of childhood, for they get nearer to the kingdom of heaven in this life than do most people. They are fortunate in that these things have not been wrenched out of them at school, where, as boy and girl, they had to go. Of course,

it is right and proper that they should go to school; but, sorrowfully enough, most children leave then the moonlit rose-garden for the shrubbery; presently the shrubbery gives place to the sandy, shelterless open with its scrubby, stunted undergrowth, which is all most of us can show for gardens, and the cool, green sea-light is challenged and vanquished by the hard, hot glare of day. Our own dreams take us back to "the gold-encircled Island of Once"; the child's dreams take him behind that, to his own fairyland. Fairies do not consort well with algebra and domestic economy; henceforth they only venture near in sleep, happy if they may tarry and dance awhile in that dusky, indeterminate borderland which has never yet been understood. One cannot take notes in dream-land, and memory is deceitful, but it is much better to try to remember than calmly to disregard the echoes that drift and whisper from that strange, elusive country. We become children again in dreams, taking upon us the thoughts, the fears, the gaiety, the helplessness of the child. Our little wagons are again hitched to the stars. And all about us, talking with us day by day, unable to tell one-tenth of their thoughts and speculations, but trying to make us comprehend, are those who live in that land of wonderful adventure, who never for one moment enter our world of grown-up, where the flowers are too often faded and scentless—who cannot. Yet, if we care to, we can view theirs from a distance.

Over the edge of the purple down
Ere the tender dreams begin,
Look—we may look—at the Merciful Town,
But we may not enter in;
Outcasts all from her guarded wall
Back to our watch we creep;
We—pity us! ah, pity us—
We wakeful—ah, pity us!—
We that go back with Policeman Day,
Back from the City of Sleep.

Mr. Kipling was right; we are to be pitied, and not the children. Sometimes, if we are very much in earnest, we can set the gates swinging, stand with the child's hand in ours, just inside, catch sweet or sad unexpected imaginings, as we might listen to the sound of a fountain in a far-off place.

There was never so much need for real dreamers as there is to-day. The business man, caring only for "his beef, his beer, and his pew in eternity," will laugh scornfully and want to know how his balance-sheet would appear did he give way to dreaming, forgetting that his operations originated years ago in the vaguest of visions, also that happiness is not a necessary complement of a heavy cash-box. First the dream, then the business—there is no irreconcilable incongruity between the two. Paul, one of the finest dreamers the world has ever known, was recognised through the Roman Empire, evidently, as a competent man of affairs, yet we overhear him, as though talking in a low voice to himself, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be"; and again, caught and held and spun in the very vortex of a magnificent dream, "I am persuaded," he shouts defiantly, his eyes shining, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God." It is tempestuous, passionate, indomitable. Yet all his dreaming did not prevent him from being let carefully down the wall in a basket from an upper window—most prosaic of exits!—when his life was threatened; or from advising the captain of the ship on which he was a prisoner, when, driving too near the rocks, "they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day."

To fight the ceaseless battle of the living world uninspired by dreams is a miserable, thankless task,

for when it is over there will be sorry work sitting by a burnt-out fire and listening to the dry click of fallen cinders. The state of spiritual destitution in which many people exist to-day is simply amazing. Blind, they live on the edge of a beautiful world, for ever denied the sense which would enable them to perceive it. On the Channel one man sees nothing but the bar and the glitter of whisky glasses; to another the waters are haunted by numberless phantoms of years gone by—ships of Raleigh, white-sailed caravels of Drake, towering galleons from the Spanish Main; the love and strife and passion of men long dead. Life is neither a sermon nor a farce; it is an adventure, a romance, with which a thousand joys and sorrows are entangled. The dreamer comprehends the paradox that "beauty is, in spite of death, in some irrational way, at once divine and immortal." When at last, laying down his lance and shield (for your true dreamer is ever ready to fight for his dreams), he hears old Charon's hail ring with a certain sweet austerity through the glow and lingering light of his vision, he is willing, haply even eager, to take the ferry down in the shadows, steadfast, unflinching, with a smile on his lips and a word of thanks to the gods who let him stay so long. All that happens to him is divinely great; his is the alchemy which transmutes the dross of weariness into the gold of delight; he holds the keys of hell and heaven.

The essential thing, when death comes, is to have dreamed; and the essential thing in life is to be able to dream.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

EDWARD AND ELIZA: A SENTIMENTAL HISTORY

Who was Edward? Who was Eliza?

Dear reader (as Edward or Eliza might have said), I can tell you little about them save that they were distressed lovers, and as such claim your pity and mine. Their memory is enshrined in two small octavo volumes bearing the date 1768—two little books of such delightfully unconscious humour, and such delicious naïveté, that 'twere a pity they should be forgot entirely. It was an Age of Sentiment. And from their leathern tomb the voices of Edward and Eliza cry aloud to sympathising ears. Fluent pens they wielded, these lovers in distress. For fate held them apart—aye, and in the end played them such a scurvy trick as would bring the iron into the most sentimental soul.

"Deprived of my dear Eliza's conversation, I receive no small comfort from her letters," writes Edward, deploring his enforced absence from Eliza—due to the behest of the lady's stern parent. Indeed, "so out of humour with society" is the gentle lover that he retires frequently to his lodgings "a mere cynic."

"Can Edward be a Diogenes?" cries tender Eliza in alarm. "The last man in the world whom I should suspect of adopting the manners of a cynic." Alas! Eliza had little reason for optimism. "Locked up from the world in this mournful Mansion House I feel all the misery without enjoying any of the comforts of a monastic life. My vigilant aunt watches me with such cruel assiduity. . . . Ah, trust a woman to get her love-letters through somehow!" "Charming moralist! Thou art an ornament to thy sex!" Edward exclaims, and in his rapture quotes the lines of old Rowe:—

Oh, were they all like thee man would adore them,
And all the business of their lives be loving!

Then comes a hideous turn of affairs. From that "lively girl," Sophy, Eliza's cousin, Edward has learned that her stern parent has "admitted old Sir

Luke as a lover" for Eliza, "for the sake of his title and his estate contiguous to his own."

"Have I not reason to be alarmed? Can Edward be composed," he wails, "when Eliza is on the brink of being sacrificed to old age, ugliness, and riches? . . . If I write wildly you cannot wonder."

Of course we cannot, especially as in a postscript to her next epistle, as terrible as it is laconic, Eliza says "Sir Luke is your rival!"

"Racks and tortures! Racks and tortures!" cries the agonised youth, calling on love and heaven to forbid the monstrous union. But the lady only chides him with fond gentleness; is, indeed, a little angry with him for being unhappy about "so contemptible a creature" as Sir Luke, and for "entertaining any doubts concerning my fidelity or my love." She summarises Sir Luke's defects; the catalogue is interesting. He is—

1. "The most hideous object I ever saw on two legs."

2. "Odious to the last degree."

3. "Doubly odious by the ridiculous efforts he makes to render himself agreeable in my eyes."

We must applaud her determination that "rather than encourage his addresses I would submit to the greatest inconveniences."

"Avaunt, my fears! Edward's himself again," sings the lover on receiving this dispatch, and makes a jest of that "lively girl," Sophia, of whom Eliza says coyly, "If she was in my place she would certainly give you cause to be jealous." Happily Sir Luke, in spite of his age, his ill looks, and his superfluity of cash, is a gentleman. Finding he can make no impression on the alabaster heart of Eliza he throws up the sponge. Whereon Eliza graciously says that, though she could not accept him as a lover, she will "always stand up for his behaviour as a man."

"My father," she continues, "frets and fumes like a madman on his disappointment," even deriding Eliza's aunt, whose heart is now enlisted in her unhappy niece's favour. Neither filial affection nor fear can moderate the lover's transports over Sir Luke's dismissal. Another shock, however, awaits the much-enduring Edward. With starting eyes he reads this announcement in his favourite news-sheet:

We are credibly informed that a treaty of marriage is on foot and will be speedily consummated between Sir Charles T— and —

"Let me not blot the sheet with the sequel!" the maddened youth cries, rending the noxious journal "into a thousand pieces."

"Oh, fye, Edward, fye," Eliza rallies her beloved. For, as you have guessed, the girl of Sir Charles's choice is that agreeable young creature, Sophia. "Correct that self-tormenting propensity in your disposition," says Eliza, "and tear no more news-sheets." Excellent advice, oh, estimable Eliza!

Their discourse, however, is not always of love, for art and literature has each its place, as becomes polite correspondence in the year of grace 1768. Eliza thinks that "there are beauties in almost every page of 'Rasselas,'" but Edward prefers "more cheerful compositions." As an example of his taste he quotes "a little thing of my own," perpetrated some years before, but brought to mind again by the misdeeds of his cousin Jack, "now grown to be a buck." Edward evinces a nice literary Bacchanalianism in his ballad.

"Did I not know you to have more of the milksop than the Mohock in your composition I should set you down as a very formidable buck," is Eliza's refreshing, if disconcerting, comment. She has read the "poem" with double satisfaction by reflecting that "while you wrote it you despised the object" (the Jack aforesaid) "who occasioned it."

Thus enlivened by elegant extracts from the poets and criticism on the people about them the loving correspondence between these dear superlative prigs continues. From it we learn that cousin Sophia has smallpox. When she recovers Sir Charles takes the fever. It is an unfortunate family. "Inflexibly firm and immutably sincere" Edward now signs himself. "Sophy has lost her name" is Eliza's humorous way of announcing that lively girl's wedding. Sir Charles proves a regular brick. He extorts a grudging consent from Eliza's father in Edward's favour. Indeed, things are now beginning to "hum." Edward "takes possession of a very genteel and lucrative employment." Whereon from excess of joy his mother promptly dies. No wonder that the impatient Eliza finds the situation "particularly embarrassing." Nevertheless, she assures the grief-stricken Edward that she feels for him "very sincerely."

At last the interview between Edward and the stern parent takes place. It is attended by the most favourable results, Edward winning golden opinions for his modesty, the stern parent commanding the ardent lover's respect and gratitude. Things are in train for the wedding. But this is an uncertain world, and life is an uncertain thing. On Friday Edward is to arrive. The air seems heavy with the clangour of joy-bells. Eliza's heart leaps with happiness.

Friday has arrived, but not with Friday has Edward arrived!

For God's sake, Edward, when this comes to your hands dispatch the messenger who brought it with the reason of your delay, without staying to write about it: a verbal message will be sufficient, for I shall not have a moment's peace till he returns. The poetical ravings of distracted lovers are nothing to the pangs which at this instant tear the heart of your

ELIZA.

"To this letter," says the editor of the correspondence, "no answer was returned; no answer could be returned." For Edward had been "seized with a fever in his head, which in a few hours put an end to all his prospects in this world." Eliza came to her lover, but "too late to hear him articulate." He expired in her arms a few moments after her arrival, and we agree with the editor "that those whose hearts are not devoid of sensibility will imagine the situation of Eliza at that juncture, without the assistance of any rhetorical flourishes to heighten their compassion."

Poor Edward! Poor Eliza! My tears fall in sentimental tribute on your leathern tomb.

ANTHONY L. ELLIS.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Book of Living Poets. Edited by WALTER JERROLD. (Alston Rivers, Ltd., 7s. 6d. net.)

New Songs. Edited by FRED G. BOWLES. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net.)

The Call of the Homeland. Selected and Arranged by R. P. SCOTT, LL.D., and KATHERINE T. WALLIS. (Blackie and Son., Limited, 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. JERROLD'S volume appears to a flourish of trumpets. "Every contemporary poet of distinction" (so runs the publisher's advertisement), "from whose pen verse has been recently published, is represented." The "poet of distinction" having been differentiated from the mere versifier, it was with a shock of surprise that we discovered that such names as George Meredith, Stephen Phillips, John Davidson, Lord Alfred Douglas, W. B. Yeats, "A. E.," John Bannister Tabb,

A. E. Housman, Moira B. Neill, George Francis Wilson, Madame Duclaux, and "Olive Custance," were apparently consigned to the latter category. Does Mr. Jerrold seriously imagine that the verses of Mr. Charles Kennet Burrow are likely to have a more permanent influence on the future of English poetry than "The City of the Soul," or that the absence of the author of "A Shropshire Lad" from these pages is amply atoned for by a selection from Miss May Bate-man's elementary experiments in the art of versification? Mr. Jerrold, indeed, continues to convey the impression that he has no real liking for poetry at all, and that the few good poems in this volume are the result rather of accident than of deliberate design. His selections are scarcely less amazing than his omissions. The poet who wrote

We are children of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the Spheres,

is represented by the dreary didacticism of "The Things that are More Excellent." We have, it must be confessed, two fine poems by Mr. Robert Bridges, but we miss

Her beauty would surprise
Gazers on Autumn eves,
Who watched the broad moon rise
Upon the scattered sheaves.

But, as Mr. Jerrold truly says, "it is inevitable that a selection of the kind must in a measure represent the individual preference of the compiler."

"New Songs" is described on the title-page as "an anthology of contemporary verse." The majority of the verses included in the volume have never before been published, nor, indeed, would they have ever been (it is safe to assert) but for the somewhat superfluous industry of Mr. Bowles. The most promising of them hardly reaches the level of current magazine verse, but we have frequently encountered work of finer quality in the "poet's corner" of some provincial newspaper. With the best will in the world, we cannot regard "New Songs" as a success. It is badly produced, badly edited, and, for the most part, badly written.

It is a pleasure to turn to such a volume as "The Call of the Homeland," which is far and away the best anthology of patriotic verse that we have yet seen. The compilers have permitted themselves a wider range than the late W. E. Henley in "Lyra Heroica," or Mr. Langridge in "Ballads of the Brave." The longing for home of the sea-weary exile, the changing seasons, the triumphs of peace, the charm of the English countryside—these, no less than "the sound and splendour of England's war," find expression in the poems included in this volume. There are but few omissions of any importance, and full justice is done to modern and contemporary poets. Mr. Henry Newbolt, for instance, has no fewer than ten poems, while Messrs. A. C. Benson, Laurence Binyon, Walter de la Mare, Alfred Noyes, and William Watson are all well represented. "The Call of the Homeland," indeed, helps us to realise that the spirit of poetry has not vanished from the land of Shakespeare and of Keats, a fact we were in danger of forgetting after having read Mr. Jerrold's "Book of Living Poets."

The Happy Moralist. By HUBERT BLAND. (Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. HUBERT BLAND is an ingenious person, and this collection of essays ought to command a ready sale in suburbia. His style is affected, and his periods often clumsy in the extreme, but the same criticism may be urged against practically all modern essayists, and Mr. Bland certainly succeeds in persuading the unknowing

reader that his laboured perorations are spontaneous clevernesses, and that he is a profound and able thinker offering the fruits of an after-dinner chat in the smoking-room. That is very clever of Mr. Bland, and we admit and almost envy his cleverness in this direction, for he knows that he is scarcely the profound and able thinker of his pose, and that the fruits of his after-dinner chats would be much less likely to find favour in the eyes of Mr. Werner Laurie than were these studied essays. His conversations here are well done, though their apparent insouciance—paradoxical though it may sound—betrays, at times, traces of the wet towel. If Mr. Bland would be more natural, he would be, for us, at least, more readable. He would not then (we quote at random) write this sort of thing quite as often as he does:

And yet I don't know—that's where it bothers me; if the poet is right—and poets usually are right in the main—and it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, is not one bright February day all to the good even though March winds scarify our skins?

Or this:

Rather, just now, would I remember that if February passes and March comes, come also May and June and high midsummer with its pomp and pageantry. Good heavens! if we can get a trifle of comfort from the contemplation of the seasons, in the name of common-sense let's do it. I will, at any rate, so here goes.

And (good heavens) might not Mr. Bland have stopped short at that foolish pretence of ignorance so common in young men and judges, and in so doing have spared us painful variations of old and outworn jokes? Did it never strike him that that nice particularity in the matter of cabs is more than a little snobbish; that even though, as he tells us, he has never been to Peckham, it suggests that he cannot rise above Peckham's standard, and that Peckham should really have the privilege of numbering him among her distinguished sons? And did it not occur to him that "The Happy Flycatcher," would have been a more appropriate title than the one he has chosen? For Mr. Bland's time is spent in catching and analysing flies; he would never, we feel sure, approach too near an uncaged lion. However, he is occasionally entertaining and is never dull, and his work is all very suburban and smart and respectable. Mr. Bland should run an Academy for Young Ladies (or the Daughters of Gentlemen)—preferably at Peckham.

Storia do Mogor, 1653-1708. By NICCOLAS MANUCCI, Venetian. Translated, with Introduction and Notes by WILLIAM IRVINE. Vol. III. (John Murray, 12s. net.)

THE third volume of this interesting series carries on the story of Manucci's adventures through several stages of his curious experiences in India, and fully maintains that simple form of narrative which the translator has caught with considerable spirit and accuracy. The notes show profound study of the works of contemporary and later writers, and are in every case elucidating and illuminating. The quaint details of local customs and habits of thought bring a new light to bear upon the India of the period, and they are enhanced by some excellent coloured plates. Those of the Hindû Cosmogony, the plan of a Hindû temple, and particularly the fanciful portrait of the God Agastya are especially interesting.

FICTION

The Unpardonable Sin. By JAMES DOUGLAS. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

THE Irish poet still seeks inspiration in damp fairies and lachrymose minstrels, but the prose writer is to-day the most intensely modern of novelists, having long since abandoned the use of the legend and other

characteristically Irish sentimentalisms. Mr. James Douglas belongs to this new school, and in his first novel he gives us a study of life in Belfast, sparing us none of the realism of pessimism until he grows tired, and without any warning takes the reader into the clouds. It would seem that Mr. Douglas started out with the intention of writing a realistic story on the lines of Mr. George Moore, but, discovering his limitations, decided to introduce romance, and, as a result, "The Unpardonable Sin" is a complete failure. To say otherwise would be doing an injustice to a man of Mr. Douglas's abilities, for one who has been for years pointing out the deficiencies and mistakes of contemporary novelists ought surely to be able to avoid some of the elementary errors common in "first novels." Mr. Douglas begins with the birth of Gabriel Gordon in the city of Bigotsborough, a thin disguise for Belfast. Having brought his hero into the world he devotes several pages to hysterically summing up the good and bad points of Belfast, and in the course of this we learn, first, that Belfast is a city with a soul, and, secondly, that it is a city without a soul. The contradiction must be explained by the author, who makes each statement with consistent bluntness. Orange riots and other religious disturbances for which the northern capital is notorious are well described by Mr. Douglas, who appears to know thoroughly the model city of the vast army of English philanthropists which is attempting to "convert" Ireland. Gabriel Gordon is one of the "converted," and in due course leaves business for the ministry. He is not successful, however, for he dislikes outrages on the persons of those who profess another religion. Consequently the self-styled followers of God drive him out of the city and back to the Scarlet Woman, whose introduction completely alters the course of the story. She is a woman of immense wealth and vast influence—the sort of person Mr. William Le Queux might be expected to know. She loves Gabriel, who does not love her, and, to tempt him back, she builds a cathedral on the banks of the Thames and installs him as minister at a salary of £100,000 a year. It is all so absurd and uninteresting as to be unworthy of criticism, and the reader soon catches the spirit of boredom which induced Mr. Douglas to seek refuge in the ridiculous. The woman who can alter the destinies of Europe at will has been long since the puppet of the writers who spell literature with an £, and it is a pity Mr. Douglas did not keep to Bigotsborough instead of bringing Gabriel and Aileen to London. Of course the fiery preacher and his League of Humanity had to find an opening in London, but this mixture of Father Vaughan and General Booth advocating the creeds of the *Morning Leader* is the least original part of an unoriginal book. Mr. Douglas seems to know too much to be really original, and his quotations would fill several chapters, but a dictionary of quotations would not make a very interesting serial story. "The Unpardonable Sin" will not occupy a prominent place amongst the two thousand works of fiction published during 1907, and its author should confine himself to his critical work for the future. After all, it is the easiest profession in the world—when such novelists as Mr. Douglas are about.

The Wine of Life. By MAUD ANNESLEY. (Lane, 6s.)

MISS ANNESLEY has the ability to write a pleasant novel about pleasant people, if she would be content to be simple. She is able to endow her characters with a certain degree of charm, and that is a considerable gift. She takes pains over the details of her work in a way that shows that she takes her work seriously, and executes it with care. But in the present novel, which appears to be her first, she has aimed at achieving a

great study of passion, freed from all conventional trappings, and has succeeded in being feebly sensational. Lady Uli Branton is quite a charming person when she is not dragged into impossible love scenes; we like to accompany her and Dorry on their travels. Their gaiety and happiness when they make the acquaintance of the French artists at Versailles is delightfully contagious; their adventures in Hungary are well told. We agree with most of her ideas, too, about love; but when the attempt is made to lift the story into the passionate sphere, it fails signally, and is comparable only with the foolish sensational ending. This is a great pity, because nearly all the characters have an agreeable semblance of vitality (except the Hungarian lover, who walks straight out of the cheapest melodrama), and we are interested in them and like them. If Miss Annesley would cultivate the gift she has and leave sensation to its proper place in the feuilleton, she would write a very pretty story.

The Plains of Silence. By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW. (Cassell and Company, Limited, 6s.)

THE title of this book is the best thing about it, but it would make an admirable feuilleton for the *Daily Mail*, or some other halfpenny paper, where style is a matter of no importance. As a novel bound in cloth and priced at six shillings it is absurd.

Partners of Providence. By CHARLES D. STEWART. (Duckworth, 6s.)

AMERICAN humour is not popular in England for a variety of reasons, but mainly because of its extreme artificiality. This charge, however, cannot be laid against "Partners of Providence," which is quite the best Transatlantic importation we have seen for some time. Mr. Stewart tells the story through the medium of a fifteen-year-old boy, and Sam Daly makes a first-rate interpreter. Of course, we have the crude grammar—needlessly inaccurate in some places—and slang of the river, whilst the boy shows all the 'cuteness' tradition ascribes to the American youth. His adventures begin with an offer of five hundred dollars for the finding of Mrs. Valdes and her daughter, and, accordingly, he tours the Mississippi and Missouri in the quaint American wheat-boats, amongst their even quainter inhabitants. An amusing account of a show-boat, a sort of water-circus, is very entertaining, especially to readers who know nothing of Mississippi theatricals. Professor's Lagorio's "Consolidated Aggregation and Floating Musee" is our old friend the village circus transferred to a river boat, and the professor's eccentricities and the home life of his troupe are treated with a seriousness by Sam that only adds to the humour of his account of life behind the scenes. The boy, anxious to get to New Orleans, and finding the professor's boat the only one available, readily assents to taking the rôle of the Human Dictionary, and meets with great success, probably due to the fact that every page of the dictionary handed to a member of the audience for the purpose of examining the marvel is the same. But these incidents form only a small part of a long book. There is a capital account of negro ways, together with reproductions of their sacred songs, which consist of one line, repeated in the manner beloved of American evangelists. The chapters dealing with Sam's adventures in New Orleans are also very good, and the story of Clancy's search for work in London is characteristically American. Splendidly illustrated by Mr. C. J. Taylor, "Partners of Providence" is altogether an admirable production, and artist and author are to be heartily congratulated on the result of their collaboration.

A Devil's Bargain. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (John Long, 6s.)

ANOTHER "Florence Warden"! As the fat boy of Dingley Dell, so this indefatigable authoress, faint but pursuing, still persists in her self-appointed task of "making our flesh creep." The fact that she succeeded only too well in more than one of her earlier works does not make "A Devil's Bargain" any easier to read. We must confess to having skipped some of the more tedious portions of the book. The plot, though simple, might have been made the groundwork of an eventful story, if the reader's interest were not clogged by the wooden banality of the characters. The book is full of people who only exist in the pages of "shilling shockers," where they certainly lead a fairly strenuous life. Miss Warden's work does not, or did not, belong to this class of fiction, and she has shown herself capable of more skilful character drawing than this.

The Sacred Herb. By FERGUS HUME. (John Long, 6s.)

THE sacred herb is a plant used in religious ceremonies by the inhabitants of Easter Island. Mr. Fergus Hume's story would lose half its point were we to give away the plot here; it is enough to say that the herb plays a large part in the two murders which form the main interest of the book. There are other mysterious properties: a green domino and a jade-handled paper cutter, while the characters in the story (and they are many) are more mysterious still. Of the real "villain" there is no doubt from the beginning. Slim, dark, with furtive eyes, more than a dash of black blood, and an unrequited passion for the lovely heroine, there can be no question as to his character, but whether he himself committed the murders is another matter, and the secret is well kept until the end. Though belonging to a type of novel in which the plot is necessarily the main object, the success of Mr. Hume's books has always depended to a great extent on his very life-like characters. "The Sacred Herb" is no exception to this rule. Though he has an unusually large cast, each member of it is interesting, and endowed with a distinct personality.

The White Rose Mystery. By GERALD BISS. (Greening, 6s.)

WHETHER Mr. Biss is really serious, and intends this story as a warning to the House of Hanover, or, on the other hand intends it simply as a work of the imagination, will matter little, we think, to the ordinary reader. They will be content to enjoy the excitement of the narrative and not distress themselves about its possibility. Such of them, though, who are Jacobites may feel inclined to be annoyed at Mr. Biss; but even the most convinced of these will probably not sympathise with the methods of Mr. Biss's Society of the White Rose.

Mr. Biss's idea is ingenious. It so happens that the "heir" to the English and Scottish crown at the date of his story is a capable and energetic young man, worthy to be king. A Society is accordingly formed in England for the purpose of establishing this youngest of the Pretenders on the Throne of his ill-fated ancestors. Cabinet Ministers belong to this Society, which is headed by a Royal Duke and Duchess. The proselytising methods of the Society are delightfully simple. They consider the Home Secretary would be a useful addition to their ranks. They accordingly bring him, all unconscious and unsuspecting, to a meeting, and state their case. He refuses, and is

promptly murdered on his way home, and his body—with a white rose in the coat—discovered next day. Such means are simple and effective so long as no mistake is made. How discovery eventually comes and consequent failure the curious will discover by reading the book. If they do this they will certainly not be bored. They may at times be moved to smile, but certainly not to yawn.

The Spanish Prisoner. By MRS. P. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY. (Nash, 6s.)

WHEN Señora Paloma Cuevedos learned to fence she qualified at once for the strenuous life she is called upon to lead by her biographer. Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny tells a romantic story in "The Spanish Prisoner," and from the time the girl is waiting for news of the expected Spanish and French victory at Trafalgar to the last chapter, where she is claimed by the gallant English officer, the narrative is most exciting. Paloma's cousin, to whom she is engaged, has gone to fight the English, but the battle of Trafalgar upsets his calculations and those of the girl's, and he is taken prisoner and sent to England. The girl, however, does not forget him, and immediately begins a campaign amongst her relatives with the object of securing Gonzalo Cuevedos's release. She is referred to an adventurer of the name of Diego Var, and after a harmless duel and other incidents, she is about to accomplish her task when she suddenly meets her cousin on Spanish soil. The girl quickly guesses that Gonzalo has escaped by breaking his parole. In her indignation she orders him to return. He declines, and "the scene changes." Porchester is the next scene, and we are introduced to the war prisoners' quarters, with the announcement that the Spanish officer who dishonoured his name has voluntarily returned. Then follow numerous exciting incidents, among them a duel in which the Spanish prisoner wounds the bully, Captain Sinclair. But the most important character is Eustace Mitford, who solves the prisoner's secret, and when the disguised senora is released by Diego Var and returns to Spain, Mitford follows her and wins her as his wife soon after the girl has discovered that Diego won a fateful promise from her by means of loaded dice. She is, therefore, free to become Mrs. Mitford. "The Spanish Prisoner" should prove the most successful of Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny's books.

DRAMA

"CUPID AND COMMONSENSE" AT THE STAGE SOCIETY

WITH the performance of Mr. Arnold Bennett's play the Stage Society have scored another success, and discovered another dramatist, for Mr. Bennett uses his medium—that odd mixture of clumsiness and delicacy—with astonishing dexterity, when it is remembered that he has not had the opportunity of seeing one of the many plays, which he has actually sold, performed until now.

The scene is laid in the Five Towns which Mr. Bennett knows so well. Eli Boothroyd is a stern parent and a stern man of business, a widower, and a miser. He lives with his two daughters, Emily and Alice. It is Alice's twenty-fifth birthday, and accordingly he hands over to her the large fortune which her mother left her, and tells her, among other things, that old

Dad Beach, who has just resigned his post of superintendent of the Sunday school, owes her five quarters' rent for the works, which are part of her property, and that Willie Beach, his son, is coming to call that evening about the matter. He instructs her what to say to him. Ralph Emery is also coming on the business of a partnership, in which she must join with him to the amount of £2,000—there is money in the scheme. She sees the two young men, who meet on the way and arrive together. Willie Beach begs her for yet another month's respite; Ralph Emery begs for her hand in marriage. She grants both their requests. The star of Ralph rises, and the star of Willie Beach sinks, sinks pitifully. His father and he forge a bill when old Eli refuses to hear of postponement: and the father, fearful of discovery, commits suicide. The lower Willie sinks the greater is the pity which Alice feels for him. She saves him from prison by burning the bill, thereby incurring the undying hatred of her father, and tells Willie what she has done. You are made to feel that if Willie were to raise a finger she would go with him to Canada, where she implores him to try his luck again. But Willie calls her an angel and goes alone. That is the end of the third act. Mr. Bennett has drawn a faithful dramatic picture of the life in the Five Towns: none of the characters are in any way exalted, but all are living people, admirably observed and depicted. The fourth act is a complete surprise and a complete success, though it is a daring change, in that he relies for his effect wholly upon dramatic irony. Six years have elapsed. Alice has become Mrs. Emery and Mayoress. Prosperity shines on her. She is waiting for guests to come to the mayoral reception, with Ralph's aunt and her sister; old Eli comes in: he has grown a crazy miser, and desires to borrow a shilling off anybody. Then enter Willie Beach, fat and prosperous, with the American millionairess—a Pittsburg girl who has married him for his wistful blue eyes, about which Alice has not ceased to dream. Prosperity has made the weak man blatant. "How he has changed!" says Alice. "Not a bit: he's exactly the same Willie Beach," cries Ralph's aunt, who knows the whole story, and congratulates Alice on her disillusion. "Willie Beach married," says the sound, dull Ralph, entering in his mayoral robes. "Well, come along." The curtain falls and the play leaves you with the idea that where a choice does exist between Cupid and Commonsense (Cupid grown beyond a fanciful boy allows no choice), for the Land's sake, as Mrs. Willie would say, choose Commonsense.

The play was remarkably well acted. Whoever cast Miss Sybil Noble for the part of Emily has capacity for his business little short of genius. Who else could have looked a girl of fourteen in one act and a young woman of twenty in another with such complete success? Mr. Bennett certainly set a problem for the caster, and is no doubt properly grateful that it was so brilliantly solved. Her performance, too, though inclined to exaggeration, was excellent. Miss Lucy Wilson, though she has a name in the provinces, is not so well known in London as her performance of Alice Boothroyd proved that she deserves to be. Miss Sydney Fairbrother, who in some ways is quite the cleverest actress on the stage, and whose art has far greater scope than is realised, gave a finished and beautiful little study of the Beachs' old servant, Miranda Finney. Mr. Fisher White gave a brilliant, restrained rendering of Eli Boothroyd. To his performance in the first acts the success of the play was largely due. Mr. Walter Pearce, as Willie Beach, and Mr. Nye Chart, as Ralph Emery, did good work, but did not play the characters quite as well as they were written. Miss Mary Brough was good as Ralph's Aunt, though she did not convey quite sufficiently the

old woman's personal charm, and Miss Hazel Thompson was in the last act as dashing and gushing as the Pittsburg heiress should be.

Altogether it was a performance of which the Stage Society should be proud, and Mr. Frank Vernon deserves much praise for the production which was his work, and which was as nearly faultless as is possible.

H. DE S.

CORRESPONDENCE

OUIDA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The painful news relative to the death of Ouida is full of pathos. Since the date of my recent letter to THE ACADEMY, July 16th, it was only a question of a few months, when, as the *Giornale d'Italia* put it, "she awaited the embrace of death after experiencing all the sorrows of life."

Wonderfully little is known of this writer, so completely have her last days been shrouded in obscure *Village Communes*. But of all the discoveries of those who do not know the strangest is surely that of several penmen who assert that Ouida accepted pecuniary aid from the Italian Government. Such a false estimate of her conduct and opinions would be impossible had they known Ouida's nature as expressed in her writings. Moreover, Italian Governments are not made of stuff elastic or generous enough to support their hostile critics. The Depretis, Melegari, and Crispi rulers of modern Italy felt the lash of Ouida's castigation too deeply to kiss the hand that held the rod.

By the way, I see with satisfaction that an article in THE ACADEMY of 25th inst. is, as I hope, the harbinger of a school of writers who may have courage to kick against the figment called "the traditional friendship" of Italy to England. For a vaporous soap-bubble this phrase has lasted to satiety!

If the fable of Ouida's acceptance of Italian aid gains belief and solidarity, let me recall that a similar pretext was evolved in the Italian Press by a statement that Mr. W. J. C. Moen's ransom was refunded by the Italian Government's payment of £6,000 to the brigands at Salerno who captured him. I was authorised by Mr. Moens nearly thirty years ago to deny this fraudulent assertion, which I did by means of a letter published by the *Gazetta d'Italia*, formerly printed in Florence.

I will concentrate a few extracts from twenty or thirty letters written by Ouida to me, if you can find space for them, and again ask if a proud, self-willed woman could bend her haughty spirit to accept aid of any kind from the men who have long governed Italy so wrongfully:

Sept. 29 (?).—All the conditions of Italy have been totally changed for the worse since the events of this May. The prisons are crammed with starving men; thousands will never leave them alive.—OUIDA.

Jan. 6 (?).—I thought your letter on Paola L— admirable, and sent it to her. Stillman is impudent, as the Prince of Liars always is. Here he is universally despised, but in England and America he seems to be accredited. Of course, he hates me, for I have constantly exposed his falsehoods. [So did I, in the *Bath Chronicle*.] None of the difficulties of the country is being solved, and I suppose things will go on until there is another revolt, and so on, *da Capo*. Many thanks for your sympathy.—Ever yours, O.

Nov., 1898.—It is almost impossible to get anything published which injures the prestige of their beloved ally, Italy. I have scarcely any belief in there ever being a good Government here. The evil is in the national character. Besides, every hectare of land is loaded with debt, and usurers, mostly Jews, are masters of the soil.—Ever yours, OUIDA.

Dec. 2 (?1898).—I could supply you with odious facts concerning the hateful . . . if you care to reproduce them. They put enclosed in *Morning Post*, much to my surprise. Kindly return.—Ever yours, OUIDA.

Nov.—Thanks very much for all you send me. Mr. Cook sent me tardily two copies of my letter. The thought of the destruction of the Roman cemetery is sickening, like all else. It makes Rome to me so intensely painful that I have ceased to go there. The prisoners are to be supplied with papers and ink, and allowed to spend one franc on food per diem. But the ——— of the long, black, bitter nights is unchanged. Rudini could

have turned out the Cabinet last week; what a fool not to do it!—Ever yours, OUIDA.

June 28.—What can one hope to do with Stillman? The *Times* and *Post* give him big print, and affect to believe all he says. His propaganda for Crispi in the English Press is disgraceful to the Press. He always replies that his opponents know nothing, and considers that conclusive. [Precisely as he answered me, rudely.—W. M.] I have never got at the root of the English idolatry of Crispi; it may be because he is the enemy of France. I am very glad to hear you are better and stronger.—Ever yours sincerely, OUIDA.

I stop my quotations as my strength fails me to continue. I daresay these scraps, mostly dated incoherently from S. Alessio, near Lucca, will convey a just idea of the beautiful character of Ouida to people who only know her from her romances.

Her sympathy with the oppressed and her love for dumb animals remain, to my mind, her insurpassable claims to our everlasting approval.

WILLIAM MERCER.

January 27.

CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Last autumn Charles van Lerberghe passed away in his native Ghent, the town of still waters and dreaming churches, where he had spent his life. A grateful and tender word is due to the memory of this musician of delicate verse.

He was born in 1861. A studious boy, he was nothing of a prodigy. Later, a doctor of philosophy and letters, as well as a poet of tender and charming talent, he always held himself aloof from literary groups and coteries of mutual admiration. His first published work was a play, *Les Fleurs*, acted at Brussels in 1890. Lerberghe respected the public sufficiently to offer them only what he considered truly finished and worthy of himself. Success rewarded him. And this saddened him somewhat, for he was of those rare spirits who rather fear for the plant of glory to cling about their names. He would willingly have been forgotten.

Lerberghe wrote with deliberation, and left his early verses with regret, seemingly pained at the thought that he must write and love others later. It was only at the urging of his friends that he consented, very tardily, to publish *Entrevisions*. In 1904 appeared *La Chanson d'Eve*. Up to then his name had been known in a restrained and discreet way. This poem brought him fame, and when, the next year, the Théâtre de l'Œuvre played his *Pan*, a mythological piece, curious and tormented, the Ghent poet was no stranger to the Parisian audience. He was putting the last touches to a new gathering of poems, when death, the inflexible, came.

Lerberghe read much—Banville, Musset, Poe, Baudelaire—but he imitated no one. His mood at times approaches each of those poets, but it is only with Verlaine and Samain that he has a close affinity. Like those divine poets, he sings of the sweetness of loving and of the beauty of life. Like them, he has a delightful lack of energy, and even in his most ardent verse a philosophic preoccupation is suggested. Throughout his work he is looking back at life, and the things of life that interest him are the pale evening, the clear blue mist that kisses the dying lips of summer, the eastern bark in which:

S'en revenaient trois jeunes filles,
Trois jeunes filles d'orient.

Une qui était noire
Et qui tenait le gouvernail
Sur ses lèvres aux roses essences
Nous rapportait d'étranges histoires
Dans le silence.

Une qui était brune
Et qui tenait la voile en main
Et dont les pieds étaient ailés
Nous rapportait des gestes d'anges
En son immobilité

Mais une qui était blonde
Qui dormait à l'avant,
Dont les cheveux tombaient dans l'onde,
Comme du soleil levant
Nous rapportait sous ses paupières
La lumière.

Again, he trembles with the unknown anguish that comes over us with night. None, in fact, of the subtler human emotions escapes him. A poet has said of him :

Jamais son pas égal n'hésite au carrefour,
Car la marche qu'il suit dans la vie est guidée
Par le même visage et par la même idée.

And, indeed, he was always faithful to his lofty motto :

N'aime que la beauté et qu'elle soit pour toi toute la
vérité.

CTE. SERGE FLEURY.

"COCKNEY RHYMES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My protest against these, countersigned by you as Editor, has elicited no reply. Users of these rhymes have not come forward to defend them. Yet some high authority might have been quoted in their support. Mrs. Woods, embodying Oxford and London culture, in her preface to "A Princess of Hanover," contends that they are allowable. Prof. Leaf, representing Cambridge scholarship, in the preface to his "Versions from Hafiz," asserts that, except in provincial English "r" is never sounded before a consonant or a mute vowel. The Professor, apparently, does not frequent theatre or concert-room. Has anyone ever heard a singer declaim, "Ahm, ahm, ye brave," or an actor shout, "My kingdom for a hoss"? And should not poetry postulate a deliverance at least as careful as that of the stage or the concert platform?

But the matter does not end with rhymes; other evils follow neglect of phonetics. A gross case of critical ineptitude has been quoted in a weekly journal since I last wrote to you. Mr. Herbert Trench, in his "New Poems" (p. 46), has this line :

Nor shall one law to unity restore.

One of his reviewers actually objected to this line as containing triple repetition of the same vowel-sound, evidently reading it "Naw . . . law . . . restaw." Is not this monstrous, and does it not open a dismal prospect of what is in store for poets? Their music is to be analysed by critics whose ideas of elocution would disgrace a Board School.

The Greeks had a weakness for the sound of "e." Even in classical times this showed itself, while in modern Greek I understand that at least three diphthongs and two vowels have taken this one sound, so that *poluphloisboio* is now *poleephlees-beeo*. Do we want English to undergo like debasement? If not, let us maintain distinctions between our vowels, recognising for example that *for*, *fore*, and *flaw* contain three different vowel-sounds, not one and the same. Let any critic who confounds them be discredited, any poet who makes them homophonous be pronounced defective in ear. A little more exactness in discriminating between closely allied sounds can do no one any harm, and will help in some measure to preserve unimpaired the language we received from our fathers.

January 25.

T. S. O.

"TELEGRAPH" AS AN ENGLISH WORD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Telegraph as an English word probably did not come into use until the end of the eighteenth century, perhaps later. As a child I well remember the line of telegraphs between Portsmouth and London, the last in the series placed on the roof of the Horse Guards. The telegraph was a lofty post with four movable arms. The code probably was somewhat similar to that of the flag-waving signals now in use in the Army. Reliance was placed on them during the long war to give notice of any sign of invasion. They were used for transmitting naval and military matters or any official message requiring despatch. Their successors in its early days were always distinguished as the "electric" telegraph.

January 27.

P. W.

SIR,—The word is in Todd's Johnson (1827). Todd copied it from George Mason's "Additions to Johnson," printed in 1801. It had even then been in use for some time. Of course, the reference is to the old semaphore system by means of posts with arms. There was one that conveyed news from Dover to London. One of the stations was at Forest Hill, and I have myself often seen it at work. See the article on "Tele-

graph" in the English Cyclopædia, where there is a reference to an essay "on the Tellograph," which was "reprinted at London in 1797."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE HON. JAMES WINNEGATE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your Journal is usually so accurate that I venture to draw your attention to an error which has crept into the last paragraph of your 380th page. It is there stated that a puppet in a play "cannot be the Hon. James Winnegate and at the same time the cousin and heir to the Earl of Kerhill." I beg to suggest that James's father was a law-lord or an Indian viceroy. *Sors tertia manet*: James endured the awful ignominy of serving as a member of some Colonial Parliament and visited Birmingham on behalf of the Little Loaf.

JIM CROW.

MUNICIPAL GALLERY OF MODERN ART, DUBLIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read with very great interest Mr. Rutter's article in THE ACADEMY dealing with "The Administration of Municipal Art Galleries."

It is gratifying to find one who is so well qualified to speak with authority giving such enthusiastic commendation to the works which Mr. Hugh P. Lane has brought together and which we citizens of Dublin now proudly possess. There are two points, however, which Mr. Rutter emphasises, and which, I think, are specially important in regard to the future well-being of our Municipal Gallery. The first is that the executive and purchasing power should be entrusted to one man. Mr. Rutter writes :

Both as a whole and in many particulars this Modern Art Gallery in Dublin is a striking vindication of the policy of entrusting the formation and extension of public galleries to a single mind. Committees always end in compromises; compromises usually result in the triumph of mediocrity.

The second point is this: that the right man should be appointed, which can only be assured by the competence and qualifications of those who elect him.

I do not profess to know anything of the composition of the governing bodies of other municipal galleries, but I think the Corporation of Dublin has acted wisely in providing that the constitution of the Libraries' Committee, which is the authority empowered to deal with the management of our Gallery, shall be so altered "that there may be added thereto (for art purposes) two persons nominated by the Royal Hibernian Academy, two by the National Gallery—from their members or directors—and four nominated by the Modern Art Gallery Committee."

I fully endorse all that Mr. Rutter has said as to the paramount importance of entrusting the formation and extension of public galleries to a single mind. We cannot, I think, over-estimate the extraordinary good fortune which has given us here the untiring zeal and selective and widely-sympathetic range of appreciation to which Mr. Lane's achievement testifies. We feel confident that as long as the directorship remains in his hands the character and standard of our Gallery will be upheld. Mr. Rutter's article raises the serious question as to his successor, which, of course, must some day be faced. Mr. Lane's post is an honorary one, undertaken with enthusiastic unselfishness. In a comparatively poor city, such as Dublin is, it is unlikely that in the future such a salary could be attached to the post as would enable us to attract the most highly qualified, and so the question of future directorship is one of special importance to us.

The article further insists on the necessity of having a "policy" guiding the director in all such galleries as ours. This opens up a wide and difficult question. The policy of an individual director will be always defined and recognisable if he be a man of personality, but a consecutive policy, maintained by successive directors, is hardly to be hoped for. Mr. Rutter seems to define his meaning of "policy" as a settled intention to make each gallery eminently representative of the work of one master or of one particular school, and says :

People go to Scotland to study the Raeburns as they go to Holland for Rembrandt; to Birmingham for the pre-Raphaelites as to Venice for the Venetians.

What, then, should be the political attitude of our future directors? (Mr. Rutter will confess that the word "policy" is an unfortunate one in an Irish connection!) Long may Mr. Lane hold the helm for us here; yet, however much we may hope for good results in the future with the representative governing body which we possess, one cannot but remember how many a splendid personality has been wrecked on the treacherous rocks of Irish administration.

January 28.

R. CAULFIELD ORPEN,
Hon. Sec., Municipal Gallery of
Modern Art.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Pocket Ruskin.* Edited by Rose Gardner. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.
- Hackwood, F. W. *Old English Sports.* Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.
- Trowbridge, W. R. H. *Mirabeau, the Demi-God.* Unwin, 15s. net.
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- Fraser David. *The Marches of Hindustan.* Blackwood, 21s. net.
- Hammerton, J. A. *In the Track of R. L. Stevenson and Elsewhere in Old France.* Arrowsmith, n.p.
- Aldis, Janet. *The Queen of Letter Writers.* Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.
- Crane, Walter. *India Impressions.* With some Notes of Ceylon during a winter tour, 1906-7. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
- Miles, Eustace. *The Power of Concentration.* Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.
- Masson, John. *Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet.* Murray, 12s. net.
- The Letters of Robert Schumann.* Selected and edited by Dr. Karl Storck. Murray, 9s. net.
- Rands, William Brightly. *The Young Norseman.* David Nutt, 3s. 6d.
- Dare, Phyllis. *From School to Stage.* Collier, 1s.
- Francke, The Rev. A. H. *A History of Western Tibet.* Partridge, 2s. 6d. net.
- Besant, Annie. *London Lectures of 1907.* The Theosophical Publishing Society, 2s. net.
- Browne, Edith A. *Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them.* Black, 3s. 6d. net.
- Austin, Alfred. *Lamia's Winter Quarters.* Black, 7s. 6d. net.
- Bourne, George. *Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer.* Duckworth, 6s.
- Polak, S. *The Theory and Practice of Perspective Drawing.* University Tutorial Press, 5s.
- Harrison, Austin. *England and Germany.* Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.
- Lee, Vernon. *The Sentimental Traveller.* Lane, 3s. 6d. net.
- Graham, Sir Reginald. *Foxhunting Recollections.* Nash, 10s. net.
- Austin, Alfred. *The Garden that I Love.* Second Series. Macmillan, 5s. net.
- The Century Magazine.* May to October, 1907. Macmillan, 10s. 6d.
- The Vision of Aridæus.* By G. R. S. Mead. Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. net.
- The Hymn of Jesus.* By G. R. S. Mead. Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. net.
- Colum, Padraic. *Studies.* Maunsell, 1s.
- Stocker, R. Dimsdale. *Seership and Prophecy.* Samurai Press, 2s. net.
- Ward, John J. *Some Nature Biographies.* Lane, 5s. net.
- Calvert, Albert F. *Granada and the Alhambra.* Lane, 3s. 6d. net.
- Dargan, Edwin Preston. *The Æsthetic Doctrine of Montesquieu.* Baltimore; J. H. Furst, n.p.
- Hutchinson, W. M. L. *The Golden Porch. A Book of Greek Fairy Tales.* Arnold, 5s.
- Charles, M. *The Story of Faust.* The Theosophical Publishing Society, 5s. net.
- Wendell, Barrett. *The France of To-day.* Constable, 6s. net.
- Robson, A. W. Mayo. *Cancer of the Stomach.* Nisbet, 4s. 6d. net.
- Slaughter, Frances. *"The One" Dog and "The Others."* Longmans, Green, 5s. net.
- Archer, William, and H. Granville Barker. *A National Theatre.* Duckworth, 5s. net.
- Isaacson, The Rev. Charles S. *The Story of the English Cardinals.* Elliot Stock, 6s. net.
- Williams, E. Crawshaw. *Across Persia.* Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.
- Anderson, Sir Robert. *Criminals and Crime: Some Facts and Suggestions.* Nisbet, 5s. net.
- Hill, Joseph. *The Book Makers of Old Birmingham.* Birmingham: Cornish, 7s. 6d. net.
- Crosland, T. W. H. *Who Goes Racing?* Collier, 3s.
- Leaves from the Note Book of Lady Dorothy Nevill.* Edited by Ralph Nevill. Macmillan, 15s. net.
- Bleackley, Horace. *The Story of a Beautiful Duchess.* Constable, 21s. net.
- Gleanings After Time.* Chapters in Social and Domestic History. Edited by G. L. Apperson. Elliot Stock, 6s. net.
- Virgil's Messianic Eclogue.* Three Studies by Joseph B. Mayor, W. Warde Fowler, and R. S. Conway. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.
- Robinson, W. *The Garden Beautiful.* Murray, 7s. 6d. net.
- Hueffer, Ford Madox. *The Spirit of the People.* Alston Rivers, 5s. net.
- The New Century Sunday School.* The Discussions, edited, with an introduction, by the Rev. Frank Johnson. Sunday School Union, 1s. net.
- The Book of Fair Women.* By Federigo Luigino of Udine. Translated by Elsie M. Lang. Werner Laurie, n.p.
- Harrison, Frederic. *The Philosophy of Common Sense.* Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.
- Letters of Dr. John Brown.* Edited by his son, D. W. Forrest. Black, 10s. 6d. net.
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- Smith, Bertram T. K. *How to Collect Postage Stamps.* Bell, 6s. net.
- Stopford, Francis. *The Toil of Life.* Being a collection of essays on the philosophy of joy and pain. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 5s.
- Redfern, Percy. *Tolstoy: A Study.* Fifield, 2s. net.
- Holland, Clive. *Things Seen in Egypt.* Seeley, 2s. net.
- Lilly, W. S. *Many Mansions.* Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d. net.
- The New Word.* Owen, 5s.
- Merz Teresa. *The Junto.* With introduction by W. F. Lord. Andrew Reid, 3s. 6d. net.
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- The Letters of Samuel Reynolds Hole.* Edited by George A. B. Dewar. Allen, 15s. net.
- Another Book of Verses for Children.* Edited by E. V. Lucas. Wells, Gardner, Darton, 6s.
- The Church Monthly.* 1907. "The Church Monthly" Office, n.p.
- Nietzsche Friedrich. *Beyond Good and Evil.* Foulis, 5s. net.
- Lucas, Bernard. *The Empire of Christ.* Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.
- Sharp, Cecil J. *English Folk-Song.* Simpkin & Co., n.p.

- Catalogue of the Historical Exhibition of Liverpool Antiquities at the Walker Art Gallery, 1907.* Liverpool: Lee & Nightingale, n.p.
- Davies, Randall. *English Society of the Eighteenth Century in Contemporary Art.* Seeley, 7s. net
- Rushton, William Lowes. *Shakespeare's Legal Maxims.* Liverpool: Henry Young, n.p.
- Densmore, Emmet. *Sex Equality.* Swan, Sonnenschein, 6s.
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- The Poems of George Herbert.—Palgrave's Golden Treasury.* Oxford University Press.
- Scott, Sir Walter. *Quentin Durward.* Frowde.
- Jefferies, Richard. *The Life of the Fields.* Chatto & Windus, 5s. net.

- Hope, Anthony. *The Prisoner of Zenda.* Arrowsmith, 2s. 6d. net.
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- Mathers, Helen. *Comin' thro' the Rye.* Collins, n.p.
- The Priest and the Acolyte.* With an introductory protest by Stuart Mason. London: The Lotus Press, 5s. net.

THEOLOGY

- Harper, Thomas Greathead. *Christ in Evolution.* Sisley's, 6s. net.
- Bailey, the Rev. George. *Leading Ideas of the Epistle to the Hebrews.* Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, n.p.
- Knowing, R. J. *Literary Criticism and the New Testament.* S.P.C.K., 2s.
- Kennett, Robert H. *In Our Tongues.* Arnold, 3s. 6d. net.
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- Notes on the Parables of Our Lord.* By Archbishop Trench. With an introduction by A. Smythe Palmer. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.
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- Macmillan, Hugh. *The Isles and the Gospel.* Macmillan, 4s. 6d.
- The Private Devotions of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes.* Allenson, 2s. 6d. net.
- The Modern Reader's Bible.* Edited, with introduction and notes, by Richard G. Moulton. Macmillan, 10s. net.
- Freeth, J. F. *The True Theology.* Allenson, 1s. 6d.
- Woodward, Allen B. *The Inner Man.* Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 5s. net.

TRAVEL AND TYPOGRAPHY

- The Savage South Seas.* Painted by Norman H. Hardy. Described by E. Way Elkington. Black, 20s. net.
- Scotland of To-day.* By T. F. Henderson and Francis Watt. Methuen, 6s.
- Seton, Mrs. Ernest Thompson. *Nimrod's Wife.* Constable, 6s.
- Enock, C. Reginald. *The Andes and the Amazon.* Fisher Unwin, 21s.
- Fisher, Gertrude Adams. *A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan.* Sisleys, 7s. 6d. net.
- Woodward, Ida. *In and Around the Isle of Purbeck.* Lane, 21s. net.
- Holland, Clive. *Old and New Japan.* Dent, 15s. net.
- South Devon.* Painted by C. E. Hannaford. Described by Chas. R. Rowe. Black, 6s. net.
- Alexander, Boyd. *From the Niger to the Nile.* In 2 vols. Arnold, 36s. net.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE organisers (whoever they may be) of the memorial addressed to Mr. George Meredith on his eightieth birthday did not give to the Editor of THE ACADEMY the opportunity of adding his humble name to the list of signatories. The list consists of names under the following heads: Literary, Public Life, from Oxford University, from Cambridge University, from Edinburgh, from Trinity College, Dublin; Artists, Dramatic, Editors; from France, and from the United States. Under the heading of Editors are to be found the signatures of thirty editors of papers, none of which we can safely say has the same claim to represent pure literature as THE ACADEMY. We speak advisedly and with every respect for our literary contemporaries, *The Spectator*, *The Saturday Review*, and *The Athenæum*. The first-named two papers are primarily political, and *The Athenæum* has a "trade" element about it which bars its claim to be considered as a purely literary organ. We do not complain of this lack of courtesy on the part of the promoters of the memorial, we merely note it, and we venture to think that the congratulations of THE ACADEMY which we now offer to our greatest living novelist will be no less acceptable to Mr. George Meredith than those of the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Express*, the *Daily News*, and the *Review of Reviews*, to take a few names at random from the list.

It is with regret rather than surprise that we chronicle the death of the *Tribune*, London's one and only "penny morning Liberal daily paper." The *Tribune* departed almost immediately after celebrating its second birthday, but its brief career contains a record, over which, in many respects, the organisers and staff of the paper may feel reasonably proud. From the very outset of affairs the enterprise was an adventure. The paper appeared fated to destruction almost immediately after it had started out on its hazardous career. An enormous amount of money was expended, in all close on £350,000, and up to the last hour of the paper's life there was always a possibility of further capital being forthcoming. In the early

autumn of 1906, when the outlook for the paper was the reverse of encouraging, Mr. S. J. Pryor assumed the editorship. Those who know the resources at his command in comparison with the results achieved by his enterprise must realise that his management of the *Tribune* was not the least of Mr. Pryor's achievements. Under his control the paper improved in all directions. Commercially it doubled its revenue from circulation and from advertisements in twelve months; politically and socially the paper expanded, gathered force, authority, and enterprise. If the necessary further capital had been forthcoming last week the paper, allowing for a rate of progress commensurate with that enjoyed in 1907, would have established its commercial prosperity inside twelve months. Such a result might have proved profitable to Liberalism, which to-day may be accurately described as "the ha'penny paper party."

The failure of the *Tribune* gives rise to many obvious reflections. In the first place it is apparent that official Liberalism declines to disburse any moneys from the party's coffers for Liberal enterprises collateral to the work of electioneering, and it is also plain that official Liberalism will not encourage its wealthy friends to draw upon their resources for purposes not directly concerned with party expenditure. Wealthy Radicals eager to join that "moribund institution" the House of Lords clearly understand that they can force an easier passage to the peerage by swelling the party exchequer than by assisting enterprises such as the *Tribune*. Such concerns as the latter are to be regarded with benevolent patronage so long as they are preaching the gospel of the party and assisting it to win elections, but should they ask for any active aid or support it would be dangerous to accede to their requests without official sanction. And as the saying is in those circles of Liberalism which read Liberal newspapers for the purpose of following "Captain Coe's" racing prophecies, "the whisper goes round" amongst the wealthy stalwarts of Radicalism that officialdom would greatly prefer any loose or moving capital to be transferred to the sanctuary of its own coffers. In the case of the *Tribune* it is safe to say that practically every source of Liberal wealth in the country was approached for assistance. The result of these negotiations provides its own commentary.

We have been asked to draw attention to the first number of *Representation*, the Proportional Representation Society's little monthly journal, which can be obtained from the Society's offices, 28 St. Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, for one penny. We do this the more readily since we are inclined to sympathise in the main with the Society's objects. At any rate, the composition of the Executive Committee is sufficient to show that the Society is no part of a scheme in party politics, since it includes politicians of such various political complexion, and in some cases of such independent character as Sir William Anson, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. Thomas Burt, Lord Carlisle, Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir W. R. Cremer, Sir John Gorst, and Sir Frederick Pollock, with the constant advocate of Proportional Representation, Lord Courtney, as Chairman, and Lord Avebury as President. The aims of the Society are thus succinctly stated:

(1) To reproduce the opinions of the electors in Parliament and other public bodies in their true proportions. (2) To secure that the majority of electors shall rule and all considerable minorities shall

be heard. (3) To give electors a wider freedom in the choice of representatives. (4) To give representatives greater independence from the financial and other pressure of small sections of constituents. (5) To ensure to parties representation by their ablest and most trusted members.

The methods advocated for the attainment of these ends are: (1) the union of single-member constituencies in larger two- or three-member constituencies; and (2) the adoption of some proportional voting system such as the one called the "Single Transferable Vote." This particular system is simply explained on the cover of the journal, but members have not to pledge themselves to it in preference to any other. As regards aim (2), we are totally indifferent whether the majority of the electors rule or no. Probably the most innocuous Government we are likely to have under existing circumstances would be a Government with a bare majority, because the various Opposition elements could combine to prevent it from passing all but the most necessary measures. We do desire the Government which would govern *least*. Without committing the Society to any such desires, it appears to us at least to aim at the curtailment of the powers both of fictitious majorities and of small combinations such as caucuses, and at sending to Parliament representatives who, independent of party prejudices, admittedly possess the best legislative faculties. In such aims it has our sympathy.

"In the Upper House [of Convocation] the Bishop of Hereford said that racing prophecies did much harm." A sentence like this is as satisfactory to the soul, as pleasing to the æsthetic sense, as the recurrence of the refrain in an old song, as the constantly repeated references of Mr. Micawber to the possibility of something turning up. It is so perfectly and exactly the sort of remark that a Bishop is expected to make. And the folly of it! It is as if a man had said, in the midst of the ravages of the Black Death, that colds in the head and corns on the toes did much harm. Both propositions may be (and doubtless are) quite true, and are also of a quite monstrous impertinence.

One understands, of course, that the Bishop was denouncing the gambling instinct. Well, if he desire to do this, let him leave the poor little gutter-snipe with his "bob" on this horse and his "half-dollar" on that alone; let him turn his attention to the great gambling engine of the Stock Exchange, to the accursed gang of company promoters whose trade it is to rob the widow and orphan, and the simple generally, of all they possess. The Turf is, no doubt, far from clean; but it is pure, shining honesty in comparison with "the House" and its purlieus. What a curious thing it is that, when a man utters his ostentatious profession of "Liberal" principles, he is pretty certain to be found doing his best to make the wretched lot of the poor still more grey, wretched, and unhappy. It is a fine sight, indeed, to see a stout man, a "convinced Liberal," rolling his Sunday evening's port over his tongue, and declaring that in the interests of morality the public-houses must be closed on Sundays.

A poor, rather squalid, interest, that of "all the winners"? Certainly; but what else have the Bishop's friends left the working man? The robber tyrannies of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. destroyed between them the old fair world in which the poor man once

dwelt; his guilds, his churches, his social framework were all cast down together into ruin for the benefit of shopkeepers and Reformation parvenues. All the good things of life were taken from the poor man; he was given in exchange the whipping-post and the workhouse and the gallows. Then came Cromwell to rivet the chains, and last of all came industrialism, a gospel which showed that the only end of the poor was to earn a fortune for the rich. An enlightened piety declared that for a working man to play cricket on Sunday was a horrible offence; thus we have come to "All the winners and S.P." The Bishop of Hereford is, of course, a "broad-minded" man; it would be well if he could recognise that a poor man requires some excitement in his life. It is, of course, great fun to vote for "simple Bible teaching" and fraudulent naval contractors; but even such sports as these require occasional relief.

The performance given at the Shaftesbury by the Sicilian players in a Sicilian play is astonishing. *Malìa* is a melodrama taken from actual life; and is played with absolute realism. The effect is heightened and not diminished by the language which is used, and which few are in a position wholly to understand. The action is perfectly straightforward and easy to follow. It takes place in a village near Etna. The tragedy is of the simplest, and crudest, of passion and jealousy and revenge. It is the wedding day of Tana's sister, and Tana is waiting for the return of the bride and bridegroom. She is betrothed to Ninu, but is passionately in love with Cola, the man whom her sister has married. In the second act she gives herself to Cola; in the last act Ninu finds out from her, and, mad with anger, cut's Cola's throat with a razor. That is the story of many a melodrama; Signor Grasso and Signora Ferrau play in *Malìa*, however, so that the drama seems to be a hideous *tranche de la vie* rather than a melodrama.

We sympathise with the objects of the forthcoming International Art Congress for the development of drawing and Art teaching in so far as they are applicable to industries. We should be glad to see "a closer working contact between art schools and manufactories," and "art schools freely used as recruiting grounds for factories and workshops." We think it would be well for as many boys and girls as possible to be taught to see objects on the flat and to reproduce them, and to have their eyes trained to some extent to observe proportions of tones and colours. But we do not at all desire to see greater facilities provided in England for teaching Art unapplied. There are far too many "schools of art," in which the youth of England, and indeed their elders, with inherent capabilities for only the strictest mediocrity in attainment, are cruelly encouraged to start on the difficult and unremunerative profession of picture painting or book illustration. The result is not only a flood of worthless productions, but troops of wasted lives passed in very straitened circumstances. These lives might have been spent happily enough in the exercise of some craft in which a sense of beauty is useful, or in some trade or profession likely to bring in at least enough to secure comfort.

The Council of the Protestant Alliance has distinguished itself by passing a resolution protesting against the presence of the King at the requiem mass for the late King and Crown Prince of Portugal. The Alliance "humbly points out to his Majesty that, by

Act of Parliament, 1689, 'all and every person and persons that is or are or shall be reconciled to or shall hold communion with the see or church of Rome shall be excluded, and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the Crown and government of this realm, and the people of these realms shall be and are hereby absolved of their allegiance.'" The Protestant Alliance has a quaint idea of humility, and its expression of "astonishment and distress at his Majesty's attendance at a mass for the dead" appears to us as an unmitigated piece of impudence, founded on an almost inconceivable stupidity. Does the Protestant Alliance seriously suppose that the King, by performing the kindly and gracious act of attending the requiem mass of his dead friend and brother Sovereign, has become reconciled to or in communion with the Church of Rome? And are we to take it that the members of this alliance seriously intend to intimate that they consider themselves absolved of their allegiance? Truly one can say: *Beati Mortui* they shall escape the prayers of the Protestant Alliance.

BROWN-TAILED FILLY

BROWN-TAILED filly in the dim fir-wood,
Gallop away to me;
Along the fence and over the knoll,
And I will set you free.

She whinnied and pranced at my halloo,
And tossed her blinding mane.
She met me at the high-barred gate
In the narrow, mossy lane.

A home-spun halter wreathed her neck,
No saddle did I need;
She was a pony mountain-born,
And I of the moorland breed.

We trotted away through the brushwood copse,
And past the waterfall,
To the music of the missel thrush
And the kestrel's mating call.

We thundered on the level tracks,
Clearing rock and rut,
Until we reached a little tarn
And a lonely shepherd hut.

Brown-tailed filly, you can take your ease
In the meadows of my love;
I'll come to you when the night has gone,
And the morning star's above.

NOEL SOMERS.

LITERATURE

TENNYSON ON HIS ART

The Works of Tennyson. Annotated by the Author and edited by his Son. Vols. I. and II. (Macmillan, 4s. net per volume.)

Is it simply in reaction against the smooth Tennysonian tradition that our living writers of verse seem bent less on expressing their conceptions melodiously than on getting clear and powerful conceptions to express? There is scarce one of them, now that Mr. Watson is silent, whose work has not something of the harshness and perverseness of form and diction which at one time was the common attribute of immaturity. But if there is one fault from which, say, Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr. Hardy, or Mr. Doughty is free, it is manifestly the fault of immaturity. Nor can it fairly be said that our living poets are derivative. Mr. Doughty especially seems absolutely uninfluenced by any English model. By the side of the Victorian "Idylls of the King" the epic of "The Dawn in Britain" stands in magnificent alien majesty, dwarfing them as our Abbey dwarfs the petty vanity of a Royal procession at the opening of our egregious Parliament. The whole Tennysonian tradition is discredited. Yet it is still Beauty that is worshipped, still Truth that is sought, only we are no longer oppressed with scientific revelations, delicately distracted with doubts, blown to and fro with every wind of doctrine; we no longer argue in verse. Necessarily, the present is always influenced powerfully by the immediate past, but our poets have now, in plain words, left school; they are, in the true sense, living, with eyes for seeing clearly and directly, and a desire

To thrust a naked phrase
Like a lean knife between the ribs of Time.

But observe, this directness of vision and apprehension, though it finds an expression that is often defective in melody, has yet not led to the violence and uncouthness, the emphatic crudeness, which disfigure and discolour so much of Browning's work, itself reputed intensely "modern." There is a clearness, a distinction of manner, a simple earnestness for which you must look far and long in the work of the author of "Old Pictures in Florence."

An excellent test of poetry is, of course, parody. You may parody Mr. Doughty's epic with all imaginable ease by applying his vehement singularity of vocabulary and diction to a grotesque theme, but you cannot achieve more than a *verbal* parody. You cannot parody the essential poetry of "The Dawn in Britain," you cannot parody the essential poetry of Mr. Sturge Moore or the late Francis Thompson. Not so with Tennyson. Mr. Swinburne, who has parodied his own verse with a delightfully candid exactitude, has also parodied "The Higher Pantheism" absolutely, its idea as well as its form; and the fact that such parody is possible and perfect is in itself a sorrowful judgment of the intellectual and spiritual value of the original. You feel the grotesque inadequacy of Higher Pantheism itself as a creed or attitude of personal acceptance of the wonderful world. And that is the true parody which is at once criticism and laughter.

People are accustomed to speak of Tennyson as *the* poet of the later nineteenth century, and to bring for proof his stainless personal life, his religiousness, his patriotism, the purity and restraint of his love-poems, his metaphysical tendency. But these do not make a poet, any more than Browning's unique fondness for discussion in verse and surprising, often disconcerting, mental alertness, of themselves, make him a poet. All

these may well be, we say; and yet, for depth of passion, for spiritual poignance, for profound apprehension of eternal things, we turn, among poets of our own time, not to Tennyson or Browning, but to Coventry Patmore, to Francis Thompson, to a contemporary and a successor. Their work is far smaller in bulk, lower in level; but what indefinable reflection is it of "unaccustomed brightness," of heavenliness, that we discover in the few pages of their best poems. It is only (to change the metaphor) when hearing this loftier music that we know verily the incomparable breath of song. And by reason of this inevitable preference, simply because of finding in these poets what we can never find in Tennyson, we are apt to regard the latter a little unjustly perhaps, and to disparage the serene excellence of his best work, the lavish perfection and dainty triumph of poems full of pure delight.

Well, the two volumes before us, commencing a new edition, as comely and desirable as heart could wish, give occasion, not simply for the foregoing desultory reflections, but for a recollection of the early Tennyson. And here is a singular thing. Take the first series of Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads"—you are conscious of a personality behind those astonishing melodies; that they are but a casual breath of sense-confounding genius, genius that unites and makes them definitely one, the authentic utterance of a dominant voice. But how vague and elusive is the personality of these early poems of Tennyson! They are, you feel, the result of a diffusion rather than an insuppressible outpouring of genius; a river has been dammed, has gently overflowed—and lo! the beauty of "Mariana" and "The Lady of Shalott." Who was that Tennyson, you ask, marking the vagueness of the waters?

The notes which, under the editorship of the poet's son, are now first printed, do not greatly help in the answering of that question, which remains a vain one, perhaps a foolish one. They are often trivial, explaining the obvious with emphatic precision. But they are valuable when Tennyson speaks of his own aim and position, demurring at the description of himself as "artist first, then poet":

I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist, and in my earliest teens I wrote an Epic between 5,000 and 6,000 verses, chiefly à la Scott, and full of battles, dealing, too, with sea and savage mountain scenery. I used to compose sixty or seventy lines all at once and shout them about the fields as I leapt over the hedges. I never felt so inspired, though of course the poem was not worth preserving, and into the fire it went.

Interesting, too, is the identification of certain places and incidents, and the recollection of journeys, visits, conversations, impressions, which give an autobiographical value to these notes. Some of the uncollected verse which is here printed has already appeared in the "Life," but it is mostly new to us. In an appendix is given the prize poem, "Timbuctoo," and another early piece, "The Hesperides," which was published and suppressed, and is now finally recovered. Be it frankly said that "The Hesperides" might well have remained suppressed; but it was very meet and right at length to reprint "Timbuctoo," the verse of which is unmistakably and prophetically Tennyson's in its fluency and frequent rapidity. You may remark already the technical felicity, the pure artistry, which seldom failed him, and seem as surely at his command in his early as in his later work. Poems he wrote, later, more grandiose in conception, loftier in dignity, but never aught more perfect in form than the two "Marianas" or "Morte D'Arthur."

In the midst of delightful notes on birds and woods and flowers, notes that are an added testimony to Tennyson's loving and cunning observation of Earth's infinities; in the midst of fragments of letters, references to the ever-welcome FitzGerald, to Carlyle and

Spedding, it is disconcerting to discover such a comment as this upon a line from "The Lotus Eaters":

Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Made by me on a voyage from Bordeaux to Dublin (1830). I saw a great creamy slope of sea on the horizon, rolling toward us. I often, as I say, chronicle on the spot, in four or five words or more, whatever strikes me as picturesque in nature.

And there are several notes here which reveal Tennyson's habit of carefully noting similes and fancies and transmuting them to verse years after. Every man to his taste; but we confess the frequent candid exemplification of a practice which we had only assigned to impoverished rhymsters seems to us a little curious. Poetry, said Wordsworth, takes its origin from emotion remembered in tranquillity. Poetry, says Tennyson, is an epithet remembered in tranquillity.

Let it not be thought, however, that notes of this sort abound. For the man who wants to know his Tennyson from roof to foundation, every stair, room, closet, window, door and tapestry—only, not expecting so much as the smell or shiver of a ghost, nor secret hiding-place, nor secret oratory, nor altar unknown—who wants to apprehend, if only in retrospect, the fascination of a commanding figure in modern letters, this edition, so far as we are able to consider it at present, is quite indispensable.

HOMER AGAIN

The Rise of the Greek Epic. By GILBERT MURRAY, LL.D., Fellow of New College, Oxford, and formerly Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. (Clarendon Press, 1907. 6s. net.)

THE book consists of ten lectures, constituting the Gardiner-Lane Course for 1907, delivered by Dr. Gilbert Murray at the invitation of Harvard University. Dr. Murray has taken the line which we should have expected from a scholar of his great learning, originality, and sense of literary beauty and style. His theme must always be fascinating, and, treated as it is in a bright, almost buoyant, fashion, must have been very attractive to his American audience.

His theory of the Homeric epic is that the poems do not represent the inventions of one man, but are the birth of the ever-shifting traditions of many generations. The early Ægean races, whose civilisation is attested by recent discoveries in Crete and Mycenæ, founded what may be called (having regard to the primitive scale of things) empires, which fell before successive waves of invasion from the North and North-west. This Ægean civilisation, according to the lecturer, was not Greek:

As a matter of fact, there were no Greeks in the world in those days, any more than there were Englishmen before the Angles came into Britain, or Frenchmen before the Franks invaded Gaul.

These Ægean empires, Troy, Mycenæ, Crete, were succeeded by a Dark Age lasting several centuries. The second city founded on the site of Troy dates as far back as 2000 B.C. The position of Troy must have been peculiarly favourable, for no less than six cities rose on her site. When Troy fell all Achæan Greece fell with her.

We find in the earliest ages of which we have any knowledge those influences which Dr. Murray calls "strongholds of the primitive beast in man." But it is a great mistake to regard these as Hellenic. On the contrary, Hellenism is always found waging an arduous war against human sacrifice, slavery, the subjection of women, unchastity, and cruelty. In support of his warning against such a conception of Hellenism, Dr. Murray takes instances chiefly from the "Iliad," because he believes the "Iliad" to have been the more "Homeric" of the two poems. The name-

less redactor, to whom we owe so much, could not wipe out these blots in the pre-Hellenic lays which he moulded into the two epics, but he dwelt on them as little as possible, if he could not absolutely banish them. Neither incest nor the sin of Sodom and Gomorrah has any place in Homer. As to cruelty—there is no torture in the “Iliad.” There is a passage in Il. xiii., 572, where the sufferings of a wounded man are dwelt on, and he is compared to a bull struggling in a net. This comes from some older poet. But Homer adds, “so he struggled a little while, not at all long,” willing to spare the feelings of his hearers or readers. The very same phrase is used in reference to the hanging of the handmaidens in the “Odyssey,” xxii., 473. It is the most painful passage in Homer. But Dr. Murray remarks that the “Odyssey” is not so carefully expurgated as the “Iliad.” In Il. xxiii. it has to be recorded that twelve Trojans were sacrificed on the grave of Patroclus. But the poet averts his eyes from the scene. He gives it only a line and a half (175). The sacrifice of a bull occupies five lines, or ten, if we include the roasting (i., 458-467). Slavery is deplored much as Aristotle deplored it, as a necessary evil. “The day of enslavement robs a man of half his manhood.” Even Helen is not upbraided, and she testifies to the kindness of Priam. Everyone remembers the Andromache scene in the sixth book of the “Iliad.” But throughout that poem there is a suppression of female interest, due in Dr. Murray’s opinion to the prevalence in ancient times of a taboo on warriors on the war-path, taking the form of wearing the hair long, and especially of abstaining from familiar intercourse with women. However, we find on very ancient cups, seals, and pottery of various kinds long-haired men engaged in quite pacific pursuits. Then, how the poem is governed by the guardian goddesses Athena, Hera, Thetis, to whom Achilles brings all his troubles, proud as he is of that great “saga-figure,” Peleus, his father! The pre-Hellenic races were matriarchal. On this we would quote from Lecture II. an eloquent passage:

The influence of the patriarchate on religion is, of course, overpoweringly great. Protestant and Mahometan countries are entirely dominated by it. Yet if one tries to think for a moment of the vast volume of prayer that is steaming to heaven at any one hour from all corners of the world, I wonder if he will find any more intense, more human, more likely to achieve its end, than the supplication which rises from all parts of Southern and Eastern Europe, to that most ancient and many-named Madonna, who has sat throned upon her rocks and been a mother of many erring children from thousands of years before the coming of Christianity. And, further, if a man, who believes somehow in the reality and ultimate worth of some religion of gentleness or unselfishness, looks through the waste of nature to find some support for his faith, it is probably in the phenomena of motherhood that he will find it first and most strikingly.

Dr. Murray observes that in the early vases, while men are freely caricatured, women are always idealised.

The fourth lecture on the ancient book is full of interest and instruction. The earliest books were not meant to be read by the student. The master would read or declaim it to his disciple. So in the Middle Ages. Not even Merlin could penetrate to the innermost chambers of the mystic volume:

None could read the text, not even he,
And none could read the comment but himself.

Dr. Murray, developing the method of Prof. Seymour, whose book on the Homeric age was recently reviewed in THE ACADEMY, illustrates largely from the history of the Hebrew Scriptures, in which he appears to be profoundly learned. Taking up the subject again in the seventh lecture, he asks what would the Homeric bard have done with the Book of Judges, if he had tried to mould it into an epic poem? He would probably have chosen Gideon for his hero, and the

Song of Deborah would come finely in. But Jephthah’s story and sacrifice is too good to be omitted. When the embassy comes to the men of Gilead, calling them to join Gideon, their spokesman will explain how their aged chieftain Jephthah cannot lead them in person, seeing that he is not yet purified from the slaying of his daughter. The whole story would then be told. If the dates did not quite tally, the poet would “ignore the dates and let the Muse have her way.” The tale of Samson could be told by some character like Nestor, Gideon’s father, Joash, or his armour-bearer, Purah. We hope Dr. Murray is meditating such an epic. He could do it well in English, ay, and in Greek, too. Homer could have borrowed from Hesiod or even from Eumelus. Masses of tradition were growing up side by side for centuries, and each could be quoted by the other, as easily as Judges by Samuel, or Samuel by Judges:

Both these books, if we are to believe the most careful Biblical scholars, had begun to exist by 900 B.C.; but “Judges” was only finished a little before B.C. 200, and “Samuel” not quite finished then. “Isaiah” is full of quotations from the “Second Book of Kings.” On the other hand, the “Second Book of Kings” quotes not merely “Isaiah,” but the much later “Jeremiah.” All the great books were growing up together, and passages could be repeated from any one to any other.

These books were evolved from primitive material, which was originally polytheistic. So through the dark ages which followed the Achæan period successive generations of poets “lived in the Epic Saga and by it and for it.” At last some *nescio quis* made a long poem out of them all. Such is Dr. Murray’s theory. But it is hard to believe in successive generations of inspired epic poets. It is still harder to believe in the unknown genius who, out of this mass of epic tradition, evolved the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey.” And our credulity is taxed to breaking point when we find that the unknown genius, who constructed out of disconnected epic saga “the greatest poem that ever sounded on the lips of man,” committed faults which show “a lack of originality or even of sincerity.” The subject of the “Iliad” is second-rate—a chieftain sulking over a personal slight. We find lack of finish, contradictions, loose linguistic forms, ready-made similes, which sometimes seem to be inserted in the wrong place. These are indeed serious faults, but they cannot dislodge the poems from their thrones. The marvellous hold which the poems have maintained on the human mind is due to that intensity of imagination which tells us how Helen let the tear down fall for her husband of yore and her city and her parents, and how the Trojan elders said “strangely like is she in face to the immortal goddesses.” So we hear for once, and once only, of the furious driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi. But the intensity of imagination which lies behind the presentment of Helen and of Jehu makes thoughts about them live and vibrate thousands of years after their first utterance:

The driving of Jehu, the weeping face of Helen—these have behind them not the imagination of one great poet, but the accumulated emotion of the many successive generations who have heard and learned and themselves afresh recreated the old majesty and loveliness. . . . There is in them, as it were, the spiritual life-blood of a people.

We cannot believe in an epic saga treated throughout at least five centuries with “uniformity of splendour,” nor in the “diligent and reverent” person who gave the poems their present shape.

Dr. Murray holds broadly the Reichelian armour theory. But this hypothesis must be abandoned, until the objections brought forward against it by Mr. Andrew Lang and others are answered. They are founded on the evidence of ancient Minoan works of art, and are in our opinion unanswerable.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE POET OF "THE SEASONS"

James Thomson. By G. C. MACAULAY. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 2s. net.)

THE publication of Mr. Macaulay's excellent monograph may do something to revive an interest in one of the most neglected figures in the history of English literature. Few poets have suffered so severely at the hands of time as the author of "The Seasons," yet few have assisted more materially the development of English poetry.

Of Thomson's life, which would appear to have been a peculiarly uneventful one, but little is known, and we are indebted to Mr. Macaulay for the acquisition of some further details. Born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, some time in the year 1700, Thomson was educated at Jedburgh Abbey, and afterwards at Edinburgh University. He came to London in 1725, where he appears to have made a living by the writing of poetry. In 1730 he travelled to France and Italy as tutor to Charles Richard Talbot. Subsequently he held the office of Secretary of Briefs, and in 1736 he purchased a house in Kew-foot Lane, Richmond, where he resided until his death in 1748. He seems to have been a man of convivial habits, somewhat shy and self-conscious, a generous friend and an entertaining companion. The traditional stories of his indolence of disposition rest on no very secure foundation, and are probably based upon the fact that he was a very late riser, and devoted the night to the labours of composition.

It must be conceded that his poetry exhibits some of the worst defects of his period. His constant use of inelegant Latinisms, his unrestrained tendency to periphrasis, his deliberate avoidance, on many occasions of simplicity of expression, his curious fondness for compound words—these remain as permanent blemishes on his finest work. It is scarcely possible to read a page of Thomson without alighting upon such words as "amusive," "exanimate," "successless," "irriguous," "inexhaustive," "constringent," and "luculent." His style is closely modelled on Milton's, but, while reproducing many of Milton's weaknesses, he lacks too often his sublimity.

These admissions having been made, however, it remains to be said that modern criticism is in danger of under-estimating the essential greatness of Thomson's poetry. More than any poet of the nineteenth century, he delivered us from the thrall of those artificial conventions which Pope and his immediate successors had sought to impose upon English verse. That Renaissance of Wonder which, at a later period, was to capture the imagination not only of England, but of civilised Europe, was due in no small degree to the assiduous labours of Thomson. While lacking the spiritual perception of Collins, he first conceived of the phenomena of Nature as objects worthy to inspire the pen of a great poet. He approaches his subject in a somewhat timorous attitude. He finds it necessary to apologise for singing of the life of beasts and birds, and of the seasons, with their infinite variety and golden pomp. He shelters himself behind the authority of the classical poets:

Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear.
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.

Even so, he is careful to diversify his narrative by the introduction of irrelevant and wearisome stories of the loves of country nymphs and swains. When, however, he abandons himself to the inspiration of the moment, he is seldom at fault. He wrote invariably with his eye on the object. He was a keen and accurate ob-

server, and he described what he saw in language charged with a deep passion and intimate feeling for Nature. His poems abound with the happiest of descriptive touches. Such pictures as the snowstorm in "Winter" or the well-known angling scene in "Spring" have seldom been excelled. There is a minuteness of detail about such a passage as the following, which is singularly alien to the spirit of eighteenth-century verse:

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stained; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-coloured east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.

He has enriched our language with many a homely proverb:

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

Or sighed, and looked unutterable things.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

Where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined.

There, studious, let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead—

these—and a dozen others might be quoted—have passed into the currency of familiar speech.

Thomson was not, perhaps, a great poet—though even this statement must be accepted with certain reservations—but his finest work entitles him to the respectful consideration of all genuine lovers of poetry, and even the Englishman who does not care for poetry at all should treasure with some affection the memory of the man who wrote "Rule Britannia!"

All students of literature will welcome Mr. Macaulay's volume, which is a model of scholarly research and discriminating criticism.

AN AMBITIOUS QUEST

From the Niger to the Nile. In two volumes. By
LIEUTENANT BOYD ALEXANDER, Rifle Brigade.
• (Edward Arnold, 36s. net.)

THESE two handsome volumes contain the history of a great journey, and are profusely illustrated with very graphic and interesting photographs, while they include valuable maps. The tale is told very gracefully—with an artist's hand and a poet's mind. Lieutenant Boyd Alexander first conceived the idea of connecting up the two great rivers (the Niger and the Nile) by routes hitherto ill-explored—some sections of the journey having never been visited before—with Lake Chad as the middle objective. Our author confesses himself under the spell of the great desert lake: "Chad became the pendant that I aimed at, hanging on the links of our other enterprises," and so in 1903 an expedition was planned and gradually developed to undertake this very ambitious quest. Those that took part in it were: Lieut. Boyd Alexander, Rifle Brigade; Captain Claud Alexander, Scots Guards; Captain G. B. Gosling, Rifle Brigade; Mr. P. A. Talbot, B.A., and José Lopez, an invaluable interpreter.

The objects of the expedition were comprehensive, combining with pure exploration and geographical survey a very thorough study of all animal life, birds, beasts and fishes, and all the sport that could be had on the way. It did further include a most intelligent

appreciation of the many peoples whose countries were passed through. The party were well equipped for their task. Mr. Talbot was an expert surveyor, and his work on the Liberian frontier had already attracted attention; Captain Claud Alexander, to a natural talent in the same field, had added the study which had gained him the diploma of the Royal Geographical Society (these were the two geographers, strictly speaking); Captain Gosling was a first-rate soldier and sportsman and a careful naturalist; Lieut. Boyd Alexander was a finished and enthusiastic ornithologist and a keen observer in all fields. He was also a valuable assistant in the map-making, and ended by doing many hundred miles of survey alone. José Lopez, an old henchman of the author's for many years, besides being a competent interpreter, was a skilled skinner and a fearless sportsman. Provided with two boats of beaten steel in sections, and an ample store of ammunition, medicines, provisions, and trade goods, the party were on the Niger on the 18th March, 1904, and then their work began.

It is a long journey through which we must follow our heroes, and it takes many pages to tell of it, but we do not think that the reader will tire much in his passage through them. By the rivers Niger, Benue, Gongola, and Yo, the boats reached Lake Chad on 13th October, 1904. Meanwhile, a wide detour was made to the north by the two geographers of the party, from Ibi on the Benue, over the Murchison range, by the Bam hills and Banchi to the mountains of the Kerri-Kerri cannibals, and so through the country of the comparatively civilised Fulani and Kanuri (the survey being here over eighty miles from north to south), into the Bornu country, and at last to Lake Chad. Kukawa, the last survey station, was reached on 8th December. But not reached, alas, before heavy toll had been taken of the expedition. On November 13th, and before he reached the lake, Captain Claud Alexander died at Maifoni from gastric enteritis, in the fort of the West African Frontier Force. His death is very pathetically described by his brother, who pays a generous tribute to Dr. Allan C. Parsons, who tended him, and to the late Lieut. Farmer, the commander of the fort, and writes the epitaph to a *dear brother, brave soldier, and delightful friend*.

The remaining three Englishmen spent Christmas Day of 1904 at Kaddai, on Lake Chad, and the contrast of their surroundings with those of an English Christmas evoked this graceful thought:

I doubt not the scene was more like the first Christmas of all on the night of the wonderful star, when Gabriel came to the shepherds and bade them be first on the road which led kings to Bethlehem.

The next day Mr. Talbot returned to England *via* the Benue and Niger, bearing with him the maps and over eight hundred birds. The months between Christmas and May, 1905, were spent in exploring Lake Chad. These explorers have established definitely the fact that Chad consists of two lakes separated by fifteen miles of reedy marsh. The northern half (lying north and south) is about fifty miles long and forty miles wide at its widest; the southern (lying north-east by south-west) is smaller, and nowhere more than thirty miles across. The lakes are fed by the rivers Yo on the north and Shari on the south, and the writer thinks that the action of these rivers has caused a silting up between the two halves, which has given the idea that the volume of water is decreasing. The water is sweet to drink, but nowhere is it found more than four feet deep, and generally it is much shallower, making navigation difficult. A graphic and picturesque impression of the lake is found on page 319, volume I.:

Imagine a large pool in a grass-grown plain, lying shallow, like water in the palm of an outstretched hand formed by the rivulets of the rain coming to rest in the gentle depression of an otherwise flat surface, and you have a miniature Lake Chad.

Then, the writer surrounds it with a colouring all his own. The Bedumas, the lake people, are as mysterious as the lake itself, and are very difficult to get in touch with. From the specimens brought home it has been found that most of the Chad fish are found in the Nile and the Niger—proving that geologically the high country between the two rivers is new. Lieut. Alexander's report of the climate is a distinctly good one—almost a white's man's land.

From Lake Chad the two remaining English explorers, with José Lopez, ascended the river Shari, passing the German fort of Kuseri on the south bank and the French fort Lamy on the north bank. We have here brought back to us the story of the occupation of this country, after many reverses, by those heroic Frenchmen, Lamy and Gentil, and the death of Lamy at the hands of Rabeh Lebeir—once the scourge of the Sahara—himself wounded and dying, and our author writes:

So died in greatness Rabeh, the slave boy, who, by his genius for war, had created a kingdom and carried it through a continent upon the points of his spears. (Vol. II., page 177.)

Four hundred miles of travel up the Shari brings us to the confluence of the two rivers, Bamingi and Gribingi. The former was quite unexplored, so it was ascended for one hundred and twenty miles and mapped; back to the confluence, and the Gribingi is ascended two hundred and ten miles to Fort Crampel—named after a French explorer who was murdered there. Following the course of a minor stream, and then a five-days' portage brings the party to the river Tomi, and so on October 28th, 1905, to the great river Ubangui—"the drinker-up of little rivers"—and the Ubangui soon enters the Belgian Congo country.

Christmas Day, 1905, is spent at a village near the Seltema rapids, with much meat and palm wine, and a theatrical performance by the natives of the expedition. Then we come to the real forest land of Central Africa—full of the "fear that rests on the forest like a spell"—the haunt of the mysterious Okapi. Chapter 29, volume II., records the long chase of all three sportsmen, Alexander, Gosling, and José, after this quarry, and José's final success—the first Okapi seen alive by a European. The Ubangui merges into the Welle, which is followed up to the Belgian fort of Niangara, nearly seven hundred miles from the place where the expedition joined the Ubangui, and here the second tragedy overtook them. On the 15th June, 1906, Captain G. B. Gosling died of blackwater fever. A second soldier's funeral is recorded, a second cross was raised, and our author was left alone to pass over the several hundreds of miles that lay between him and his goal. Undaunted, he alone explored the rivers Kimbali and Yei, mapping them both. The Yei flows into un-navigable sudd some fifty miles before it empties into the Bahr-el-Jebel, which river our author reached at Gaba Shambi, but with only one boat (one had been sold to a Belgian post as a ferry boat), which had navigated six thousand miles of water. There the goal was reached, for it is all plain sailing from Gaba Shambi, *via* Gondokoro to Khartoum. From Khartoum Lieut. Boyd Alexander returned to England, and his fifteen remaining West Coast boys went on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

The history of this long journey (full of daily detail, as such must be) is everywhere brightened by admirable accounts of the natives of the countries traversed—in which the origin of tribes has been traced as carefully as amusing anecdote has been stored—by vivid sporting tales, by pleasing sketches of scenery, and by impressions of animal life, and, above all, of bird

life, which often are veritable prose poems. Never is our author more happy than when telling of his feathered friends. We would quote only one instance of many, the song of the red thrush (vol. I., page 202):

... first whispering notes like puffs of wind through green leaves, then a soft soliloquy of liquid sounds like the stream that runs below his singing bough, so sad that it is surely here beneath these waters that Narcissus lies. Quicker and louder mounts the song, to break in long notes that swoop and thrill with a passion that is all the sweet bird's own.

Sufficient practical result may be claimed for this expedition.

1.—The finished survey and map made in Northern Nigeria.

2.—The mapping of Lake Chad, and the definite knowledge that the lake is in two parts. It is interesting, too, to learn that Chad fish are almost identical with those of the Nile and Niger.

3.—The exploration and mapping of three rivers, of which the last explored, the river Yei, should, when developed, form a valuable waterway for the supply of the Soudan posts in the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

4.—A quite unusual natural history collection, containing many new specimens.

A hearty tribute is paid to the generous help given by the representatives of France, Germany and Belgium when the expedition passed through their territories. And in this connection it is worthy of remark that Lieut. Boyd Alexander speaks very highly of the administration of that part of the Belgian Congo territory through which he passed, and in which he spent a year. He reports generally a just and beneficent rule. Frequent inquiries from village chiefs failed to elicit one tale of "atrocities." His long discussion of the question is sufficiently critical to add value to the good impressions that he has formed and expressed.

We would make one suggestion: In a book of this character and length it would be convenient if dates were inserted occasionally in marginal notes. It is sometimes difficult to realise the passage of time.

CONTROVERSIAL HISTORY.

The Elizabethan Religious Settlement; a Study of Contemporary Documents. By HENRY NORBERT BIRT, O.S.B. (London: George Bell and Sons, 15s. net.)

WE are almost inclined to doubt whether it is possible for historians of the Reformation Settlement in England to adopt an impartial attitude, separate from controversy. It is true that the heated form of argument, which is so inimical to judicial reflection, is giving place to the method of historical investigation. But where religion is concerned few, even modern, writers seem able to form unbiassed estimates. Mere logomachies may be avoided. But deductions more or less controversial remain.

This seems to be the case with the book before us. It is a model of patient research, and represents hard work spread over many years. It is crammed full of references and quotations from historical documents, State papers, and chronicles. As the work of a scholar it is certainly a valuable book of reference for all students of the Reformation period. Our interest is sustained in reading this mass of evidence, chiefly because the personal element is largely predominant.

The actors on the Elizabethan religious stage stand before us. We can, as the author claims in his preface, "read the very words and sentiments of the people whose actions have had such a momentous influence on the religious life of England, and can form our own judgment."

True; but the author is careful in his endeavour to influence our judgment. Nor can we feel that he has succeeded in reaching that goal of Lord Acton's ideal writer of history, which he declares to have been his constant aim:

trying always to remember "that in history the historian has to disappear and leave the facts and ideas objectively to produce their own effect."

This is precisely what Dom Birt has failed to do. His book is full of his own inferences, surmises, and speculations as to the course of events.

Another passage in the preface must be cited:

Controversy I have studiously avoided, preferring that the actors in the religious changes of the period should themselves inform us of what they did, what they thought, what they desired. Comment in such cases is not only needless, it is impertinent in both senses of the word.

Here indeed is a counsel of perfection; less easy to follow than to give.

There are pages of comment in this book, which the author obviously considers both needful and pertinent to the cases discussed.

Nor is it unfair to him to say that his main object is to answer the vexed question, Did the English people for the most part accept the Reformation readily or was it forced upon them by Act of Parliament and penal threats?

We can hardly imagine a question more controversial at the present day, whether from the point of view of High Anglicans, of Protestants, or of Roman Catholics in England. Each party has its own object in proving the other wrong. Dom Birt admits that the conclusions of Bishop Creighton and Dr. Gee "ran completely counter to his own convictions." Naturally he opposes their views, and has written with a view of disproving a thesis already held. If the question at issue be the number of clergy who resigned their livings or were deprived for conscience' sake, we submit that, in the admitted defective state of the records, which are entirely wanting in many dioceses, it is quite impossible to obtain an absolute result.

The 192 of Bishop Creighton may be below the mark—we venture to think it is; but we find no proof on his own showing, for Dom Birt's estimate of 2,000, a number arrived at by much ingenious speculation, nor yet for his deliberate assertion, of several thousand beneficed clergy, who took the oath of supremacy, that:

it was self-interest alone, the dread of loss of liberty and goods that in the end prevailed against conscience and conviction,

And again, that:

if they finally acquiesced in the changes forced upon them it was due, not to conviction, but to a desire to escape molestation in purse, property and person.

Apart from any other criticism merited by such a wholesale charge of dishonesty (quite unsupported), it does not seem to us like a studied avoidance of controversy. Would any impartial student of the life of Bernard Gilpin allow that such motives could have influenced that fearless champion of the North and the clergy who followed his lead?

Having told us in the preface that "all serious students of Elizabethan history have discovered that Mr. Froude's pages are dangerous, because he wove a fancy of his own on the warp of facts," Dom Birt somewhat frivolously, if not inconsistently, quotes for his own purpose a notorious and highly controversial passage from Froude's history:

The Church of England was a limb lopped off from the Catholic trunk; it was cut away from the stream by which its vascular system had been fed; and the life of it, as an independent and corporate existence, was gone for ever.

This statement fits in exactly with Dom Birt's view expounded in pages of "commentary," that "Parlia-

ment was the founder of the Church of England, which is now not continuous with the pre-Reformation Church"; while, on the other hand, volumes have been written to prove the contrary.

In the last chapter, which deals with the attitude of the laity towards religious changes, Dom Birt cites a number of instances of men who were persecuted for conscience' sake—a fact which no one questions. But in considering the general feeling he is obviously puzzled by the extant list of over a thousand justices, spread over every county, who took the oath of supremacy, adding that:

any reader versed in the biographies of the period will be struck by the large number who are known to be loyal Catholics, and who later proved themselves to be so.

A list of their names would have given more force to this assertion. In any case, as he vaguely observes, the elasticity of their consciences "must remain a mystery."

We are not concerned with any decision as to whether Dom Birt has succeeded in proving his own case or disproving that of his religious opponents. It would be interesting to read a work compiled with like infinite pains on the other side—by, for example, so learned a scholar as Dr. Gee.

We are glad to note that this book is remarkably free from religious bitterness, though we detect perhaps a slight animus towards Mr. W. H. Hutton, who quite rightly maintains the integrity of St. John's College records in the case of Dr. Belsire; and we also feel that there is a strain of cleverly veiled satire on the position of the Anglican Church.

We consider that, in estimating the attitude of the people of England towards the Elizabethan settlement, Dom Birt has neglected two very important factors—the effects produced upon their minds, first by the previous polity of Henry VIII., and secondly, by the events of Mary's reign. None understood these things better than Elizabeth, who was peculiarly sensitive to the feeling of the country, and was therefore careful to maintain certain Catholic essentials while repudiating the supremacy of a foreign power.

We have insisted at some length on the divergence between the author's preface and his work, because in the preface he hoists a sort of literary white flag and lays ostentatious claim to an uncontroversial position, which, we are bound to say, he has not maintained. But we admit that it would be an Olympian feat for any *ecclesiastical* historian, whether Roman or Anglican, to discuss without bias or controversy the religious events of the sixteenth century.

ALSO SPRACH CAMPBELL

ONCE upon a time (in all probability) there was a very good man named Jesus. His sayings (we may assume for the sake of argument) are recorded with more or less accuracy in the Synoptic Gospels; the Gospel according to St. John may be disregarded as a literary device through which the writer expressed his religious views in narrative form. The Epistles of St. Paul represent an early corruption of the Teaching of Jesus, who would not have been able to understand their meaning. In any case, and in dealing with any of the books of the New Testament, we are at perfect liberty to reject every passage which conflicts with our particular standpoint; since if an apostle or evangelist record any saying or utter any teaching which is opposed to our private views it, of course, follows that the apostle and evangelist were wrong—unless, indeed, the peccant passage were inserted by some writer of the second century. Still, as Liberal Theologians, we may be generous and grant, as premised, that a young man

named Jesus did exist, and that considerable traces of His teaching are to be found in the New Testament. His doctrine was a very simple one: its purpose was to abolish every kind of social wrong and oppression and establish society on a just basis: this is the meaning of the phrase, "the Kingdom of Heaven." It is doubtful whether Jesus Himself altogether comprehended the nature of His mission; He wavered probably between the various Messianic ideas current in His day. There is no proof that He transcended the level of His time in His religious beliefs; many of His maxims are perfectly impossible for present-day civilization; He paints no pictures of the future at all comparable to Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" or Mr. H. G. Wells's "Modern Utopia"; His social ethics are inchoate—they leave whole regions of modern life untouched. St. Paul mixed the simple ethics of Jesus with Græco-Jewish superstitions—a capital example of this admixture is to be found in the fifteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians—"for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," etc. The unknown author of "that strange book called Revelation" was subject to the like failing; still he follows precisely the same ideal as that of Rousseau and Mazzini, though he was perhaps more pious and mystical. The first disciples had no communistic theory behind their action; they neither approved nor disapproved of private property; what moved them was simply a feeling of comradeship and their joyful anticipation of the good time (on earth) coming. Other-worldism had no place in primitive Christianity. We need not trouble about any traces of "ecclesiastical Christianity" because "it does not relate itself to the pressing needs of the age, and it is an insult to the intelligence."

And the conclusion of the whole matter is that modern Socialism is simply the religion of Jesus making its appeal to modern needs with its original end in view. If the total income of England were fairly divided up and the Divorce Laws made more "liberal," the "Kingdom of Heaven" would be established in England; and the establishment of this "Kingdom of Heaven"—that is, of pleasant social conditions all round—was precisely and exactly the object of primitive Christianity. Such, in very brief but not (I think) unfair analysis, is the substance of Mr. R. J. Campbell's book called "Christianity and the Social Order" (Chapman & Hall). Over the latter portion of the work, which simply treats in detail of the methods of attaining the end, "the communal ownership and administration of the sources of wealth," I have passed very lightly, since Socialism is a much discussed subject which may be studied in many handbooks and in many articles, and, so far as one can see, Mr. Campbell brings no very new light to the consideration of this difficult question.

But before examining the precise value of the Campbellian "Religion," it may be interesting to note one or two little points that seem to require some explanation. In the first place Mr. Campbell is, I fancy, mistaken in thinking that those English Christians who do go to church simply do so because in England there is no *café* life, and so the church has become a "club or public-house to which people must go in order to meet one another and enjoy one another's company." In Germany they have beer-gardens, so the church is not required, and therefore people do not go to church. Now this, we may say very mildly, is not true. No doubt the "institutional" meeting-house, the place where under a thin and watery pretence of religion "young men and maidens" go to meet each other, to listen to mostly indifferent music, to politicians on the stump, to vague discourses from the pastor, is the "church" that Mr. Campbell has in his mind; but he may be very seriously assured that

Catholic Christians do not go to Mass for the sake of social opportunities. They go to Mass in search of that unseen "Kingdom of Heaven" which is quite independent of economic conditions and communised sources of wealth. Truly does Mr. Campbell say that Baxter, Bunyan, and Wesley would be surprised if they could see an "institutional church" of to-day; Wesley, one may suppose, did foresee something of what was to come to pass when he uttered his famous prophecy as to the doom that would fall on the Wesleyans if they separated themselves from the Church. And another point: Mr. Campbell says, very frankly, that he means to treat the Bible precisely as he should treat Froissart or the Saxon Chronicle. This is very well, though I had always understood that both Froissart and the Chronicle contained many true statements; but a few pages farther on the author quotes from Isaiah—"And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb," etc. And he adds:

This was really a beautiful dream, and something more than a dream; it is still the world's hope. The wonderful thing is that an Israelitish prophet should have seen this ideal so clearly nearly three millenniums ago, and that all through the later history of the people to whom he belonged this ideal should have been continuously presented by men of vision and faith.

And then of another passage he says:

This is all the more remarkable when we remember that it was written long before the great captivity. . . . It indicates an exalted belief in the coming of a universal divine order.

But then it seems a little stupid to treat a book which contains such wonderful visions as if it were Froissart or the Saxon Chronicle, neither of which works has any pretensions to millennial foresight. There are capital things in Euclid and the Latin Grammar, and some profound truths in the Multiplication Table, but it would hardly do to sit down to criticise Keats in the spirit with which we approach these admirable works of science.

Then Mr. Campbell is rather puzzling in his treatment of the growth of the Messianic idea amongst the Jews. He says that the Kingdom of God was regarded as simply:

a revival of the ancient Jewish monarchy, as they pictured it coupled with the additional advantage of affording to the oppressed Jews the satisfaction of triumphing to the fullest degree over every foreigner, but especially those who had ever done them any mischief. . . . In its main features it was, therefore, purely political and materialistic.

And then the author goes on to say that the Book of Daniel is the most important representative of this Messianic ideal; and the following passage is quoted:

I saw in the night visions, and behold there came with the clouds of heaven one like unto a Son of Man, and He came even to the Ancient of Days, and they brought Him near before Him. And there was given Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all the peoples, nations, and languages should serve Him: His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.

One could hardly, with much seeking out, find an ideal less "narrow," "political," or "materialistic" than this. It is evident that Mr. Campbell does not recognise in the words "dominion," "glory," and "kingdom," the Sephiroth, Netzach, Hod, and Malkuth. If Mr. Campbell were forced to quote this passage, surely the better way would have been to stigmatise it as evidently an interpolation of a much later age. The author's discovery that "Messiah" means "Sent-one" (not "Anointed-one") will doubtless prove interesting to Hebrew scholars.

I do not much care for Mr. Campbell's improved version of certain words uttered by St. John the Baptist (if we may be allowed to believe that any single person in the Old or New Testaments ever existed, and if we may grant also that any single utterance of any such person is ever reported correctly). In "archaic English," as Mr. Campbell calls it, the passage stands thus:

Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come. . . . And even now is the axe laid to the root of the trees; every tree, therefore, that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. . . . And He will gather His wheat into the garner, but the chaff He will burn up with unquenchable fire.

In Campbellese these sentences appear as:

You venomous deceivers! How have you found out that a social revolution is at hand? I suppose you want to make sure of being on the safe side. . . . You are right to be apprehensive, for the reign of hypocrisy and oppression is well-nigh over; the rotten trees will soon be hewn down and consumed. . . . Only the grain will be garnered: the chaff will be burned up in the flame of His judgment. All shams and tyrannies will have to go, and the world will make a fresh start.

It is charming English, of course, but is not the translation of "wrath to come" by "social revolution" rather free? Then there is nothing about "tyrannies" in the original; we could almost say that Mr. Campbell was behaving in the reprehensible fashion of those "interpolators" who have given so much trouble to the "Higher" Critics. And, again, the author in pointing out that there is no "other-worldism" in St. John the Baptist—how can there be if the "wrath to come" is translated into "social revolution"?—merely "social ethics" rendered necessary by "the manners of the time, and the dual oppression of foreign rule and materialistic ecclesiasticism," adds in his bright way:

John the Baptist was exactly the kind of man who would have led the attack on the Bastille, or who would nowadays be found addressing a Labour demonstration in Hyde Park.

But surely not! For in the previous page Mr. Campbell quotes the Great Precursor to this effect:

And the soldiers also asked Him, saying: "And we, what must we do?" And He said unto them: "Do violence to no man, neither exact anything wrongfully; and be content with your wages."

Clearly this would never do at a Labour demonstration. St. John—the Campbellian St. John—would have said, "Massacre your officers, sack the Governor's palace, and divide up the regimental chest. Then strike for a minimum wage of three denariuses a day, and keep a sharp look-out for blacklegs. If you find them let them cop it."

There is some difficulty, too, in Mr. Campbell's views as to the teaching of the Christ:

On the whole, to be honest, I feel we must admit that there is very little, if anything, which differentiates the essential teaching of Jesus from that of the other teachers of His time beyond the fact that it was simple and clear and went straight to the root of the matter in hand.

And at the end of the paragraph is quoted the Evangelical saying:

Ye have heard that it was said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy." But I say unto you, love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you.

"Nothing," comments Mr. Campbell, "could be much more completely in contrast with the mood of the time than this particular utterance." So, after all, there does seem something which differentiates the teaching of the Christ from the "mood of the time."

So also with the treatment of the parable concerning the Judgment of the Sheep and the Goats. In the first place we are told that there "is no need to suppose that Jesus actually uttered these words as they now stand; in fact, it is quite probable that He did not, for there is a universalism about them which did not find a place in primitive Christian teaching"—therefore the parable must have been composed after the fall of Jerusalem. And then on the very next page, speaking of the qualification for the Kingdom of Heaven required by the parable, Mr. Campbell says:

That qualification was goodness . . . a goodness which showed itself in works of mercy and compassion to suffering human kind. It is here that I seem to hear the voice of Jesus. Not a word about belief; not a word about correctness of creed:

not a word about piety; not a word even about the duty of confessing the Master Himself. . . . But the central truth of the parable, the truth concerning the genuine test of righteousness, was *not* what everybody thought; and it is, therefore, not unreasonable to infer that this is the part of the parable in which we have the teaching most characteristic of Jesus.

So, according to Mr. Campbell, in the first place there is nothing to differentiate the teaching of the Christ from the ordinary teaching of the time; and secondly, nothing could be more in contrast with the teaching of the time than the words of Jesus; and thirdly, the Parable of Judgment cannot be attributed to Jesus because of its universal and catholic teaching; and fourthly, in virtue of this very teaching none but Jesus could have uttered it. It is certainly difficult, this Campbellian process.

On page 83 we have this declaration:

He laid down no principles for the guidance of His followers in their social relationships, marriage, the family, and citizenship.

On page 84 we read:

This view as to the future co-existed in His mind with strong and definite opinions concerning the sacredness of the marriage bond under present conditions.

It is not every controversial writer who is kind enough to confute himself page by page, paragraph by paragraph; it need scarcely be said that it would be difficult to imagine a more definitely false statement than that contained in the former of these two sentences. By precept or by example, or by precept and example, the Christ most fully directed His followers on their social relationships, marriage, the family, and citizenship.

I have already mentioned Mr. Campbell's citation of St. Paul's wonderful teaching as to death and immortality; to the preacher of the City Temple this great mystic doctrine is an example of Græco-Jewish superstition. He compares with it a passage from the Epistle to the Romans: "He that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through His spirit that dwelleth in you," and he says:

Here the assertion is that the followers of Jesus are to be made immortal, not by dying and going to some distant heaven, but by having their physical bodies transformed in such a way that they will never again be subject to death.

It would appear that Mr. Campbell has forgotten the rather important fact that St. Paul lays very special stress on the necessity of death as a precedent to immortality—"that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

Mr. Campbell states that all the hopes of the "first Christians" were bound up with the restoration of the Jewish nationality and the removal of the foreign yoke. All their hopes? The writer has been at pains to dwell on the great visions of the early prophets surpassing all the bonds of nations, he has dwelt on the theosophy of Philo as importing new and transcendental elements into the Jewish religion, he has asserted that no earthly politics entered into the mind of the Christ; and he quietly declares that the disciples had no hopes but purely national ones. "They had no other conception," he says, "of the Kingdom of God." No other conception! And they had seen the works of the Christ, they had heard the words of the Christ (e.g., the parable of the Mustard Seed), they had seen the Crucifixion of the Christ, and (even according to Mr. Campbell) they had received certain assurances that Christ had overcome death. And in spite of these things the Kingdom of God was to them simply and solely a sort of glorified Home Rule for Jewry! It is a characteristic of Mr. Campbell to assert that St. Paul opposed compulsory circumcision because he knew that the Gentiles would not stand such a thing for a moment; it is characteristic of Mr. Campbell to describe the *Benedictus* as "a sort of 'Marseillaise' with a

religious flavour." I hardly think I need trouble the readers of THE ACADEMY with any more quotations. I cannot help calling their attention to two finely contrasted passages. One declares that the early Christians (in common with their Master) were utterly devoid of any economic system, of any systematic ethics, of any teaching about property, public or private, of any vestiges of social order or regulation; many of the teachings of the Christ are pronounced, indeed, to be utterly impossible in the light of modern civilisation. And yet we are assured on another page that if the world had been ready for the Gospel of the early Christians the result would have been the rise of a world-State in which the dream of present-day Socialism would have received fulfilment. I think the readers of THE ACADEMY are in a position to judge of the qualifications of the City Temple preacher for the task of restoring all things; they will be able to esteem at its right value the "critical" faculties of a gentleman whose self-contradictions are well-nigh as numerous as are the pages of his book. Mr. Campbell is not an author who demands refutation; he refutes himself from the beginning to the end of this melancholy volume.

It is indeed strange how far a man may go away from God. Those who know, know that Religion has but one aim, and that aim is called the Union; the return to a home from which man has strayed, the voyage in *vastissimum pelagus Divinitatis*, the realisation of all dreams, the fulfilment of all desire, the quenching of all thirst, the reward that is every pleasure and delight. The mortal life is a part of this process of return to the "Abiding City," to the *urbs in portu satis tuto*, and the method of the way is the method of Love as it is exposed in Holy Writ and in the writings and adventures of the Saints. But there is but one end and that is God, and all the ways and the works of this life are but passages to the Eternal. Mr. Campbell has some references to sin, to the futility of the sense of sin and failure which would be offensive in any other writer, which, for certain reasons, are harmless enough when signed by him. But by them we can measure his deep ignorance of all the things of the Spirit; his nescience of all that belongs to the Eternal Rest, where there are pleasures for evermore. For what man, who is sane, has not experienced in temporals the feeling which is analogous to the sense of sin—what man, I say, of sound mind has not perceived again and again how wretchedly he has fallen short in his work of the common day? We all know of what make and of what value is the artist—painter, poet, musician, or what not—who is perfectly satisfied with his own work; and those who are true artists know well that the masterpiece which is lauded as a great achievement is in truth, judged by the high and austere standard of art, but a miserable failure at bottom, but a mean and sorry copy in thick clay of the image in living fire that was beheld for a moment's space. And if this be so in things temporal, how infinitely more true it is in the everlasting world of spiritual realities. If the painting and the poem are but approximations—grey roses for scarlet roses, as Henry Harland said so well—what, then, of the *magnum opus* of the soul, of the endeavour of mortal imperfection to be re-united to immortal perfection? Mr. Campbell laughs at the old preacher who would persist, after all argument, in declaring himself a sinner; for, as Mr. Campbell says, he was really an estimable man. An estimable man! The old voice cried:

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

It is surely not necessary for me to overset, sentence by sentence, absurdity by absurdity, the Campbellian

dogmas as given at the beginning of this article; as well might one dispute with a blind man concerning the colours of a painting.

I have said nothing, or next to nothing, on the question of Socialism, which may be or may not be a good economic remedy for certain economic evils. To judge of Socialism is not my affair, in this place at all events. But one opinion, latent in all the book, is demonstrably false, that corporal ease, freedom from care, possession of earthly goods will in themselves make men blest or even moderately happy. This opinion is directly opposed to the teaching of the Christ Himself; He bids His followers to take no care or trouble at all about any earthly possessions whatsoever, for to Him and to His Disciples at first, to the Blessed St. Francis and his companions in the Middle Ages, to all the saints of all ages poverty was desirable, wealth a curse. Mr. Campbell, I think, makes this an example of the inchoate ethics and impossible commands of early Christianity, while he shows how everybody ought to have £5 a week or £3 a week or whatever the sum may be. It is odd that all experience shows the folly of this *Regnum Cælorum* on two hundred and fifty a year; how all history shows that greatness may arise from the gutter, how the mere observation of a keen novelist has depicted to us a land where everybody has a sufficiency, where nearly everybody is sunken beneath the beasts in utter vileness, in every hideous cruelty and abomination. The French peasant proprietor is one of the most prosperous of men; his picture has been drawn (not by an ecclesiastic) in *La Terre*.

The first paragraphs of Mr. Campbell's book deal with the fact that the teaching of "the Church" does not commend itself to the modern mind. The teaching of the Christ failed to commend itself to the Jewish mind, as Calvary witnessed, nor was the Roman mind pleased with it, witness the torches of Nero. So it is just possible that the modern mind may also be mistaken. There are certain matters on which "most votes" do not carry the day.

I do not care to give the reasons which make me dismiss this book as quite inoffensive; and this in spite of much that might lead the casual reader to the contrary opinion.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE MATTER OF ROMANCE

It has been said that the thoughts of youth are long thoughts, but it would be no less true to say that the thoughts of childhood are eternity. Certain impressions or experiences detach themselves from their surroundings, and from henceforth they make up the whole of life. They form the sole abiding realities in a world of transient shadows. For the child is incapable of forgetfulness. He has seen a vision of a land beyond the sunset, with pleasant meadows and the tapering spires of great cathedrals, and, though he has set out times without number on that mysterious quest, he has never so much as reached the city walls. The road is very long, and he is very weary, and to-morrow is just the same as to-day, and his heart grows hard and hungry at the non-fulfilment of its splendid promises.

I do not know how old I was when first I became aware of the existence of the Magic Inn. I remember that it haunted me in dreams, and dogged every moment of my waking thoughts. It confronted me in the pages of the books I read. Marryat knew it well, and when I read "Treasure Island," I discovered that Stevenson, too, had been there. I knew that I should find it one day, but the time seemed very long. It would be quite easy to recognise. Outside there was a long, low trestle round which, in the summer afternoons, bearded and weather-beaten

sailors from the world's great ports sat quaffing beer from incredibly large mugs. These mugs were replenished from time to time by the landlord's daughter—I think her name was Sally—a tall, strapping wench of eighteen, with pearl-white teeth and dangerously blue eyes. Her father, a man of rubicund face and portly presence, stood invariably in the doorway, surveying the scene with a smiling satisfaction. Inside—if you could get inside—the walls were hung with the pictures of old sea fights. The floor was strewn with sawdust, and, in one corner of the bar, there was a cuckoo clock which wouldn't go. But the chief object of interest was a small and stuffy parlour, the door of which opened into the outer bar. Strange, sinister-looking men would occasionally pass into this parlour, and remain closeted there for hours. They carried themselves jauntily, and walked with an exaggerated swagger. This affected nonchalance, however, did not deceive me, for I knew in that parlour plots were hatched and piracies arranged which would set the blood of honest, law-abiding folk pulsating with horror. Occasionally disputes would arise, words gave place to blows, and deeds were done which it were better not to name. The inn kept its secrets well.

I have set all this down in order to tell you that, after many years, I did actually discover the inn. Circumstances had sent me to Belfast, but it was a pure whim which set me prowling round the docks one August evening some three or four years ago. There had been rain earlier in the day—no unusual occurrence in Belfast—and, in the radiant splendour of the afterglow, the grim and sordid town was transformed into a city of dreams. The tall masts of the ships in the river loomed darkly against the background of a golden sunset. The air was full of the salt, pungent odour of shipping. Turning aside into a mean and narrow street, I found—the Magic Inn.

I knew it at once. It was a small and ill-ventilated tavern with a low, gabled roof. I had no sooner entered the door than my eye fell on the cuckoo clock. There were the long remembered prints on the wall, and, just behind the bar, its door invitingly ajar, I found (believe me) the fateful parlour. The tall bearded seamen of my boyhood's dreams jested, swore, and drank heavily, and the mingled murmur of many tongues arose from the bar like an incantation. My first sensation was one of incredulity. The whole thing seemed too amazingly real to be quite true. Then, in a flash, I understood. I had not been deceived, after all. Those old sea-writers had spoken the truth. Life, it appeared, was very true to Marryat, and the Spirit of Romance still lingered in the slums of an Irish manufacturing town.

Perhaps no word in the English language has been put to such strange and alien uses as this word "Romance." It meant ten years ago, in the realm of fiction, impossible imitations of Dumas. And always it is associated with the drawn sword, with the pomp and pageantry of a bygone age, with the pleasures of princes and the gallantries of men-at-arms. It is opposed to realism by a false antithesis, as though the world we know were as shabby and sordid as our minor novelists would have us believe. The pessimistic philosophy of the nineteenth century has much to answer for, and among its most fatal bequests is this conception of a life from which all heroism and nobility of character have vanished, as the only reality. Happily, the common people have remained untainted by this most devastating of heresies. For them life is still rich with unimagined possibilities, women are still worth loving, and honour is still something more than a name.

We need to-day a writer who shall re-create for us the world in which we live. Among the great Vic-

torian novelists the name of Dickens stands out proudly pre-eminent as an interpreter of the lives of the poor. He captured for Romance vast tracts of hitherto unexplored territory. He gave us a new standard of heroism. He found it in the populous life of cities, in grey suburbs and squalid slums, and among small shopkeepers, domestic servants, and elderly gentlemen with bald heads and spectacles. But he was curiously lacking in spiritual insight, and in the deeper knowledge of the soul. It was not given to him to behold:

With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

He never succeeded in freeing himself from the baleful influence of a cramping and narrowing materialism, and he was apt to mistake the Crystal Palace for the Kingdom of Heaven.

He has had many imitators, but no successor. Mr. Pett Ridge has more than once come very near to achieving greatness, but he views life through the haze of a false sentimentalism. Mr. Jacobs, who is content to be merely amusing, works within self-imposed limitations of the narrowest order. Mr. H. G. Wells, in "The Wheels of Chance," and, later, in "Love and Mr. Lewisham," was permitted a distant glimpse of the Promised Land, but he has abandoned himself to sociological vanities and futile speculations. In the meanwhile, there is Mr. Arthur Machen, who, forsaking the somewhat gloomy macabrisms of his earlier work, has given us at least one study of suburban life, perfect alike in its sympathy and intuition. He alone of modern novelists (it seems to me) possesses the needful qualifications of the true romanticist, for he alone has a direct vision of great spiritual forces sustaining and transforming the lives of men.

It may be that when we have tired of ransacking the centuries and of inventing new kingdoms, we shall find at our own doors the object of our quest. After all, Richmond is nearer than Ruritania.

T. MICHAEL POPE.

FEBRUARY FILL-DYKE

FEBRUARY has a good deal of the character of Black Janiveer, and often sets forth to fill his dyke with the chill of melting snow. Yet these early months are full of colour. The cold days are wonderfully clear. The skies are often high and blue at noon, stormily golden at sunset. The high downs have amethyst shadows and stretch round cinnamon and purple woods. And the fields break, tentatively, into the light green of winter wheat.

Sometimes the skies pearl over, and become like the wet, grey lining of a sea-shell. The wind blows strong and free, bringing the breath of frozen ground with it. Then the clouds seem to close down upon the earth, and the hailstones pelt and spring upon the lawn, while the sparrows crowd and scuffle in the ivy.

It was Richard Jefferies who, when he had been long in city pent, had so strong a craving for the sea that the feeling would come on him like a great hunger. He wanted the wind in his face and a wide untrammelled sky. A sky not cut into strips and ribbons by the town. And when this longing was upon him he had to get to these things, though he walked all the way to reach them.

For such another spirit as his there is beauty in these February days. The garden is still for the eye of faith, yet the slow year is stirring.

Tits sound their insistent and see-saw notes, and here and there a thrush starts singing:

Did he do it? Did he do it?
Come and see! Come and see!
Cherry sweet, cherry sweet,
Knee-deep, knee-deep,
Pity you, pity you,
To me! To me! To me!

His voice rings out clearer for the winter stillness that is round him, as he sits in the bare tree.

On the uplands the mild faces of plough-horses turn in the furrow of their work. The air has the breath of the turned sod that shines from the weight of the plough-share. There are the faint yellow bents of last year's grass and the clean flint in the furrow.

And the plough draws, with leisurely creak and rattle, with its wake of walking rooks, towards the Down's low horizon, where the windy skies meet the grey-green fields and the stacks stand against the sky-line.

PAMELA TENNANT.

THE INTERNATIONAL

ALTHOUGH the present collection of works at the New Gallery forms only its eighth exhibition, the International Society appears to be nearing the condition of the young man *d'un si beau passé*. Critics still treat it tenderly for the sake of the past, and whisper among themselves their disappointment at its present state, their forebodings for its future. We tread on tip-toe through its galleries as if we were approaching the sick-bed of one we loved, and we scarcely dare to admit to ourselves our real opinion of its critical condition. We remember so well the first-coming of the International, a ministry of all the talents for the governance of Art. But now the cabinet of the elect has been torn to pieces by death and internal dissension; prominent members have resigned, and from the residue a provisional government has been formed actuated by the party spirit which has led to the undoing of so many other bodies. For the old liberal, disinterested policy a narrower conservatism has been substituted, and this policy, though successful in keeping outside many of the younger artists of talent, fails to keep within many of the older and more respected members.

What does the eighth exhibition represent? It cannot claim to reveal the flower of contemporary British painting, nor does it adequately represent the original strength of the society. Without dwelling on the loss the International has sustained by the secession of such painters as Messrs. Austen Brown, Maurice Greiffenhagen, George Henry, Bertram Priestman, etc., it is impossible to refrain from commenting on the curious fact that to the present exhibition no works are sent by Sir James Guthrie and Mr. Crawhall, nor any one from Messrs. D. Y. Cameron, David Gauld, E. A. Hornel, Augustus John, W. Y. MacGregor, Harrington Mann, Gerald Moira, James Pryde and Macaulay Stevenson. It is inconceivable that none of these should have had in his studio a single work ready and fit for showing, and the only possible deduction is that, for one reason or another, some of them did not desire to participate in this exhibition. Matters are not greatly improved when we turn from home to foreign affairs. Among the French supporters of the society this year we miss Aman Jean, Besnard, Boldini, Chahine, Hellew, and Carolus-Duran; among the Dutch, Bauer, Breittner, and Mesdag; among the Spanish, Anglada and Zuloaga; among the German, Dill, Hans van Bartels, Franz von Stuck, Hans Thoma and Von Uhde; among the American, Chase and Timothy Cole. If these artists could not be prevailed upon to contribute, surely some attempt might have been made to atone for their absence by inviting the co-operation of some of the many other distinguished artists who live in these countries.

But the eighth exhibition shows little that is new to take the place of the missing, apart from the large

decorative oil paintings of M. Maurice Denis, whose art, obviously inspired by that of Mr. Walter Crane, is, like his, more enjoyable translated into tapestry than in the hard colours of the original. In the same North Room are a charming trio of still-life studies—Storm van Gravesand's "Vieux Delft" (195), Vuillard's "Sur le Sofa" (194), and Sauter's "The Little Bouquet" (191); good landscapes by the late Herbert Goodall (218-20), Frank Mura (229, 232), Grosvenor Thomas (234), and Alexander Jamieson (186); two original interiors by Simon Bussy (211) and Vallotton (228); Carrière's huge "Theatre de Belleville" (242)—less intimate and haunting than his smaller portraits and renderings of maternity—and good portraits by Morley Fletcher (199), Mancini (237), and William Nicholson (225). Mr. Nicholson is, perhaps, better represented than any other exhibitor, and his "The Costumiers" (162), in the West Room, is excellent as a decorative rendering of a fragment of modern life, though it might have been carried further and pitched in a rather higher key of colour. In this room also are two of the most delightful exhibits—Mr. Sauter's exquisitely delicate "Frost and Mist" (169), with its subtle symphony of whites, and Mr. Joseph Oppenheimer's joyous "A Spring Morning" (165), with its lyrical rendering of light streaming through a window and glorifying an ordinary interior. Mr. H. Mann Livens, an accomplished painter in water-colours, shows a large and well-painted tea-table group, "To-Day" (146), in oils; Mr. Ricketts's "Resurrection" (141) has the dramatic and designing qualities we expect from him, but is not the complete masterpiece we still await. M. Simon's "Old Lady" (168), and M. Cottet's "Lucien Simon" (137), and Mr. C. H. Shannon's "Miss Kathleen Bruce" (177), are the best of the portraits, and H. S. Teed (125) and Oliver Hall (126) are responsible for the best of the landscapes.

The South Room, as usual, is chiefly devoted to black-and-white. Lithographs are much in evidence from E. J. Sullivan, A. J. Hartrick, and Belleroche. Pastels come in numbers from the clever but diabolic Louis Legrand, the accomplished and more soothing Henry Muhrmann; and there are good water-colours from Mann Livens, Anning Bell (on silk), and W. W. Russell. Scattered throughout the rooms are examples, mostly early, of the French impressionist masters, among which Monet's "Fruits" (172) is the most perfect; and in the Central Hall is a representative group of works by the late Jules Dalou. This loan collection is the outstanding feature of the exhibition. Dalou's vigorous and expressive modelling reduces to insignificance the majority of the remaining exhibits in this section, and unmasks elsewhere a shallow search for form in face and feature. Mr. Havard Thomas's three marble medallions are most successful in sustaining comparison, but the busts of Rodin do not gain and the plaster enlargement of his "L'homme qui Marche" rather spoils our memory of the smaller bronze original.

In the balcony are several paintings, wisely exiled, if they could not be excluded; but it is astonishing to find in such company a Gauguin, if not a very good one, and a characteristic example of M. Paul Signac's neo-impressionism. Considering how little these artists are known in England, and the extent of their influence on the contemporary art of France, they should certainly have been given greater prominence.

FRANK RUTTER.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Pompeii as an Art City. By E. v. MAYER. The Langham Series of Art Monographs. (Siegle, Hill & Co., 1s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this little book is inclined to mistake "gush" for criticism, and enthusiasm for exposition.

Not that Dr. v. Mayer lacks the critical faculty, rather he is induced to sink it in his over-appreciation of the undeniably beautiful features of Pompeian art, to the extent of finding flaws in all art outside the narrow range of the provincial watering-place. Nor indeed is he always willing to acknowledge the manifest debt of the Pompeian artist-craftsman to the Hellenic art of which his work is generally the shadowy reflection. Even in the case of the "Marriage of Hera," no mention is made of its obvious prototype, the Selinus metope from Temple A. It is only fair to Dr. von Mayer, however, to note that this anonymous translation of his "Pompeji in seiner Kunst" is somewhat brutally abridged, and that he himself has described it as an "apocryphal, incomplete, maimed translation."

A good instance of the author's strong bias is to be found in the following passage:

The generality of Pompeians depended for their expression solely on the artistic skill of worthy artisans. But it is at least more pleasing to see animals rendered with artificiality and man depicted with animation and truth than to find beasts and flowers portrayed, as in Japanese art, with astonishing fidelity, while the human figure remains at a dead level of stiff and sprawling conventionalism.

Such a statement as that contained in the last words of the passage quoted argues a very limited acquaintance with Japanese art.

The orthographical hydra "Discobulus" rears its ugly head here once more. It seems to have taken fresh life lately. We have noticed it in several books in the last few months.

The author selects for his admirably reproduced frontispiece the charming Narcissus. Our own fancy would have dictated the putting of the Dancing Faun in the place of honour, for we find it difficult to admire the modelling of the lower part of the torso of the Narcissus, whose extremely heavy neck also has always appeared to us in the light of a grave defect. But, when all is said, the little book is a most useful one, from the wealth of its excellent illustrations; and the enthusiasm of the author may do good service in arousing a more temperate interest in his readers in the treasures of the long-buried city.

The Widening Refinement in Rheims Cathedral. By WILLIAM H. GOODYEAR. A pamphlet. (Privately printed.)

MR. W. H. GOODYEAR, the Curator of Fine Arts in the Brooklyn Museum has long been occupied in observing what he calls generally "Widening Refinements" in architecture—that is to say, intentional slight divergence from geometrical accuracy. He now publishes his discovery of a use of this expedient which has not been registered before. He has proved by measurement, that in the interior of Rheims Cathedral the nave is not perpendicular from the spring of the vaulting to the floor. The piers are perpendicular from the vaulting downwards, but immediately above the capitals the vaulting shafts and all surfaces slope outwards in straight lines up to the spring of the vaulting. This, he argues, is intentional, because, if subsidence had occurred, the weight would have forced the piers to slope inwards, whereas they are perfectly perpendicular. The responds, or engaged pillars of the aisles, also have an outward inclination like the nave, and the walls of the aisles, like the piers of the nave, are perpendicular. Further, the outward slope of the vaulting shafts and surfaces becomes greater towards the middle of the nave. M. Léon Margotin, *Inspecteur des Travaux*, and M. J. Martin, *Chef du Chantier* of the Cathedral, corroborate these details, which were new to them when pointed out by Mr. Goodyear. The other "Widening Refinement" occurring at Rheims was, of

course, familiar to them; Mr. Goodyear connects with it the one he has now first discovered. It was already proved that the piers of the nave do not stand in parallel straight lines. The lines of their ground plan bow outwards in the centre, so that the floor of the nave is wider in the centre than at the ends. Mr. Goodyear observes that similarly the outward slope of the vaulting shafts and surfaces above the capitals increases according to the width of the nave floor. This feature is found in most of the Gothic churches of Northern France.

Of course, the declension of the ground plan of the choir or chancel from the line of the nave, so as to form a slight angle with it, is quite a different matter. It is generally to be found in Gothic churches, and is often quite apparent. It will probably be familiar to our readers from the fanciful explanation that the declension is intended to symbolise the drooping Head of Christ upon the Cross. The writer of this notice, being merely an unskilled amateur of architecture, also reminds readers who fall under the same category, of a fact that has long been noticed concerning Greek columns, and is mentioned by Ruskin. The most beautiful ones do not taper in straight lines, but in curved lines, though their smallest girth is at the apex their greatest girth is *near*, but not *at* the base, and the curve is most abrupt between this point and the actual base, and least abrupt as it approaches the apex. When the curve is at all exaggerated, it strikes the "straight-eyed" observer immediately. It may, we suppose, be taken as another example of the "Widening Refinements" which Mr. Goodyear is observing so carefully. We believe that modern architects generally deny with some warmth the truth of Mr. Goodyear's conclusions that "Widening Refinements" were intentional expedients. It appears to us amateurs, that the burden of disproof now rests on them. Their case against Mr. Goodyear would be strengthened if they had been able to produce, by a disregard of such traditional expedients, any Gothic building since the Renaissance comparable to Rheims Cathedral.

A Pocketful of Sixpences. By GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE is nothing to indicate that the thirty-eight sketches of which this volume consists are reprinted from the daily papers—except the sketches themselves; though the quotation from "Lothair" on the title page, "He was not an intellectual Cræsus, but his pockets were full of sixpences," is certainly happier than the customary mention of the author's previous works. In these lay sermons must be a sad shock for anyone who might be expecting a further instalment of "Collections and Recollections," and it is difficult to imagine why they should have been thought worth reprinting. Anything more dull and commonplace, less inspired or inspiring, it would be difficult to find, and one can hardly help comparing the volume to an armchair stuffed with wads of padding without any springs. The most lively subject touched on is "Caricature," and this is the concluding paragraph of the essay:—

In more recent years Sir F. Carruthers Gould has given us in the *Westminster Gazette* a masterly series of political sketches. Perhaps he is a little too much obsessed by Mr. Chamberlain, but we must admit that the monocle was an irresistible temptation. I cherish among my most valued possessions some pen-and-ink caricatures by the late Sir Frank Lockwood, as good in pure outline as anything I know. There is a young cartoonist in Manchester whose work has, I see, been denounced by a clergyman as "irreverent," but it seems to me full of quite legitimate fun; and I reserve for my final word of eulogy the anonymous author of a picture called "Denominational Teaching in Provided Schools: how it may be harmoniously arranged," which appeared in the *Daily Graphic* of November 5th, 1906. I have never seen a more remarkable combination of humour and common sense.

"Baps in Council" is another of the lighter themes (the majority being religious or political), and is en-

livened with a beautiful quotation from that master-wit, Mr. G. F. Anstey. What a sad contrast is Mr. Russell's opening sentence! "Breathes there a man with soul so dead—who boggles at this title and asks, 'Who is Baps?'" Or, a little further on: "Another Professor of the Terpsichorean Art (I commend this title to the Imperial Council as more adequate than 'Dancing Master')." . . . No; Mr. Russell's sixpences are too dull; or when they do occasionally flash, it is not the true metal; and we could only recommend the volume for the bedside of a Nonconformist insomniac.

Handbook of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. (Boston, U.S.A., n.p.)

WE have often been inclined to grudge to Transatlantic museums and galleries the treasures of European art, both ancient and modern, that they have acquired. But the appearance of this handbook modifies, if it does not extinguish, our discontent. Seldom have we seen, in the small compass of 300 pages, so admirable a review of the contents of a notable collection of objects of art. Good paper and admirable type go far to make the handbook attractive, but above all the illustrations, printed, as is the text also, in a rich shade of brown that is almost black, and profusely distributed on every page, give the book a real value as a work of reference for students of art who may never see the collection represented. Of necessity the objects selected for illustration can only represent a very small proportion of the collection; but they are admirably chosen, and the brief note which accompanies each is so written as to be not merely explanatory, but of real educational value. If anything could induce the present reviewer to travel westward, it would be this handbook, and his goal would be the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Egyptian, Classical, Western, and Chinese and Japanese art are all represented here, in all their principal branches, and the representations are worthy of their theme.

FICTION

The Pulse of Life. By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MRS. LOWNDES has written a good book, of which the workmanship is sound and thorough. The sub-title, which is "The Story of a Passing World," is singularly apt. For not only is the novel about people who would be called old-fashioned, but the novel itself is written with a lack of hurry and a suavity which are not usually found in modern fiction. Many types of character are depicted, but there is no bias in favour of any. Mrs. Lowndes has no burning message to deliver: she goes her own way quietly, and watches life, as it passes, acutely and with such interest that she desires to record the varying impressions which the strange pageant has set upon her mind. She knows well the wisdom of the old saws, and to what are called modern tendencies she quietly applies their age-proof test with a smile of humour at the result. This treatment is the more pleasant, because the subject is, as may be supposed from the title, one which modernity is inclined to claim for its own—namely, love. Two men's *affaires du cœur* are skilfully related—of Francis Domville and Paul Feyghine. Domville is an English gentleman of old Catholic family. He is at first discarded by a rich manufacturer's daughter, with whose money he hoped to reinstate the fortunes of his house. At length he meets and loves the Margravine of Moravia, under quite natural yet romantic circumstances, and wins her love. His cousin, Paul Feyghine, is a Russian, who is under the spell of a Spanish dancer, Joaquina, and has

wasted his youth in her service. He is loved by a saintly woman, Anne Leycester, and at last comes to appreciate her worth just as he is starting for the war in Manchuria. The background in front of which these figures move is large in scope, and is described with knowledge. The old houses in which the characters are privileged to live are written of with such charm and skill that it is impossible not to breathe something of their atmosphere. Anne Leycester's house in Westminster, Gaynsford, the Domville's place in the country, the house in Islington, which Feyghine bought for Joaquina and her child—all stand out in a remarkable way, and add largely to the interest of the book. Mrs. Lowndes is certainly to be congratulated on a piece of work which is as sane in idea as it is sound in execution.

A Nurse's Bequest. By LILLIAS HAMILTON, M.D. (John Murray, 6s.)

THIS is a book written with a very definite purpose. The author's principal object is to bring before the public the scheme, elaborated by Mrs. Close, for the transferring of children from the workhouses of the various large towns of England to farms in Canada, where they will receive a sound technical education which will enable them to find employment and hold their own against foreign workmen should they return to the Mother Country. The story deals entirely with the life of the nurses in one of our large workhouse infirmaries, and is written by one who, from long personal experience, is peculiarly fitted to speak with authority on the subject. There is something very convincing in the clear, unvarnished narrative of Miss Hamilton, who has tried to give a true picture of a nurse's life as it was some twenty-five years ago. The actual plot is a minor matter compared with the purpose the author has in view, and we could almost wish she had dispensed with the story altogether, and given us in its stead a volume of reminiscences, though, no doubt, in its present form the book will bring Mrs. Close's scheme under the notice of a larger public than if it were issued under a more serious title. The author's secondary object, that of interesting the nurses of to-day in the work and trials of their fore-runners, is one she will hardly fail to achieve.

Eve's Apple. By ALPHONSE COURLANDER. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

MR. COURLANDER has written an agreeable enough tale, which is mildly interesting. There is nothing distinguished in the characters or in the way in which the characters are drawn. They are sufficiently reasonable and sufficiently interesting. The style is of the same calibre, mild and painstaking, without individuality and without distinction. David Ingersby is interested in homes for poor children, in which good work he is helped by his friend, Helen Carron. But he goes to Paris for a holiday and meets a lovely woman, whom he marries, and who ruins him financially and leaves him. Eventually he is saved, after an exciting interlude, by his guardian angel, Helen, who has always loved him, as he learns from his brother, whom she has refused. Having read "The Sacrifice," we expected better work from Mr. Courlander than is to be found in "Eve's Apple."

Rubina. By JAMES BLYTH. (John Long, 6s.)

MR. BLYTH's reputation for direct and forceful work will probably gain from his new book. It is strong to the verge of brutality, if not beyond it. Mr. Blyth's village heroine, although he tries to enlist our sympathy for her by saying that she is better than most of her kind, remains a distasteful figure, her rampant animalism, united with her cold-blooded calculation, forming a combination which it is impossible

to view even with tolerance. The characters of the book are sketched in lightly round the full-length portrait of the heroine. It is a pity that the artist who designed the cover and the frontispiece represented Rubina with the dress and appearance of a Society girl. Although there is usually something fine about primitive and passionate life, Mr. Blyth's picture of East Anglia has much of sordidness in it also. The book is exceedingly unpleasant, and in some portions offensive. Its theme is one which, if dealt with in a scientific work as sincerely and thoroughly as Mr. Blyth has dealt with it, might be useful, and in that form would reach a special public whom it would not harm. As a novel, liable to the chances of circulating libraries and drawing-room tables, it lays Mr. Blyth under some responsibility. Putting Podsnappery on one side, there are large numbers of people of cultivated tastes and educated outlook to whom the reading of this book would be repulsive, just as there are many people who do not believe that the function of the drama is primarily to amuse, who expect and hope for real life to be portrayed on the boards, who do not blink at facts, and yet would not care to be invited to the play and be shown an operation in vivisection.

The Last of Her Race. By J. BLOUNDELLE BURTON. (John Milne, 6s.)

THERE are several varieties of the historical novel. There is the one in which a certain period is chosen more on account of its value as a picturesque setting to a romantic love story, in which plumed hats and ringlets may be used to advantage, than for any real historical interest it may have for the author or his readers; the one which may be said to belong to the political type, written from the point of view of the historian rather than that of the romancist, in which the actual plot is often but a lame excuse for a historical essay; and there is also, alas! the one in which the story is entirely devoid of either historical or sentimental interest, and which usually bears on its title page the words: "A Romance of the Days of Queen Bess" (or some other unfortunate sovereign). We have to thank Mr. Bloundelle Burton for sparing us this last variety, and for giving us such a happy mixture of the two others. There is plenty of good sound history in "The Last of Her Race," and there is certainly no lack of romance.

For King and Love. By W. BOURNE COOKE. (Ouseley, 3s. 6d.)

MR. BOURNE COOKE could hardly have chosen a more banal title for his book, and yet there is charm in its very banality, for it carries us back to the happy days of our youth when heroines were all virtuous and transcendently beautiful, and heroes marvellous beings of superhuman strength, whose deeds of prowess were invariably blessed by an appreciative Providence. This youthful quality is discernible, not only on the title page but in the short stories of which the book consists. Brave cavaliers venture life and fortune for their King; sour-faced, psalm-singing Puritans ride forth to slay them, but the kindly author intervenes at the eleventh hour and saves their lives and our feelings. The Royalists are all the gallant gentlemen of whom we loved to read, while the Roundheads cant and snivel as all good Roundheads should. There are two ghost stories in which hooded monks and fair maidens play their parts; the rest are stirring tales of adventure, full of life and incident. Of these, the best is that of "John Spurr," while in "The Sleepless Guest" we are given a pathetic glimpse of Charles I. on his flight from Oxford. They are good, healthy tales, simply and vigorously written.

D R A M A

"ROSMERSHOLM" AT TERRY'S
THEATRE

AFTER the deluge of fairly good, indifferent, and bad plays that we have had lately there is something almost startling in being bidden to witness the performance of a play like *Rosmersholm*. And having seen it one has a difficulty in taking its measure with any accuracy, coming as it does at the end of a train of second-rate dramas; for no doubt the same laws hold in theatrical matters as in the case of pictures, and all connoisseurs are aware that nothing is so bad for one's critical taste as the constant seeing of inferior works of art. That is why English taste at the present time is so deplorable; most people see nothing but the summer exhibitions at the Academy and the plays that are put up at the more popular West-End theatres.

I do not think that I have ever seen it suggested that *Rosmersholm* is the most interesting of Ibsen's plays; it certainly is not, except, perhaps to the student of his methods. To one who likes to discover "how it is done," *Rosmersholm* is probably the best to dissect. It is a commonplace at the present time to point out what a difficult matter it apparently is to playwrights to write a good last act. *Rosmersholm* might almost be described as nothing else but a last act, and a last act, too, that practically contains no incidents, all the incidents having happened before the curtain rises for the play to commence. And with what marvellous skill are the facts brought out, never once does one feel that they are being forced on the spectator. They flow naturally from the conversation; little by little the previous tragedy is reconstructed, and its effect on the principal characters brought out. It is, on the whole, the best example of one of the most distinctive features of the Ibsen method, for here the play is concerned solely with the catastrophe, and merely explains its causes without acting them.

The interest of the play, of course, centres round Rebecca West and her influence on her immediate circle and its reflex influence on her. As the play goes on we learn the different states of Rebecca's mind in the past; one feeling has but to be born to bear another, and then die a natural death; she starts by simply desiring to be an influence in the Rosmer family, then she endeavours to make it possible for Rosmer to be his true self, then she is seized by passion for him, which gradually melts into a kind of ideal love; and now to prove that it is ideal, she goes out to the same death as that into which she has previously led Rosmer's wife. It is a great study in the psychology of a woman, and all the other characters are there merely to help the study.

It cannot be said that the performance at Terry's Theatre was a first-rate success, though it reached a very high level all round. It struck me that the actors were all acting in different keys, or, at any rate, that they were like members of an orchestra whose instruments were not all quite tuned alike. Two of them, however, were quite admirable and entirely in harmony, and they were Miss Florence Kahn as Rebecca and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Mortensgore. There is probably no more difficult part in our English repertoire at the moment than that of Rebecca. In the first place, it requires an actress of an appearance and personality, which are as rare as they are distinguished. Miss Kahn possesses both, and I felt that she was the ideal Rebecca the moment I saw her. Secondly, there must be great restraint in the acting, at any rate, for the first half of the play. At the

end of the first act, for instance, hardly anything is known about her, and then gradually fact after fact comes out, and we find that the rather languid young lady of the beginning is in reality a perfect demon of energy. Miss Kahn never forced the pace, her emotion waxed as the play proceeded, until in the great scene of the third act when she discovers to Rosmer and Kroll her innermost motives we were raised to the highest pitch of excitement by her mastery of her art. It was a great performance, and I could not help thinking of La Gioconda, or rather of Walter Pater's description of her. There was "the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it," and at the end when she and Rosmer go out together it seemed to me that "the eyelids were a little weary."

Mr. Eille Norwood as Johannes Rosmer was, I thought, too restrained, or, to continue the simile I used before, he seemed to play a little flat. He is, of course, a dreamer, and not a man of action, but when the overwhelming announcement of the third act is made to him he receives it with less emotion than even such a one as Rosmer would display. On the other hand, Mr. Charles Fulton as Rector Kroll was rather too sharp. His method was too robust and his manner of cross-examination—of which there is plenty in the play—was that rather of the Old Bailey than of the shocked friend trying to get at the truth. All the same, both of these were very capable performances. Mr. Edmund Gwenn was simply admirable as Mortensgore; he is a dangerous person in any cast, as he is liable by his superb acting to throw the others into the shade. Miss Kate Bishop gave a sympathetic rendering of the part of Madame Helseth, and Mr. Hignett was very good as the eccentric Ulric Brendel.

These scattered performances of the plays of Ibsen come as oases in the desert of contemporary drama. It is a pity that they are not more extensively patronised. One wonders if, after all, there is the public which Mr. Archer and his friends seem to think for artistic drama. Artists have been known to starve while "small and honourable minorities" applaud.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

"COCKNEY RHYMES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not know what "L. L. A. S." means by saying, with reference to "invite" and "delight," that "I hear, and I believe, pronounce these words differently, giving . . . the consonant sound of 'gh,' etc."

The word "delight" is merely a misspelling of "delite," a word of French origin; and no word of French origin ever had a "gh" in it.

I have shown, long ago, that Chaucer was the latest English author who distinguished between the endings "ite" and "ight." It is one of the tests whereby we can tell whether a poem attributed to him is genuine or not. His successor, Lydgate, rhymes "white" with "bright" in the very first stanza of his "Complaint of the Black Knight," which an uncritical age attributed to Chaucer!

But, of course, Chaucer rhymes "delyt," now falsely spelt "delight," with "appetyt," now spelt "appetite"; see his "Canterbury Tales," ll. 1681 (or 1683). Our present foolish spelling abounds with traps like this.

WALTER W. SKRAT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am glad to have drawn a letter from "L. L. A. S.," whose competence as a critic is well known to readers of THE ACADEMY. If I cannot agree with all his conclusions, I greatly admire the care and subtlety of his analysis.

The argument from authority should not be pressed too far, nor need we set up one poet against another. Because Ten-

nyson in "The Lady of Shallot," rhymed *river* with *mirror*, it does not follow that we should do so. Because Keats wrote:

Could'st thou wish for lineage higher
Than twin-sister of Thalia,

it does not follow that we should imitate him. Because Mr. Swinburne in youthful ardour made *warning* and *dawning* and *morning* rhyme, it does not follow that his mature judgment approves such yokings; am I wrong in thinking them conspicuously absent from his later verse? Because Mr. Kipling allowed his Scotch engineer, M'Andrews, of all people, twice to rhyme *port* and *thought*, it does not follow that this is not a glaring solecism, strange in one usually so accurate about his *mis-en-scène*.

Coming to phonetics, I should say that the "b" has long since disappeared from *lamb* and *climb* and *dumb*, as has the "l" from *calm* and *palm* and *psalm* (the last has also dropped its "p"). More's the pity, perhaps, and I respect "L. L. A. S." for trying to sound these lost letters, but imagine he is in a minority of one. My own pronunciation, I fear, makes absolutely no difference between *clime* and *climb*, between *Dum-dum* and *dumb*. Nor do I recognise any difference between the vowel-sounds of *due* and *crew*, *foe* and *low*, *cloud* and *plough'd*, *why* and *high*, as usually pronounced by the most careful speakers; whatever distinction is made between *due* and *dew* seems to proceed from a consonantal sound preceding and not following the vowel. In all these cases, therefore, I should expect our poets to disregard the silent letters, as they do. The final vowel of *invisible* is such a vague one that I should make no difficulty about rhyming it with either *still* or *well*. *Bliss* and *is*, on the other hand, without doubt rhyme imperfectly, the latter word being pronounced *iz*; they are no more perfect rhymes than *as* and *was*, or *plague* and *ague*.

I cannot, therefore, see much parallelism between these and the "r" sound with which we began. As regards it, I am delighted to find "L. L. A. S." recognises a difference between *father* and *farther*; many exponents of "standard English" refuse to do so. That it should be a very slight difference, I admit, and began by asserting. Personally, indeed, I would rather hear the "r" trilled or rolled than entirely omitted (in public speaking, I mean); but that is merely a question of taste. With regard to Milton's rhyming *quire* and *higher*, two things may be said. First, it is far from certain that he pronounced the latter word so fully as we do. Recent critics argue that he gave little more than monosyllabic value to *higher* and *highest*, as in the line ("P. R.," iv. 106):

Aim at the highest, without the highest attained.

Second, if our tendency has been to lengthen the latter word, so has it been to lengthen words like the former. In youth I was taught to regard *quire*, *fire*, *tire*, etc., as monosyllables, but our poets often treat them as dissyllables, saying *fi-er*, *ti-er*, etc. Is not this what Tennyson intended when he wrote:

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes—

(the "apostrophe" is his own)? We need not argue whether this is desirable or undesirable; enough to note it as a fact. Not all such words are so treated, and the distinction which "L. L. A. S." draws between *hair* and *layer* is valid at present; but in view of the marked tendency to dissyllabise such words it may not always subsist. At any rate, there is little likelihood that rhyming *quire* and *higher* will give offence to anyone.

Lastly, however, let me assure my critic that I never contemplated our Editor rejecting poems on account merely of such blemishes as have been instanced. No, I would have him remonstrate in a fatherly way with the offending authors, and get peccant rhymes exchanged for prettier ones! Seriously, what I urge is that we should have two separate standards to judge by in these matters. Different habits of speech are required for the drawing-room or smoking-room and for the public platform. The latter demands a more careful, precise, and even ornate style of utterance. In common talk I say "often," but from singer and orator I like to hear "offen." I similarly say "Aposle," but have no objection to the preacher saying "Apostle." I talk of "sychology," but expect a University lecturer to sound the initial letter of "psychology" (and perhaps of "psalm"). There are two standards in speaking, as in other things; one should neither be too pedantic in the social circle nor too slipshod on the platform. And—to sum up in a sentence—my contention is simply this: that the diction of serious poetry should be tried by the loftier standard, while comic verse may suitably and enjoyably make

use of colloquial carelessness and laziness. I trust that both you and your critic may be able to accept this view.

February 10.

T. S. O.

P.S.—Can "L. L. A. S.," or any reader, tell me where Tennyson speaks of the nearness of sound between "dawn" and "morn" as his reason for not rhyming them together? I seem to have read this somewhere, but have lost the reference. It is not, I think, in his son's "Memoir," though "Cockneyisms" are denounced in chap. xiii. (one-volume edition, p. 239). The *obiter dicta* in that book, by-the-by, are often most suggestive.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The mere statement that Milton used "Cockney rhymes" is hardly a conscionable defence of them. If they are to be defended, some artistic policy must be shown underlying their use. A complete investigation of rhyme would include a debating of the different appeal of words through "ear-music" and "eye-music" (bad expressions, which must stand for lack of better), since to us the printed word is nearly as important as the spoken word. But without entering into this grave matter we may yet do something. I think, perhaps, the devil's cause may be successfully pleaded on these lines.

Rhyme is not an affair of intellect. Like every other artifice of verse it is a means of appeal to the emotions and the sense of beauty. It is not a device to make verse more difficult to write, as Browning seemed to think, who gives us the grand instance of rhyme used intellectually, and damnably, in "Through the Metidja." The instinct of man, attempting to express the unexpressive within him, found out the chime of like endings as an instrument helpful to his want. Hence it must proceed, not from intellect or good taste; and the measure of a rhyme's success is the measure of the aid it gives to the verses in achieving beauty and emotional appeal. But these are not necessarily achieved by identical vowel-sounds; a slight dissonance may quite conceivably help the poet more than exactitude. Consider these rhymes:

By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And again:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull.

The ear knows full well these rhymes are not perfect. But the delicious effect they have on our brains is assuredly in part due to the fact that their vowel-sound is slightly discordant. To take a closer instance: any educated ear can differentiate the sounds of "board" and "lord," or of "for" and "law"—given an educated mouth. But the fact of his using such sounds for rhyme by no means shows that a poet thinks, or wishes his readers to think, that the words are homophonous; it shows that he wishes that sequence of sound to assist his expression. Doubtless he does not say so to himself, for it is an affair of his instinct, and instinctively must it be judged, not intellectually. If Heine rhymes "Höli" with "Schnee," does that betray his defectiveness of ear? No, but the critic who brings such an accusation betrays, possibly, a certain coarseness in his appreciation of poetry.

But I will go further: I will say that in any extended use of rhyme judicious "Cockney rhymes" are almost as necessary as inflection of metre. Unceasing exactitude of rhyme, unflinching just homophony, is not very tolerable for long. By all means let us decide that "delight" and "invite" are allophonous; let us endeavour to sound the "gh" and recapitulate many another spoken subtlety in the English tongue; but when Milton (in whose days possibly the "gh" was sounded slightly) uses as rhyme those two words, or "bore" and "roar," "her" and "paramour," "torn" and "mourn," or when Shakespeare rhymes "fair" with "prayer," let us not talk about defective ears, but be sorry if we cannot delight in these deliberate discords, often more ravishing than a strict homophony. Perhaps the examples I have quoted are not what "T. S. O." precisely means by "Cockney rhymes"; but you cannot stop short at such as I have given; no fast line can be drawn. If you allow any latitude in rhyme at all, you must admit that even "for" and "flaw" might be justifiably rhymed, for the point about a rhyme is not—is it exact? but is it, in its place, beautiful?

I fear this letter will take, if you print it, a deal of your space; but the matter is of first importance, and needs threshing.

February 9.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

GEORGE STUBBS AND MORLAND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Randall Davies hardly does George Stubbs, R.A., justice in saying that he is better known as the author of "The Anatomy of the Horse" than as a painter, and by inference placing him on a much lower plane than Morland. As Stubbs never painted an underbred horse and Morland never painted a well-bred one, a comparison between the two is difficult. The difference between the two subjects was greater even in Morland's time than now. Breeds of cart-horses were not specialised, and, moreover, Morland painted aged, worn-out, decrepit animals, the property of the very poor; on the other hand the racehorses, hunters, and hacks Stubbs painted were of the highest type. As a painter of high-bred horses, I think many would agree with me in thinking that Stubbs has never been surpassed.

February 10.

P. W.

HOR. CAM., III. 15

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The version of Hor. C., III. 15, from which I quoted some lines in a review of "The Temple Horace," are to be found on p. 158 of "Verses and Translations," by C. S. C. (Cambridge: Deighton Bell & Co., 1862). I quoted from memory, and, I believe, not absolutely accurately. Your readers may be pleased to have the whole version, which runs as follows:

Spouse of penniless Ibycus,
Thus late bring to a close all thy delinquencies,
All thy studious infamy:
Nearing swiftly the grave—that not an early one—
Cease girls' sport to participate,
Blurring stars which were else cloudlessly brilliant;
What suits her who is beautiful
Suits not equally thee: rightfully devastates
Thy fair daughter the homes of men,
Wild as Thyad, who wakes stirr'd by the kettledrums.
Nothus' beauty constraining her,
Like some kid at his play holds she her revelry:
Thy years stately Luceria's
Wools more fitly become, not din of harpsichords,
Not pink-petall'd rose blossoms,
Not casks drain'd by an old lip to the sediment.
It is not within "measurable distance" of the Latin, but it reproduces the metre very skilfully. "Studious infamy" is perfect for *famosis laboribus*.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Christianity is, fundamentally, a natural or physical religion, and it is this natural element which distinguishes it from all other religions. You have but to rob it of its humanity, which constitutes its natural basis, and you have nothing left by which to maintain it. In all other religions, taking, for example, Brahminism, Buddhism, or Islamism, this scientific or biological element is absent. The religious ground in all these is a supernatural one—namely, God or some supreme element in the abstract. For where in these religions there exists a concrete element, the representation in each case is in the form of some spurious image or idol. It would be absurd to maintain that Brahma possesses any real or scientific value as an inanimate thing of wood or stone. It would, on the other hand, be impossible to prove that Christ was not a physical reality. It is not a question with the true Catholic of God's existence, but of God's humanity—Christ in the flesh. Thus, in mere belief—that is, as a historical faith—the Brahmins, Buddhists, or Mahometans, may be said to be on a level with Christians, since they believe in and worship God or an Absolute Power. But, unlike their Catholic brethren, they have no science, no flesh and blood element, no real human God. And it is important to notice here that, as a mere individual basis of faith, the historical element has been the source of all sectarianism and schism, all disputes and dissent. Christ's humanity, for instance, is universal—perfect—beyond dispute, as it is above sectarianism. Mahomet's humanity (which denied this sacred or absolute element of Christ) is Mahometan. Islamism, in fact, lacks the science or physics of religion. It is nothing if not Mahometan—sectarian. And in speaking

thus of Islamism, I am referring at the same time to all other dissenting creeds. Flesh and blood to them is not a reality but a mythology. They repudiate God's Presence when they rob Christianity of its physical perfection. They change the Holy Sacrament into Devil worship (personal idolatry) when the fact of the Lord's Body—the Natural Universe—is discarded. What difference, therefore, in this impersonal or negative sense, is there between Mahometanism and Methodism, or, for all that, any other religious isms? Until the impersonal distinction is made between the God of the one and the God of the other, modern sectarianism is as much fundamentally Christian as ancient sectarianism. Thus we are made aware of the fact that a real separation exists between Nonconformity and Christianity. It is not merely a Wesleyan or Cliffordian difference, but a Mahometan difference, since it refuses to own the physical unity of God. Christianity in the abstract possesses only one element—namely, The Word. Concrete Christianity, however, adds another element—that of Man. Manhood is the only real ground, the only natural basis, as Christ so divinely taught, of worshipping God. Christianity is not a question of religious idealism, since this element has existed from the time of creation, and is to be found in the Patriarchal and Sabæan glorifications. Christianity, fundamentally, is a question of absolute substance. Was Christ God in the Flesh or was He, as Mahomet maintained, like Abraham, Moses, David, merely a prophet? It rests upon our answer to this question, and this question alone, whether our Christianity is entitled to be called Catholic—that is to say, true Christianity, or whether it is merely professional or historical. Either we must believe in this foundation, this Unity of Flesh and Blood, or we must be false to it. If we believe in the physical uniformity of Christianity, then, as true followers of it, as parts and portions of His Flesh and Blood, there can be no absolute distinction, no real separation, between Him and us. There can be no Free or Independent Church—no sectarianism—no Catholic apostasy. Christianity is nothing if not a natural, humanising, scientific, binding faith; for, apart from its flesh and blood reality—its human Godhead—there remains nothing but human finitude, human weakness, no matter how divinely created, to make for righteousness.

And what kind of righteousness is it that we have in our midst?

In opposition to Christ there has arisen a series of abortive, because false, reformations.

Freedom and apathy have taken the places of obedience and reverence. The Holy Sacrament, or High Mass, the Christian's confirmation of the flesh and blood Catholicity of life, of God's Manhood and Christ's Godhead, has been made the ground of free and irreverent strife. In fact, High Mass has been devilishly controverted. It appears that so long as Mr. A., Mrs. B., and Miss C. attend at the Communion rail, their confirmation in Christ is assured. Simply this Holy travesty and nothing more. Their bread and wine, in a sacred sense, has nothing in common with flesh and blood. What should be, fundamentally, the Christ element of the faith, counts, alas, for nothing. The reality of God is made the equivalent of a personal identity. Thus, Mr. A., Mrs. B., and Miss C. may be very sincere Christians in the abstract, but then so are your Brahmins, Buddhists, and Mahometans, and your barbarians, too, who believe in and worship a Supreme Being. The name by which God is worshipped makes no absolute difference, whether He be called Brahma, Buddha, Allah, or the Great Spirit. The true Christian, on the other hand, acknowledges and reveres the Flesh and Blood of the Lord by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. He realises at the High Mass that God's Bodily existence is the same as his own. He realises that however great, however powerful, however rich his worldly blessings have made him, in flesh and blood there is nothing to distinguish him from his poor and perhaps starving neighbour. He recognises that, physically, there is no personal right to sacrifice. He understands (I am speaking of the true Catholic) that in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked he is not making a vain but a real sacrifice, he is not doing a mortal but an immortal act. He is a confirmed communicant of God.

Without this realisation there can be no true confirmation. The High Sacrament or Mass constitutes the Christ basis, the human physics, of our Catholic faith. It is representative of our flesh and blood oneness with God, a uniformity which neither chemical nor physical science denies. When this element is eliminated, the whole human fabric, and therefore the religious value, of Christianity falls to the ground. It becomes, as history has repeatedly shown, a theological mythology or ground for sectarianism and dissension.

Now I may possess no authority for saying it, but I maintain that there exists amidst your dissenting communities evils quite as bad if not worse than those which arise from Atheism, because there is this historical chaos or personal separation from God in the one which is absent in the other from the need of a belief in God. The Sacrament is bereft of its very holiness, because it lacks the Catholic uniformity, the physical reality, of Confirmation. In a Dissenting or Nonconformist sense it is merely historical. In the true Catholic sense it is a flesh and blood unity—a Christ Brotherhood.

February 8.

H. C. DANIEL.

DANIEL TUVILL AND THE DICTIONARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the third edition (London, 1638) of the "Vade Mecum or Essayes Morall, Theo-Logicall, a New Edition with some Additions," by Daniel Tuvill, there are at least two words which have no place in "The Historical English Dictionary," now in course of publication at the Clarendon Press, in Oxford, namely: p. 237. "Buffonary" = buffonish, in the sentence:

Their *Ephemerides* doe much resemble that of *Crates the Theban*: to some *Buffonary Parasite* sixe thousand Crownes, to a *Curtesan* sixe hundred: *Et Philosopho triobolum*: And scarce *three farthings* to a man of merit.

And p. 198:

Shee is like a *Curtesan*, that for her owne advantage, can entertaine thy appetite with wanton dalliance; but of a settled love will make thee no assurance: when thou thinkest thy selfe most intested in her, then is it likely thou art furthest from her.

Here "intested" means "deeply enamoured of," and is derived from French "*entesté*."

Other interesting words in the booklet are: p. 19, under-sitter; 62, smell-feast; 78, Christmas-box; 92, jaw-fallen; 104, trunke = trumpe = trumpet; 119, to foreslow; 121, to estate; 129 and 201, noveller = revolutionary; 135, baven; 167, sweet bals; 177, president for precedent, as in other books of the seventeenth century; 179, to byas; 199, catadupe.

February 11.

E. S. DODGSON.

THE "HON." JAMES WINNEGATE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—At the risk of again incurring your displeasure, I venture to submit yet another suggestion with regard to the "Hon." James Winnegate. The name of Lord George Sanger, a large circus owner, is probably familiar to you. This gentleman is not the son—or, at any rate, not the younger son—either of a duke or of a marquis. He is called Lord George for no other reason than that he was christened so. May it not be that the Hon. James is also a baptismal name conferred upon the infant Winnegate by his god-parents? This explanation would not only consist with the other facts of the plot, but also, as I suggest, with the probable intention of the author, since there is nothing in the substance of the play (which I have lately been at the expense of witnessing) incompatible with the hypothesis that it is a first experiment in drama by one accustomed to the management of a circus.

R. A.

"EAST AND WEST"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reference to the very favourable notice of "Folklore of the Holy Land," in last week's issue of THE ACADEMY, I should like to answer an implied question of your reviewer.

That the fellahin have "forgotten" the incident of Omar's journey, ride and tie, with his black slave, I cannot asseverate. I have not myself heard the story told by illiterate people in Palestine; whereas the other one—about choosing a site for the Dome of the Rock—has been often told in my hearing. In stating that Omar arrived "unattended," I did not mean that he came without one attendant, but without the circumstance of power.

Why your reviewer should be surprised at my using a wrong theological term I cannot conceive, but thank him heartily. "Immaculate Conception" is inaccurate, I now see; though I did not apply the term to the Incarnation, but to Moslem belief regarding the birth of Christ, which denies an incarnation of the Deity.

February 12.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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Travers, Rosalind. *Thyrsis and Fausta*. Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL

Carter, M. E. *The Groundwork of English History*. University Tutorial Press, 2s.
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LIFE AND LETTERS

IT appears that the "great address" presented to Mr. George Meredith on his eightieth birthday, signed by a large number of very distinguished and important people (and an almost equal number of quite undistinguished and unimportant people) was organised by Mr. Clement Shorter! There is something exceedingly comic in the idea that all these distinguished and important people should have consented to range themselves with sheep-like docility under the banner of Mr. Shorter. That an address should be presented to one who is (with the possible exception of Mr. Hardy) our greatest living novelist on his eightieth birthday is very right and proper, but surely the organisation of such a scheme should have been placed in the hands of someone less remotely connected with literature than Mr. Shorter. We presume that this gentleman is responsible for the text of the "address" itself. If so, we can only say that it is worthy of its author. Anything more undistinguished and uninspired it is hard to imagine. It is to be regretted that what might have been made a graceful and noteworthy compliment to a venerable figure in contemporary literature has been turned into a highly unnecessary advertisement of a second-rate journalist.

Literature has sustained an undoubted loss, chiefly in the department of direction, by the death of Sir James Knowles, which took place unexpectedly on February 13th. He will be remembered as the founder of the *Nineteenth Century*, of which he remained proprietor and editor until his death, and perhaps equally as the founder of the Metaphysical Society. He rendered service by combining in both unities men of the most divergent views, such as Gladstone, Manning,

Huxley, Tyndall, Ward the idealist, Froude, Ruskin, Stanley, and Mark Pattison; and the four survivors, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Seeley, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Arthur Balfour. If we are not mistaken, he never succeeded in attracting to the society, at least, a writer of perhaps wider personal influence than any of these—Newman.

Though the *Nineteenth Century* has always been rather over ponderous, its comprehensive liberality cannot be denied. If representation in its pages cannot be taken exactly as a title to fame, most of the well-known writers of the period have contributed something to them. As an earnest of the continuance of its high tradition, Sir James was careful to associate the first number of the twentieth century with the name of Mr. Swinburne. Moreover, Sir James kept his editorship singularly free from those accesses of fury or favour which often deprive earlier reviews of any critical value. The slow course of the *Nineteenth Century* has not been erratic. Sir James's achievements as a practical architect are not of much importance, and when they go the way of other modern London buildings, their departure will not cause much regret. Indeed, the fact of their present existence will cause some surprise, since Sir James's connection with architecture has been almost forgotten. The knighthood conferred on him in 1903 was, we presume, in recognition of his literary services. He accepted it with a charming complacency, and no one will grudge him the recognition which his kindly, broad-minded and intellectual editorship justly deserved.

Mr. Stead, diverting himself for a moment from the consideration of ghosts and Dreadnoughts, has been holding a symposium in the *Review of Reviews* on the great question of Food, Drink, and Tobacco. One wonders, by the way, how such a term as "symposium" is tolerated in advanced circles. Surely "a high tea" were more decent, since, in spite of the immense progress that has been made in popular education, there are still many people who know that "symposium" really means a drinking-party. However, passing by this scruple, it is deeply interesting to learn the opinions of our great men on these great questions. Mr. Bernard Shaw says smoking is "a filthy habit"; Mr. Frederic Harrison says it is "a beastly habit"; while the more courtly Sir Theodore Martin merely says that he has always had an "extreme dislike" for tobacco.

But it is a Dr. Fairbairn—a Dissenting teacher, we believe—who speaks the most precious words. Socialism and Positivism are somewhat intolerant in their damnation of a habit for which they have no leanings, but Dissent—if Dr. Fairbairn be a Dissenter—is quite frankly idiotic. Here is the dictum:

As to drink and tobacco, I know neither. He who does his work in the strength of either fails to do it well. Work done by the strength of wine, or the soothing influence of the pipe, is certain to be ill-done.

A pleasing instance, this, of the "simple Bible teaching" that Dr. Fairbairn would like to see universal. It is odd enough that the sects which have been howling their devotion for the Bible—"the dear old Bible," "the grand old Book," "the Bible the religion of Protestants," "the Bible and nothing but the Bible," etc., etc., etc.—for so many years, should be notorious

and constant in their opposition both to the letter and spirit of the collection of canonical writings given by the council to the Church.

This is not a question of opinion, it is a matter of fact. Not only does the Psalmist praise wine as one of the greatest of the material blessings bestowed on men, not only is the symbol of the vineyard and the vine of constant recurrence in the Old Testament—the vineyard signifying Israel as God designed it to be—not only was the first miracle that the Christ wrought, the turning of water into the very best wine, not only have we the record that the Christ was blamed because He ate and drank with publicans and sinners; but one of the elements of the great Christian Sacrament—that Sacrament which, according to Coleridge, is Christianity—is wine, and heaven itself is to be a drinking of the juice of the vine. And these Dissenting people are the knights of the Bible, enemies to the death of the Sacerdotalists, who, they say, would take the Good Book and its simple teaching from the poor little children!

And these considerations apart, take Dr. Fairbairn's remarks from the simple point of their truth or falsity, as a statement of a fact, or of what pretends to be a fact. "Work done by the strength of wine . . . is certain to be ill done." Witness, we suppose, those dull and clumsy odes of Horace; witness the Platonic philosophy; witness, in a word, the whole of ancient and ninety-nine hundredths of modern literature—or was that a "temperance" society that used to meet at the Mermaid, the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun?

Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad.

Clusters?—of gooseberries, one supposes Dr. Fairbairn would say. And as for tobacco; if Dr. Fairbairn, who knows nothing of tobacco, will be so kind as to excel the works of Hobbes, Carlyle, and Tennyson (to mention three names by chance), who all knew a good deal about tobacco—well, we shall be equally delighted and surprised.

The latest issue of the *Reliquary* (now edited by Rev. Dr. Cox, in succession to the late Mr. Romilly Allen) maintains a high standard. Mr. Tavenor Perry's drawings, illustrating his article on Abo, the ancient capital of Finland, are excellent. It is perhaps not generally known that the cathedral church of Abo is dedicated to an Englishman, St. Henry, a missionary bishop in the twelfth century. Some Essex brasses are dealt with, both in the above-named magazine and in the latest issue of the *Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society*. A historically valuable work is the transcribing and publication of ancient documents. The present volume contains a certain number of such records in the shape of inventories of church goods at Barking, Wakes Colne, Tolleshunt D'Arcy and Rainham, and medieval wills from the parish of Chigwell.

The *Home Counties Magazine* contains a further instalment of Mr. C. W. Forbes's notes on the Early Churches of South Essex; some records of parish history relating to East Kent, and an illustrated article on the picturesque moated house of Groombridge

Place. The parish church, rebuilt in 1625, is dedicated to "the most blessed Prince Charles"—but who is thereby intended remains a mystery.

It is, of course, quite natural that Tariff Reformers should claim the enormous reduction in the Liberal majority at Leeds as an indication that the electorate is coming round to their views. No doubt to a certain extent they are justified; but it is obvious to anyone who looks at the matter impartially that the chief cause of the remarkable change which has taken place in this extreme Radical stronghold is the growing revolt against the educational policy of the Government, and the arbitrary and unconstitutional methods of Mr. McKenna. The Roman Catholics of the constituency voted solidly in favour of the Conservative candidate, and this fact, we are informed, accounts for a turnover of at least 800 votes. It is safe to assume that the vast majority of Anglican Churchmen, a great many of whom "voted Liberal" at the last election, voted on this occasion for the other side. If the Unionist party had the sense to see it they would realise that religious education in the schools, and not Tariff Reform or any other "reform," is the policy which they ought to put in the forefront of their programme. We are not concerned here with the merits or demerits of the Tariff Reform policy, and we wish to express no opinion on that subject which is outside our province; but we are convinced that there are hundreds of thousands of men and women in this country who would cheerfully sacrifice their opinions on that question rather than allow their children to be handed over to "the abomination of desolation" which begins with simple Bible teaching and ends in "the New Theology" and unblushing Atheism.

The *Liverpool Courier* last week reported at length a very amusing lecture delivered by our contributor, Mr. Ross, on "Decay in Art and Literature," at the Independent Lecture Society, founded by Mr. S. G. Legge. Mr. Ross, in a very characteristic way, maintained that there was no such thing as "decay," a position we should not care to defend. But those who came to resist his contention remained to pay a tribute to the "eloquence, charm, and wit of the speaker," to quote the words of Professor Ramsay Muir.

It seems that we have not quite heard the last of the *Tribune*. At the present moment there are differences between the staff and the proprietors of London's late "penny Liberal daily paper." These are concerned with the matter of notice of dismissal. On the day of the paper's demise a meeting of the editorial staff was formally convened, and a committee empowered to administrate the furtherance of the staff's claims was duly elected. Last week an effort to resolve these differences in a peaceable settlement made by the London branch of the Institute of Journalists proved abortive, and there is now every reason to believe that the issue will be determined by a legal tribunal. One of the chief businesses of such a trial would be to pronounce on the validity or invalidity of certain documents issued to the members of the staff under remarkable circumstances exactly a month before the *Tribune* terminated its hazardous career. The public in general and the profession of journalists in particular will watch for the final disposition of events with peculiar interest.

WASTE GROUND AT ALDWYCH

(On finding fifty species of plants growing upon a vacant building site)

At Aldwych in the Strand,
 Hoarded amid the noisy throng of men
 Till they shall build again,
 A little plot of brickstrewn vacant land,
 Where late were marts and inns
 And theatres where pleasures strove to drown
 The restless cares of town,
 Lies open to the the will of wind and sun:
 And of man's purpose none
 Has power within the paling—neither sins
 Nor any good deeds hap there—Nature free
 Once again holds sovereignty.
 Clovers white and crimson grow
 Lusty on the lime below;
 Lady's Fingers loved of Dane
 Many a wound did staunch of old
 Here before St. Clement's fane
 Lift from sea-green leaves their gold;
 Vesper-loving Campions who
 Breathe from petals hung with dew
 Incense while the bindweeds sleep,
 Bid the moths their vigil keep;
 Near's a little Elder sprung
 That same tree that Judas hung,
 King of common herbs or rare
 Not a mole is here to scare;
 Sheepsorrel of barren soil
 And Soldier's Woundwort—harsh Milfoil—
 That which first Achilles used
 Oft for other hurts infused,
 Leaves that lessen in an hour
 Sombre melancholy's power;
 Here's Waybred with bowery leaves
 Elves may hide in safe as thieves
 Till spider-fighting toads get hurt
 And browse the edge for cure alert;
 Jean Cherry, of whose fruit 'tis told
 Our Lord gave Peter one to hold
 With gentle counsel meet and wise
 Nothing to scorn for little size,
 The same that, brought from Asian soil,
 Lucullus prized o'er golden spoil;
 And Groundsel dear to cage-bred birds
 And easy found as kindly words,
 Whose root the Highland women wear
 To guard against a witch's stare;
 The Headache flower's flaunting red
 That brings false rest like leman's bed;
 The Corn sow-thistle rearing high
 Its golden blossoms to the sky
 Whose juicy leaves have here respite
 From pilfering wild hare's appetite;
 Fig, first-named tree in Holy Writ
 Threatened of old but never smit;
 Rose Willow-herbs with blossoms tall
 And Shepherd's Purse that some do call
 Pickpocket, stealing needed ground
 And Coltsfoot fond of rubble mound.
 I watch them from some bracken fern
 Wondering to see how soon return
 These pagan natives of the land
 The moment man witholds his hand.
 The sun gleams bright on far St. Paul's
 And on my ears the traffic falls
 With hoot of car and hurry of feet
 And is it bitter or is it sweet
 To think how soon if we were gone
 Wildflowers would clothe the ground whereon
 We built and lived? Yet might be found
 In these same flowers that star the ground

A promise that we shall not cease
 When all we thought us perished is;
 But even as the thistles there,
 Borne upon some diviner air
 Build nobler lives than man has seen
 With all the best that we have been.

A. HUGH FISHER.

LITERATURE

A SANE CRITIC

Periods of European Literature. Vol. XII.: The Later Nineteenth Century. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A. (Blackwood, 5s. net.)

ALL our congratulations are due to Professor Saintsbury for his concluding volume of a very useful series. The period under survey—1850-1900—is, as the author remarks, one of the most interesting in the history of literature; and those who desire the help of a genial, sane, and learned guide to the literary accomplishment of the last fifty years should certainly consult this excellent text-book. Professor Saintsbury writes with an admirable sense of balance; he is always good-humoured, and he preserves an even mind between the excesses of the optimist and the pessimist schools of literary criticism. He does not think that Ibsen has rendered Shakespeare obsolete; he is far from believing that the canon of the sacred writings has been finally closed; and one is sure that he would disagree with Mr. George Moore's dictum—that the English language has become hopelessly vulgarised and useless for all the high purposes of art. Professor Saintsbury believes, and probably with good reason, that in the main that which has been is as that which will be; that so long as man is man his thought will have its interest and its beauties. On the one hand he would never yield an attentive ear to the nonsense which has been talked, which will doubtless be talked again, on the text that "Modern Science" has produced a New Heaven and a New Earth in letters; on the other hand he would refuse to despair of the future of good prose and good poetry because Haeckel can be bought for fourpence-halfpenny. No doubt Professor Saintsbury could produce many historic proofs to show that the most solemn follies pass and are forgotten; the "Higher Criticism," for instance, leaves him neither ecstatic nor angry, but merely amused; and so the book closes with a good hope for good work yet to be accomplished.

Of course there are faults to be found; or rather there are propositions which seem disputable rather than final, to the present writer at all events. One is inclined to doubt, for example, whether Professor Saintsbury is quite just to three very different authors—Dickens, Ibsen, and Zola. The first is dismissed as "fantastic"; the epithet being used so as to convey a slight note of disparagement. Is not such a conclusion founded on such a suppressed premiss of a highly dubious kind? Can we assent to the proposition that a fantasist, *qua* fantasist, is inferior to a writer who is not fantastic? Surely not; for if this were so how should we judge of Aristophanes, how of Rabelais, how of Hawthorne? "The Scarlet Letter" is a maze of exquisite and wonderful fantasy, but it is fantastic always; if it were not it were a squalid story of commonplace sinners. Professor Saintsbury is clearly of opinion that Dickens loses by his fantasy, and that Thackeray gains by his lack of that quality: may we be permitted to enter the plea that the proposition should be reversed? There is no beauty without

strangeness in the proportion; what is this strangeness but fantasy?

We are afraid that with respect to Ibsen Professor Saintsbury has been somewhat prejudiced by the follies of the Ibsenites—a horrid sect, truly. Professor Saintsbury, one fears, was forced to partake of the sour grapes which these people exhibited by the cartload in the early 'nineties, and his teeth are a little on edge in consequence. It is not to be wondered at; still we must not suffer foolish praise and a more foolish propaganda to blind us to the very high merits of a very great man. "Ghosts" would suffer, doubtless, if compared with the greatest masterpieces; but let it be compared with the best work that has been done in England for the last twenty years, and it will seem great indeed. It is not necessary to be specific; everyone will recollect plays which have not only run for hundreds of nights but have been acclaimed as triumphs of admirable and serious art; and beside "Ghosts" these things are discerned to be mere emptiness, compact of false hair, grease-paint, and tinsel; not fantastic, certainly, but altogether phantasmal.

And one doubts whether the treatment of Zola be altogether judicious or judicial. It must be said at once that Professor Saintsbury allows Zola very high merit, and we can agree cordially with his repudiation of the absurd pseudo-scientific theories which Zola thought of as first principles of romance-writing. In fact it is probable that Zola's "scientific" method was to him as the smell of apples was to Schiller, as the *mascotte* is to the gambler, as the talisman is to a Mahomedan tribesman: a sort of charm which gave confidence and support through a laborious and terrible task. Seriously considered, of course, it was nothing, or worse than nothing; but we cannot agree with Professor Saintsbury that it did very much damage. One can admire and appreciate the Rougon-Macquart romances without bothering one's self about heredity or the exact influence of the great-aunt Dide—or whatever her name was: these "formulas," this "naturalism" business no doubt cheered and amused Zola, and, really, have done little or no damage to the work. Take "L'Œuvre," a book which Professor Saintsbury praises: it stands alone, a wonderful romance, a unique picture of the great and bitter struggle of art; who need care about determining Claude Lantier's place in that dismal genealogical tree of Rougon-Macquart? Claude Lantier is M. Chose, he is a type of the artist martyred, his history is a symbol of the horrible gulf that yawns between the Idea and the Masterpiece. His relationship to Nana, to the engine-driver of "La Bête Humaine" is of no consequence to the reader; it neither helps nor hinders.

Then there is another point. Professor Saintsbury reproaches Ibsen for the subject-matter of "Ghosts"; he reproaches Zola more strongly for the subject-matter of many of his books, of "Nana" and "La Terre" in especial. Now, is this a sound criticism? We doubt it gravely. "Nana," perhaps, is to be condemned on quite other grounds; it is a composite piece, half journalism (but wonderful journalism!), half tract (and what a tract!). It may fairly be said that the matter remains untransmuted; no more awful sermon as to the true nature of "gay" life has been preached, we may be sure, from any pulpit, no more tremendous illustration of the words, "the end of these things is Death," has ever been uttered; but, as Professor Saintsbury would remind us, these are pleas not to be uttered in the High Court of Art, and from the artistic point of view "Nana" must be condemned. It is a wonderfully clever novel, but it is nowhere raised up into the region of Universals. But with "La Terre" it is different. Here, again, we have a

tract of terrific power—if Monseigneur of Orleans were wise every priest in his archdiocese should be compelled to pass an examination in the book before receiving a cure of souls—but it is much more than a tract. Here, indeed, we are in the region of Universals. The plot is that of "King Lear," of "Père Goriot," and we must confess that for us the passions are more thoroughly purged by the pity and terror of "La Terre" than by the work of Balzac. There is something in the central idea of the Soil of La Beauce as a hideous and malignant divinity, a Moloch to whom all must pass by fire that seems great and antique and terrible in its dignity: this is surely true romance. In the book there are certainly many disgusting passages; but there are disgusting passages in Shakespeare, there are disgusting passages in Rabelais. It is possible to exalt the gutter to the stars; it is possible to make foulness part of a great scheme. And let it be remembered always that Zola, the Free-thinker, was above all a fair man: there is only one lovable character in "La Terre," and that is the choleric little parish priest, afflicted by the "mania of charity," who walked in a cassock green with age that his horrible poor might have bread. If Professor Saintsbury would but believe it there is more of the *prodesse* in "La Terre" than in all the library that Miss Yonge left behind her.

It is a pity that the author has not clarified his style. He is over fond of the parenthesis, and sometimes one comes on sentences such as this:

A period which produced Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats; which saw the beginnings at least of the great French Romantic School and of Heine, the mighty autumn of Goethe, the shadowed genius of Leopardi; which had in England more especially, but also elsewhere, "second strings" of poets who in most other periods would have been worthy protagonists; which—in a manner of itself serving as a note of primacy—adopted and mastered as it thought fit, every department of its kind—epic, lyric, satire, even the poetical (if not exactly the theatric-poetical) drama—such a period can have no gainsayers outside the ranks of the incompetent and the crocheteers.

But with all differences and deductions we can cordially recommend this most interesting and sympathetic study of modern European literature.

SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF'S REMINISCENCES

Rambling Recollections. By the RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., late British Ambassador in Spain. 2 vols. (Macmillan, 30s. net.)

SIR HENRY WOLFF tells us in his preface that his book is founded on no diary or record, and he might have added that it is built up without much method either. The result is an impression of listening to the casual conversation of a widely-experienced and thoughtful man of the world, now serious, now light; and that is a very good thing to listen to. If we might advise the reader, we should say that the best plan is to read such a book with breaks, not continuously. If one were staying in the same house with such a conversationalist, one would not want to listen to him absolutely without an interval all day; one would like space now and then to wonder in what sort of mood he would be at the next meal—reminiscent, or theoretical, or what not. Read in this way Sir Henry is delightful; read continuously there are moments when he might slightly pall, because writing, not for effect, but just as "the contents of the book—whether narrative or anecdotic—" "come unbidden into my memory," he is apt now and then simply to record the names of friends or acquaintances whom he met at this or that place in his diplomatic

career. In this respect Sir Henry's memory, which he modestly says is "not a bad one," is really extraordinary, recording who married whom or what became of So-and-so to an extent amazing to those who live in limited circles. It comes with practice, we suppose; in any case, it is a most valuable social gift. When, however, the people mentioned are not remarkable or interesting, or when nothing remarkable or interesting is told of them, the mention of them does not appeal very strongly to readers who are not acquainted with them. That is absolutely the only criticism we have to make, and it does not go far, for this habit of recording names simply completes the likeness to average good conversation.

The matter of the volumes varies considerably. Sometimes it consists of good stories—and Sir Henry has a multitude to tell—sometimes of careful exposition of complex political situations, sometimes of studies—as of "geomancy," in which Sir Henry is an expert. We need not follow him in detail through his useful career as his country's representative. His best early work was perhaps in the settlement of the Ionian Islands question; his best later work in Persia, where he saw very clearly the issues which have been decided in our recent treaty with Russia. Of his Parliamentary activities at home he does not say much, and of the Fourth Party very little indeed. Probably Mr. Winston Churchill's book on his father and Mr. Harold Gorst's on the Fourth Party seemed to Sir Henry to have covered the ground sufficiently. We cannot but regret, however, that he does not give us more of his personal memories of that epoch, for, after all, he was there, on the scene, and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Harold Gorst were not, however close to the primal authorities.

It is always curious to note, in reading reminiscences written late in life, how the pranks and high spirits of youth peep out (when that part is in question) under the grave manner. Sir Henry Wolff has a story of how he, Sir Arthur Otway, and Colonel Gordon-Cumming saw Louis Napoleon proclaimed President in the guise of members of the National Guard, provided with muskets, and presenting arms when the Prince-President approached. One would suppose that this spree was the most natural way of seeing the show. In the same way he tells us, as the late Mr. Frederick Leveson-Gower told us in his reminiscences, that he frequented Lola Montes' house in Half Moon Street, when that enterprising lady came to London after being driven out of Bavaria, and one might have a kind of idea that her receptions were stately ceremonials; we do not mean to suggest that they were not decorous, but gay and rollicking we may surely hope they were. Sir Henry was one of the brilliant society of the Owls, knew Taglioni, Bulwer Lytton, Kinglake—but he knew everybody, and tells us much that is to the point. Some letters he prints are extremely interesting, notably one from Mr. Arthur Balfour in Fourth Party days, and one from Disraeli after the Berlin Congress; the latter, indeed, is extremely important for a right understanding of Disraeli's aims and achievement, and should not be missed. He is evidently interested in the occult, and, besides the study of "geomancy" referred to above, has tales to tell of clairvoyants, especially a wonderful Egyptian known as the Sheikha, and of curious premonitions.

And as for the good stories—well, they should be read in their places, that the genial flavour which comes of their quietly humorous setting may not be missed. Humour is their chief quality, and humour must have its right context. "If it were my misfortune," says Sir Henry Wolff, "to write any sequel to this book, I should have much to say that space has now forced me to omit." His misfortune would be our exceeding gain, and we appeal to his altruism.

EAST AND WEST.—II.

"*Religio Laici*" *Judaica, the Faith of a Jewish Layman.* By LAURIE MAGNUS. (Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.)

The Crescent versus the Cross. By HALIL HALID. (Luzac and Co.)

IN the first part of this article, which appeared on the 8th of February, we were able to notice little more than the bare existence of Mr. Laurie Magnus's and Halil Hâlid Efendi's books, "*Religio Laici*" *Judaica* is a collection of essays partly re-written, which were contributed by Mr. Magnus to the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Jewish World*. His primary object is to preserve Judaism from the innovations advocated by Mr. Claude Montefiore. We must remember that Judaism has long lost perforce its sacrificial character, at least in practice. We must also premise that further modifications were made under the influence of the leaders of Jewish Emancipation in 1842. Just as the discontinuance of sacrifices was necessitated by the destruction of the Temple, so these, as Mr. Magnus justly points out, were necessitated by the exodus of the Jews from the Ghetto into full citizenship, which in itself implied a partial renunciation of tribal exclusiveness. Mr. Magnus makes out for such modifications a good title to be the natural developments of time, the leaves shed by the growing tree. Similarly the early Church shed the practice of communism. He maintains, and as far as Gentiles are capable of judging we agree with him, that the essentials of Judaism have not been lost thereby, but rather confirmed; as he quotes from the Rabbi Simon ben Lakish, "sometimes to annul a law is to establish it." It is the Judaism of 1842, Judaism modified in expression only by the necessities of its circumstances, on which Mr. Magnus takes his stand. Mr. Montefiore goes very much further, and we can see little in his "Jewish persuasion" but a vague deism, in which he, Halil Hâlid Efendi and the Rector of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, might before long agree to an interchange of pulpits. The Jew of this type seems to Mr. Magnus and to us to be perpetually apologising for his race and his religion. To Mr. Magnus, Forms, Separation, and Restrictions are of the essence of Judaism, though they may vary according to circumstance and in the course of time become modified or even contradictory; "I deliberately prefer," he says, "to preserve the environment of Solomon, . . . this is not merely true but vital." He opposes Mr. Montefiore with great moderation, but he firmly holds the philosophic view that expression is essential to any enduring faith which is to fill for long the hearts of men. In the first part of his book he not only expresses the traditional in contradistinction to the sceptical spirit in Judaism alone, he represents Religion in contradistinction to mere Morality, Theology in contradistinction to Science, Faith in contradistinction to Intellect. Many of his arguments are admirably expressed, we wish indeed that he had trusted still more to himself than he has, and had relied less on the views of Western writers of little philosophical value. Possibly such quotations are necessary in order to appeal to the ultra-occidentalism of Mr. Montefiore. We prefer quotations from Mr. Magnus himself:

The appeal from faith to reason . . . is more often than not an appeal from light to darkness. *Gemeinsinn* is the cleverness of *das Gemeine*, and in affairs of the soul . . . commonsense degrades, not exalts.

Earth is our nurse, not our mother; the secret of our being is not here.

The Evolutionists give God longer names, they do not give Him truer names.

Liturgical language never pretends to scientific exactness . . . but claims . . . a higher truth than the truth of scientific demonstration . . . it is the language of imagination which "fulfils the shortcomings of other modes of expression." My need of the God-idea does not make me a religious man, it makes me a religious minded man, . . . I am conscious that, as a religious-

minded man, my need of the God-idea is far more intellectual than moral. . . . I do not—it is a personal experience—I do not expect to become more *good* by practising religion. Its practices may have that indirect effect, but their primary object is to make men more *wise*.

Once more:

I am convinced—it is a conviction of immemorial antiquity—that the religious sense is cultivable, and should be cultivated. Its neglect or atrophy is an intellectual loss, comparable to, but surpassing, in the measure of the loss, a deafness to music, or a blindness to colour, or an imperception of scent: "Get wisdom" [*Carpe scientiam*] cries the author of the Proverbs.

We have desired to allow Mr. Magnus to express himself as far as our space permits. He does so well, and we entirely sympathise with him so far. Again, he seems to us Gentiles to define the essential force of Judaism itself:

The ceremonial of the Jewish religion, as required by the Levitical ordinances, and as elaborated by subsequent and less inspired legislators, was directed throughout to the consecration of the commonplace. Its object was to endow the least elevated of common duties with a sense of responsibility, and to co-ordinate the whole series of physical and moral functions under the same category of cleanliness and holiness.

In "the consecration of the commonplace," Mr. Magnus seems to us to explain the moral force of Judaism throughout its course more truly than we have ever seen it explained before. It is that which has endowed the Jew with his "immense talent and power of idealisation." The present reviewer is no more philo-Semitic than he is anti-Semitic in the present acceptance of the term, and if he had space he would be obliged to show himself in frequent disagreement with Mr. Magnus in the more distinctly Jewish portions of his book, though, in opposition to Mr. Montefiore, he sympathises with him throughout. It is impossible to follow their interesting controversy further than to point out how completely right Mr. Magnus is, in the interests of his race, in his opposition to "mixed marriages." His moderation has prevented his arguments against them being much more conclusive than they are. We cannot doubt that it is the inter-breeding of the Jew which, in defiance of the "natural laws" applicable to every other people, has endowed him with the intellect and physique of which he has so much reason to be proud; which, together with that "consecration of the commonplace" on which his isolation is founded, has given him his "sobriety," his "moral patience," his "long-suffering," and "a positive distaste for such excesses as have ruined other races"; which, in fact, maintains his race a corporate unity after many centuries of dispersion. So certain does this seem to us that we would alter a sentence of Mr. Magnus's thus: "No thoughtful Jew regards himself as other than a stranger in the land." Though Mr. Montefiore—and Mr. Magnus too—may turn with sympathy to the Gentile, from the School of Safed, the Jews of Safed represented qualities as essential to their race and religion as those nobler ones on which we have dwelt; while the European "of the Jewish persuasion" has no existence outside the imagination of Mr. Montefiore.

We turn with regret to "The Crescent *versus* the Cross," for we have been forced to invert the intentions of Balaam. If Halil Hálid Efendi had compared elevated doctrines in the Koran with those of the Gospels, or the verbal contradictions to be found in both, we should have followed him with interest. If he had maintained that Jews and Christians enjoyed more opportunities for mental and spiritual development under the Abbassides than under Charlemagne, or that Constantinople was now more civilised than New York, we should not have been eager to contradict him. If he had compared the innumerable sects and bloody wars among Mohammedans and Christians alike, we should have been interested. But he confuses Cause and Effect, Essential and Accidental, as completely as

the least instructed Christian controversialist. He treats the Gospels, nationality, custom, trade, politics, the Vatican, the Free Church Council, and "The City of God" as synonyms. His ideas of Christianity are as clear and authentic as those of "a clergyman" concerning the position of women under Mohammedanism, expounded to "a lady" on a Nile tour, which he relates so indignantly, and, we regret to say, have no more importance. He strikes us as the exponent of "a vague deism," because his objections to the expression of Christianity are equally applicable to Mohammedanism or any other revealed religion. It would be an injustice to Mr. Montefiore to suggest any other comparison between him and Halil Hálid Efendi, and this only to a very limited extent, because the Efendi seems to be devoid of any philosophic sense. He is annoyed because the friends of the dead in the West, as in Turkey, care more for the manner of sepulture than the fact. He thinks it foolish to prefer the superfluous to the necessary. That is what is meant by civilisation—namely, a state in which the individual cares no more for necessities which are provided for him, but only for superfluities, which is all there is left for him to provide for himself. To find the appreciation of Mahommed which we had hoped for, we have to turn from the Efendi back to Richard Burton, or to some of those instructed officials and clergy whom the Efendi quotes in support of his statements, although they are embraced in his condemnations. For the power and beauty which Mohammedanism yields we seek in the charming stories of Mr. Pickthall and Mr. Hanauer. We return whence we started. It is in stories such as these, with their human humour, their touching affection, their high-souled devotion, their wisdom, their justice, their sincerity, all the varied fruits of life, that we seek the real unity between the three living faiths, and not in the colourless waste of a vague resemblance, to which we are led when reason has eliminated all their essentials. Thus we see in their dissimilitude, the unity between great artists—Fra Angelico and Rembrandt—and none in their works reduced to a common denominator by the same photographer. It is the philosophic value of differences in expression, their contradictions and their unity, that Mr. Magnus understands so well.

A HAPPY TRAVELLER

Before and after Waterloo. Letters from Edward Stanley (sometime Bishop of Norwich). Edited by JANE H. ADEANE and MAUD GRENFELL. (Fisher Unwin, 14s. net.)

THESE letters of Dean Stanley's father (there are a few by other hands) were well worth printing, and many of the sketches that accompany them (also from the pen of the future Bishop) have both craftsmanship and spirit. Together they form an interesting and vivacious memorial of Continental life and travel in the generation before railways and steamships, whilst they also reveal a strong and attractive personality. Moreover, by those interested in the history of the times, the scraps of gossip and personal observation recorded will be by no means despised.

The editors have prefixed a biographical memoir of the happy traveller (we will not call him tourist), who, when he wrote the letters, was rector of Alderley, in Cheshire. Both from this and from the internal evidence of the epistles, we gather that, worthy pastor as he was, Stanley's natural bent was by no means clerical, far less theological. He had strong scientific tastes, and took a great interest in matters naval and military; but probably his physique was better suited to the Church than to the Army or Navy,

though his love of humanity and great powers of observation were by no means thrown away in his chosen profession.

The first batch of letters record a tour in France, Northern Italy, and Spain, undertaken in 1802-3, between the Treaty of Amiens and the resumption of the war. The young Cambridge graduate saw Talma act, and thought him very like Kemble; was "most highly entertained in viewing the Great Gallery of the Louvre," but missed the much desired sight of Bonaparte. At Lyons, however, he witnessed the guillotining of five men who had robbed farmhouses, and made a sketch of a machine he saw at Chalon-sur-Saône. Afterwards he visited the battlefield of Marengo and other scenes of the fighting between Turin and Genoa. From Leghorn he sailed for Spain, where he experienced the utmost discomfort in travelling, and formed a far from flattering estimate of the inhabitants. "In Malaga," he notes, "few nights pass without some murders. Those who have any regard for their safety must, after dark, carry a sword and a lantern. You may form some idea of the people when (*sic*) there was one fellow at Granada who had with his own hand committed no less than twenty-two murders." On the other hand, "Nothing could be more gratifying to an Englishman than finding wherever he goes the manufactures of his own country. This in Spain is particularly the case; there is scarcely a single article of any description which this people can make for themselves" In another letter he says that he has been told on undoubted authority "that a nobleman unable to write his own name, or even read his own pedigree, is by no means a difficult thing to meet with," and describes the King as "considered little better than a tool of Buonaparte's." The traveller had to forego Rome and Naples, but returned home with some knowledge of Spanish as a set-off.

Before Stanley's letters descriptive of his experiences in France and the Netherlands in 1814 we get a glimpse of the state of things in England during that eventful year. A letter from Catherine Fanshawe, a novelist then in vogue, gives a piquant account of a meeting between Byron and Madame de Staël at Sir Humphry Davy's; and Mrs. Edward Stanley describes to her sister London's *furor* over the foreign potentates who were then its guests. Both Stanley and his wife entered with avidity into the pastime of Emperor-hunting, and had some, though not much, luck—of which they made the most. So did others; an individual at the opera netted forty guineas "by opening his box door and allowing those in the lobbies to take a peep for a guinea apiece" at the Imperial celebrities; whilst the incorrigible Lady Caroline Lamb successfully personated Blücher at Lady Cork's reception one night. It was remarked that at the time "Have you seen the Emperor?" had entirely superseded the use of "How do you do?" The Emperor was, of course, the Tsar Alexander I. Before another of the allied Sovereigns—the King of Prussia—Stanley had the honour of preaching, though he did not know it. Mrs. Stanley thought Alexander's head "very like R. Heber's."

The cream of the book is in the 1814 letters, "before Waterloo." Stanley's enthusiasm is inexhaustible, his observation comprehensive; and he is determined "not to be too prolix on any one particular subject."

On his way to Paris he "heard abundance of curious remarks on the subject of the war, the peace, and the changes; they will have it they were not conquered." "Oh, no." *Paris ne fut jamais vaincue—elle s'est soumise seulement!* In the capital he waited on Madame de Staël in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain. He describes her complexion as that of "a white mulatto," her hair "quite sable, dry and crisp, like a negro's." He knew his woman, and treated her accord-

ingly. "I hurried her as much as decency would permit from one subject to another," and "ventured to throw in a little flattery as to her political influence in Europe. She admitted that those who shared her views were "not enough to make a dinner party"; and Stanley soon discovered that in Paris, at least, "Corinne's" day was over.

The clerical traveller's account of Sir Charles Stuart, the British Minister in France, is by no means flattering; he could get little out of him but "Upon my soul, I don't know," and found his hotel-keeper, who had been in the Imperial Army, much more helpful. He managed to see most of the Marshals at the "Thuileries" and "had the satisfaction of being almost knocked over" by Jourdan. Bessières, Duc d'Istrie, commander of the Old Guard, was reckoned by an English companion like Stanley himself—"that is, he had dark, arched eyebrows, a fox-like sort of countenance, very dark, almost swarthy," and gave indications of being subject to bilious headaches. Berthiet, Masséna and Victor seem to have impressed him favourably, but of Davout he remarks: "If ever an evil spirit peeped through the visage of a human being," it was in him; and Murat is dismissed as "an effeminate coxcomb, with no characteristic but that of self-satisfaction." Both of these latter judgments were probably unjust. On the other hand the parson's reflections upon "the interesting Josephine," induced by his visit to Malmaison, do more credit to his heart than to his head. We gather from his narrative that the fallen Emperor was still popular in the army, and that the Bourbons aroused no enthusiasm.

Stanley passes very unfavourable criticisms upon French dress; but his remark on the comparative state of morals—that there is "less organised vice" in France than in England, shows a surprising degree of detachment for a man of his cloth in those days.

During a visit to Fontainebleau he gave two instances of his *savoir-faire*. He refused to pay sixteen shillings for "a plate of eight little, wretched mutton chops," despite the appearance of several officers of the Imperial Guard friendly to the extortionate hostess; and, entering into conversation with the latter managed dexterously to steer between sacrificing his own opinions and giving offence to them. On retiring he shook hands with these Bonapartists, saying "with as low a bow as the little King of Rome, *Messieurs les Gardes d'Honneurs, je vous salue.*"

After leaving Paris this military-minded cleric followed, starting from the end, in the footsteps of Napoleon in that last wonderful campaign of his before his abdication. Everywhere he heard unfavourable comparisons between the conduct towards the inhabitants of the French and that of the much-feared Cossacks, who seem to have been much calumniated. A Russian officer whom he met at St. Avold, was not, however, very complimentary to them. He divided his own army into three classes: "The first we can trust for discipline and ability; the second consists of Cossacks and other irregulars, whose business is reconnoitring, plundering, and running away when they see the enemy; the men before you compose the third—fellows who know nothing and do nothing, but can stand quietly in the place assigned to them, and get killed one after another without ever thinking of turning their backs." Every Prussian uniform Stanley's party saw was of British manufacture; an officer said, "We had furnished sufficient for 70,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry." "Poor England," the traveller noted, "is certainly not much beloved; we are admired, feared, respected, and courted," but thought to look after our own interests too exclusively. On the other hand, British soldiers were respected because they paid for things, and did not live on the country like the French, the Prussians, and the rest, friends or foes.

Whilst driving in a cabriolet between Verdun and Metz, Stanley allowed "a poor fellow toiling away with his bivouacking cloak tied round him" to get up behind. He turned out to be a monk of La Trappe, who had been compelled to serve in Napoleon's army, had lost an eye at Leipsic, and had been captured by the Swedes. The English clergyman tested his *protégé's* abilities as a controversialist, attacking him upon the subject of the "salvability" of Protestants, and the celibacy of the clergy. The conversation redounded to the credit of both; Stanley assisted his Catholic brother with much-needed money, and parted with him much against his will—"for had he been going to Pekin I should have accommodated him with a seat," he says in dismissing the incident.

As typical of the French character he notices the conduct of the inhabitants of Lille, who, having "suffered every species of misery" from General Maison, he having needlessly destroyed all their suburbs, retaliated only by nicknaming him General Brise-Maison, "and then the foolish people laugh and cry, '*Que c'est bon cela*,' think they have done a great feat, and submit like lambs."

We fear we must not follow our traveller into Holland and Belgium, where his humour and eye for oddities found full scope. Commenting on Dutch cleanliness he declares that his own dusty shoes were "the most impure thing" in the village of Brock, whose inhabitants boasted jocosely that they washed and scrubbed their wood before they put it on the fire. Peter the Great's house at Saardam he thought "remarkable for nothing but having been his"; adding caustically: "Alexander (the Tsar) had put up two little marble tablets over the fireplace, commemorating his visit, on which something good might have been inscribed; as they are, it is merely stated that Alexander placed them on, and that Mrs. Von Tets Von Groudum stood by, delighted to see him so employed."

The "After Waterloo" chapter relates the visit of Stanley and his wife to Paris and the field of Waterloo in 1816, and has, doubtless, been extensively "gutted" in the daily papers. Amongst other things the party visited in the prison of La Force the English officers who had helped Lavalette to escape, and had tried to save Ney. The English were everywhere, but were not popular, though, luckily, the French populace failed to grasp the meaning of the soldiers' songs:—

Louis Dix-huit,
We have licked all your armies
And sunk all your fleet.

The editors have, on the whole, done their work well. We may remark, however, that some of the notes are too exiguous to be of any use, and one or two are erroneous. Madame de Staël was not banished so much for her writings as for her intriguing capabilities; and Dousterswive is not a character in "Guy Mannering." The quite inadequate note upon Platoff omits to state that he was Hetman of the Cossacks; it might with advantage have been expanded by a reference to the incident of the old warrior's strange outburst of affection for Sir Walter Scott.

Amongst the sketches, those of the conveyances in use in the various countries at this period may prove to be of permanent value.

VENICE

Venice, its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic. By POMPEO MOLMENTI. Translated by HORATIO F. BROWN. Part II.—The Golden Age. (John Murray, 21s. net.)

WHEN complete Mr. Horatio Brown's translation of Signor Molmenti's work will make the most detailed

and scholarly presentation of Venetian life that has yet been offered to English readers. The two volumes just issued are devoted to an account of the Republic during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Venice had already established her position as the mart of the world, and, on the basis of an unparalleled commercial prosperity, she had built up a proud and affluent civilisation. With the increase of trade the arts flourished, and the progress of free enquiry suffered no check. The marvellous and sustained outburst of artistic activity, the development of a native drama, the magnificent public buildings, which elicited the admiration of so fastidious a connoisseur as Henry III. of France, the reckless and extravagant display of luxury, manifested alike in private life and in public ceremonial, the absorption of a whole population in the pleasure of the moment:

Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow—

these things speak of a vigorous and full-blooded life. Life, indeed, ran at fever-heat during these two glorious centuries. It was an age of adventurous gallants and of charming women. One encounters the most daring scepticism side by side with the most degrading superstition. While the geographers and map makers were adding to our knowledge of the world, a Marcantonio Bragadin was deceiving thousands of sober citizens by his pretended discovery of the *anima d'oro*. The current conceptions of life are admirably reflected in the literature of the period. In the poetry of Aretino a traditional reverence for religion gives way, too often, to an unveiled licentiousness. The picture, indeed, had its darker side, and the general diffusion of comfort was accompanied by a corresponding decline in morals. The Queen of the Adriatic boasted her eleven thousand courtesans, and the State was powerless to intervene. This outbreak of vice infected even the Church, and even as early as the fourteenth century the Great Council had found it necessary to pass a law *contra illos qui committunt fornicationes in monasterio monialium*. There can be little doubt that the foundations of the Republic were being slowly undermined, and there are hints, clear and unmistakable, of the approaching decadence:

The artistic temperament of the Italians [writes Signor Molmenti] threw a glamour of refinement and grace over vice itself; the æsthetic supplanted the moral judgment; the search for pleasure passed all limits, and voluptuous living surely and steadily, day by day, sapped the energy of the brain and the vigour of the arm.

Mr. Brown is to be congratulated on the excellence of his translation, but, seeing that the work is intended for English readers, it is a reasonable matter of complaint that the numerous extracts from Italian authorities in these volumes have been given in their original form.

EDUCATION.—POLITICAL OBSTACLES

LORD ROBERT CECIL's attack on Mr. McKenna on the 6th, and his reply, causes this article to be mainly political. "Educationally I am absolutely with you, but politically I am dead against you . . . Have not the Liberal party and the Nonconformist bodies been trying for forty years to get the whole of the endowments like yourselves, and do you think now the Government has given us a chance we are not going to take it." We quote from the report of the *Times* and *Morning Post* of a speech delivered by the Rev. J. R. Wynne Edwards, headmaster of Leeds Grammar School, at the Headmasters' Conference at Oxford, just before Christmas. The remarks were quoted by Mr. Edwards as having been made by a

member of the Leeds Education Committee. We will not comment on the fitness of this individual to represent the ratepayers in the control of education. Mr. Edwards is apparently a lively speaker, and we do not pin him, any more than he perhaps intended to pin the committeeman, to these sentiments *verbatim*. Much less do we quote them as representing the sentiments of broad-minded persons who are Liberals in politics or Nonconformists in religion, or both. We quote them as accurately representing the determination of the political-Nonconformist party and Mr. McKenna to cast education to the winds, so long as they can secure the endowment of their party.

Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. McKenna have already had great trouble in pacifying their Welsh supporters, on account of the postponement of the Bill for disestablishing and disendowing the Church in Wales. There are persistent rumours of the Labour Party contesting Liberal seats in Wales. The continued dominance of the political-Nonconformists in the present Government must be secured at all costs.

With Mr. McKenna's breadth of view or his motives we have no concern. In matters of this kind we have only to consider actions and policy. There is no reason to suppose, and no one has suggested, that Mr. McKenna is not sincerely convinced that the dominance of political Nonconformity is the sole salvation of the State. His conviction is the more to be regretted since it makes him more likely to succeed. We wish he were sincere or open to bribes. We cannot find, in company with the *Times*, any merit in his attempt to vindicate his partisan administration by the plea that it has been in strict accordance with official precedent, since, as the *Times* points out, he entirely failed, in his very lame apology, to show that he has observed in practice "the traditional principles of administration in this country." Such excuses may show a becoming deference to tradition in the face of the House of Commons, but that is all. So responsible a leader of a conspiracy can scarcely be expected to reveal its secrets more than he can help. The public expression of sentiments such as we have quoted, which are being made by Mr. McKenna's irresponsible henchmen all over the country, are much more useful than his more diffident excuses. The result is the same in either case. Education is neither more nor less hampered at Leeds, where the local education authority persecutes the Roman Catholic schools or aims at ruining Mr. Edwards's Grammar School, and where such sentiments are frankly expressed—than at Garforth, Swansea, Brymbo and elsewhere, where the Board of Education conspires with the local authority to persecute the Church of England schools, and the President veils the same sentiments under an appeal to tradition. The veil is thin enough, the veil of political-Nonconformity has always been thin enough; but it has been thick enough to conceal its aims from many of those who ought to have known its spirit better. It has always been the same, always wriggling back obliquely to its brief period of self-endowment and domination.

It is amazing that Liberals did not realise—until realisation was forced upon them in Lancashire—the price that they would have to pay for having been galvanised into political life by political-Nonconformists. It is still more amazing to us that the aims of that truculent faction were not already understood before the Education Bill of 1899 became law. The consent of the Church of England and Roman Catholic episcopates to the exposure of their schools to the control of local authorities, so amenable as they are to the influence of political-Nonconformity, showed an extraordinary political blindness and a complete misapprehension of its spirit. We should hope the bishop's eyes are now opened. Their deplorable mistake does not preclude them from struggling against its consequences,

as Mr. Dillon seems to argue, but rather forces them to extra activity, that they may not have to repent a second time of misplaced confidence. We fully recognise that Mr. Dillon chose not only the nobler but the more statesmanlike part in 1899, when he advocated more consideration for the susceptibilities of Nonconformists. We cannot consider, as Mr. Dillon does, that substantial injustice was done to them even in single-school areas. We do not defend the Act as regards the interests of education, in which we agree with Mr. Dillon in believing, religion is an integral part; but if we are not much mistaken, broad-minded Radicals or Socialists, unprejudiced in favour of any of the religions concerned—such as Mr. Haldane and Mr. Graham Wallas—did not object to the Act as a makeshift, and incurred considerable odium from their respective parties by refusing to show any excitement on the subject. It is true that parents were obliged in single-school areas to send their children to schools with a religious atmosphere of which they did not approve; but so they had been ever since compulsory education came into force. The Act gave their "conscientious objections" more protection than they had had before. What these conscientious objections are worth in the case of political-Nonconformists, is shown by their present efforts to force their way into Church of England and Roman Catholic training colleges. Further, such injustice as there was, was purely incidental; it depended on the numbers of the various religious bodies resident in a given district and on their comparative zeal for education. If the Protestant Nonconformists generally had shown as much zeal for providing education for the children of the indigent who had no votes to be won, as had been shown by the Church of England, by Catholic Nonconformists, and at one time by Wesleyans—and provided their own repeated contention that they very largely outnumber Churchmen be true—they would have been in as good a position as Churchmen. They might, indeed, have been in a better position, for since they constantly proclaim the advantages of the interchange of pulpits, it may fairly be assumed that they had no objection to combination among themselves in the matter of schools. Indeed, they did so combine in what are called British Schools. Actually, regarded as a combination, they thought it so important to multiply chapels representing every shade of difference among themselves, that they only cared for education when they could get it at someone else's expense.

It is only fair to the framers of the Bill to observe, that they used in single-school areas the only material there was, and that the political party which passed it has not been accused of factious conduct in administering it when it became law. Neither was Mr. Birrell so accused. Further, such experienced politicians as the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Robert Finlay, and a staunch Radical, Mr. Bryce, indignantly repudiated the idea that any Minister of Education could ever be supposed for a moment to be capable of using the quasi-judicial powers given him, for partisan ends. They did not know their political-Nonconformist. The bishops had much excuse for their shortsightedness. Mr. McKenna has now lent them eyes.

Mr. McKenna pleaded in defence of his action in the Garforth case, that technical legal questions were very difficult to laymen, that all the Board of Education could do was to get the best legal advice, and that if the advice was wrong no blame could be imputed to the motives of the Government. What Mr. McKenna said was no doubt Parliamentarily true, but his general partisan conduct justifies the inquiry whether the legality which he sought was a permanent legality, or such a temporary appearance of legality as would make a show for party purposes until its illegality had been demonstrated by a higher authority.

As regards the refusal of Welsh local education

authorities to obey the law, the question is not what Mr. McKenna did in expectation of the meeting of Parliament, and since the persistent "badgering" to which he was subjected in August by Lord Robert Cecil, but what he did on his own initiative, before the unavailing complaints addressed to him by managers and teachers were forced upon him in Parliament. Even Mr. McKenna's expedients to avoid unpleasant duties have an end. If he considers in the light of a compliment the congratulations of the *Western Daily Post* to a Minister of State in a quasi-judicial position for having been forced into a judicial attitude, he has come very near the sentiments expressed at Leeds.

Mr. McKenna and his adherents seldom speak on the subject without asserting the legality of the training college regulations. This is a variety of the "red-herring" argument, a favourite one with controversialists of their type. It diverts attention from flaws. These assertions refute no one, for no one has asserted the contrary. We draw attention to an effect of the regulations upon education. The report of the Board deplores the dearth of qualified teachers.—By the way, it is likely that the dearth of teachers will continue as long as the receipt of their salaries ultimately depends on their conforming to the religious views of Mr. McKenna.—There are fifty-one residential training colleges, of which thirty-three belong to the Church of England and nine others to the Roman Catholics and Protestant Nonconformists. Mr. McKenna issues regulations, which he knows cannot be accepted by a large number, if not all these, without alteration of the trusts. His predecessor had already approved of a scheme by which these colleges could have met the pressing need for teachers by receiving more students. Mr. McKenna now congratulates himself on having played a pretty political trick, by which he estimates that these colleges will now only be able to provide for one-fifth of the students for whom they provided before; so the dearth of teachers will be greater than ever. The only escape offered to the trustees of the colleges is to hand over to him their trust deeds, ostensibly so that they may be modified to enable them to accept the regulations, but in reality subject to be entirely revised according to his views. The object of Mr. McKenna's trick is therefore alternative—either to obtain complete control over the trust deeds through the submission of the trustees, or to starve out the colleges if they resist. In either case his insistence that the regulations leave untouched the peculiar religious nature of the colleges, is the merest blind, by which their trustees are not such fools as to be deceived.

Mr. McKenna does not even pretend that the denominational schools in Wales have been dealt with on an equality with the council schools, but he justifies the inequality by a remarkable admission. He maintains that the denominational schools, so far from suffering in efficiency by this injustice, are, if anything, rather more efficient than before. That is to say, the Churchmen and Roman Catholics of Wales are so zealous for education that they maintain their schools efficiently although severely handicapped by the Board of Education, and it is not efficiency of education that Mr. McKenna seeks but the continued favour of his political supporters.

By many admirable suggestions, to which we alluded before, Mr. McKenna has shown that "educationally" he is "with" the educators whom we mentioned with admiration in a former article; "politically he is dead against" any education which does not enable political-Nonconformists to tyrannise over their neighbours. As a political agitator he advocated one Welsh revolt, and now that he is in the judgment seat, he has to hold the scales uneven, to prevent two others, which would remove him from it, by wrecking the Government of which he is a member. If he had not been a political-

Nonconformist of the most violent type, he might have advanced the interests of education, but with his antecedents his appointment was as "grossly improper" as that of another violent agitator, Mr. Davies, and he has done his best to live up to the impropriety.

BURNS'S HOME-SPUN

DIALECT is a local peculiarity of pronunciation, due it may be to climate and only to be eliminated by education and travel. But we use words so loosely now that the word connotes also a degraded or neglected form of speech. The broad Scots of Burns is purer than what we are accustomed to regard as standard English, yet we find it inelegant or unsuited to modern requirements, and abandon its use to the vulgar or illiterate. After many strange vicissitudes the ancient speech of Alfred lingers in scraps of *patois* among the orchards of Somerset, the fens of Lincoln, on the downs of Wessex, in the dales of Cumberland, on the moors of Yorkshire, and in the solitary glens of Scotland. Exactly the same thing has taken place in France, where the peasant of the South employs the ancient language of the Troubadours, the true *Langue d'Oc*, from which modern French has diverged so much that they are now practically different tongues. The tendency of education is to uproot these old forms, but like the weeds of the fields they have a wonderful tenacity. The so-called movements for the preservation of ancient dialects, which galvanise into life for a moment, are but clearer evidences of the hastening decay.

In Burns's day Lowland Scots was the language of the peasant and the peer. The schoolmaster taught, the minister preached, and the judge summed up in this common medium of intercourse. Lord Braxfield, the prototype of Weir of Hermiston, was one of the last judges on the Scottish Bench who spoke the language of the people. To a Scotch ear no language is more tuneful than pure English spoken by a beautiful voice, and so it became a mark of culture and refinement. Gentlemen and ladies took lessons from English elocution masters and Scots was banished from the drawing-room to the servants' hall, where it has remained ever since. What to-day passes for Scots in the Canongate of Edinburgh or the Trongate of Glasgow is a strange mixture whose component parts it is hard to analyse. Yet in spite of educational reform the old tongue still lingers in many a moorland cottage and solitary upland farm where the old people speak a dialect of which their sons and daughters are partly ashamed. To speak candidly, "braid Lallans" is the language of the poor and needy, of the old and unlettered, of the beggar and the outcast, and though there is wonderful vitality in it, yet it is doomed "no distant date." Yesterday I was delighted to hear a rustic call the hoar frost "Cranreuch," but my companion, a man of letters, knew it not. In the polished circles of suburbia and among cultured people it is quoted with a sneer on the lips, and avoided by their children, in whose ears it is low and vulgar and not to be imitated. These are facts, not complaints. The sentimental wayfaring man who quotes Theocritus, delights to find nooks and corners of Arcadia inhabited by rural swains and neat-handed maidens who in their old-world costumes pose as lay figures to his travelling muse. But there are very few who observe the quaint expressions with which these humble folk clothe their thoughts.

"I cannot regard it," says the late Canon Ainger,

as merely a foolish literary ambition that now and again leads Burns to abandon one dialect in which he was *strong* for another in which he was *weak*. It was rather that his local vocabulary was limited for the purpose he needed it for, and that he naturally and

rightly resorted to English wherewith to strengthen and supplement it.

This is a misunderstanding; to dissipate which two explanations may be given. In the first place, Burns was an artist, and as such bound by the same laws of literary art which obliged Shakespeare to put sublime thoughts in blank verse and express in prose the communications of menials or the quips and cranks of jesters—bound by the same law which makes Scott put stilted Johnsonese in the mouths of his aristocratic heroes and heroines and leave uncouth dialect to domestics and dependents. But there is another and, we venture to think, truer reason. A workman speaks in dialect to his "mates," but should a well-educated man address him in literary English the workman uses the same medium or speaks dialect in an affected tone, perhaps to show that he, too, has some slight tincture of letters, but certainly to show respect to the superior who has addressed him. Again, the children of the people speak and read pure English in school under the master, but, when free from restraint, they revert to dialect in the playground and at home lest they be ridiculed for aping the manners and language of the "gentry." This is precisely the case with Burns. He employs the rugged, virile speech of his fellows when treating of homely themes, when scorning the noble "coof," or laughing at Holy Willie. But he employs the poetic diction of Pope and Gray "to build the lofty rhyme" on solemn occasions, to make some profound comment on life, or to address some friend whom he esteems and honours. For example, he stops in full career to remark "Pleasures are like poppies spread," or again, his dedication of the Cotter's Saturday Night to his friend Aiken is in the florid, flamboyant style, but immediately afterwards he speaks of the humble cotter in pithy, natural Scots. When Burns talks of biting Boreas, of winged Pegasus, of Helicon, and of all the rest of the euphuistic flummery of the poetic craft, we see the yokel dressed in his Sunday best, purple-faced and very uneasy in the unaccustomed garb, and we heave a sigh of relief when he lays aside his "braw claes" and dons the sunburnt coat and homely bonnet. True, it is affected and unnatural, but remember he dressed up in college "lear" to show respect to his audience, and we cannot scorn the motive though we may find amusement in the appearance. This language I now write and you read is not the medium of daily intercourse, but an inflated form very different from the mixture of music-hall catchwords and sporting *argot* that is "human nature's daily food." To write thus is correct, but to speak like a book is to excite the ridicule of our fellows. The present-day speech is rather to be looked for in the humour columns than in the stately periods of quarterlies and reviews.

"An honest man of no special literary bent," says Stevenson,

would tell you he thought much of Shakespeare bombastic and most absurd, and all of him written in very obscure English, and wearisome to read.

Change the poet's name to Burns and the fact holds true. Much of Burns is a dead letter to the present generation of Scotsmen, to whom "a daimen-icker in a thrave" is as unknown as "I rede ye tent it." Words like "wale," "fremit," "shachlt," "lear" present difficulties of sound and sense which repel the outsider who longs to know something of Burns. Not many are on speaking terms with Anglo-Saxon, but those who know modern German will find a pleasure in recognising cognate words which will greatly assist in surmounting difficulties. In a popular article one may not write as if for specialists, but we may be allowed a few quotations to illustrate our point. "My mammie coft (*kaufte*, bought) me a new goon"; "As o'er the moor they lightly foor (*fuhren*, went); "It kindles wit,

it waukens lear (*lehre*, instruction)"; "He wales (*wählen*, to select) a portion"; "Whar did ye get that hauer (*hafer*, oats) meal bannock?" But there is another element that may be explained by modern French. We quote a few examples. "Let me fair Nature's face describe" (*décrire*); "His hair has a natural buckle" (*boucle*, curl); "Wi' bitter dearthfu' wines to mell" (*se mêler*, to meddle). "Merle" is the pure French for blackbird, *envy*, with accent on the last syllable is *envier*, and remeid is but *remède*. Dool is a portion of the word *douleur*, and "chamer" imitates the vowel sound of *chambre*. These few examples will not only show the true meaning of the word but give the sound that Burns used, and thus explain many an uncouth rhyme. Burns seems also to have spelt phonetically, for he has often two or even three forms of the same word—e.g., *eneugh* is guttural like loch, but *enow* has an open sound. *Daurk* gives the old pronunciation of *darg*, a day's work. Words like *wrought*, *brought*, *fought*, may at times be required to be sounded *wrocht*, *brocht*, *focht*, to meet the exigencies of the rhyme. Generally speaking, the English vowel sound as in *hate* becomes Scots as in *hard*, and the vowel "o" is very broad and open in the Scots dialect. It would be easy to multiply examples, but we fear to exhaust the reader's patience, and rest satisfied with the aforementioned.

Old modes of life pass away, and with them naturally the terms and expressions; this introduces an element which we leave to the antiquary and the historian. Even the works of Dickens, who wrote fifty years ago, would require a glossary to explain old usages and old words. Who that reads this has ever seen a pounce-box except in a museum or in some wayside tavern of France or Germany? The flail may still be seen in a few remote islands "among the farthest Hebrides," but the busy hum of the travelling threshing mill has banished the weary "flingin' trees" to old garrets and lumber-rooms, whence they are routed out and sold to collectors of such "auld nicknackets." It would be as absurd as useless to regret this. There are doubtless many words in Burns that are now obsolete and would prove useful acquisitions to our modern tongue, but if these be ever revived we may look for them to come from the colonies, where the study of Burns is less of a cult and more of a reality than in our own tight little island.

J. P. PARK.

"PERSIMMON"

THE word *persimmon* is fully treated in the New English Dictionary, which only just fails to give the complete etymology. The statement there made is as follows:

Corruption of the native name in the Powhatan dialect (Algonkin of Virginia). The exact form of the first element is uncertain; the second is the suffix *-min*, common to many names of grains or small fruits in Algonkin dialects; cf. *mondamin*, *shahbomin* in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The stress was originally not on the second syllable, *persimin* or *pérsimin* being earlier than *persimmon*.

In fact, Cuq's Dictionary of the Algonkin language, written in French, explains the suffix *-min* as "fruit or grain," and explains *wabi-min*, literally "white fruit," as meaning "apple." He explains *wab* as "white."

There are two early quotations that deserve consideration, both given in the said dictionary. The latter, dated 1612, is from W. Strachey, "Travels in Virginia," x. (Hakluyt Society), p. 119:

They have a plomb which they call *pessemmins*, like to a medler in England, but of a deeper tawnie coulour.

I take the spelling *pessemmins*, here given, to be the best of all that are enumerated, and I believe it to be capable of explanation. Eleven forms are duly given.

The older quotation gives a less correct form (less correct because most widely differing from the rest), but it is of great importance. The New English Dictionary only cites two lines of it, but it is absolutely necessary, in my belief, to give nearly the whole of it, without much abridgement.

In Captain Smith's works, ed. Arber, p. 57, the fruits of Virginia are discussed, as follows:

Plumbs there are of three sorts. The red and white are like our hedge-plumbs; but the other, which they call *pulchamins* [persimmons], grow as high as a *palmata*. The fruit is like a medlar: it is first greene, then yellow, and red when it is ripe: if it be not ripe it will drawe a man's mouth awrie with much torment; but when it is ripe, it is as delicious as an apricock.

There is another sort of grape neere as great as a cherry, this they call *messaminnes*. [Observe here the suffix *-minnes*—i.e., fruits.]

They have a small fruit . . . they call *chechinquamins*. [Again, we have the suffix *-mins*.]

Of these naturall fruits they live a great part of the yeare, which they use in this manner. The walnuts, chesnuts, acornes, and *chechinquamins* (*sic*) are dried to keepe. When they need them, they breake them betweene two stones, yet some part of the walnut-shells will cleave to the fruit. Then do they dry them againe upon a mat over a hurdle.

The fruit like medlers, they call *pulchamins* [persimmons], they cast upon hurdles on a mat, and preserve them as prunes.

I think we have now the solution of the whole mystery. We read of four sorts of fruits which are "dried to keep," of which one sort was "dried again upon a mat over a hurdle." In the same way the persimmons were dried for keeping; they were "cast upon hurdles on a mat and preserved."

I submit that Captain Smith did not quite catch the sound of the word, nor perceive its etymology; for surely *persimmon* means nothing more than simply "dried fruit"?

This may fairly be gathered from Cuoq. He gives no such prefix as *per-*, or *par-*, or *pers-*, or *pes-*. The only word at all resembling *persimin* (for the *mm* in Strachey only means that the preceding *i* is short) is the root *pas*, to be dry. From this root he gives two derivatives, which are wholly to the point. These are: *pasimine*, "to cause grain or fruit to become dry"; and *pasiminau*, "dried raisins." But we already know that *min* can be used in a general sense, from which it follows that "dried raisins" is only a special use of a word that once meant "dried fruits" in general.

I conclude that *persimmon* is only a modern form of a word which might better have been spelt *persimin*; and that it is (as said) a word of Algonkin origin, due to the verb *pasimine*, to dry fruits, from *pas*, to dry, and *min*, fruit. It may have had its name from being the commonest of the preserved fruits.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

MUSICAL COMEDY

MR. MAX BEERBOHM, writing the other day about pantomimes, pointed out what extraordinary opportunities this business of the telling of some well-known fairy story, with every assistance of scenery, music, and pretty chorus-girls, offers to the artist. He appeared to be surprised that the pantomimes as we have them are so poor, but to my mind the marvel is that they are so good. The difficulty that faces the producer—I think that is the term—of pantomime is that he knows he is expected to provide some measure of entertainment for children, while at the same time his audiences consist largely of grown-up people. Now, anyone who has endeavoured to amuse children knows that their sense of humour is in no way fixed. The spontaneous follies that are acclaimed as masterpieces of wit to-day, may possibly excite nothing but a compassionate weariness to-morrow. Moreover, the presence of grown-ups complicates the problem enormously, for the fear of criticism that troubles most children renders them only imitatively emotional when they are under the eyes of the Olympians.

What is the producer to do? He knows that the things children like are the things their parents, who pay for their tickets, consider silly, and to be a success his pantomime must please both generations. So he turns to the variety artists, who are silly enough for anything, but who have a reputation for humour and cleverness which nothing they do can destroy, and provides with their assistance a patchwork entertainment which includes something to amuse and something to bore everybody. The result is unsatisfactory because it is a compromise, but we must not blame the author if his work of art is imperfect. The eyes of a child see everything in detail, and, consequently, to be successful in its appeal, a child's book or picture or play must be constructed rather with a view to detail than to an artistic whole. Thus the lagoon scene in *Peter Pan*, which strikes the adult mind as a stagey and confusing excrescence, is the one scene which all the children I have asked have preferred; and it would seem that, as long as pantomime is intended primarily for the amusement of children, it cannot be a suitable form of expression for the conscientious artist.

But when we eliminate the child from the audience and approach the question of musical comedy, we find that, while it shares with the pantomime such adornments as tuneful music, bright settings, and shapely legs, it suffers in an even greater degree from limitations—limitations, however, which are in this case absolutely artificial.

Musical comedy is popular because it supplies the great world of unimaginative people with a ready-made fairyland, where life is played to cheerful music, where true lovers marry, and where jokes come off. They like watching this life because it is utterly opposed to common-sense, which is their own strong point; and they therefore feel that their very presence in the theatre is wildly rebellious and a sign that they are not as other men. And, provided the picture is bright and does not show too much obvious effort on the part of the actors, they are disposed to welcome rather than to quarrel with the lack of that coherence which is the outstanding feature of their own very sensible lives. They certainly would not wish to live in a land where people really behaved in that irresponsible fashion, but it is pleasant to sit for an hour or two and pretend.

Obviously, with an audience of this character, the author of a musical comedy would have almost complete freedom of expression if there were not a number of quite unnecessary limitations imposed on him by the folly and timidity of the managers of musical-comedy houses. These gentlemen are, as a rule, surrounded by a crowd of more or less competent "star" actors and actresses, composers, writers of lyrics, and purveyors of smart dialogue; and before a new musical play can be produced it is necessary that each of these satellites should be given an opportunity of displaying his or her talent in the new production. As the actors and actresses of this class can usually only play one sort of part, the composers can only produce one tone, and the writers of lyrics one song, the new play usually proves to be little more than a thing of shreds and patches, a rehash of some previous success. Recently, it must be owned, since the provinces surprised the London managements by refusing to support plays of this character that were bad, there have not been wanting signs of a change for the better in this direction. But some time must elapse before the writer and composer of a musical comedy will be allowed the liberty in choosing their cast that is permitted to Mr. Pinero and Mr. Barrie; and even farther ahead lies the day when it will no longer be considered necessary to dot irrelevant "extra numbers" about their work.

The artistic conventions that affect musical comedies are neither very numerous nor very strict. They are

usually limited to two acts, which renders it a matter of some difficulty to make them dramatic; but as we have seen, their audiences do not want drama. They concern themselves very properly with the lovings of young men and young women and the pleasant follies of humanity, and they avoid any problem more serious than a dropped nosegay or a tripping in the sports of love. They touch the problems that haunt the minds of men with the happy laughter of ignorance, and preach cheerful nonsense to the shrinkers who think they are too wise. After the songs of the principals there follows Echo, with a hundred fat calves and a sea of smiling faces wonderfully adorned. The chorus is certainly the finest feature of musical comedy. It has overcome the laws of space and time, and appears, like a child's pet fairy, exactly wherever and whenever it is wanted. Even the limelight is not more responsive than this band of arch-companions, who will sigh with the heroine and shriek with the low comedian in one period of five minutes. But it is chiefly their comradeship that appeals to me, the unwearying spirit of friendship that causes them to wander, like mediæval travellers, in groups of fifty. And not less to be admired is their fidelity to the principal actors and actresses. Had *The Gay Lord Quex* been written as a musical comedy, I have no doubt the chorus would have appeared in the third act and echoed Sophy's horror at being locked up alone with Quex. And few of us would wish to lead more amiable lives than those of these friendly folk, bubbling over with merriment at jokes which they have heard three hundred nights in succession, dancing in the sunshine of a West End theatre to please the grey people who live real lives.

Surely here is the chance for Mr. Beerbohm's artist. With the aid of these happy men and women and this charming chorus he can make us a play on the model of a child's game, wherein things happen because they are pleasant and desirable, and for no other reason upon the earth. If he likes to make of this inconsequence a cunning weapon to help him achieve his purpose, he can do so. But his principal task will be to appeal to the emotions which his audiences do possess, rather than to the intellect which they probably do not; and this, I suppose, is why men of culture have hitherto left musical comedy alone, for nowadays all our great men would rather be minor prophets than great artists. Yet what a splendid musical comedy Mr. G. K. Chesterton could write if he were not so busy defending his position! With what fine insurgent lyrics it would be adorned, with what flourishes of that paradox which can make roses sprout like mushrooms through the paving-stones of Battersea. I rather wonder that no one has laid violent dramatic hands on "the Napoleon of Notting Hill" before this. I mention Mr. Chesterton specially, because he is an expert at that game of make-believe which is the secret of all successful appeals to the emotions of the great half-educated. The game can be played well and it can be played badly, and hitherto, in terms of the footlights, it has usually been played ludicrously badly. It remains for our great men to descend from their futile pulpits and see that it is played well.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

"LA NAVE"? OR THE CLOAC MASSIMA?

"TRUTH will out"—and the leading characteristic, be it vicious or virtuous, of the poet or playwright, however he may strive to veil his personality in his writings, will make its way to the surface. But, be it said of the subject of this article, he is above (or below?) any attempts to disguise his besetting sin—as far as he can be judged by his literary productions!

It is popularly supposed that the Cloaca Massima of Rome, the mighty sewer through which hourly passes all the impurities of the Eternal City, committing them to the long-suffering Tiber, is "well worth visiting," as the familiar Baedeker would say; also it is probable that in its way the Romans of to-day are proud of it. In somewhat the same way Italians are proud of their literary Cloaca Massima, and Gabriele D'Annunzio will certainly find no reason to quarrel with us as to the application of the title to him and his works.

The equally popular idea, however, that all the educated classes of Italians delight in or entirely "revel in" the mud, etc., which he spreads before them openly and unashamedly, is utterly incorrect. Some of the most scathing criticisms and disapproval of D'Annunzio's continuous appeals to the sensual side of his countrymen have been uttered by the talented contributors to the greater Italian papers. And, as a case in point, we can refer to a long—well, not *appreciation*, rather a *disappreciation* of his last play (the tragedy called *La Nave—The Ship*), which appeared in a recent number of the *Avvenire d'Italia*, and a shorter review in the *Corriere della Sera*—the first a Bolognese, the second the well-known Milanese paper. From beginning to end the critics lament that the undoubted genius of D'Annunzio should be so invariably employed in bringing out the sensual side, only too latent, always in all that he works upon. He has, according to the writer-critic in the *Avvenire*, in this last play managed in the most extraordinarily skilful manner, "*con una arte che è sua, e sua peculiare specialité*"—"in a way of his own, and which is his particular specialité" (a compliment indeed), succeeded in impregnating one scene in particular and the whole work in general with a powerful undertone, a destructive, demoralising, current of sensuality, of unnerving, unmanning "decadence," and the play in its entirety is fully of suggestion in its worst sense, "*la nota soggettiva che è uno dei tarli roditori*," as the strong Italian phrase puts it—"one of the worms eating away" the heart of the ship; and, the critic adds, it is entirely unnecessary even as accessory to the play, and the play is not only unaided, but is spoilt by this suggestiveness. The creation of Basiliola, into which D'Annunzio has put all the power he possesses, and which alone stands out in the play as an original conception of the destructive power of a perfidious, cruel, fierce, and lascivious woman, is at the same time the one figure which has no real place in the scheme of the play entitled *La Nave*. As a matter of fact, the name has hardly anything to do with the play, or the play with it. *The Ship* is conspicuous by its absence, and D'Annunzio should have placed his plot anywhere else than in Venice in a period when its people were about to assert themselves and begin their career as rulers of the Adriatic, and he should have called it by the name of its leading protagonist—"Basiliola, or the days of Constantinople the Corrupt." Then he would have been still more free to let loose the steed Licentiousness, which stands ready ever in his stables for his master to mount, and he could have been spared the effort of having to evoke the name of "Christ and His Saints," as he does at the finish of the most un-Christlike performances of the Venetian populace. It is said that the poet, in referring to his own latest production, spoke of it as a "Christian tragedy." Possibly D'Annunzio based this idea on the fact that his tragedy is rather blasphemously dedicated "to God"! for the play has much of D'Annunzio, but remarkably little of Christ in it. It is true that priests figure in a temple in one scene, and polemical battles are very badly fought in public and during an orgy, which it is

a disgrace to produce on the stage; but except for that, and for the confused shouts of the multitude at the finish of the play of the name of "Cristo" coupled with those of some popular saints, we cannot see anything whatever even dimly shadowing a "Christian tragedy" anywhere. *The Ship* is reported as being under weigh for other countries; and doubtless, once "up anchor" she will visit our shores. We heartily wish she would remain where she is in her own port—viz., in the Tiber, and take up her permanent anchorage, if exist she must, near by her true sister ship—"The Cloacā Massima." R. E.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Complete Poetical Works of George Darley.
Edited, with an introduction, by RAMSAY COLLES.
(Routledge, 1s. net.)

GEORGE DARLEY died more than sixty years ago, yet Mr. Ramsay Colles's book is the first complete edition of the poet ever published. This fact is significant, and at the same time a challenge. Was Darley a great poet?—was he even a good minor one? A poet must be very poorly equipped indeed if he is never great in fragments, but Darley's numerous bursts of genuine inspiration failed to impress the public of his day, and his reputation, throughout his lifetime, was confined to his own small circle of fellow workers. Mr. Colles has succeeded, however, in unearthing Darley's poetical writings, and the volume may be accepted, therefore, as the final appeal of the poet for general recognition. Few admirers of good poetry will disagree with the verdicts of such widely differing personalities as Thomas Carlyle and Charles Lamb. The first-named referred appreciatively to Darley's "real lyrical genius"—the second singled him out for praise from amongst the numerous company that contributed to the *London Magazine*. Darley's life was comparatively uneventful. He was born in Dublin in 1795, educated at the local university, taking his degree in 1820, and two years later came to London and published his first volume of verse. "The Errors of Ecstasie and Other Pieces" was as undistinguished as it was ambitious, and it is not surprising that it was a failure. But it served to introduce him to the *London Magazine*, for by 1823 he was a regular contributor with Charles Lamb and others. In the circumstances it was easy to enlarge his circle of acquaintances, and soon Darley knew such men as Hood, Procter, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Allan Cunningham, and Talfourd. Later he became a constant writer for the *Athenæum*, and, if he failed as a poet, at any rate achieved success as a journalist. All the time, however, he made no secret of his ambition to become a recognised poet, and it is evident that his imagination was fired by the doings of his great contemporaries. Perhaps it was his especial misfortune to live in an age when great poets were plentiful and recognition was very difficult to obtain. But he never lost faith in himself, and continued to publish until he had several volumes to his credit. "Seven long years," he wrote to Miss Mitford, "I lived on a charitable saying of Coleridge's that he sometimes liked to take up 'Sylvia.'" This pathetic phrase expresses the nature of the man whose pen seemed too weak for his brain. His chance seemed to be near when Wordsworth and Coleridge were no longer to be counted upon for new work, but when these two poetical stars were fading another arose in the person of Alfred Tennyson, and the result was further obscurity for Darley. It cannot be said that the age erred. Darley was, undoubtedly, a poet, though not a great one. All his principal pieces contain many memorable lines. "Nepenthe" opens well

and weakens towards the close; "Thomas a'Becket" is a good historical play of more than average merit; and "Sylvia" is chiefly distinguished for its lyrics. But on the whole it is difficult to award conscientiously more than ordinary praise to his longer works. They never suggest continuity of inspiration. In his shorter pieces, however, there are some gems, and such fine lyrics as "I've Been Roaming," "It is not Beauty I demand," "The Enchanted Lyre," and the six syren songs justify Mr. Colles in his endeavour to gain a reputation for their author. The editor's introduction is a most interesting and important contribution to the history of poetry in the early part of the nineteenth century, and might be taken as a model by more pretentious preface writers. Darley is never likely to live, unless it be in anthologies, and that is tantamount to being buried alive. Mr. Ramsay Colles, however, is to be congratulated, and so are the publishers, for the book is remarkable, alike in text and make-up, while the price is astonishing even in this era of cheapness.

The Garden That I Love. Second Series. By ALFRED AUSTIN. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

SCORN it as we will, we cannot resist the suspicion that Mr. Austin is satirising himself with an admirable and acute candour. We have indeed scorned the notion, for our Laureates have seldom been men of humour, and we have argued that to suspect Mr. Alfred Austin of satirical purpose is to yield to an almost incredible extravagance of fancy. In vain we argue: surely he is satirising himself when he writes in this new series of papers: "The old that is really good and great is always new, and the new that is bad or mediocre is old the day after it is born." And, again, in this book of infinite complacency: "There is no inevitable connection between the goodness or badness of work, and the pains or pleasure a man takes in doing it." What purpose save a satirical one can the book serve? There are passages of conversation as deadly as the worst of Mr. Pinero's; witness this on the subject of the relative appreciation of Byron and Tennyson, the former of whom he terms the supreme modern master of words, and asks if the "Isles of Greece" is not the finest lyric in the language:

Would it not be interesting to enquire what these recurring oscillations of taste and preference depend on? In respect of what *Lamia* has been suggesting, I am disposed to suspect that the explanation is to be sought in the circumstance whether the age happens to be mainly masculine or predominantly feminine in character, etc., etc.

We will gladly concede that the passages concerned simply with gardens are frequently interesting, and reveal the pleasant familiarity with garden delights which the Poet Laureate's earlier books have made us acquainted with; but we do grow heartily tired of the constant transition, transition often most violent, abrupt, and astonishing, from flowers to books and from books to flowers. Nor can we honestly say that the volume is improved by the verses scattered through it. We will quote one sonnet, as clearly and fairly representative of the shoddy verse as the previous extracts of the shabby prose:

GREAT NUPTIALS.

Now for great nuptials let the bells be rung,
And immemorial symphonies resound,
From high-groined roof time-tattered bannerets hung,
And flowers round porch and pillar wreathed and wound,
For Soul with Mind is coming to be wed,
Feeling with Intellect to seal its troth,
Inseparable bond 'twixt heart and head,
With hierarch Wisdom dominating both.
A splendid offspring shall from them be born,
Poetry, first and noblest of the breed,
Sculpture, and Song, and Painting, to adorn
Cathedrals open unto every Creed:
Race that shall never older grow than now,
But wear eternal youth upon their brow.

Surely, surely, we conclude, in desperate perplexity, the whole book is an exquisite parody, and Mr. Austin is shaking at our dulness of apprehension!

Old English Sports. By F. W. HACKWOOD. (Fisher Unwin, 10s.)

It is not easy to read an account of some of the sports of our forefathers without falling into a mood which is more Pharasaic than Christian, and thanking Providence, in the first place, that the English world has gone past the phase in which it could take delight in the fighting of cocks and dogs, the baiting of bears and bulls, and the like pastimes; and, in the second place, that our own little span of life on the earth did not fall in those times, when we too, no doubt, would have delighted in these cruelties. A good deal of this book is occupied with such sports which have grown distasteful to us. It was, no doubt, necessary that they should occupy some space in a volume purporting to give anything like a true report of the sports of our ancestors; but we do not think it was necessary that they should occupy so much space as we find allotted to them here, and cannot believe that many will take delight in reading of them at such length. However, the author very properly expresses his reprobation of them, so it is to be supposed that he did not assign the different chapters and pages without due reflection. A great deal of the book makes far more pleasant reading. We do not imagine that Mr. Hackwood even supposes himself to have found anything very new to say on a subject which necessarily must be treated by way of compilation from the works of former writers, but on the whole he seems to have made his compilation judiciously enough, and is to be congratulated on his selection of illustrations, chiefly from old prints. Of course, he has laid hands on such authors as Strutt and Walker, and taken from them what suited his purpose, which is, shortly told, to give a brief and connected sketch of the amusements with which the English people have amused themselves since the days in which they began to be amused. He puts this period somewhere in or after the Norman era, saying that it is impossible the Saxons can have found amusement in life, and debating the very vexed question when, if ever, England really had a claim to be described as "Merrie"! He concludes, on evidence which does not appear very conclusive, that this golden date is to be placed in the days of "Good Queen Bess." Hunting, hawking, jousting (which includes a sketch of the conditions of chivalry in England), tilting at the quintain, archery, shooting with the gun, horse-racing, ball-play, single-stick, wrestling, prize-fighting, and so on, are all passed in review, so that the book is really very comprehensive so far as its scope extends. It is a useful work of reference for the mere superficial aspects and the outlines of the history of these sports. We could well have done with a little more of the hunting and a little less of the "baiting" and fighting to which we alluded at the beginning of this notice, but on the whole the compilation achieves its purpose well. There is one admirable point about the insertion of the plates, some of which are coloured in the crude hues of the originals, that a reference is given below each to the page of the text in which some account of its subject appears. Oh, would that all illustrations in all books were thus dealt with! We should do much less of vain seeking and turning of pages if it were so.

FICTION

Sheaves. By E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

A NEW novel by the author of "Dodo" must always awaken in us a certain speculative interest, and if we have found "Sheaves" a little disappointing, we are ready to acknowledge that Mr. Benson's latest book shows no falling away from his high standards of

careful writing and subtle characterisation. But something more than these admirable qualities is required to make a good novel, and, after carefully perusing "Sheaves," we should hesitate to absolve Mr. Benson of the charge of having written splendidly about nothing at all. Can a widow of forty-two, who has had experiences with a drunken husband, and a boyish man of twenty-four achieve the perfect love? This is the problem, if it be a problem, that supplies Mr. Benson with his story, and it appears to us that, for all the intensity and polish of Mr. Benson's style, there are moments when the accomplished novel-reader will find the self-questionings of his heroine a little tedious. We fancy the average reader will share the mental attitude of Hugh and wonder what on earth is the matter, and certainly the touching death of the heroine in Switzerland leaves that rather important question unanswered. The minor characters are admirable, and every page in the book bears tribute to Mr. Benson's cleverness; but we question, as Mr. Swinburne questioned of "Atalanta in Calydon," whether the whole is greater than any part of it, and we own to quitting the volume at the three-hundredth page with a lively sense of dissatisfaction.

The Individualist. By PHILIP GIBBS. (Grant Richards, 6s.)

ALTHOUGH Mr. Philip Gibbs has earned for himself an enviable distinction in several fields of literature, we believe this to be his first essay in fiction. As such the book is certain to appeal to a large and influential circle of readers. "The Individualist" is the kind of story that publishers like to describe as "a tale of love and politics." Really it is a study in personality, and as such is to be praised for a piece of earnest and, at times, brilliant workmanship. There are two outstanding portraits in the book—the portrait of a woman, Alicia Frensham, and the portrait of a man, Stretton Wingfield. Both these studies are finely executed, bold in colour and design and scrupulous in detail. Stretton sounds the keynote of the book. He is a young man with a very fervent temperament, and there is in him a perpetual unrest of latent yet constantly stirring energies. He is a mental adventurer. Alicia is a country schoolmistress, charming by nature and quite beautiful. As a child she has been nurtured on the pleasant doctrines of Agnosticism, "free thought," and extreme Radicalism—in a word, she is a child of "progress." By some curious mischance, however, "progress," as this subtle word is understood by the economists of Manchester and the orators of Hyde Park, has not stifled all the natural cravings of her womanhood and spirit. She longs to express herself, and Stretton Wingfield offers her the opportunity for such expression in the satisfaction of his own appetite. Afterwards, when Stretton is moulding and strengthening the political party of "Individualists," Alicia resides openly under his protection and is the companion and favourite of those who have entered into a political alliance with her lover. As might be foreseen, the *dénouement* is tragic for Alicia, though the book ends on a promise of after happiness. So much for the plot. We will not dilate upon the political portraits in the story. Some may regard them as purely artificial, whilst others may well think that they are too faithful to certain originals. One may have many minor points of difference from Mr. Gibbs, but it is impossible to deny that he has written a strong, sincere, and living piece of work. As a first novel, "The Individualist" is an achievement of which he should be justly proud. It would be interesting to know how a certain young politician, very popular with the illustrated papers and very unpopular with his colleagues, regards the book, but it is unlikely that we shall ever possess this knowledge.

Sally Bishop. A Romance. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

MR. TEMPLE THURSTON has in his dedicatory letter explained his misuse of the word "romance," which he applies with foolish defiance to his commonplace tale; and he has also kindly pointed out the two chapters which are most likely in his opinion to shock the reader. They do not, however, seem more shocking than many other chapters, which offend, not from their dreadful daring or frankness, but from the carelessness of the writing and the clumsy arrogance of the attitude that they express towards life. The story tells how an agreeable girl, Sally Bishop, who is the daughter of a country clergyman, is seduced by a callous barrister; how she lives with him for three years, is deserted, and eventually commits suicide. It is written with an aggressive peevishness, and its course is continually being stopped by the preaching of an unhealthy doctrine of discontent. When Mr. Thurston tries to be powerful he succeeds only in being brutal; when he tries to be gentle he immediately becomes sentimental. The result is as dreary a book as can well be imagined. It is an unpleasant story, unpleasantly and badly told.

Mothers in Israel. By J. S. FLETCHER. (Murray, 6s.)

MR. FLETCHER is always good when he writes about Yorkshire, and at his best when he writes about the people in a Yorkshire village, and that is his theme in the present novel. He knows their dialect as he knows their habits and country, and the result is a valuable and interesting book. He calls it a study in rustic amenities. The minister of Applemarney has been forced to take a year's holiday, and a rising young preacher, named Warwick, comes to the village to take his place. You meet him first in the neighbouring town, and drive with him in the carrier Joseph's cart (Joseph is also the village chapel-keeper) to Applemarney, and with him become acquainted with the members of the small community. The two chief deacons, Mr. Hancock and Mr. Gill, who own the biggest farms in the neighbourhood, immediately pay him a state call, and bring invitations from their wives to high tea for the two following afternoons. The gist of the tale lies in the rivalry of these two women; each desires to be first in importance at the chapel. When Mrs. Gill announces at a church meeting that she is anxious to give money to have the inside of the chapel redecorated and repainted, at the next meeting Mrs. Hancock, not to be outdone, steps forward with the proposal to give an American organ and a new pulpit. But there is a rival faction; and when the Hancocks' bailiff proposes that at the opening ceremonies the new organ shall be played, not by the little schoolmistress, as usual, but by the respective daughters of Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Hancock the proposal is vetoed by a large majority, and the trouble begins in earnest. For with the little schoolmistress Mr. Warwick, the earnest young minister, is deeply in love. The rivals conspire together, and how these Mothers in Israel, as they like to call themselves, are caught in their own snare, is very deftly told by Mr. Fletcher, who does not fail to bring out the humour of the whole situation, while he treats his subject with perfect seriousness. It is a good piece of work and will increase Mr. Fletcher's reputation.

The Pest. By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (John Long, 6s.)

"THE PEST" is the tale of a beautiful but scarcely edifying young woman, who runs away from the very earnest curate to whom she is married, and secures the position of mistress to a young and talented artist. In course of time her wiles cause him to fall desperately in love with her, but she suffers from an

unquenchable desire to go to the bad, and her subsequent adventures, as faithfully related by Mr. Teignmouth Shore, may fairly be described as lurid. The volume ends with the suicide of the artist, on his discovery of his mistress's falseness, and we are left to conclude that that lady fulfils the destiny that attends persons of her unhappy temperament. The work is rather crudely written, though it improves as it goes on, and the character of its heroine makes it decidedly unpleasant reading. But the pictures of seamy life in London are both vivid and convincing.

Love and the Minor. By RATHMELL WILSON. (Greening & Co., 3s. 6d.)

THIS is the story of Ralph Verton, the wild young novelist, who loves, and subsequently marries, the country vicar's beautiful daughter, cutting out the curate who loves the same lady. We confess ourselves at a loss to understand the author's purpose in writing this book. In places his style and the characters of whom he writes suggest that he is a conscious parodist of the affected love-story, but, on the whole, he appears to desire that his book should be taken seriously as a genuine expression of life. If it be parody, he has made the mistake of being too subtle; if it be romance, he would have aided his readers in the comprehension of his theme by writing about real men and women and employing a less elated style. It is a mysterious little book.

The Imbeciles. By L. LOCKHART LANG. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

AFTER a debauch of serious reading it is pleasant to come upon a book possessing the amiable if unthinking flippancy of "The Imbeciles." A wealthy valetudinarian, weary of doctors, massage, and electric baths, decides to live the natural life on a small island off the west of Scotland, a scheme which involves the wearing of skins and the pursuit of wild animals with spears and bows and arrows. His sister and wife accompany him, and the former light-heartedly invites a company of queer guests, who accept the scheme with varying enthusiasm. We should hesitate to say that, given this opening, Mr. Lockhart Lang has made the most of his opportunities, for many of the adventures of the islanders are mere clowning, and the seriousness of the love passages emphasises this defect. But the fooling, even when it is touched with satire, is always good-natured, and the book may be recommended to those who preserve a taste for frivolous and unimproving reading. For our part, we enjoyed it.

Demos Awakes. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. (John Long, 6s.)

ALAN MACDONALD, junior partner of a large firm of art porcelain manufacturers in Snaresborough, is engaged to be married to Helen Roberson, the daughter of the head of the business. A strike is imminent among the factory hands, and a paid agitator, one Ezekiel Odgers, is on his way from London to stir them to revolt. This is the condition of affairs when the story opens. Odgers turns out to be a rogue, and is in the pay of a greater scoundrel than himself. Together they plot the ruin of Macdonald, and are only frustrated by a fortunate accident. The characters are handled well, and the best is made of a not very original plot. It is doubtful whether a man, with a fairly promising career before him, would, however rascally by nature, undertake such a dangerous and criminal piece of villainy as he attributes to Odgers, even for the sake of a heavy bribe.

D R A M A

"DIANA OF DOBSON'S" AT THE
KINGSWAY THEATRE

MISS LENA ASHWELL is not only a distinguished actress but she is also a most adventurous lady. To start in management with a play by an unknown dramatist shows immense nerve, to follow it by another play also by an unknown dramatist is in the highest spirit of adventure; and I wish that I could think that the new play was worthy of its sponsor. Not that it is by any means a bad play; each of the acts is interesting in itself, but as a whole it is wanting in homogeneity. There are three distinct episodes in the play, spread over four acts—the second and third acts dealing with the same episode—but the fusion of the three parts hardly strikes one as being as inevitable as it should. Diana is an assistant in a low-class draper's store, who in the midst of her drudgery becomes the possessor of £300. She makes up her mind to "live" by the aid of it for one month. The month is spent at Pontresina at a fashionable hotel, where a young Guardsman with £600 a year, whose income is largely augmented by a worldly aunt, falls in love with her. She explains as she is returning to her drudgery who and what she is, and in the shock they part with mutual recriminations. In the last act they meet at night on the Embankment almost starving; she because she cannot get work, and he because he is unsuccessfully trying to prove to himself, what she has denied is the case, that he has a money value in the world. The end is obvious.

The play is likely to be a success for three reasons: one is the novelty of the first act, which shows us the dormitory at Dobson's stores, with the young ladies getting to bed. It is sufficiently realistic to please even Peeping Tom. Two, is the melodramatic scene of the last act, with its policeman and the derelicts on a seat. Three, is the admirable acting of everyone in the play.

Miss Ashwell is, of course, Diana. There is a simplicity about her acting, especially in the quieter scenes, that produces a feeling of reality which has more effect on an audience than many tracts on the unemployed could have, and which would, I believe, even touch the heart of a member of the Charity Organisation Society. In the more impassioned scene with her lover she rises to those heights of indignation that we know so well in Miss Ashwell. Mr. C. M. Hallard, as Captain the Hon. Victor Bretherton, was excellent. The folly of the affluent young man about town was splendidly depicted, and when that yielded to a fierce desire to prove himself a man, Mr. Hallard was equally good. Mr. Dennis Eadie gave us a study of the prosperous, newly Baroneted, "h"-less business organiser, that was almost startling in its truth, and the same may be said of Miss Beryl Mercer's old woman of the Embankment. Mr. Norman McKinnel did all there was to do with the part of the sympathetic policeman, and Miss Frances Ivor gave an admirable caricature of the worldly aunt, Mrs. Cantelupe. The assistants at Dobson's were wonderfully portrayed by Misses Nannie Bennett, Christine Silver, Muriel Vox, and Doris Lytton. I have said thus much about the acting and thus little about the play itself because I am sure that in this case Miss Cicely Hamilton, its author, much as she is to be congratulated on such a first play, is still more to be congratulated on having it presented with such an excellent cast.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

COCKNEY RHYMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I acknowledge great carelessness in having quoted "delight" as a word in which I hear and pronounce the consonant sound of "gh," or at any rate in which I ought to hear and pronounce it, for I can scarcely remember how long ago Professor Skeat taught me the proper spelling, and I thank him for having reminded me of it. However, I hope that the success of my letter may atone for my carelessness, since it produced three such interesting replies. As I fancy "T. S. O." may have divined, my main object was to offer him some opposition. I am not bigotedly assured of the truth of the thesis I was defending, though I think there is a good deal of truth in it. I am afraid that pressure of time will make my reply rather disjointed. I do pronounce "Lo!" differently from "low"—when I remember it, giving to the latter the consonant sound of "w" by completely closing the lips. I also make a difference in the final sound of "I," "eye," and "high," giving the second the sound of consonant "y," and to the last that of "gh." I repudiate in advance the charge of subserviency to spelling; your printer can corroborate my non-conformity. In the particular words that I quote I have justified myself for the occasion out of an obsolete dictionary, which is at hand. It shows corresponding differences in the words from which it pretends to derive them. I thoroughly distrust it and appeal to Professor Skeat. My care in pronunciation was originally a physical necessity similar to Demosthenes's, and is now also the expression of a wish to preserve and fix the subtly varying sounds of English. In these I think very much of the beauty of English poetry resides. I do not wish to "set up one poet against another"; some named by "T. S. O." I would not set up on any ground. But there are some, among whom I would certainly reckon Tennyson, so perfected by nature and training, that for me their practice is right, whatever etymology or prosody or grammar may have to say against it. There are others abundantly inspired, speaking to me out of the Burning Bush, whose practice I cannot accept as a law, notably Keats. Returning to "T. S. O.'s" letter more particularly, I must affirm that I do pronounce the "l" in "calm," the "p" in "psychology," and the "t" in "often." It is difficult to hear oneself, but I hope when I pronounce them that I do not emit the sounds produced by singers, actors, orators, and preachers on such occasions. I cannot admit that either of these classes offers a criterion for the pronunciation of English, nor do I think that "T. S. O." maintains that they do. Has not he heard well-trained singers sing "Arrum! Arrum, ye brave!"? Did he never hear the versicle in *The Corsican Brothers*: "You seem melancholly, Fabby-ang!" and Irving's pointed response: "I am mell'nk'ly"? The theory which I wish to advance is that "T. S. O." does himself pronounce the extra consonants, and that they are audible to foreigners, but not generally to us, because we are most of us phonetically deaf, not inarticulate. I cite as an example the deafness of the populace to certain consonants always pronounced by educated persons, and the deafness of educated persons to their own provincialisms in pronunciation which they deride in others, especially Cockneyism. I, of course, exaggerated "T. S. O.'s" original protest in order to make him answer the more technical parts of my letter. I fully agree with him that serious verse demands a beautiful pedantry in sounds. I would say, rather, that it is the natural pedant only who becomes the consummate poet. I repeat that I dislike "Cockney rhymes," but I still suggest that their use by such poets as Tennyson and Swinburne, in the full tide of their youthful inspiration, may indicate a natural change in the language such as those I quoted, which Professor Skeat has put back for us to the time of Lydgate. To Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie I must point out that I followed "T. S. O.'s" use of the term "Cockney rhymes," confining it to those which practically obliterate the consonant "r." These never occur in Milton; if they did I should accept them on the following principle: that rules of English spelling are not to be considered at all. If the sound represented by "r" on the Continent of Europe had to the ear of Milton so far faded out of such syllables that they rhymed to him pleasantly with syllables which never had the sound of "r," I should accept his taste as final. As regards "wool" and "pull," these are perfect rhymes, in spite of English prosodists; it is the spelling which is imperfect. I believe that "T. S. O." will agree. I submit that "falls" and "madrigals" were perfect also, if, as I believe, the last syllable of "madrigals" was

formerly pronounced as if written "—alls," though not perhaps actually so written. Perhaps someone will corroborate or refute this. At any rate, I fully agree with Mr. Abercrombie that "the ear" (of a great poet) "knows full well" "what rhymes are perfect." I beg him to excuse me for wresting his sentence; it still accords with the trend of his main argument, with which again I agree. You, sir, "T. S. O.," and I have not disagreed about allophonus *vowel* rhymes; we all accept them with pleasure. As regards allophonus *consonant* rhymes, I would with Mr. Abercrombie admit them when they *are*, "in their place, beautiful." Here, too, the poet takes the risk. I do contend that allophony should not be called "homophony," nor perfect rhymes "imperfect," because their spelling marks derivation, or caprice, or error, or chance, or nothing. I much regret that I cannot at the moment answer either of "T. S. O.'s" enquiries.

February 18.

L. L. A. S.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If Mr. Abercrombie had read my "protest," he would have seen that I made no objection to imperfect rhymes in general; on the contrary, I said they were sanctioned by practice and defensible in theory. I tried to draw a distinction, which may be summed up as follows. Rhymes like *over* and *cover* are unobjectionable in themselves, because the difference in pronunciation is clear; rhymes like *spirit* and *inherit* are doubtful, because readers may imagine that they are asked to say *sperrit*; rhymes like *dawn* and *morn*, *court* and *thought*, etc., are bad, because the speaker of Southern English will infallibly take them for perfect rhymes, which they are not. These last four words I am glad to find controverted by no one.

Prof. Skeat, to whom we all listen with deference, will probably tell us that words like *over* and *cover* were once perfect rhymes. Few people realise the changes that have occurred in English vocalisation since Shakespeare's day. Granting this, we have still to explain the continued use of such rhymes by our poets. When Tennyson closes the music of "In Memoriam" on the cadence:

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves—

I cannot believe that the italicised rhyme was chosen by him carelessly, or for want of a better, or in deference to some imaginary rule. I believe his ear liked the effect, as mine certainly does. But if he had supposed that any reader would wish to say *looves* or *muvs*, I believe he would not have used the rhyme.

Mrs. Browning is a beacon as to misuse of imperfect rhymes. Having perceived, I believe rightly, that their use is sometimes desirable, she deliberately adopted them wholesale, and defended herself for doing so. The result has been universal reprobation. I cannot agree with the total condemnation of her husband's rhyme-scheme in "Through the Metidja." It is a *tour de force*, by no means to be repeated, but we are the richer for having it. Browning's characteristic use of rhymes in general, and grotesque rhymes in particular, is a subject on which much might be said.

February 15.

T. S. O.

Allow me to disclaim responsibility for the spelling of "Shalott" in my last letter. Your printer seems to have thought the lady presided over an onion!

"INFAMOUS TREATMENT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you and your readers kindly give me your opinions on *this*?

I recently sent several poems to an illustrated London daily, which does insert verses in every issue. They were declined, *quite irrespective* of their merit, on the ground of my name not being well enough known! They only used, they said, poems by well-known writers. Do the following facts warrant my claim to be among those?

(1) I was called by Mr. Quiller-Couch "one of the sweetest of Devon singers now alive," and this in a *review* in the *Speaker*.

(2) The late H. D. Traill included me in his list of Minor Poets in the *Nineteenth Century* (March, 1892). Before doing this he read one of my volumes of verse.

(3) I was included in the last list published of living poets and in many anthologies.

(4) Mr. Churton Collins highly praised my Hexameters and a lyric I sent him.

To crown all, the paper in question constantly inserts poems with unknown names attached, including "Anon."! Is *he* a well-known poet?

F. B. DOVETON.

P.S.—If I am wrong in my protest I apologise all round, but if right I think I am infamously treated by the journal in question.

ROYAL AMATEUR ART SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society will be held this year, by kind permission of the Speaker and Mrs. Lowther, at the Speaker's House, Palace of Westminster, from 2nd to the 6th of April. Interesting prints of old Westminster, and a number of works of art by distinguished French amateurs, will be included in the Exhibition. The profits will be divided between London Nursing Charities and the Westminster Hospital Fund. Intending exhibitors are invited to communicate with the Hon. Mrs. Mallet, 38 Rutland Gate, S.W.

F. L. M. LYTE.

AN ENQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Can (and, if so, will) your contributor on Chinese and Japanese Fiction give me any information about a book which I have, entitled:

HAU KIOU CHOAN:

or

The Pleasing History.

A

Translation from the Chinese Language, to which are added, etc., etc.

In Four Vols.

London: Printed for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall Mall.

MDCCLXI.

Is it a real translation or is it a hoax? Whose work is it supposed to be, and is it particularly rare or precious?

I should be very grateful for any information, which I have sought in vain from other quarters.

H. PERRY ROBINSON.

"GENIUS LOCI"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The pretty article entitled "Genius Loci," published in your issue of January 25th, an appreciative review of Vernon Lee's "Sentimental Traveller," much amuses and surprises Vernon Lee's friends and admirers by assuming that the "Sentimental Traveller" is written by an old lady of the conventional pretty-old-age type that some of us have been fortunate enough to meet with in real life, gentle, delicate, white-haired, reminiscent, etc. A greater contrast to the real Vernon Lee could hardly be imagined. To begin with, the distinguished writer who shelters under the well-known pseudonym is not old. Her hair is still dark, she is active and vigorous physically as mentally, an appearance that belongs rather to the Mid-Victorian emancipated woman of the best intellectual type, clinging even now to a certain severity of costume and some masculine touches in the same, adopted by many leaders in thought amongst the women of the nineteenth century.

The depth and range of power in her conversation is rather masculine than feminine in its knowledge and general outlook; the true womanly in her finds expression in benevolent action; and the feminine grace that is within shows in the charm and grace of her writing, the pure literary art of a refined and subtle mind.

Your reviewer refers to "Irene's great-great-grandmother," and declares that in the book under review "all is sweet and gentle and touched with that indefinite grace which age alone can lend"; and again, "you cannot but feel in the presence of a very distinguished and beautiful old lady"; closing with "Age has lent her added grace and dignity, and has taken away none of the hopefulness and vitality which are supposed to belong to youth."

One feels in reading this in the presence of a very, very young person, to whom people of thirty are middle-aged and those of forty are quite old! But even this young person would, on seeing her, scarcely dub Vernon Lee "an old lady."

Surely this error should be corrected lest a myth form around a distinguished name to the confusion of future biographers!

February 8.

A CONTEMPORARY OF VERNON LEE.

[Our reviewer writes: "I endeavoured to express the impression which the volume of essays gave me. I much regret that any friend of the distinguished writer should find offence in my remarks, but venture to think that only those who measure age by the unreal standard of actual years could misunderstand the spirit in which those remarks were written."]

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND THEIR ASSISTANTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In December last you published some severe remarks on free libraries and their staffs, and pointed out that library assistants are greatly underpaid. The statement, being general, may be doubted by many readers. May I therefore draw attention to two recent advertisements, which show not only the wages offered, but what some library committees expect?

In September last the Leeds Public Library Committee invited:

Applications for the joint position of assistant librarian at the Central Library and librarian of a Branch Library. Previous experience in a Public Library and a knowledge of cataloguing necessary. Commencing salary £80 per annum, rising by annual increments of £5 to £100 per annum.

The Corporation of the County Borough of Sunderland are now going one better—or worse. They announce that they are about to appoint two assistant librarians to assist in the organisation of three branch libraries:

Applicants must produce proof of good education and a thorough training of at least five years in Public Library work, which is to include a practical knowledge of the Dewey System of Classification, and of cataloguing in English, Latin, and French. Commencing salary £65 per annum.

A rush for these appointments is evidently expected, as canvassing the committee is strictly prohibited.

It is, I think, clear that if the Corporation of the County Borough of Sunderland are justified in their action, then the Leeds Library Committee are open to the charge of recklessly squandering the ratepayers' money. But perhaps the Corporation of the County Borough of Sunderland think that there should be a reduction for taking a quantity!

When a Corporation offers twenty-five shillings a week to a man of good education, who has had five years' training in a public library, is able to catalogue books in three languages, and to classify works in the whole of human knowledge according to a special system, we are surely getting near enough to a sweating system to justify a strong protest.

The Corporation of the County Borough of Sunderland, however, are not satisfied with the above, for they stipulate that the successful candidates shall (presumably within their own time and at their own cost) take the Library Association Correspondence Classes.

In your article above referred to you stated that "the intellectual equipment of free library assistants is not greatly above that of a booking clerk at a railway station." The Corporation of the County Borough of Sunderland are determined that their library assistants shall have a much higher intellectual equipment, but they evidently do not mind the weekly wages being the same as those of the booking-office clerks.

We librarians may not all agree with your criticisms, but we certainly owe you a debt of gratitude for drawing attention to what is really becoming a public scandal.

February 15.

G. T. S.

"THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reply to those who argue that it has recently been discovered that the awful persecution of the early Protestants, if not an entire myth, was, at any rate, an exaggeration, I should like to ask by what recent discovery or curious manipulation of history has it been made out that all our ancient history is mistaken except by those whose interest it is to keep back such dreadful facts in history during the dark ages of Popery, when even kings trembled at the thunders which

proceeded from the seven hills of Rome (Rev. x. 4) during more than the twelve centuries of the predicted reign of Antichrist (2 Thess. ii. 4) which should "wear out the saints of the Most High" (Dan. vii. 25). Have they ever read the sad "History of the Pious Waldensian Church," by Dr. Wylie (published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., price 1s. 6d.), or Motley's "Dutch Republic, and the French inraids instigated by the various Popes of Rome"? As the Waldensian persecution was not stopped until the brave Oliver Cromwell threatened the Pope that the British guns should be heard in the streets of Rome if his cruel edict for their extinction were not rescinded (Macaulay), which soon brought him to his senses, so the Popish persecution did not cease in the Netherlands until Marlborough crushed the terrible power of Louis XIV., from which he never recovered, and thereby secured the Protestant succession of the English Crown, which was in danger of a Jacobite influence both in England and France. What shall we say of the human bonfires in our own country during the five years of "bloody" Queen Mary's reign? To show that the thirst for blood of that ten-horned dragon is as keen as ever it was, if only it had a chance to show it, the Papal Episcopal oath is as follows: "Heretics, schismatics (i.e., Protestants), and rebels to my said lord (i.e., the Pope) and his successors, I will to the utmost of my power persecute and wage war with." The mystical Babylon is so drunken with blood (Rev. xvii. 6) that she does not know she has been drinking. That system "builds up her Zion with blood, and her Jerusalem with iniquity" (Micah iii., 10).

History records the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, which seemed good unto that "first-born of Satan" Gregory XIII., so much so that he walked in procession from the Church of St. Peter's to the Church of St. Lewis, to return thanks to God for so happy a result, and caused several medals to be struck to perpetuate the memory of the event ("Fleury's Eccles. Hist.," vol. xxiii., book 170, p. 557). It seemed good unto the Popes of Rome, or Antichrist, to persecute unto death the poor, pious Waldenses, concerning whom the poet Milton exclaimed, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints!"—and to slay with all the refined horrors which men and devils could devise, in the dungeons of the Inquisition, many millions of the poor Protestants who preferred to obey God rather than man with his blasphemous pretensions. They realised Christ's prediction in John xvi. 2, "That whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." What that day will reveal "when the earth shall disclose her blood, and no more cover her slain!" (Isaiah xxvi. 21).

M.A.(CANTAB.).

[When Arthur Clennam was a little boy, he had to spend a great part of each Sunday with "a horrible tract," which "commenced business" by asking him "why he was going to Perdition . . . and which, for the further attraction of his infant mind, had a parenthesis in every other line with some such hiccupping reference as 2 Ep. Thess., c. iii., v. 6 and 7." It would seem that "M.A.(Cantab.)" must have passed his infancy under somewhat similar conditions. His apocalyptic references and interpretations recall a certain prophetic journal, which used to be—perhaps still is—full of the Ten-horned Dragon; though, so far as we can remember, the Horns pierced the Napoleonic Dynasty as frequently as the Papacy. "M.A. (Cantab.)" also recalls a delightful personage, one Andrew Fairservice, who spoke of the "muckle hure that sitteth upon the Seven Hills, as if ane were not enough for her auld hinder end." Seriously, we are not aware that anybody has denied the existence of the Marian Burnings, though we have heard the Elizabethan Disembowellings dismissed as purely political punishments. Perhaps Cromwell and the Puritans generally are not the most happy instances of toleration that could be chosen. The former, amidst many similar pieties, sold seven thousand of his countrymen into slavery in the West Indies: the régime of the saints of New England is too well known to need more than a reference.—ED.]

A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your reviewer is very much in error when he says that there is nothing to indicate that the thirty-eight sketches of which Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "Pocketful of Sixpences" consists are reprinted from the daily papers. Not all, but many, are reprinted from a daily paper—the *Manchester Guardian*—the rest appeared in the *Cornhill*, *Putnam's Monthly*, the *Albany Review*, and the *Optimist*. These facts are duly stated in a postscript at the end of the book.

February 18.

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- Liebich, Mrs. Franz. *Claude-Achille Debussy*. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.
 Gosse, Edmund. *Ibsen*. Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

- Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench*, 1908. Dean.
Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. Edited by J. Hastings. Vol. II. Clark, 21s. net.
London Diocese Book for 1908. Edited by the Rev. Prebendary Glendinning Nash. S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d. net.

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No. 1869

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LIFE AND LETTERS

It is a bootless task at present to comment in detail on Mr. McKenna's Education Bill. In the first place, it will be thoroughly shredded in and out of Parliament during some weeks, and we shall have further opportunities of dealing with it. In the second place, it strikes us, as it must strike the most superficial observer, that Mr. McKenna has very little desire, and no expectation, that it will ever become law. We are glad to find this impression confirmed by so observant a politician as Mr. C. A. Cripps, who is reported to have remarked immediately, "It is not intended to become law." It appears to us to be merely one of those feints which Mr. McKenna makes, in order to divert his supporters' attention from the designs dangerous to the Government, to which we alluded last week. The Bill has one incidental advantage, which has already been and will be further emphasised by the utterances of Mr. McKenna's partisans outside Parliament. It has acted as a searchlight on the designs of political-Nonconformity. Last week we asserted the determination of that party and of Mr. McKenna to cast education to the winds, so long as they can secure endowment for themselves. We contended that it is not efficiency in education that Mr. McKenna seeks, but the continued confidence of his political supporters. We are glad that our contention has been so notably corroborated. On Tuesday Mr. Balfour expressed our charge still more strongly: "Education you have sacrificed to the violence of your own religious prejudices."

The Bill has swelled the heads of the rank and file of the political-Nonconformists more than ever. They betray in every second utterance the designs which their leaders have so long attempted to conceal behind phrases. When they describe the Bill as "generous" they betray that they have always meant by "religious liberty" the power to abolish it. But it is only when they are flushed by the hope of victory that they dare to own their meaning, in the tortuous fashion permitted by their peculiar "conscience." Mr. McKenna shows that he knows well the agglomeration of turbulent sects with which he is connected in a sort of mutual leadership. Nothing is more likely to give him the whip hand over them than a prospect of exercising religious coercion. But the Bill holds out to them a further bait. Mr. McKenna, at least, knows well that their "conscientious" objections to the State-endowment of religion means a belief that Providence has designed them to enjoy a monopoly of it. We trust that the Bill will teach those mild persons who cry "Peace! peace!" the meaning of their phraseology. By entering the Bill and its favourable commentators

they have an opportunity of learning that in the political-Nonconformist language, "conscience" means party tactics, "persecution" means being restrained from persecuting others, and "sacrifices for education" means obstruction to any which is not paid for by some one else.

Let us consider more particularly one cry of the party, which the Bill satisfies: the abolition of religious tests for teachers. This has a liberal and broad-minded sound in the ears of Liberal voters. The Bill provides that: "An elementary school shall not be recognised as a public elementary school unless it is . . . a school in which no teacher employed is required, as a condition of his employment, to subscribe to any religious creed, or to belong or not to belong to any specified religious denomination, or to attend or abstain from attending any Sunday-school or place of religious worship, etc." The italics are ours. This would certainly enable a teacher to sue a Local Education Authority for dismissing him *on the ground* that he had changed his religion, if he were lucky enough to have sufficient means to pay his legal expenses, and were fool enough to waste his money on such an object. It would also prevent a Local Authority from stating that an applicant's religion was a bar to his appointment. But is there any teacher so stupid as to suppose that in the happy county of Merioneth, for instance, the apple of the Board of Education's eye, his scholastic qualifications would satisfy the Local Education Authority unless that body had first privately satisfied themselves in circuitous fashion that his religious opinions were consonant with those of Mr. McKenna and Mr. Davies? It is a truism that not only the Merioneth Authorities, but the vast majority of Local Authorities throughout England, and still more certainly throughout Wales, will privately enquire into the religious views of the candidates for teacherships, and will appoint them or not accordingly. Nor is there any more doubt that if a teacher, after appointment, took any prominent part in a religious body unpopular with the Local Authority—if, for instance, he taught in Merionethshire in a Church of England or Roman Catholic Sunday-school—that the Local Authority would contrive to get rid of him without contravening the law. This provision in the Bill is the merest blind. If it were not very difficult to a political-Nonconformist to think or speak straight, it would have been much simpler to have inserted a clause in the Bill frankly excluding Anglicans and Roman Catholics from teaching in public elementary schools in Wales, for if it ever became law, they would only be able to do so in practice until it had succeeded in starving out the Anglican and Roman Catholic schools, of whose efficiency Mr. McKenna reports highly. To kill by inanition many hundreds of schools such as these is the object which leaps to the eye in every clause of the Bill.

As to "persecution," it is the most valuable piece of stage property that political-Nonconformity possesses; it acts as a link between its internal religious animosities. Therein lies also an interesting psychological phenomenon. The political-Nonconformists use the word to conceal their unbounded religious licence, which they recognise with bitter disgust is largely due to the profound indifference of the rest of the world concerning their religious opinions. Like morbid schoolgirls, they crave the flattery of punishment. Those who might be attracted to study their minute internal differences as historical curiosities are deterred from doing so by the lightning changes to which they are subject. The student has scarcely succeeded in wriggling himself into the protean opinions of one sect, when he finds that it has already dissided into several others. Starting from a monstrous bibliolatry,

they are ceasing more and more to believe in the Bible at all. In one use of it alone are they constantly consistent. They always use it as a means of persecution, a weapon to break each other's and others peoples' heads. They now no more know nor care what they mean by "Simple Bible Teaching" than the writer of these notes. He personally has no objection to the endowment of purely secular education by a secular State; he would much prefer it to the endowment of "Simple Bible Teaching," *provided* facilities were given for the supply of all forms of denominational teaching, "Simple Bible Teaching" included, by those who desire them. Such facilities could be arranged without the least difficulty. The arrangement made between the clergy and ministers for use in the Church of England schools at Eastbourne, and in very many other places where Nonconformist teachers are especially engaged by Church managers to teach Nonconformist children, is evidence that no difficulties exist but those invented by political-Nonconformists. If the Bible is entirely excluded from the curriculum of public instruction, it will be because they only value it for use by themselves for their peculiar purposes. We do not believe for a moment that they would ever consent to the facilities which we suggest.

A correspondent writes: "With regard to the dedication of Groombridge Church in Kent, there is no mystery whatever. The patron saint is St. John, Evangelist. But, as the inscription surmounted by the Prince of Wales's feathers on the porch records, the edifice was rebuilt in 1625 as a thank-offering for the safe return from Spain of Prince Charles—none other, that is, than James I.'s son and successor, Charles I. Evelyn's (the diarist's) speculations as to whether or not the 'blessed Charles' of the inscription could possibly mean Cardinal Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, are entirely beside the mark."

It would seem that we have by no means heard the last of the "Casket letters" controversy. The last number of the *Scottish Historical Review* proves with what unabated vehemence writers like Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Duncan are still able, from their various standpoints, to wrangle over the question. But, after all, facts are better than arguments, and therefore Bishop Dowden's continuation of the annotated list of the Bishops of Glasgow is to be regarded as a solid, if less piquant, contribution to historic research. The period embraced by the present issue extends from the year 1316 to 1446.

Among the attractions of the *Architectural Review* for January is a hitherto unpublished letter of Augustus Welby Pugin's on the subject of spires and towers, illustrated, after the writer's custom, with pen-and-ink sketches. This communication, which is dated 1843, contains Pugin's renunciation of perpendicular: "I have fully made up my mind," he writes, "never again to build a church with four-centred arches and flattened roof. A tabulated list of spires is subjoined, valuable inasmuch as the writer's private fads are not too aggressively obtruded in it.

We trust that a good many people, more or less eminent (or notorious), whose names we will not mention, remember every night in saying their prayers to add the petition: "And please, God, bless little Dorothy Downing." The child may have been guilty of errors of judgment, but she has certainly shown herself a most admirable "posting station," and the people to whom we have alluded have advertised themselves with unusual taste and skill over the question as to whether little Dorothy is to go to the reformatory, or to be allowed to stay quietly at home—beating her mother. One of the good gentlemen who have taken an interest in the case writes that Dorothy has lately

included in her reading a book called "The Future of Submarines." He puts a mark of exclamation after the title, as if he would say: "Shall we be guilty of reforming a child who takes an interest in submarines?" But we are inclined to think that this interest of Dorothy's is about the blackest feature in her case; it is evident that in her reading, at all events, she requires much supervision and correction.

If we remember rightly, Carlyle, in estimating Dr. Johnson's character, lays stress above all things on the lexiographer's sincerity, or the success with which he cleared his mind of cant. If he heard a man telling lies, he said the fellow was a liar; and when he received Lord Chesterfield's famous letters of advice to his son, Johnson's criticism of the manners and morals therein inculcated was neither hesitating nor doubtful. It is a pity that the Doctor has had so few imitators; that the art of telling the plain truth about anything or anybody seems to be so difficult to mortals. For instance, the Rev. G. Bayfield Roberts has been delivering a lecture on "The Privy Council Judgments." It seems to be an admirable lecture; one trusts that no Bishop of the English Church will ever again have the insufferable impertinence to bid his clergy conform to Privy Council Ecclesiastical Law. Mr. Roberts leaves not so much as the bones of these famous Councillors; he analyses in detail the astounding mass of incompetency, ignorance, dishonesty, contradiction, and blundering which the Bishops used to refer to piously and grandly as "the Law of the Land," which is, perhaps, without parallel in the history of judicial proceedings. In the numerous cases which might be comprehended under the general title, *Nero v. the Christians*, there was no dispute as to the facts at all events; and many of the persons responsible for the sentence on Dreyfus were honestly convinced of that unfortunate officer's guilt.

Mr. Roberts's list of "contradictions, misquotations and false statements" is really quite surprising. To take a few of the choicer examples: in 1857 the Court said that "ornaments" meant (amongst other things) chasuble, cope, albe, and tunic; in 1871 the Court said that "ornaments" meant a "surplice only." In the same year, the Court, feeling humorous, we imagine, assigned certain Visitation Articles of Bishop Cosin's to the year 1687; Bishop Cosin having died in the year 1672, and the Articles having been really issued in 1627. In 1857 the Court "decided" that there had been no Prayer of Consecration in the English Rite from 1552 to 1662! It might with equal accuracy have "decided" that Queen Anne was not dead, and that the Moon is made of Green Cheese; the astonishing thing is that anybody dared to defend these wretched people, that anybody furnished with brains of the most elementary sort could speak of "judgments" which are a farrago of the most impudent falsehoods, and the most absurd blunders as constituting the "Law of the Land." And yet the lecturer hesitates over the late Bishop Stubbs's phrase as to the Judicial Committeemen's proceeding—"deliberate falsehood."

I do not for one moment suppose [he says] that Dr. Stubbs intended to imply any moral delinquency. That were incredible. Probably what he had in his mind was this . . . that the Judicial Committee allowed the question of public policy to enter into its deliberations, and considered that it was justified in so doing.

If it be not "moral delinquency" in a Judge of a High Court of Appeal, bound by the most solemn obligation to administer true justice, to corrupt that justice, and to prostitute it, and to do this knowingly and wilfully—then there is no such thing as moral delinquency on earth. Let us be sincere, let us be Johnsonian for once: these Judges were liars and scoundrels, and there's an end on't.

BEAUTY AND THE HUNTER

WHERE lurks the shining quarry, swift and shy,
 Immune, elusive, unsubstantial?
 In what dim forests of the soul, where call
 No birds, and no beasts creep? (the hunter's cry
 Wounds the deep darkness, and the low winds sigh
 Through avenues of trees whose faint leaves fall
 Down to the velvet ground, and like a pall
 The violet shadows cover all the sky.)

With what gold nets, what silver-pointed spears
 May we surprise her, what slim flutes inspire
 With breath of what serene enchanted air?—
 Wash we our star-ward gazing eyes with tears,
 Till on their pools (drawn by our white desire)
 She bend and look, and leave her image there.

A. D.

SINGING

NOR gold is mine nor prospering state
 Nor the gay soul that laughs at fate;
 Yet oft I deem it good to sing
 Until my humble rafters ring;
 And joy to feel each vigorous note
 Leaping from my supple throat.

Many delightful airs I know,
 Of major joy, of minor woe;
 Many a glad or mournful phrase
 Is woven through my chequered days:
 Melodies creeping like faint scents
 From ghosts of perished instruments;
 Songs of whose tenderness and fire
 The living soul can never tire.

But while great joy from these I gain,
 The unpremeditated strain
 Sometimes delighteth me the most—
 Singing that almost is a boast,
 Free and capricious as a bird's.
 Unclogged by any useless words,
 Arpeggio, run, cadenza, trill,
 I sing till I have sung my fill.

And thus I'll troll forth many a note
 Ere age hath seized my supple throat.

A. STEVENSON NICOL.

LITERATURE

A STUDY IN SHYNESS

Apologia Diffidentis. By W. COMPTON LEITH. (Lane, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is so good that it is a tragedy that it is not better. Mr. Compton Leith has a fine feeling for literature, genuine distinction of style—all the virtues most to be admired in an age of slipshod writing. He has winnowed his vocabulary in his rigorous search for the right word—the one word that shall so exactly express the idea in his mind without arousing any distracting “brain waves.” He has winnowed so carefully—sometimes so successfully. He has a passion for the pains of art. Evidence of it is on every page. But with so much to admire the result is not wholly admirable. The truth is, although it seems almost cruel to write it, Mr. Leith's book is dull. It is heavy, oppressive, tedious, benumbing to the faculties by reason of its obvious constant striving after perfection. After reading a few pages of Mr. Leith's “precious” prose one is possessed by a passionate longing for something less fine, less exquisite; just as the youth in Disraeli's novel, who confessed to like drinking bad wine sometimes, “Good wine is such a bore, you know.” There are several reasons why Mr. Compton Leith's overlaid sentences have this tedious effect. One is that he has not the art to conceal his artifice. *Ars est celare artem* is a maxim often quoted by those who have little or no art to conceal; Mr. Leith has art, but he does not conceal it. He is guilty of indecent exposure of the labour of authorship. Again, he seems to lack even the faintest glimmering of a sense of humour.

The subject of his book—an elaborate analysis of shyness in its pathological, physiological, and psychological aspects—can hardly be said to be an exhilarating subject, particularly when, as in this book, it is self-confessedly a record of actual experience. But it is possible to be shy and yet have a very strong sense of humour. In fact, it is the possession of humour that frequently makes people shy, since to see things humorously is generally to see things broadly and in their true proportions, and to see them in their true proportions frequently means that things that look to others immensely big appear to the humorous ridiculously small. And as shyness is often largely due to a sense of non-correspondence with environment, the man in whom a sense of humour preponderates, generally feels out of touch with the majority of people with whom he comes into contact.

There is no reason, then, that Mr. Compton Leith, suffering though he may the last torments of the ultra-shy, should not still have betrayed some evidence of humour which would have given light and shade to his book. As it is we must be satisfied to take his book in pieces and rest content with the “purple passages” scattered here and there, and with a really admirable analysis of the sensations and emotions of the shy man. The author is probably right in tracing to a physical cause the most acute form of shyness:

To me [he writes] this malady seems to arise from an antinomy between the physical and intellectual elements of the personality, from an unhappy marriage of mind and body, suffering the lower of the two partners to ruin the life of the higher by the continual friction of a hateful but indissoluble union. When the physical and mental natures in a man are happily attuned, there is a fair concord in his life, and the outward expression of his being is an unimpeded process to which, as to the functions of a healthy organism, no heedful thought is given. If both natures are of the finest temper, they find utterance in a noble amiability and ease of manner; if both are coarse in the grain, they blend in a naïve freedom of Sancho spreading himself in the duchess's boudoir.

In sober fact, indeed, it means that a man's shyness can often be traced to functional derangement of the

liver or stomach. But this is not the whole story. Most people, most Englishmen, at any rate, are shy—constitutionally shy. It is a part of the national character, and a part that is most readily misunderstood and misinterpreted. This shyness, as M. Taine (whom the author quotes) observes, is due to climatic conditions acting hardly upon a vigorous race, and partly to historical causes. In individuals it shows itself in various forms, sometimes assuming the aspect of overbearing aggressiveness, petulant rebellion, or brazen impudence. Sometimes it takes the form of absurd touchiness and sensitiveness, or excessive timidity and bashfulness in the presence of others. Sometimes, as in the case of the author, it takes the form of a terrible disease, blighting life, banishing every hope of intimacy with one's fellows, and causing the sufferer to move like a man possessed of a dark secret in a world of solitary fancies:

It has made my best years rich in misery; it has cut me off from marriage; it has compelled me, one hating vain complaint, to live querulously in the optative mood. Neither poverty nor sickness could chastise more heavily; for poverty is strong in numbers and sickness rich in sympathy, but diffidence reaps laughter and is alone. When such thoughts win dominion over the mind I could envy what sufferer you will his most awful punishment. For in his agony be sure there is movement and action; his limbs are torn, yet he is dragged onward; by his very writhing in the bonds he confesses his life. But I lie in some deadly limbus where nothing moves and all is mist without horizon, lost in an abhorred blankness of despair to which no positive suffering may be likened.

There will be many, no doubt, who will find some sort of morbid delight in thus having their painful sensations exposed. Mr. Compton Leith has thoroughly exploited the horrible side of the malady, but he has not succeeded in making shyness interesting. Nor has he dwelt on the many consolations of the shy. Literature and Art owe much to shy men, who, as creators in various branches, have chosen thus to express themselves to a world from rougher contact with which they frequently shrank. And in actual social intercourse a certain touch of diffidence has its charms. Shy people have often very engaging qualities, and they provide that element of surprise which adds zest to the meeting of one's fellows. Others may, perhaps, be read too easily. Their motives, their desires, may be too obvious. One may exploit them too soon. But with the shy man you are never quite sure. There may, of course, be nothing behind that diffident manner, but there is always the chance that there is, and that some day you may happen upon the secret. The shy man is the dark horse of life. He is the doer of the great unexpected things, and life would be poorer without him.

THE VICTIM OF A GENIUS

The King over the Water. By A. SHIELD AND ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, Green and Co., 15s. net.)

THE history of the later Stuart kings, being written by their enemies, has done them gross injustice, but in the case of him who by right of his birth was James the Third of England and Eighth of Scotland the family ill-luck took a novel and deeper plunge. Macaulay was bad enough, but Macaulay was a partisan who could be, and has been, exposed as such, and, effective writer though he was, he did not leave work with any stamp of immortality on it. But Thackeray was a great imaginative genius, and a master of language worth fifty Macaulays, and while there are any English left who care for these qualities his work must live. Thackeray, too, though bred in the Whig traditions and himself a Liberal candidate (fortunately defeated) for Parliament, was not really a retrospective partisan; and in his "Esmond" his sympathies as a creator are, on the whole, with the Tories. Moreover, there is

much evidence of historical reading and knowledge in the book, and long passages in it are sheer history. No reader, in fine, who was not previously warned, would refuse to accept the portrait of James, "convincing" as it is in its vividness and consistency, as reasonably fair and faithful—and yet that portrait is as cruel and wanton a libel as was ever made. Briefly, in "Esmond" James appears as an ungrateful, flippant, and irresponsible trifle, given to drink and gambling, for ever running after a woman; and, briefly, the real James was a slave to duty, an unwearied worker, a melancholy, temperate man, an upright and scrupulous gentleman in every particular. If he had had mistresses and bastards like his father and uncle, the standard of his time would not have condemned him, and it would be superficial in us to condemn him very strongly either; but the truth is he had none. The one charge of the kind brought against him was in his quarrel with his wife, where the evidence is all in his favour. It is a most astonishing perversion to be made by a great writer. How did Thackeray come to make it? Mr. Lang confesses in his preface that he does not know, and it must be useless for anyone else to enquire. It is clear, as he says, that the incidents in "Esmond" of James's levity with the Castlewoods, of his making love to Beatrix, crossing swords with Henry Esmond, and so on, are an unconscious reproduction of "Woodstock"; but the libel on James's character remains inexplicable. The sole explanation for it to be found here is that in extreme youth, when, with his sister, he delighted the Court of France with his grace and beauty, James had the high spirits natural to his age—which, poor gentleman, in the sorrows of his life, were not to keep him company for long—but nothing like levity in his purpose or viciousness in his life is recorded. One is driven to suppose that Thackeray imagined the Stuarts to be bad in a lump, all given to sensuality and ingratitude, and so to be safely depicted without enquiry. It is sad that such a wrong should have been done; it is lamentable it should have been done by Thackeray.

A book about a Stuart with Mr. Andrew Lang's authority for it cannot be other than fully informed and delicately inspired. He gives the credit for "most of the research, and almost all the writing," to Miss Shield, and the credit is great. It is an extremely interesting book; must be so, one would think, even to those who have not carried on (as this writer has) a sort of romantic interest in the Stuarts since they first read "Waverley." It is also extremely sad. From the wretchedly mismanaged '15 onwards the gloom thickens and thickens. Certainly at the beginning James and his adherents were justified in hoping. If he had not been a Roman Catholic, beyond doubt the tide in his favour would have been irresistible. It is merely ignorant to believe that the movements against the Stuarts were great popular movements. The English people loathed Oliver Cromwell, loathed Dutch William, above all, loathed the "wee German lairdie." But the fear of "Popery" did exist, strongly and widely, and on that James was fatally firm, even refusing to conciliate the Anglican clergy by allowing that his grandfather was a martyr. Even so, however, his cause might have won had it been better ordered: "the riding did it." His half-brother, the Duke of Berwick, whom Thackeray quite wrongly calls "the sword and buckler of the Stuart cause," might possibly have saved it, had he served it in the field instead of muddling it in council. But the Duke of Berwick was a French subject, the greatest soldier who had led French armies since Condé and Turenne, and he preferred that certain glory to a knight-errant gamble in Scotland. There is even worse to be said of him, for he associated with Lord Stair, and is said to have betrayed Jacobites to him. Bolingbroke might have

saved it, perhaps, had his character matched his intellect. But James looked in vain for a servant both capable and loyal.

Probably to most readers—we are so romantic—the most captivating part of the book will be the story of James's marriage with Clementina Sobieski, and of her rescue from Innsbruck by the gallant Captain Wogan. Mr. A. E. W. Mason has written a novel about it, and he too, by the way, if I remember rightly—and he will forgive me if I do not remember him quite so well as Thackeray—saddles poor James with a baseless intrigue. A miniature of Clementina is reproduced here—a pretty, rather appealing face—and her sons, too, who are very like her—Charles Edward and Henry—have their pictures in the book. James himself was said to be like his uncle, Charles the Second, but the frontispiece shows him, as a young man, far handsomer than Charles could ever have been. Clementina wearied of her melancholy husband, for ever writing useless letters to his adherents, and they quarrelled bitterly. Poor luckless couple!

G. S. S.

SOMEHOW GOOD

Somehow Good. By WILLIAM DE MORGAN. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THIS third work of Mr. de Morgan's has given us a standard by which we may judge him. "Joseph Vance" staggered us. We found in it certain rare qualities, not possessed in so marked a degree by any other modern writer of fiction. The style had a fluent carelessness, a disregard for the precisions dear to those who cultivate the art of writing English, a disregard that fascinated us and made us wonder whether those precisions were, after all, so much to be desired. The characterisation was inimitable. Old Vance, Dr. Thorp, Lossie, Joey Thorp—to mention only four out of many—were drawn with the certainty of Dickens, but without Dickens's exaggeration. Again, the writer evinced such an intimate knowledge of the life he described; his dialogue showed us (perhaps for the first time) how nearly a conversation may be set down in the words that would actually be spoken; the author's own observations were so witty and displayed such wonderful insight into the human mind, such rare powers of conveying a picture to the reader. Then came "Alice-for-Short," and we were just a shade disappointed. We found there, it is true, all those qualities which had delighted us before, but they seemed to lose occasionally something of their crispness and freshness. There was no character which appealed to us quite as old Vance appealed. Alice, herself, was very lovable and sweet, but not quite so lovable as Lossie. Nevertheless, though we placed "Alice-for-Short" second to "Joseph Vance," we placed it before other books of the year, and waited hopefully for its successor. This successor is "Somehow Good," and, as we have said, has given us a standard by which we may now fairly judge Mr. de Morgan's work.

The story begins with a nameless man in London, nameless only in so far as we are concerned, for his name is known, at the period, to the man himself. He is waiting for cabled credit on a London bank, and we are given a detailed account of his manner of spending his spare time. At the end of it he strikes up rather a curious friendship with a young lady of nineteen—twenty-five years his junior—in the Twopenny Tube, drops a half-crown, feels for it with his hand under the seat, receives a severe electric shock, and—loses his memory. The young lady, whom we come to know later as Sally, is instrumental in having the "half-electrocuted" man conveyed in a cab to the

door of her own home (a few minutes' walk from Shepherd's Bush station), and he is there seen by Sally's mother. This is the crowning coincidence of what was really a very remarkable series, since the nameless man is the husband of Sally's mother—which does not mean the same thing as saying that he was Sally's father. Twenty years before, Sally's mother had gone out to India to marry the man of her heart, "Gerry" Palliser. She had stayed with an infamous married couple before the ceremony, and had suffered the penalty of innocence. Twelve months after her marriage and four after the birth of her daughter, the young wife confided to her husband the whole horrible story. Palliser took it badly, left her and the child, tried to obtain a divorce, failed, finally disappeared to the uttermost ends of the earth, and stayed there until he reappears twenty years later in a state of partial electrocution and complete amnesia at his wife's villa in Shepherd's Bush.

If we are willing to take for granted all coincidences plus the electrocuted memory theory, we have a very interesting situation here, and the title allays any doubt as to the final settlement of affairs. But the story does not develop on sensational lines. Sally's mother marries the man without a memory, and when at last his memory is "electrocuted" back again by a galvanic battery on a pier at a small watering-place, she holds him without effort, and the final goal of her ill-doing is clearly demonstrated as somehow good. There are many other characters, but they do not affect the story to any appreciable extent. There is, for example, "Tishy" Sales-Wilson and all her family, to say nothing of the young man whom she ultimately marries. There is old Jack Roper, Colonel Lund, and that boy. The latter we know by the fact that "his nose twists, and gives him a presumptuous expression, and he has a front tooth out and puts his tongue through. Also his trousers are tied on with string." In the words of Major Roper, an "everlastin' young beggar, if ever there was one." Then there is Sally, otherwise known as the "Merpuddy" (*Anglicé*, a "seacat"), and the pale-haired Dr. Prosy, also known as Dr. Vereker, who marries her. Dr. Vereker also has an obtrusively self-sacrificing mother. These characters are one and all drawn to the life, perfectly realised, consistent, and human, but they are not very interesting, and are always getting in the way and stopping the story. Moreover, many of them remind us strongly of other characters in "Alice-for-Short."

It may be noticed that we have spoken of the two chief characters as "Sally's mother" and the "man without a memory." There is a reason for this, and it will be well for those who propose to read "Somehow Good," as we certainly advise everyone to do, to commit to memory the following brief *résumé* of the aliases of these two protagonists. Sally's mother began life as Miss Graythorpe; after her marriage she naturally became Mrs. Palliser; but when her husband left her she reassumed her maiden name under the style of Mrs. Graythorpe. On her return to England she took the name of Mrs. Nightingale, as a condition of a legacy left by an uncle. A complication arises here from the fact that Sally, her daughter, has been led to believe that Nightingale was her mother's maiden name and Graythorpe her rightful married name. However, when Sally's mother remarries her former husband she becomes Mrs. Fenwick, this being the name which has been wrongfully assigned to him on the evidence of a tattoo mark upon his arm, the name by which he has been generally known for the past twenty years being Harrison. It may be noted that the only name by which we never hear her spoken of throughout the book is the only one to which she has any proper right—viz., Mrs. Palliser. Mr. de Morgan appears to be developing a certain faculty for

obscuring the plot of his story, a faculty which we deprecate; and this confusion of names, which has to be patiently worked out in the course of the narrative, is an instance of this.

There are some finely graphic descriptions in "Somehow Good," and, before we make a note of that standard we have mentioned, we feel bound to give one quotation which shows our novelist at his best. It describes a thunderstorm, used in this instance as a metaphor for love, because it is "more intelligible in its beginnings . . . than it becomes when it is, so to speak, overhead." Here is the description:

We all know the clear-cut magnificence of the great thunder-cloud against the sky, its tremendous deliberation, its hills and valleys of curdling mist, fraught with, God knows what, potential of destruction in volts and ohms; the ceaseless muttering of its wrath as it speaks to its own heart, and its sullen secrets reverberate from cavern to cavern in the very core of its innermost blackness.

We know the last prismatic benediction of the sun it means to hide from us—the strange gleams of despairing light on other clouds—clouds that are not in it, mere outsiders or spectators. We can remember them after we have got home in time to avoid a wetting, and can get our moist water-colours out and do a recollection of them before they go out of our heads—or think we can.

But we know, too, that there comes a time of sudden wind and agitated panic of the trees, and then big, warm, preliminary drops, and then the first clap of thunder, clear in its own mind and full of purpose. Then the first downpour of rain, that isn't quite so clear, and wavers from a breathing space, till the tart reminder of the first swift, decisive lightning-flash recalls it to its duty, and it becomes a steady, intolerable torrent that empties roads and streets of passers-by and makes the gutters rivulets. And then the storm itself—flash upon flash, peal upon peal, up to the blinding and deafening climax, glare and thunderbolt in a breath. And then it's overhead, and we are sure something has been struck that time.

Now, what of our standard? It would seem to have shown us these things, firstly, that our original estimate of Mr. de Morgan as a brilliant psychologist is a correct one—but his range is limited. When we consider his three books together we begin to doubt whether he has any big surprise for us in the future. Secondly, we are confirmed in our original feeling that our author lacks something in constructive power. He does not tell a story quite so well as he might tell it, even on the assumption that his manner of treating the detail is the best possible. Thirdly, we find a strong tendency in the last book to exaggerate those peculiarities of style which charmed us in "Joseph Vance." The habit of ending a sentence with a preposition is one that we take no exception to, where any clearness is gained by so doing, but when we run up a lovely preposition at the end of a paragraph that has been cut off by a parenthetical sentence or two from the verb to which it rightly belongs, we think the habit in danger of becoming a vice.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these things—which we have, perhaps, insisted upon at too great length—Mr. de Morgan charms us in no ordinary degree. He has shown us his limitations in "Somehow Good," he has drawn particular attention to his own faults; but the book has much of the fascination of his two earlier works, and it is never dull in the sense in which other novels are dull, although we may sometimes wish that he would cut a little of the "cackle and come to the 'osses."

THE HISTORY OF FREEDOM

Historical Essays and Studies. By the first LORD ACTON. Edited by J. N. FIGGIS and R. V. LAURENCE. Two vols. (Macmillan, 10s. net each.)

THE custodian of a certain public library, on being asked for a book of religious philosophy, once gave the startling reply, "We keep no books here that are written with a bias."

The obvious retort was simply to point to that section where the shelves were laden with volumes of

history. But it may safely be asserted that few, if any, historical critics have been more free than Lord Acton from bias and prejudice. He was a passionate seeker after truth. He was the herald of a new spirit of inquiry and historical criticism. It is significant that whatever opposition his methods aroused came from those who, from motives of political and ecclesiastical expediency, deemed it wise that the whole truth should not always be laid bare. To a mind constituted like Acton's, it appeared that any given generation has nothing to fear, everything to gain, from the revelation of absolute facts, even in dealing with the worst actions, motives and passions of the men of former generations in their struggles for power, whether on the side of tyranny and oppression, or in the cause of freedom.

"I am sick of the men who are afraid of a scandal," he once wrote to Simpson.

Thus his attitude towards history was that of an incorruptible, impartial judge, sitting in a supreme court, determined that every tittle of evidence should be sifted to the uttermost. Writers of history were to him very much like witnesses at the bar, who should be subjected to the most severe cross-examination on oath. The like relentless scrutiny he applied to every form of historical document, manuscripts, letters, State-papers, pamphlets. Hence the uncompromising, and in many cases even severe, nature of his judgments. As the editors of these volumes point out in their able introduction, his notion of the sifting of evidence

was of the remorseless, scientific school of Germany, which sometimes perhaps expects more in the way of testimony than human life affords.

But when in possession of evidence he was very far removed from following the "scientific" historian, "whose ideal is to state facts and observe causes, but never to pronounce a sentence." He was equally opposed to the "sympathetic writer, who excuses everything by a facile reference to the moral atmosphere of the age he is representing."

As he wrote to Bishop Creighton:

You would hang a man of no position like Ravallac; but if what one hears is true, then Elizabeth asked the gaoler to murder Mary, and William III. ordered his Scots Minister to extirpate a clan. Here are the greatest names coupled with the greatest crimes. You would spare those criminals, for some mysterious reason. I would hang them higher than Hayman, for reasons of obvious justice, still higher for the sake of historical science.

A series of canons on historical criticism formed a postscript to this letter, with the unexpected headline:

ADVICE TO PERSONS ABOUT TO WRITE HISTORY—
DON'T.

There is something eminently humorous in this as written to Creighton. But the serious side is the strange fact—a great disappointment to many—that Lord Acton himself produced no *magnum opus*, seeing that his greatest contemporaries believed in him, and rightly, as a veritable giant of profound learning, and a past-master of criticism.

The editors of these volumes, in their introduction, give a sort of apologetic estimate of the causes which led to this limitation.

But, as Abbot Gasquet wrote in the Conclusion to his "Lord Acton and his Circle,"

the familiar praise of Acton as "the most erudite man of his generation," if unattested by any volume of his own, receives abundant illustration in these letters.

The same may be said, in greater degree, of these Essays, many of which may be considered a permanent contribution to historical criticism.

The Essay on Freedom in Antiquity has some observations very pertinent to present-day politics:

The most certain test, by which we judge whether a country is really free, is the amount of security enjoyed by minorities. Liberty by this definition is the essential condition and guardian of religion.

This aspect of liberty, the relation of the State to religion, ever formed part of Acton's perspective of history, and probably influenced his other and more circumscribed definition:

By liberty I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes to be his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion.

This may be an ideal for the individual, but a complete extension of the principle might lead to confusion, and place even the rejoicing individualist in the not altogether enviable position in which Acton found himself in his earlier days when he said:

I agree with nobody, and nobody agrees with me.

This extreme was a *transitional* phase, though Lord Acton retained to the end an "intense individuality" in his perpetual struggle for that measure of justice which is beyond the limits of human expectation.

In the Essay on Goldwin Smith's Irish History we find laid down principles of freedom which have a prophetic significance, when the trend of executive government is in the direction of a reactionary and dangerous absolutism.

The same may be said of the keen foresight with which, thirty years ago, Acton estimated the rising force of Socialism and its "baneful alliance" with democracy. He could hardly be said to have shared the optimism of Sir Erskine May, when he spoke of the promises of Socialism supplying the best energy of democracy:

Liberty has lost its spell: and democracy maintains itself by the promise of substantial gifts to the masses of the people.

Democracy claims . . . to be its own master, not a trustee. The old sovereigns of the world are exchanged for a new one, who may be flattered and deceived, but whom it is impossible to corrupt or to resist, and to whom must be rendered the things that are Caesar's and also the things that are God's.

The one pervading evil of democracy is the tyranny of the majority, or rather of that party, not always the majority, that succeeds by force or fraud, in carrying elections.

A second chamber has been found the essential security for freedom in every genuine democracy.

In view of the present struggle between Rome and "Modernism," the Essay on Conflicts with Rome, and its first estimate of the positions of Lamennais and Frohschammer will be read with deep interest. The story of Acton's own struggle with Rome is too well known to need more than a passing reference—how through all the controversy he remained staunch to the faith, refusing to be driven from communion, and how Abbot Gasquet recently wrote of him in words first said of Newman:

The highest authority in the Church now set the seal of approbation upon him—the clouds of past years had past away.

Lord Acton must have realised this when he was asked to give an address at the laying of the foundation stone of the Roman Cathedral in Westminster. Certainly impartial judgment could not pronounce that man to be a partisan who wrote the Essays on the Inquisition, the Borgias, and the Vatican Council.

Those who would compare Acton with his old master and life-long friend, Dr. Dollinger, will find much to interest them in the two essays on the work of that profound scholar. There is a remarkable coincidence between present criticism of Acton, and his own judgment of Dollinger:

Everybody has felt that his power was out of proportion to his work, and that he knew too much to write.

The Essays on the Rise and Fall of the Mexican Empire, and on the Franco-Prussian War are more than passing reviews of contemporary events. They form a learned contribution to permanent history. It is probable that some of the essays may not appeal to the historical expert, while two or three at least of the reviews are out of date. But we can imagine no better

mental training for any reader of history than a study of Lord Acton's methods of inquiry and criticisms as exemplified in these learned treatises. The teacher of history will find that these two volumes have a value as books of reference, which will aid his judgment on many constantly recurring historical problems—a reference made easy by the admirable indexes, which in themselves are a testimony to the immense range of Lord Acton's erudition.

THE AMAZING CANON

It is easy enough to sneer at the *laudator temporis acti*. Ours, we are told again and again, is a practical age, a busy age, which looks forward to the great achievements of the future, to the time when all the woes and hurts of man will be healed by a really efficient service of flying machines between London and Manchester. Sorrow and sighing, according to the *Daily Mail*, will not long abide the day of the turbine steamer, and machinery with reciprocating action will soon wipe away the tears from all our eyes. It may be so; and yet I think we should still keep a soft place in our hearts for the idealist. An old half-timbered house lacks many of the conveniences of a good West-end flat; and yet it has a grace that charms us in spite of ourselves, and of our cold, considered judgment. I should be very sorry if, passing along Holborn, I missed the sixteenth century frontage of Staple Inn; and I should be sorry, too, if anything happened to H. Hensley Henson, B.D., Hon. D.D. of Glasgow, Canon of Westminster. There are many things in his book "The National Church" (Macmillan) which remind me of tales about old gabled houses, and snow on the ground, and the carol singers chanting in very ancient modes on starry nights. Here, at all events, is a man who has not turned his back on the past, who is not ashamed to express his devotion for a bygone time, for ideals once honoured, now despised. Canon Henson makes no secret of his views as to the Golden Age of the English Church. Things certainly went very well in the time of Queen Elizabeth when, in the words of the Psalmist, they hewed down the carven work with axes and hammers, when the altars were replaced by the meanest tables procurable, when dust and dirt lay thick on the church floors, when the great mass of the clergy were ignoramuses chosen from the lowest of the people. But Laud and his fellow fanatics broke in on this fair design, and all was ruined; the churches were made at least decent, and scholarship was encouraged; in some cases the broken church windows were mended. The English people rose against such outrages as these; but then came the reaction under Charles II. It was not till William of Orange came to save us from "wooden-shoes and warming-pans and a foist" that the English Church entered into her Rest and her Reward, and found salvation in what Canon Henson calls "the tolerant wisdom" of Latitudinarianism. The eighteenth century, then, is the dear world of this ecclesiastic's desire, and all, he says, went well till the Tractarians, "feeble copyists of the Caroline Divines," began their evil work. I like the phrase "feeble copyists," especially as applied to such men as Keble, Pusey, Church, and above all to Newman. It is really "very soothing," as Mr. Pecksniff might say, to be assured that H. Hensley Henson, B.D. and D.D. (Glasgow), and Canon of Westminster, regards one of the greatest intellects of any age as a "feeble copyist." Canon Henson is more fortunate than Canon Kingsley. The lion is dead.

Well; the eighteenth century, then, is to be the model of the English Church: we are to look back

on it as the Jews looked back on the glorious reign of David, as the Britons looked back, sighing, on the days when King Arthur held his Court at Caerleon on Usk. Then, it seems, was the Church held in high honour and regard, in esteem from which it has sadly fallen:

Copes, mitres, and pastoral staves have a fine effect in processions, photographs, and pageants, but they are a poor substitute for the deference and regard which once invested the episcopal office in the Reformed Church of England.

Indeed this is a sorry change—we have ecclesiastics in their proper vestments instead of those glorious Georgian prelates who enjoyed vast incomes, who never thought of travelling save in a coach and four, who provided for their nephews so handsomely. In this golden age there was a certain Welsh diocese, the total income of which (all benefices included) was £29,000. The bishop, his relatives and friends, absorbed £20,000 between them, leaving £9,000 for the rest of the clergy. Those were great days truly; when there was no nonsense about the Holy Catholic Church (a “figment of devout fancy,” according to Mr. Henson), no stuff about the gift of the Holy Ghost through the laying on of hands, no claim on the part of the episcopate to exercise “an authority derived from sources unknown to the Constitution”—is it possible, by the way, that there are miscreants now in episcopal form who deny that the House of Commons is the source of all grace?—only a perfect reliance on the Whig Minister of the day, a perfect confidence that if you stuck to Whiggery, Whiggery would stick to you.

One must remember that in the eighteenth century the Industrial System was fast growing up. The foundations of the great dreary region of the slums were being laid, the population was increasing, England was beginning to turn black. And the bishops were regarded with “deference and regard,” as Canon Henson says—and did nothing whatever. From week end to week end, with rare exceptions, the churches were shut tight, from year to year the poor were neglected, the gallows reaped its abominable harvest, the English folk became more and more brutal (see Hogarth and Smollett on this point, if you are doubtful), the clergy became divided into two classes—the rich, idle pluralist and the hungry curate—but still the bishops were held in “deference and regard.” Of course, the poor people, patient for a long time, fled at last by thousands into the camp of Methodism; dissent, which the later Caroline divines had almost extinguished, gained new life, Englishmen were estranged from the church of their fathers: still, the bishops were invested with “deference and regard.” It is right to record in these pages the existence of an ecclesiastic of the English Church who looks back with longing on a period which most Churchmen, high and low alike, regard with shame and penitence. One understands the Tory enthusiast, the Radical enthusiast, and the Socialist enthusiast: but this gentleman, who burns for the days of Whiggery—this is really a curiosity. But he is, without doubt, a genuine specimen. He was once in charge of a church where there was a daily service, and he observed with equal contempt the smallness of the congregation, and the fact that, such as it was, it was composed of women, who, he says, would have been more Christianly employed in their domestic duties. He does not give us any reasons for his supposition that these women were neglecting their domestic duties; this is taken for granted. There was once an Apostle who objected to the horrible waste of a box of ointment that might have been sold for the benefit of the poor; there was once a woman named Martha, who scolded her sister Mary for this

very neglect of domestic duties. Again I must say that this person in Holy Orders of the Catholic Church is a genuine curiosity.

I must examine some of his statements in detail. He says that the authors of the Reformation staked everything “on a forward movement away from the authoritative past.” Here is the witness of the Book of Common Prayer:

Alterations . . . secretly striking at some established doctrine or laudable practice of the Church of England, or indeed of the whole Catholick Church of Christ.—*The Preface.*

This godly and decent order of the ancient Fathers.

An Order for Prayer . . . much agreeable to the mind and purpose of the old Fathers.—*Concerning the Service of the Church.*

They ought to have reverence of them [Ceremonies] for their antiquity, if they will declare themselves to be more studious of unity and concord, than of innovations and new-fangleness, which . . . is always to be eschewed.—*Of Ceremonies.*

Dost thou believe in . . . the Holy Catholick Church?—*Publick Baptism of Infants.*

Brethren, in the Primitive Church there was a godly discipline . . . until the said discipline may be restored again, which is much to be wished.—*A Communion.*

The ancient Canons command.—*The Consecration of Bishops.*

As the school-authors say.—*Art. XIII.*

As Saint Augustine saith.—*Art. XXIX.*

It is a thing plainly repugnant to . . . the custom of the Primitive Church.—*Art. XXIV.*

It is evident unto all men diligently reading the . . . ancient authors. . . . Which Offices were evermore held in such reverend estimation. . . . And therefore to the intent that these Orders may be continued.—*Preface to Ordinal.*

Such is the evidence for the proposition that the Reformation implied a “forward movement away from the authoritative past”; these constantly recurring appeals to ancient authority, custom, and tradition.

Again, Canon Henson is interesting when he deals with the sacraments of the Church, with the whole sacramental idea. Quoting “a thoughtful American Divine” he speaks of the mischiefs of the “Latin Theory,” of grace as “a subtle quality conveyed to man from without through material agencies”; in another place he speaks of the ancient ritual of Confirmation as “solemn trifling.” One would be pleased to hear how the Canon reconciles these opinions with the official teaching of the Church of England as to Baptism and the Eucharist; it would be even more satisfactory to hear him on the contrast between his doctrines and the whole teaching and atmosphere of the New Testament. If grace is not given through “material agencies,” why were the two chief sacraments instituted, why did the Christ anoint the blind man’s eyes with clay, why were the disciples to anoint the sick with oil, why were the Christians to bathe in pure water before the Eucharist, why were persons healed by objects that St. Paul had touched, why did the Apostles “lay hands” on St. Stephen and the rest, why is it written that Peter and John laid their hands on certain of the baptised, who then “received the Holy Ghost,” it being expressly stated that “through the laying on of the Apostles’ hands the Holy Ghost was given,” what is the meaning of the passage “and when Paul had laid his hand upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them”? Were all these statements inserted by some unscrupulous, crafty martyr of the second century?

There are many gems scattered through the book. One reads of the “gloom of mediæval asceticism,” for example; and one wonders whether Canon Henson has heard of St. Francis of Assisi and his followers, who were perhaps the most cheerful men who have ever lived. In another place there is a contemptuous comparison between the intelligence of the Middle

Ages and of the present time; there is an "abyss," the Canon says, between the two worlds. There is, indeed; there is a vast abyss between the "Morte d'Arthur" and the *Penny Novelette*, between *Everyman* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, between Westminster Abbey and the Tabernacle in the Tottenham Court Road, between the "Divine Comedy" and Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," between *Missa Rex Splendens* and Barnby in B flat—between the "Imitatio" and "The National Church." There is, indeed, *magnum chaos*, a great gulf fixed between the thirteenth century and the twentieth, an abyss well-nigh as deep as hell itself. Poor silly men of old days, how must we pity you whose only picture gallery was the glowing wall about the altar, the saints in the painted windows; we can buy every morning a paper, quite full of photographic reproductions, all for a halfpenny. As the Canon says, there is an abyss between the old times and the new.

And here is another pleasing point. The average country parson will be glad to hear on the authority of Canon Henson that he is "a man of the most meagre abilities" who thinks that the word "schism" in the Litany means dissent. Our author does not directly inform us what "schism" does mean; but on another page we learn that the Church of England, guided by the "principles of our constitution," has returned "to the Apostolic view of schism as a disloyal and self-asserting temper . . . not specifically tied to any expression." In other words, then, a "schismatic" is simply a cross fellow; and St. Ignatius, who was martyred c. 107 A.D., who was the disciple of St. John the Divine, was a mere driveller, no better than a Ritualist, when he wrote to St. Polycarp:

Hearken ye all unto the Bishops that God also may hearken to you. My life be security for those who submit to their Bishop, Presbyters, and Deacons. And may my portion be together with theirs in God.

Which, then, is the better authority on the Apostolic view of schism; "Ignatius, the disciple of the Apostle John, a man in all things like unto the Apostles," Governor of the Church of Antioch, delivered to the wild beasts on the day before the Calends of January, Sura and Senecius being the second time Consuls of the Romans—or, H. Hensley Henson, B.D., D.D. (Glasgow), Canon of Westminster? But I forget: Ignatius, the disciple of the Apostle John, had not the inestimable privilege of living under the rule of the House of Commons; he professed to exercise "an authority derived from sources unknown to the constitution." And, horrible to relate—for H. Hensley Henson, B.D., has but a poor opinion of relics—the remains of his body "were carried to Antioch, and wrapped in linen, as an inestimable treasure left to the Holy Church, by the grace which was in the martyr." Still, as H. Hensley Henson, B.D., points out, there are now dissenting preachers holding office as chaplains in the British Army; and this, of course, proves, as he says, that there is no such sin as schism. And one presumes that, since the British Army salutes, or did recently salute, the Host in Malta, and the Holy Carpet at Cairo, that Roman Catholics and Mahometans are really very good Anglicans. And one may conclude that if Mumbo Jumbo ever became of importance to British interests the British Army would furnish a guard of honour to the ceremonies of the Fetish Grove; and so the King of Borrioboolah Gah and his subjects would thereby receive admission into the great tolerant fold of our dear National Church—without prejudice, of course, to the religious views of the monarch of the Cannibal Islands. And one must not forget that Canon Henson is seriously perturbed by the case of the Shoreditch Sisterhood. It fell out last summer that a number of utterly false

accusations were levelled against these vowed sisters; the accusations were disproved in open court, judge and jury agreed that in none of them was there the shadow of the truth. But the "Protestant" scum rose, as it rose in the days of the Gordon Riots, and the Canon sees in the foul ingratitude of these beasts in human form the great Puritan heart of England still beating! Let us leave him with all the advantage of this fair argument; let us congratulate him and his cause on the worthiness of their allies. They have not altered in the course of time: they murdered Laud, they martyred King Charles, they committed every hideous atrocity in the days of George III., they obeyed the call of that Apostolic man, Jackson, Bishop of London, in the last century, they were still stout Protestants a year ago at Shoreditch. Protestants, one understands, do not approve of saints; if this were not so they should certainly set up (at Westminster) the images of Jezebel, and of the Impenitent Thief, who, with the House of Commons, appear to be the final arbiters of the "National Church."

Fair, indeed, are the prospects of any institution which looks to the House of Commons for grace and direction; and yet it is from this body that Canon Henson seems to think that our Church derives what shadow of authority he is willing to leave it. Let it be remembered that it is the House of Commons which is directly responsible for the horrors of the last three hundred years. The savage statutes of King Henry VIII., the spoliations of Edward VI., the burnings of the wretched Hot Gospellers in Queen Mary's reign, the disembowelling of Roman Catholic priests under Elizabeth, the witch persecutions of the seventeenth century (checked, by the way, by Laud), the quite abominable and devilish penal code of the Georgian era, the toleration of the infamous factory system of slavery—all the hideous crimes that have oppressed England for the last three centuries are directly due to this body of accursed hypocrites, to these precious representatives of the "Popular Will," who have grown fat on the stench of fraud and murder and cruelty. And Jonadab, M.P. for Stinkville, is to be the apostolic source from which our bishops, priests, and deacons are to derive their order; and our altars are to be decked so as to satisfy the taste of William Sikes, Esquire, the popular representative of the murderers of the Jago. And one presumes that the members for the Sunday Closing Burghs will shortly bring in a brief Bill to amend the Psalm, so that we may read, "wine that maketh *bad* the heart of man"; and—well, we have no right to disenfranchise Soho, and one must confess that the world has moved since the days of the Ten Commandments.

Canon Hensley Henson was once present at the "Ordinance" according to the ritual of the Presbyterian Kirk. He says that the effect, the elements being received sitting, was "rather congregational and social than anything else." Which is also very soothing.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

OLD PARIS

THERE is very little left of Old Paris. Save the churches and a few public buildings, nearly everything has been swept away. Fournier, one of the few historians of Old Paris, who combined genuine erudition with a sense of style, wrote wittily, "*Pour rajeunir Paris, on le rase!*" Even Old France is a ruin.

But Paris has for so many years inspired such deep affection, not only among its native inhabitants,

but in the hearts of nearly all who know her at all well, that any part of her which is not absolutely modern and of yesterday's date is lovingly termed old, just as one says "old boy" or "old girl" to relatively young persons, with whom pleasant, if quite recent, remembrances are associated.

Monsieur Drumont, in "Mon Vieux Paris," Monsieur Sardou, in numberless articles and prefaces, Monsieur Georges Cain, in the volume before us, "Nooks and Corners of Old Paris," become dithyrambic and lyrical in describing and recalling a Paris which is not older than some people living to-day, or others whom we have known in the flesh. It may be questioned whether the story they tell has really the interest that they imagine it to have. One might, perhaps, be justified in accusing them of exaggerating the attractions to which they have constituted themselves the guides. Paris has ever been a show place with the multiple charms of which the eager and unsophisticated foreigner was expected to be dazzled, and this has given birth to a large and ever increasing body of professional expositors of the beauties and artistic treasures of Paris, some of whom are distinguished by a gold band round their caps and a number on their arms, while others wear the green-braided uniform and Court sword of Academicians. But they are all equally in the business. It is a corporation. Certain tricks of phraseology and style seem to indicate the existence of an *esprit de corps*, an unwritten but rigid etiquette prevailing amongst them. Monsieur Georges Cain dedicates his work to A. G. Lenôtre, another active member of the clan, "in token of most sincere affection." Monsieur Sardou, in the preface which he contributes, tells us that his excellent friend Georges Cain is "the worthy inheritor of the talent of his father and grandfather," "the most enlightened guide possible in matters of Parisian lore," that he has written a "bewitching book," and, of course, the author of this bewitching book cannot do less than refer to Sardou as his "master," to Funck Brentano as the "exquisite historian of the Bastille," to Le Vayer as the "erudite and obliging" Curator of the City of Paris Library (quite true, by the way); Monsieur Périer, the Director of the Muséum, is "eminent"; Mdlle. Madeleine Lemaire is a "noble artist," even Renan is an "eminent philosopher"; only Dante, who in 1304 "attended one of the numerous schools of the Rue du Fouarre," gets no kind of compliment. Now and then a rift appears in the lute; this happy family is not wholly exempt from jars, witness the dispute which arose a week ago between the "illustrious" Sardou and the "exquisite" Funck Brentano as to whether or not Louis XIV. would have kept his hat on in the presence of ladies at his own Court. This was *à propos* of the "Affaire des Poisons," upon which Sardou has written a play, and M. Funck Brentano a book. The excessive irritation displayed by M. Sardou at M. Funck Brentano's very courteously worded criticism—he contended that, contrary to what happened in the play, Louis XIV. would have removed his hat even in the presence of his own chambermaids—suggested that over and above the merits of the question, the log-rolling etiquette of the corporation of writers upon Old Paris had received a rude shock.

Old Paris hardly predates the Revolution. With the exceptions already referred to, to which the Place des Vosges may be added, what remains of Old Paris which is more than a century old is slight and proportionately uninteresting. The late Baron Haussmann destroyed vast tracts of the picturesque Old Paris—much of which was mediæval—which was known to our grandfathers, and though he set up a monstrous sort of Frankenstein city in its stead, the carting away and burial of the dead Paris was a hygienic and in

many respects an æsthetic necessity, which had long made itself imperiously felt. What he spared was not more than sixty or seventy years old, and, of course, in many cases, was traditionally associated with the tragic scenes of the Revolution. Unfortunately, the Chamber of Horrors interest which appeals so strongly to the melodramatic instinct of that illustrious old "pipelet" of genius, Monsieur Victorien Sardou, is not an admirable thing in itself, and it cannot take the place of the beauty interest which would have been felt had a real Old Paris been still in existence. To be shown an ugly and time-stained door, and to be told that out of it came Danton after his arrest, a few hours before his execution, must, of course, rouse a certain curiosity in the antiquarian breast, but the spectacle of a hangman's rope, or gruesome relic of a similar kind will do as little and as much. A walk with Monsieur Georges Cain to the several nooks and corners of Old Paris, which he describes and belauds, would no doubt prove amusing to schoolboys on a holiday, and would help to teach them history, but to the average traveller athirst for the splendid vestiges of the past it would probably prove rather dull. Perhaps it is a dim consciousness of the limitations of the task that the author has set himself which makes him adopt a gushing and exaggerated style like that of a showman at a fair. To those, however, who are interested in gaining at least a superficial knowledge of what Paris has to boast of in the way of old and historic buildings, his book, which Mr. Frederick Lawton has translated with exceptional skill, may be heartily recommended, and the illustrations are excellent.

ROWLAND STRONG.

THE SINCERITY OF PLURAL PERSONALITY

IN studying literature the question often arises "Is this sincere?" followed by the other question "Is sincerity necessary to great art?"; and fine verse and prose tantalize us when we would answer.

At first it seems quite clear that the greatest poetry must be written with a pen dipped in the heart's blood, and, to take the chiefest instance, that the joy and tragedy of love must have been personally experienced before they can be sung in real music. We feel, at any rate, on this of all themes, that to treat it as an "outsider" is synonymous with inevitable failure. Yet the matter is not quite so obvious, and cannot be dismissed as simply as that.

Many human beings who enjoy, and suffer, and love with utmost intensity are dumb, and others whose actual experience may have been stunted and limited are endowed with so powerful an imagination as to possess the mystery of effectual expression. (An almost classic instance of "imagined experience" would, of course, be found in the impassioned utterance of Emily Brontë.)

That is why it is probably impertinent and idle from the point of view of art to go on wondering what persons are referred to, and whether such an event was a fact or not—be we considering the Sonnets of Shakespeare or the very minor poetry of one of our contemporaries.

Sincerity need not imply autobiography, and to many a true artist the symbol is a stronger force than the incidental facts. This is specially true of religion. To imaginative thinkers the great symbols of Incarnation, Crucifixion, Resurrection have far more powerful sway over mind and life than any amount of exegetic "evidences" of dated local history.

À propos of religion, how often do readers of modern French poetry ask: "Is Verlaine's 'Sagesse'

sincere? Was he really converted? Did he, then, so infinitely prefer the love of God to the love of women?" And the answer: "Oh! yes, it was true while it lasted, but he relapsed again," does not satisfy.

For science is beginning to confirm, what seemed for a time but a vagary of "Psychical Research," the doctrine of multiple personality. Long ago, philosophy, and even religion, had discarded the childish division of human beings into good and bad, white and black, sheep and goats. Then we got on a little further, and concluded that we *each* of us were good and bad, white and black, Jekyll and Hyde! But there are more than two people in one, for each combines (in what seemed an individuality) many characters, which cannot be sorted into two simple ethical divisions.

It is thus that contradictory contrasts are simultaneously—not alternately—combined in the same life and character.

Take spirituality and sensuality. Though neither of them is wholly "good" nor "bad," these two attributes were supposed to be in such conflict, and so mutually exclusive, as to be irreconcilable in the same temperament. Now, with a rather deeper knowledge of psychology, we find that they constantly go together, a vivid imagination understanding and necessitating the experience of both these tendencies.

Again, egoism and altruism were always opposed, till we began to see that self-sacrifice and a deeper self-realisation may coincide, just as in sociology collectivism and a truer individuality go together. These are but crude instances, and the mystery is more intangible and elusive than that. Yet, even in quoting these rough illustrations, we must remember that the point we insist on is the presence of simultaneous, not alternate, contrasts, so that one character is Pagan and Christian, proud and humble, selfish and unselfish, rapturous and despairing, in the *same* hour—nay, in the same minute of time.

It has been said that herein lay the wisdom of polytheism, and now we need a yet wider pantheon than that of Olympus; a ritual so wide as to combine the worship of the Virgin Mary and of her former enemy, Aphrodite; a religion embracing the ecstasies of Himalayan mystics and the voracious materialism of severest physical science.

I fear we shall hardly be able to take the advice of Epictetus that "a man should be *one* man," unless we carry the idea to its logical (and mystical) conclusion, and say that unity is multiplicity, as God is man.

This thought helps us to understand so much both in life and art which otherwise would seem incomprehensible, and to find the impertinent inquiry: "Did he really mean what he wrote?" "Was she consistent in the way she acted?" sadly ineffectual in coping with the awe-filled problems of emotional life, the myriad intricacies of art in literature.

One has barely suggested an idea before a host of exceptions spring up in one's own remembrance; yet they are not only inevitable, but welcome. Let us select an instance, almost at random. The "decadent's" deliberate *concoction* of emotion, of Satanic pleasures by means of drugs, of Catholic devotion through the scent of incense, is too degenerate to count either as truth of experience or truth of imagination. For surely, health is a part of truth, though disease may be a factor of realism, and therefore the devils of disease must be ejected from the polytheist temple of multiple personality, in which house, however, no empty "mansions," no neglected shrines must be left. The fuller, the more varied in colour, is the vivific experience of worship, the stronger will be the presence of health-giving Truth, the greater the beloved benediction of Beauty.

ALBERTA V. MONTGOMERY.

A CATALOGUER INCOMPLETE

LAST week, with greater benevolence than knowledge, I offered to catalogue for a friend the contents of nine large packing cases of most miscellaneous literature.

"Do you know anything of cataloguing?" he asked doubtfully.

"No," said I, happily, "but I think I can manage."

I cannot say that I have "managed" as well as I anticipated, but I have certainly enjoyed myself, and have acquired an amount of unusual and curious information. And, after all, the nine plethoric and bewildering packing cases have been resolved into neat bookshelves of roughly classified books. An aching back, dust-begotten fits of sneezing, and a pervading taste of mouldiness—to say nothing of a first view of a living family of bookworms—have been, I consider, cheaply purchased.

To begin with, there was a keen excitement in opening each case, each book sometimes, since at any moment one felt one might chance upon a treasure. Picture the possibilities dormant in those nine big cases; the joy of dipping into strange old books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from the heavy Latin Bible of 1529 to the no less ponderous works of "God's silly Vassal" of 1616; the fascination of idling away an hour with worthy Canon Derham's speculations on Astro-Theology, and Physico-Theology, of having the mighty problem of "The Origin of Evil" lucidly solved by a pompous eighteenth century bishop, and, most profitable of all, of learning from an anonymous benefactor of 1752 what should be "A Gentleman's Religion." But why did he not reveal his name? Was it from a true humility? Or, alas for human nature, because it was so much easier, even in the good old days, to preach than to practise?

I lay aside volume after volume of forgotten theologians, clad in decent russet brown; worthless though they be from a commercial point of view, there is pathos and sentiment in these relics of misapplied industry, of scholarship lavished on acrimonious confutations of long-dead heretics and heresies. *Vanitas vanitatum!* the words come so glibly into the mind, yet are they true after all? These old divines did but fulfil their duty as they knew it; they thought no pains too great, no labour for naught that could further their cause, the cause of Truth herself to them. So I look respectfully, and even tenderly, at these dull books, whose wide margins are copiously annotated in faded ink, and sigh to think there is no place any more for them in this full and impatient world. *Ave, atque Vale*, I murmur regretfully, for doomed are they to swift and painless destruction. The flames which their pages so often threaten await them, their hour is come.

But other writers than theological are here. See these ancient works on Gardening, written when the purest of human pleasures was not also one of the most unattainable for the citizen, when London had green gardens within her very walls, famous for their cunning devices of trees and flowers and fountains. Would you learn how best to manage your Melonrie, your Potagerie, your Herb-garden? Then "Master Switzer," of 1727, will help you, and for your better understanding has provided "Plans of Careful Draughtsmanship." Or you may study the "New Improvements of Gardening" of Bradley several years earlier. Or you may rejoice in the trees of the wood in a noble copy of Evelyn's "Sylva." But in any case your knowledge can be no more recent than 1837, with its Treatise on the Grape Vine, though within these limits you may range from forestry to specialising in cucumbers.

But, unfashionable though it sound, I know little of gardening, and care less, so my fickle fancy turns to another case. This is filled, as is its portly neighbour, with classics. Like a certain great man I have "little Latin and less Greek," but that little is enough to make me fasten with eagerness on these mellow antiquities. Alas, neglect and the busy worm have wrought a havoc that would grieve the dead and gone scholars who once cherished them so fondly. I feel a pang of genuine regret when some noble volume almost crumbles to dust in the handling. Though my Greek is a misty memory, a vague reminiscence of deep harmonious sounds on drowsy afternoons of long ago, yet the sight of these old pages, with their beautiful type and lordly margins, makes me wish that the rush of life had but left me that "less Greek," that at least I might bring to them more than a glance of uncomprehending affectionate recollection. Well, I must be content to arrange the venerable tomes in their places on the mean modern shelves—sad contrast to the oaken dignity of their Jacobean home—and, since I shun mournful reflections as useless and often unwholesome, turn to the Moderns.

Oh, the miscellaneous collection! Novels, that range from the original editions of Fielding and Smollett to the early works of Lytton. No later, for these books are the relics of a library collected by the pious care of several generations of learned clerks in a distant Fenland parsonage, and many a year has rolled by since the last treasure was placed with loving pride and appreciation on its carved shelf beside brethren of equal worth and dignity. There must have been an unusual width of culture among those reverend bibliophiles, for, in turning out the contents of the last case, I come upon a collection of rare and ancient Italian literature. And I do not know a word of Italian! And here are pictures demanding an explanation, and here is the explanation in a language that baffles the more from its tantalising resemblance to both Latin and French, either of which I could use well enough to satisfy my curiosity. Here is a work in sumptuous white vellum, with delicate (in one sense only!) illustrations, the "Decameron," truly a strange possession for a parson, but a delight to the lover of beautiful books. Perhaps it was but for that reason the good man bought it. *De mortuis*. At any rate, it lacks, what most of his Italian treasures possess, the august permission of the Church of their day.

But it is dusty and back-breaking work, this, and sad, if not heartbreaking, so 'tis with a certain relief after all that I see the ninth case is empty, and rise to stretch my cramped limbs and tell my trusting friend that his books have been, incompetently enough, catalogued and put in some sort of order on their shelves.

And, as I turn away, methinks the ancient fathers of the past look with mild benignity on my unworthy yet well-meant attempts.

E. D. FARRAR.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS

THE oft-postponed deputation of dramatists duly made its protest against the English censorship of plays last Tuesday. True, the continued indisposition of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made it impossible for them to address themselves to the Prime Minister in Downing Street, but Mr. Herbert Gladstone received them at the Home Office instead, and listened to the eloquence of Mr. Barrie and Mr. Pinero, of Sir William Gilbert and Professor Gilbert Murray, with all possible courtesy and quite a respectable appearance of interest. Probably he found the proceedings an agreeable con-

trast to those of some recent deputations who have attempted to address him. No one shouted "Votes for Dramatists," or attempted to chain him or herself to the railings in Whitehall. Compared with the adventurous tactics which are in fashion to-day, everything was very decorous, very null and dull. Yet I think some good was done by the protest, and what it lost in excitement owing to the exemplary demeanour of the protestants it gained in dignity.

Mr. Gladstone's reply was what, I suppose, was to be expected. It referred in flattering terms to the drama as an art, and to the representatives of that art there assembled; acknowledged the temperate and eloquent way in which the claims of that art had been put forward; promised that those claims should have the most respectful consideration of the Prime Minister—and there an end. Nothing else perhaps was to be expected, as I have said. Even if Mr. Gladstone sympathised strongly with the dramatists' protest, he could hardly have said so on this occasion or promised definite official action in the matter, since the censorship is not in his Department—or, indeed, in any Department—and he was only speaking for the Prime Minister and not in his own person. But though I recognise the difficulty of Mr. Gladstone's position from this point of view, yet I confess I thought his eloquence, viewed as the expression of modern Liberal statesmanship, slightly chilling. The Liberal Party may be unwilling or afraid to abolish the Censorship of Plays. It is a thorny problem, into which all kinds of questions, including that of party tactics, may conceivably enter. Still, a touch of enthusiasm, a spark of generous heat in the cause of free speech in all departments of life, would not, I think, have been amiss. If Liberalism stands for anything nowadays—and I am sometimes tempted to believe that it does not—it stands for human freedom, for the breaking down of the old bondages, the obsolete restraints on thought and action which the past has bequeathed to us. Broadly speaking, there are two theories of Government. One is that mankind is perverse and desperately wicked, and that only the pressure of laws and plenty of them can keep it within bounds. The other is, that repression is at best an evil, that to give mankind the utmost measure of liberty is both the wiser and the better course, and that to trust people is the only way to make them worthy of trust. The latter is, or should be, the Liberal attitude. The fact that it is so no longer, or is so only in a very modified degree, perhaps explains why Liberalism as a vital force is at such a low ebb in this country at the moment and almost threatens to be crushed out altogether between the upper and nether millstones of Conservatism and Socialism. Be this as it may, the position of a Liberal statesman who supports the present censorship of plays—or indeed, any censorship of plays—seems to me hopelessly indefensible. Broadly speaking, it may be said that all censorships are illiberal, whether of Press or pulpit or stage. The arguments, such as they are, which are advanced against freeing the theatre from the control of the Censor apply with equal validity to the newspaper, the sermon, or the printed book. If the theatre had no Censor, say that gentleman's defenders, you might have all kinds of undesirable entertainments given on the stage which would now be prohibited. Well, the newspapers of to-day contain a good deal of undesirable matter which a judicious Press censor would prohibit. A great deal of pernicious nonsense is talked in the public parks—and in private houses for that matter—which a judicious censorship of free speech would prohibit. But the Liberal statesman who arose in his place in the House and proposed to revive the censorship of the Press in this country, or argued against the Englishman's right to talk nonsense if he chooses, would have small chance

of retaining his place in an administration. The time, I think, will come when a Liberal statesman who maintains that a censorship of the theatre is either a desirable or an essential institution in a free community will seem equally intolerable. We in this country realise that though newspapers often print what had better have been unprinted and preachers often preach balderdash or worse, yet the harm that is done by such cases is far outweighed by the harm that would result from keeping the Press and religion perpetually in leading strings. It is better on the whole for a nation to take the risks of freedom than to seek safety in fetters. I know there are many people, perhaps the majority of people, in this country who do not feel like this on the subject of the censorship of plays. They admit the argument with regard to all other censorships, but in the case of the theatre they are convinced that an exception must be made, and that there liberty would at once degenerate into license. Why they think so I do not know. Ireland has no censorship, yet no one can pretend that the Irish stage is any more licentious than the English. The British Empire consists of a great aggregation of free peoples; I forget how many, but Mr. Pinero mentioned it in his admirable speech. Not one of them finds it necessary to have a censor of plays except the Mother Country! The United States of America has no censor, and seems to get on very well without one. Its plays are, for the most part, bad plays, it is true, but they are not much worse than ours, and they are not in the least more immoral. The fact is, the fear of a free stage in this country is a bogey. It rests on a false conception of the causes which determine the character of a nation's drama. A country's plays, like its newspapers, like its books, depend on its general moral standard—on public opinion, in fact. So long as public opinion is against immoral plays, those plays will not be produced; or if they are produced, the police will at once suppress them without any prompting from a censor. If public opinion, on the contrary, were not against the presentation of immoral plays, no censorship and no police would be able to prevent their presentation. The law, in the last resort, represents the will of the people, and any law which has not public opinion behind it must ultimately cease to be enforced. When this rather obvious fact is realised in this country, the censorship of plays will go the way of other antiquated political lumber. Till then, I suppose, we shall have to put up with it.

ST. J. H.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Charm of London. An Anthology. Compiled by ALFRED H. HYATT. (Chatto and Windus, 2s. net.)

THE magnetism of London is a perennial theme with our English poets and romancists. It is, indeed, impossible to escape from the influence of the world's greatest city. Whatever attitude you may adopt towards London—whether she prove the "stony-hearted stepmother" to you that De Quincey found her, or whether, with old Dunbar, you regard her as "the flower of cities all"—you cannot at least adopt a neutral attitude, you cannot view her with mere indifference.

Those who have been reared amid urban surroundings are sometimes slow to realise the poetry of the town, and the discovery of London has been left for the most part, to the provincial.

Go where we may—rest where we will—
Eternal London haunts us still,

wrote Tom Moore—and Moore was an Irishman. Dr. Johnson, who may be said to have created the

immortal tradition of Fleet Street, was a native of Lichfield. In our own time, no one has written with such grace and insight of the life of London as that cultured American cosmopolite, Mr. Henry James. One memorable exception there is. Charles Lamb, greatest of London's lovers—save only Dickens—was a Londoner by birth, and he died, poor man, in exile at Edmonton.

Mr. Hyatt's anthology is a valuable addition to the literature of London. Its compiler has ransacked ancient and modern literature for quotations from those poets and prose writers who have testified to the witchery and glamour of the great city. The extracts included in this volume range from Dunbar to Mr. St. John Adcock. They include such names as Dickens, Tom Hood, Boswell, George Meredith, Mrs. Meynell, Richard Jefferies, W. E. Henley, Mrs. Browning, Lord Alfred Douglas (who is represented by one of the finest and most characteristic sonnets in "The City of the Soul"), Sir Walter Besant, John Davidson, and Robert Buchanan—to name but a few. Of course, Dickens is here—is it possible, indeed, to imagine a London anthology in which the name of Dickens should find no place? Charles Lamb's famous panegyric is not forgotten:

The man must have a rare *recipe* for melancholy who can be dull in Fleet Street. I am naturally inclined to hypochondria, but in London it vanishes, like all other ills. Often, when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheek for unutterable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime.

The temptation to reproduce Carlyle's wonderful night-scene from "Sartor Resartus" we can imagine to have proved well-nigh irresistible, but it has no legitimate place in a book about London, since it was in a German city that the immortal Teufelsdröckh worked and dreamed. We can forgive Mr. Hyatt, however, for this one deviation from his subject. He has provided his readers with a plenitude of good fare. There are some excellent poems by Henry T. Leigh, Cockney and Bohemian, and we are glad to recognise once more the tender and mellow cynicism of Frederick Locke's lines on Piccadilly:

Life is chequer'd, a patchwork of smiles and of frowns;
We valued its ups, let us muse on its downs.
There's a side that is bright, it will then turn the other,
One turn, if a good one, deserves such another.
These downs are delightful, these ups are not hilly—
Let us turn one more turn ere we quit Piccadilly.

Mr. Hyatt has earned the thanks of all London lovers.

Scopas et Praxitèle. MAXIME COLLIGNON. (Les Maîtres de l'Art.) Plon, n.p.

ANY writing on Greek art by M. Collignon is sure to be an addition to the sources for clear and sympathetic criticism; and the present little book is no exception to the rule which we have learnt to recognise. Strictly speaking, the title is somewhat misleading, for the sub-title gives the actual content of the brief survey, "*La sculpture grecque au IV^e. siècle jusqu'au temps d'Alexandre.*" M. Collignon rightly analyses the constituents of the style of Pheidias, which so clearly separate his genius from that of the succeeding generation of artists, though it is doubtful whether he is right in his definition of their source. He speaks frequently of *l'union du génie attique et du génie dorien*, but while we can appreciate the presence in Pheidian sculpture of the quality which he ascribes to "Dorian" influence, we are inclined to read into it a larger Panhellenism than could be attributed to a people essentially selfish, and not essentially artistic.

Scopas is, as ever, M. Collignon's hero:

L'homme qui a possédé toutes les connaissances techniques de son art, qui a mené de front la construction d'un Temple et sa décoration sculpturale, qui excelle à composer un vaste ensemble de figures, comme la groupe d'*Achille* et des *divinités marines*, qui travaille avec la même aisance, dans les statues isolées, le bronze et le marbre, l'artiste aux aptitudes multiples, qui ne se confine pas dans une étroite spécialité, est bien de la race des grands artistes maîtres tels qu'en possèdent, aux époques privilégiées, la Grèce antique et l'Italie de la Renaissance.

None the less, we could wish that, in dealing with the Mausoleum sculptures, he had not plunged into a sea of guess-work anent the figures of Mausolus and Artemisia. Scopas gains nothing thereby, nor does the reader. More cautious, and therefore more satisfactory, is M. Collignon's note upon the sculptured drum from the fourth century Artemision of Ephesus. But so strong is the resemblance of the Hermes in this work to the Tegean heads on the one hand and the charioteer of the Mausoleum frieze on the other, that it would be well-nigh impossible to deny the influence of the Parian artist in both the Asiatic instances.

M. Collignon approaches all uncertain Praxitelean identifications in an extremely critical spirit. But we certainly agree with him in rejecting Fustwängler's suggestion that the Townley Venus is a "Phryne," though his ground for so doing seems to us less certain than that of the lack of individuality in the features.

A masterly bit of reconstructive criticism is that which discusses the use of colour on the Hermes of Olympia. It is too long to quote, but we would recommend it to the notice of all those for whom sculpture, as we know it to-day, lacks life and tenderness.

Concerning the Venus de Milo, M. Collignon waxes eloquent—as well he may. But we fear that he will find few to support his view that the work is of a date within the great period of the fourth century. We wish we could believe it to be so. But we differ from the author not only on grounds of style, but of sentiment as well, when he seeks to affiliate the Demeter of Cuidos to the Halicarnassian group in its Scopasian aspect. Far rather would we give this glorious work to Praxiteles, or to a pupil endued with a touch of an older Atticism.

A comparative chronological table of historic and artistic events, and an excellent index complete a volume which, within its own limits, is worthy of M. Collignon's great reputation.

Devonshire Characters and Strange Events. By (Rev.) S. BARING-GOULD. (London: John Lane, 21s. net.)

THERE are, perhaps, few writers who know the history and topography of Devonshire better than does Mr. Baring-Gould; but it must be confessed that one lays down this, his latest, volume with a sense akin to disappointment. Of the vast amount of material contained in its sixty-two chapters, and filling nearly 800 pages, there is not much beyond what might have been put together by any diligent scribe having access to the British Museum Library or the bookshelves of any considerable collection of Devonshire literature. The author, moreover, has an inveterate habit of providing copy out of nothing, as when, for instance, he retails such trifles as the fatuous gossip of dotard sextons or the equally pointless conversations of commercial travellers overheard in a railway journey.

One of the best pieces of work in the whole book is the article on the Princetown Massacre (1814), concerning which Mr. Baring-Gould marshals the facts and weighs and sifts the evidence of either side with masterly impartiality. The stories of "Caraboo" and of Joanna Southcott are astounding records of human credulity. In reference to the last-named impostor,

the writer does not produce one iota of authority for his statement that Joanna Southcott's following is identical with the quite recent sect of New Jezreelites at Chatham, or, rather, New Brompton. But that is another story, the scene of which is laid in another county, and so Mr. Baring-Gould must be excused from being sufficiently acquainted with the circumstances.

The book is well got up, with ample margins, and is abundantly illustrated by reproductions from old engravings, broadsides, and other documents.

Memorials of Old Derbyshire. Edited by Rev. J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. (London: Bemrose, 15s. net.)

It is, of course, a foregone conclusion that any book dealing with Derbyshire must be entrusted to Rev. Dr. Cox, whose monumental work on the Derbyshire churches, completed thirty years ago, has never yet been paralleled in the case of any other county. The latest work appearing under his editorship is so full of excellent and interesting matter that the fact that it surpasses in bulk the most ponderous of its predecessors in the same series of old county memorials is readily overlooked. In his summary of the history of the county, Dr. Cox, by some unaccountable oversight (p. 22), credits Queen Elizabeth with phenomenal longevity. For her to have been alive at all, even though at the point of death, "in March, 1682-3," she must have attained the age of nearly 150 years! Another contributor, not usually inaccurate, has fallen (p. 250) into the blunder of ascribing the late Sir John Millais' early picture of "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop" to Mr. Holman Hunt; a blunder which, regrettable though it be, does not, as it happens, invalidate the force of the writer's argument. Although, to adopt the words of the editor, it "would be invidious to particularise" among the several writers who have contributed to the volume, an idea of its varied contents may be gained by enumerating, among others, the articles on Prehistoric Burials and Stone Circles, the Peak Forest, on Repton and Wingfield Manor, on the old homes and the rood-screens of the county, Old Country Life in the Seventeenth Century, and the Folklore of Derbyshire. The book is enhanced by a number of capital illustrations from photographs and other sources, and by a very fair index, without which, indeed, half its value for purposes of reference would have been lost.

FICTION

Rodwell. By VALENTINA HAWTREY. (Murray, 6s.)

MISS HAWTREY has followed up her historical romance "Suzanne," which attracted much attention, as its merit undoubtedly deserved, by "Rodwell," a story of modern life, which is in many ways a remarkable achievement. Though in places the workmanship is a little laboured, and the theme is handled at times too diffusely to keep the interest unimpaired in the story at its full length, yet many characters stand out memorably from the background in spite of this over-elaboration of detail. The story deals with the rise of one family in a village, that of a small farmer, and the fall of another, that of the squire, which for generations has inhabited Rodwell, the manor house. The cause lies in their handling of money, and the power of money sounds, as in a novel of Balzac, a perpetual undertone throughout the book. The Rodwells of Rodwell Park have been well known to be gamblers by all the country-side, and the last Rodwell has already married two wives when the book opens, in order that their money may help to reinstate the fortunes of his house

into some semblance of prosperity. But the instinct of the gambler is too strong in him; their money slips through his fingers in absurd speculations. His dishonesty is hidden under a charming manner, which is all the inheritance his eldest son is likely to get. Tim, the small farmer's grandson, is taken by chance into the business of a financier, who is the village doctor's brother, and who holds mortgages over Rodwell. Tim slowly develops a genius for finance. He is a good fellow, perfectly upright and kind (not at all the stock financier of romance), but common. Gradually he prospers, marries, and has a son, Reggie. Now, in the village is a girl, Anne, an heiress and a friend of the Rodwells during the second Mrs. Rodwell's lifetime. But the second wife dies, and dying begs the eldest son, her stepson, not to fulfil his father's wish and marry Anne, the heiress, for her money. She knows to her cost the gambling taint is too deeply in his blood. The charming father discovers his son's scruples, and marries her himself, having no scruples, and taking full advantage of the romance which the girl has woven round his name and person. Anne, with all the enthusiasm of youth, sets about restoring the house and estate, which have fallen into bad neglect. But she is deceived on every side, and most effectively by her husband, who mortgages the estate again without her knowledge to the financier, whose partner Tim has at length become. Tim's son Reggie is now grown up; he is, in fact, just leaving Eton for Oxford, and he is a poet. Great affection and little understanding exist between Tim and his son. And at this point comes the most brilliant work in the book. For Tim comes into possession of the Rodwell mortgages, and in order that Reggie may have a beautiful home, forecloses, and comes to live at Rodwell himself, thereby incurring Anne's unreasoning hatred. Reggie, happening on the Rodwells, who are living in a small house which is Anne's property, comes under the spell of their charm, which Anne encourages at first. She finds that Reggie has been losing large sums of money, and full of remorse goes to see Tim in her old house and warns him. But the mischief has been too fully done, for she knows Tim is quite unaware of his son's visits and conduct. There is a terrible scene between Tim and his son; and Reggie courts death in consequence, and too recklessly, so that death, against his will, takes him. Tim and Reggie and Anne are portrayed with amazing clearness and skill, and the strange charm of the reprobate Rodwells is made a very real thing, and the various catastrophes they cause become comprehensible and dramatic. If Miss Hawtreys had been able to manage the first quarter of the book with as much skill as she has shown in the last half, she would have written a great book. But the opening is not concentrated sufficiently, and many details are introduced, which, though they are in themselves interesting, yet do not help the issue enough to warrant their introduction at such length.

Father Alphonsus. By H. A. HINKSON. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THE name upon the title page of this book is one that is already honourably associated with another aspect of Irish literature. There is, however, about Mr. H. A. Hinkson's work nothing of the poetry and romance with which writers of what we call the Celtic school have claimed our admiration; on the contrary, he gives us a picture of modern Ireland drawn according to the methods of pure realism, and the result, however hard and unsympathetic in treatment, is at least interesting.

Two young men, Alphonsus Daly and Reginald Blake, are, at the opening of the book, fellow candidates for priesthood at the College of St. Mary. In different ways both are shown conscious of a secret

misgiving, a doubt as to their strength to bear the ordeal of the super-human life. Blake, the son of a rich Dublin solicitor, gives way under the strain, abandons his career, and on the eve of taking the major vows returns home as a "spoilt priest." The other remains, and becomes Father Alphonsus, and the protagonist of a story, which is in reality less a novel than a study of the life of one man lived under conditions of unusual difficulty and trial. Of those conditions Mr. Hinkson writes with the authority of evident understanding. The reasons that induce the peasant-born Daly to stifle his conscience rather than expose his family to the stigma of harbouring a "spoilt priest"; the reverential delight of the mother at her son's ordination (evidenced by the silver chalice, "Presented to the Reverend Alphonsus Daly as a mark of respect and esteem by his parents"), all these are details that fill in what must be to those unfamiliar with it an extraordinary picture. Mr. Hinkson is perhaps better as a historian than an analyst of motive; his treatment of the psychological side of his problem appears at times a little too heavy for so delicate a task, and in consequence the book misses something of the power of subtlety. The subordinate characters are for the most part cleverly and clearly drawn, though the woman, through whose agency Father Alphonsus meets with his foredoomed disaster, is something of a lay figure. Of the others, Larry, the young brother of the priest, is by far the best; the grief of Alphonsus at the boy's death in the hunting field is as true as anything in the book, and it is well observed, too, that the passing with him of all that satisfied the man's craving for youth and activity and love should be made the immediate cause of his catastrophe. "While my darling Larry lived," he writes to Blake afterwards, "the human, worldly part of me—call it what you will—was satisfied. I did my duty as a priest, but the forbidden part of my nature was embodied in him. He followed the hounds, and I exulted in the hot pursuit; he gambled and played at cards, and I shared his feverish excitement; he was in trouble and I sorrowed with him; he was in debt and we paid the debt together. There was nothing that he did that I did not have a part in. Then he died, and that part of me that should have died with him lived still when the flowers bloomed over his grave." This, however artificially expressed, is genuine feeling, and has the ring of sincerity. It will be gathered that there is little humour in Mr. Hinkson's story, though there are scenes here and there, notably that of Micky Finn's absolution, that are told with an almost grim appreciation of their grotesque aspect; but even so the fun is mingled with suffering, it is—to quote from another writer about Ireland—the fun of the pig and the motor-car. Admirers of Mr. Bernard Shaw will agree that we could give the author of "Father Alphonsus" no greater praise for the observation that has produced an interesting and, in many respects, remarkable book.

The Grain Carriers. By EDWARD NOBLE. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS story is a vigorous indictment of the prevailing conditions under which grain is carried from South America for the English market. It is dedicated without permission to the past and present presidents of the Board of Trade, "in recognition of the *desire* underlying the words spoken by one of them some weeks before he made still more dangerous the 'conditions' he at the moment deplored," and underneath the dedication is printed a short extract from a speech made by Mr. Lloyd-George in the spring of the year 1906. The attack is spirited and sincere, and in all probability quite justified by certain facts. The danger of raising "the load-line" must, in many instances, be considerable. But Mr. Noble has done more than compiled a vigorous

pamphlet, illustrated by flaming incidents of cruelty and corruption; he has written a well-constructed story of the sea, which loses nothing from being based on fact, and he has never allowed his purpose to get out of his control. It remains in proper subservience to the essential. As a writer on the sea and ships Mr. Noble already must take a high place among his contemporaries, and the present book makes his position more secure. He catches the spirit of the sea in its many moods, and something of the sea's freshness and size is to be found in the generosity of his sentiments. In outline the story is simple. Two ships, belonging to the same Liverpool firm, start from the neighbourhood of San Francisco for England. The Magician is old and unseaworthy, known as the "bathing machine," and is under the command of an infamous Dutchman, who cares for nothing so long as he can put money into his pockets by way of the pockets of his employers. A sober crew prefer six weeks' prison to the risk of sailing in the Magician, under the new conditions, round Cape Horn. So she is eventually manned by a "Shanghaied" crew of ruffians. The Padrone is a new and unseaworthy vessel, iron and jerry-built, under a good commander, Collins, who resents the new regulations, but is forced to submit on pain of dismissal. His wife and daughter are on board. The two ships start. Philip Devine is on the Magician, and is in love with Captain Collins's daughter. Unable to tolerate the Dutchman's cruelty to the crew, he puts him and the mate in irons. Of the subsequent adventures of the two vessels Mr. Noble writes with vigour and grip that is unusual. The happenings are very terrible, but they are convincing. The book is certainly one that should on no account be missed.

A Jacobite Admiral. By R. H. FORSTER. (John Long, 6s.)

IN "A Jacobite Admiral," Mr. Forster has written yet another of those stirring romances of the Northumbrian border-land, which have already brought him so many grateful admirers. He knows thoroughly that fascinating and wonderful stretch of country between Tynemouth and Berwick, and has, moreover, the happy gift of translating this knowledge into words that are instinct with the very atmosphere of the scenes described. The plot of "A Jacobite Admiral" is of the familiar pattern of such stories, but so vigorous is Mr. Forster's telling of it that the well-worn incidents have all the freshness and charm of novelty. It is laid at the date of the first Jacobite invasion, a tumultuous time that provides plenty of bustling adventures by land and sea, though it is to the credit of the author's self-denial that he has resisted the temptation to introduce a single historical personage amongst his characters. The Jacobite Admiral himself is a certain Lancelot Errington, a fascinating vagabond, who earns his title by the escapade in which, with the help of his cousin Mark, the hero of the tale, he attempts to capture Holy Island for the rebels. Quite as sympathetically drawn, too, is his chief opponent, Robert Marley, the Whig, who is finally instrumental in saving Mark from execution; indeed, it is this quality of the time, by which the most industrious enemies were equally neighbourly to aid each other in distress, that gives to stories of it their singular charm. For the rest there is plenty of hard-riding, a sufficiency of wholesome bloodshed, and a little, not too insistent, courtship to end all happily. The escapes in the book are many, and of the most excellently hair-breadth quality, and the flight and wanderings of the two outlaws are as well done as anything of the kind that we have read since the days of David Balfour. The whole tale, in short, is such stuff as our adventurous dreams are made of, and, to boys and all young people up to the age of threescore and ten, its appeal will be both instant and irresistible.

One Fair Enemy. By CARLTON DAWE. (John Long, 6s.)

THE only point in which this story differs from any other Cavalier and Roundhead romance is the distinct bias in favour of the Puritans throughout its incidents. The haughty Cavalier heroine, left in charge of her historic castle, the Roundhead captain who takes and occupies that castle, the unbounded dislike, scorn, and hatred with which these two regard each other, and the promising love affair which springs up in a remarkably short time between them are all familiar to us. They are pleasant, they do not annoy us, and we have read worse romances. The book would have been all the better if written in straightforward English, instead of an irritating mixture of old-world phraseology and our own. The former is almost entirely dependent on inverted phrases and a very doubtful use of the subjunctive, together with a quite uninspired stringing together of almost meaningless words to fill out sentences.

The Blue Lagoon. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

REMEMBERING Mr. Stacpoole's previous work, with its agreeable note of freshness and invention, we prepared to read "The Blue Lagoon" with pleasure; nor were we disappointed, for it certainly marks an advance on anything he has done before. "The Blue Lagoon" is the story of two American children, a boy and a girl, who, through a series of misfortunes, are stranded on an uninhabited island in the Pacific in the company of an old Irish seaman. The latter dies in tragic fashion when the children, who are cousins, are ten years old; but by then the children have learnt sufficient of the simple conditions of life in the South Seas to enable them to grow up without hardships. When their childhood has passed, the situation becomes delicate to the civilised mind, but we have nothing but admiration for the courageous simplicity with which Mr. Stacpoole has told the story of their love and of the coming of their child. It would have been so easy to have passed over this natural and beautiful problem in the conventionally artificial manner, that Mr. Stacpoole's artistic honesty must be warmly commended. We do not propose to tell the story further here, but will content ourselves with saying that we hardly find the termination satisfactory, though we realise the difficulty of ending the book in any other way. The description of the scenery of the island, which supply the novel with a gorgeous background, are admirable, and the character of Paddy Rutton, the old Irish merchant seaman, is sympathetically drawn. But the chief interest of the book lies with the two American children, and it is Mr. Stacpoole's unqualified success in their delineation that renders this book a notable addition to modern fiction.

Their Marriage. By CURTIS YORKE. (John Long, 6s.)

THIS is one of those stories in which the personality of the author is strongly felt throughout. It is a pleasant, simple tale, clearly and brightly written; the dialogue, without being remarkable for any great brilliance, is natural and to the point, while the characters are ably and consistently drawn; but, with all this, the real charm of the novel lies in a certain personal touch which Curtis Yorke never fails to introduce into her work. She has been particularly happy in her delineation of Miss De Tergens, a domineering and uncompromising old lady, the rich aunt of an independent young couple who marry against her wish and prefer love in a cottage to a substantial allowance.

D R A M A

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS

WHAT we call Realism is, of course, merely a mode, in which especial emphasis is given to the element of realisation in Art. It is obvious that the season of the Sicilian Players is of great importance to those London amateurs of the theatre, who like Realism in any form, for their admirers are as numerous at every performance, as the Shaftesbury Theatre can well hold. But its importance is no less to those interested in the intellectual elements of the drama itself, which include much more than intellectual plays such as those by Ibsen or Mr. Bernard Shaw, and the intellectual production which we associate notably with Mr. Granville Barker. The intellect of the audience has, of course, nothing to do with the matter, nor is there any reason to suppose that the audiences now gathering at the Shaftesbury are more composed of the devotees of Realism than of those who do not care much for it, but recognise its importance at the present time in the intellectual consideration of the drama. I am not so much concerned with the audience as with the absentees. My object is, to urge those who have been deterred from seeing the Sicilians by their reputation for Realism, to take their courage in their hands and go at once, which Signora Mimi Aguglia is here to interpret it. Following the example of Ibsen in his emphasis of the element of suggestion in the art itself, I would suggest a question, in criticising the Sicilians, which, like him, I am not so ready to answer. It will, I think, be allowed that their reputation for extreme Realism has been justly earned. I note, for an instant, minute details, some of them quite *intime*—the standing of the overgrown girl on the side of one heel (*Morte Civile*); the squirting expectoration of the sulphur workmen; the use of the head-kerchief literally as a *mouchoir* (*Cavalleria Rusticana*); the continual scratching of the head (*passim*), with other tricks unnecessary to notice. These are totally unimportant of themselves, and are merely indicative of a Realism such as has never been seen before in a London theatre. The main interest, of course, lies in the point to which the realisation of sexual expression is carried, especially by Signora Aguglia and Signor Lo Turco, both of whom carry it much further than does Signor Grasso. In the general Realism of the whole troupe, the gestures, the habits, the nature of Sicilian peasants undoubtedly appear before us alive upon the Shaftesbury stage. I say the *nature*, for between nature and practice, religion has set a great gulf. The question I would suggest is, whether these are the expressions of consummate realistic art or excessively clever mimicry; for under the last head fall even natural habits and tricks retained for artistic purposes. Is what we see, Sicilianism in dramatic art, or Nature preserved for export—Loulou stuffed, holding in his claw the nut gilded *par amour du grandiose*? The grandiose in the Sicilians' realism is plain enough. Independent of their realistic expression, the immense dramatic faculties of Signor Grasso and Signora Aguglia are plain enough too; but are they—or rather, are those of Signora Aguglia, as typifying the troupe—dependent on the Sicilian element, or something wider? Concerning Signor Grasso there is no doubt. The value of all criticism depends on the application of many standards. When the critic compares the latest dramatist or poet with Shakespeare and Dante, he does the living term of comparison a grave injustice; he makes him appear as ridiculous as he is himself in making the comparison. We, who welcome everything that is new and strange, and judge it as affectionately as we can for that very reason (for its novelty and strangeness are the signs of the vitality essential to all true art), are continually driven to an appearance of captiousness, by such hopeless

confusion of standards. Those among the Players' audiences who desire to judge of them more expertly, at once applied a different standard to the acting of Signor Grasso and that of Signora Aguglia. But an impression was abroad, that Signora Aguglia was an actress who had already obtained in her own country a position similar to that of Madame Réjane or Madame Sara Bernhardt in France near their zenith. Reticence was naturally felt in applying such an exacting standard of criticism to so charming a stranger. It is now generally known that her choice by Signor Grasso for the parts which she plays, was an experiment necessitated by accident. How fully she has justified his expectations is proved by her triumphs in Paris and London. It is now possible to judge of her frankly as a tyro of the most extraordinarily flattering promise, a mime of immense natural power, and an artist of very attractive and powerful personality. We are, alas! dispensed from speculating as to what heights of Art she may eventually reach, by the report that she will soon cease to delight us on the stage, in order to devote herself to her family. I hope that the timorous amateurs of the drama, who have as yet avoided seeing her, will hasten to do so, since they are not likely to have that opportunity again. If they are prepared to steel ourselves to Realism in its extremest form, they should, of course, go to see *La Figlia di Jorio*. But if they do, they must be prepared to consider with a philosophic mind what is the artistic difference between Signora Aguglia's and Signor Lo Turco's rendering of the scene in the cave and an *attentat aux mœurs* in actual life. And they should leave their *adolescentes* at home, remembering that *Measure for Measure*, and, indeed, the whole body of Shakespeare, whom they consider instructive and national, are not submitted to their reading, much less to their seeing, unexpurgated. Or they can witness her pathologically exact reproductions of epilepsy, under the influence of passion, in *Malia*, if, indeed, the stimulus of attraction does not seem to them even less becoming than that of repulsion, when so realistically expressed. After all, they are accustomed to the thesis, from its being the favourite one of Mr. Bernard Shaw. If they are not prepared for such sacrifices, they can see *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Zolfara* at much less risk. In whichever play Signora Aguglia appears, they will never forget her marvellously varying voice, her unvarying vivacity, and her pervading personality. *Zolfara* particularly gives her the opportunity of showing the lighter and more widely attractive side of her personality; also Santuzza, in *Cavalleria*, is generally recognised as one of her most successful parts. Signor Grasso is, of course, admirable always, and this play gives perhaps the best opportunity of seeing at once the two other actors also, who most ably support him—Signor Lo Turco and Signora M. Balestrieri. Signor Lo Turco is as purely accomplished an actor as it is possible to find on any stage, most striking, of course, as Signor d'Annunzio's Lazzaro, emphasised as Cola (*Malia*), frank and affectionate as Turridu (*Cavalleria*), cynical and sensuous as Japicu (*Zolfara*), priggishly respectable as Dr. Palmieri (*Morte Civile*), holding always every gesture and every tone of his voice and expression of his face in absolute control. But his personality is not very marked. Signora M. Balestrieri is similarly accomplished in the rôles of old women; more successful as Za Pina (*Malia*) and Gna Brigida (*Zolfara*) than in the first act of *La Figlia di Jorio*. But in the third act she attains a tragic dignity not reached even by Signor Grasso himself. The play should be seen if only to see her. She passes far beyond the Sicilian Peasant Stage. Her command of facial expression throughout the act, as she gazes full at the audience, is marvellous. The unconscious murmuring of her lips, the movements of her hands, express the intensity of her sorrows. From the com-

monplace, pretty old peasant of the first act, she has become an exceedingly beautiful *Mater dolorosa*, the central figure of a *pietà*, by Francia. The acting of Signor A. Viscuso as Monsignore Ruvo, the "gay" ecclesiastic in *Morte Civile*, has the accomplishment of Signor Lo Turco in a different manner; neither belong essentially to the Sicilian stage. Of Signor Grasso I do not know whether it is more difficult to write first or last. He is a born mime and a consummate artist, a master both of the Sicilian Peasant Stage and of the European. He strikes me as capable of adapting himself to any rôle, and playing it with the first distinction, as possessing a personality which can repel and attract equally absorbingly, and is more capable of varied expression than any equally pronounced that I have ever seen. He is never finer than as Currado, in the otherwise contemptible play, *Morte Civile*, especially in his recitation of the facts of a murder which he had previously committed. In his death struggles he indulges his Sicilianism too much; however, it is for this, in the first place, that we flock to the Shaftesbury Theatre, and we are really relieved when he comes before the curtain alive again. His weakness and his tears have been criticised as maudlin and melodramatic. I do not agree; they are no more maudlin than are the tears and howls of Achilles; both are men of other race than ours. Moreover, Currado has been reduced to a primitive condition by the isolation and to an hysterical condition by the moral tortures of imprisonment. As the Compare Alfio (*Cavalleria*), Signor Grasso shows his extraordinary powers of naturalism in comedy. The "make-up," the rider's gait, the thick voice, are to life, and are not in the least exaggerated. He is most charming perhaps as Vanni, the devoted and reasonably jealous husband (*Zolfara*). Whether he is speaking or not, he is acting continually; his movements, the expression of his face, are almost sufficient of themselves to tell the course of the drama. Now it must be remembered that more than half the audiences attracted in such large numbers to the Sicilian plays, do not understand more than a few words here and there; many do not understand a syllable. Moreover, with the exception of *La Figlia di Jorio* and perhaps *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the plays are exceedingly poor. It is noticeable that in *La Figlia di Jorio*, a play of very great beauty, the troupe is generally at its worst; their lack of interest affects Signor Grasso himself. Signor d'Annunzio has developed the pictorial and poetic elements so fully that they seem to obscure the dramatic element—at any rate, in actual representation. But beyond this, the troupe does not seem to me to render the drama as Signor d'Annunzio intended, and Signora Mimi Aguglia does not do full justice to the idea of Mila. The whole drama is too elaborate and too learned for the troupe, though, of course, Signor Grasso is perfectly capable of dealing with Aligio, as indeed Signor Lo Turco proves himself to be with Lazzaro; the general atmosphere seems to affect the greater personality more than it does the lesser. But I must repeat, I could not desire to see Candia more beautifully played than she is by Signora M. Balestrieri in the last act. These remarks are obviously not those of a professed Dramatic Critic. They are founded on the plays that I have seen. I have not seen *Juan José*, *Russida*, *La Lupa*, nor, of course, *Feudalismo*, which is produced on Friday the 28th. A study of these might modify my opinion.

M. A.

CORRESPONDENCE

LORD HALIFAX ON THE BLOW TO CHURCH SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Education Bill introduced last night destroys all Church schools in all single-school districts—that is, in the vast majority of all the rural parishes in England. In those

schools teaching under the Cowper-Temple clause will be substituted for the religious teaching those schools were built to provide. The teachers are to be prohibited from giving the religious teaching they have been accustomed to give. Profession is made to respect the wishes of parents, but it is only those parents who wish for undenominational teaching. Those who desire denominational teaching for their children are to be deprived of it, while they are made to pay for the religious teaching to which they object.

In all single-school districts the Bill inflicts upon the members of the Church of England and upon the Roman Catholics the precise grievance which it alleges to exist at present in the case of the Nonconformists, and from which it desires to relieve them. It endows and establishes undenominational religious teaching at the public expense, on the ground that the religious teaching prescribed by the Cowper-Temple clause has been found to work well, and is generally acceptable—an assertion which, if disproof is necessary, is shown to be false by the £400,000 raised in London alone within the last twelve months in order to preserve the schools in which denominational teaching is given. It provides no facilities for denominational teaching, for such parents who desire it, in the present Council schools. It tramples on the trusts in reliance on which millions have been subscribed for the building and maintenance of schools in which definite religious teaching should be given, and as a boon to the founders and managers of such schools it allows them to provide on non-school days—i.e., on Saturday and Sunday—for the teaching of the Catechism and to bargain with the local authority for the substitution of teaching under the Cowper-Temple clause on all other days for the definite religious teaching hitherto given in those schools. Was there ever such a case of seething the kid in its mother's milk?

By the contracting out clauses it leaves the schools which may avail themselves of those clauses at the mercy of the local authority, to be, as in many cases and in many localities will certainly be the case, gradually starved out of existence. These clauses may help some Church schools, in particular localities they may save, as I hope they may, the Roman Catholic schools in towns, but they do nothing for the Church of England, which is obviously and directly attacked by the Bill. It is a Bill which is good neither for Religion nor Education, and it is one which, if carried, must provoke strife and unpromising resistance in nearly every parish in England.

HALIFAX.

February 25.

RESISTANCE TO MR. McKENNA'S BILL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. McKenna's speech this afternoon has made it abundantly clear that his Bill will include the most reactionary educational proposals ever put forward in this country, involving far worse conditions than those which prevailed in the days of "intolerable strain" prior to 1902.

(1) Cowper-Templeism is to be established and endowed as the new national religion, at the cost of those who have the strongest conscientious objections. Before 1902 the Cowper-Temple rate was levied only in localities which had chosen to place themselves under that liability. In many areas the friends of voluntary schools were able to prevent the formation of school boards, and to avoid this unjust imposition. Under Mr. McKenna's Bill the Education Rate will continue to be universal in accordance with the 1902 Act, but Undenominationalism is the only religion which for the future is to be paid for out of that rate. This is a monstrous injustice to which Churchmen should steadfastly refuse to submit.

(2) Denominational education is to be placed in an inferior position, and starved and fined out of existence as speedily as possible. Those who desire to have their children brought up in their own faith must not only provide and maintain school premises at their own charges in addition to paying the education rate, but must also forego their share of that rate in their own schools, and make up the deficiency out of their own pockets. The cost of education has gone up by leaps and bounds since 1902, and for the vast majority of Church schools this provision is nothing less than a sentence of immediate extinction. Those bodies of managers who can afford the luxury of "contracting out" should feel bound in honour to stand by their brethren in less fortunate circumstances who would be unable to carry on their schools for a single day without their share of the rate to which all contribute.

(3) Confiscation of the most bare-faced character is to be a leading feature of this atrocious Bill. In all single-school areas, where the Church school is the only school, it is to be transferred to the local authority. Where Church schools are held by an educational trust they will without doubt be con-

fiscated under the powers transferred from the Charity Commissioners to the Board of Education.

For these and other reasons it is necessary that uncompromising resistance in every shape and form should be organised without delay. As in the past, the Church Schools' Emergency League is ready to undertake a share in this work so far as its finances permit. This will be a soldiers' battle, and there is no lack of ardent forces ready to take the field. The "sinews of war" are the one crying need, and I beg your kind permission to appeal to your readers for help in the earliest issue of your valuable paper. Contributions to the "Campaign Fund" may be sent to Mr. G. Lawder-Eaton, Church House, Westminster, for work in London and the South, and for the North and our general funds to myself. Managers of all schools, especially of those in single-school areas, are urgently invited to join the League.

T. E. CLEWORTH,
Hon. General Secretary,
Church Schools' Emergency League.

February 24.

FRANKLY IDIOTIC?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the current number of THE ACADEMY the following lines of Dr. Fairbairn's are quoted as being "quite frankly idiotic":

As to drink and tobacco, I know neither. He who does his work in the strength of either fails to do it well. Work done by the strength of wine, or the soothing influence of the pipe, is certain to be ill-done.

Why are these lines "quite frankly idiotic"? If read with a charitable toleration for their method of expression they appear to me, in spirit and in main contention, quite frankly true, and to embody the gist of the teaching of the wisest men of all time. Dr. Fairbairn obviously means alcoholic liquor when he says "wine." It is not so obvious that the Psalmist—when he praises wine as making glad the heart of man—means anything more than the juice of the vine—the "hanging wine"—which, indeed, in his day, was often bought and sold in an inspissated form (as we buy and sell honey), and, in conjunction with corn and oil, represented the larger part of the material blessings of the land.

Your reviewer mentions the wine of Cana and the wine of the Sacrament; there is no proof that in either case the wine used was alcoholic.

The wine that was to be drunk with Christ in Heaven was to be "new"—the freshly-expressed juice of the True Vine. One of the dying acts of Christ was the refusal of strong wine in order that the crucial part of His great work might be gone through, not with the aid of drugs, but with faculties thoroughly purged by prayer and fasting according to His own previously delivered prescription for the work of genius.

Does your reviewer seriously contend that "the whole of ancient literature" was the product of men stimulated by alcohol, and likewise "ninety-nine hundredths of modern literature"? I think it would not be difficult to make up a great deal more than that hundredth from the work of men who relied not at all upon alcohol as a source of literary strength; and as for the matter of Hobbes, Carlyle, and Tennyson, and tobacco, is there not a liability towards mistaking *post* for *propter hoc*?

I wonder how much better the lives and work of these would have been without the drug?

February 24.

CALEB PORTER.

[Dr. Fairbairn's *dicta*, quoted by us in "Life and Letters," not in a review, are "frankly idiotic" because they are frankly at variance with the truth. To take one proposition—that work of any kind done by a man who smokes is certain to be ill-done—we have (to use logical language) proved it is contradictory by the instances of Hobbes, Tennyson, and Carlyle, who were smokers and did admirable work. Therefore, "some work done under the soothing influence of the pipe is not ill-done." Further, it is certain that practically the whole of ancient literature, of ancient art of all sorts, was done by men who drank alcohol. Certain ascetic systems apart, teetotalism is a modern product: we cannot, for the moment, recall any of its recent triumphs in fine literature or fine art. Hence, we repeat, Dr. Fairbairn's propositions are frankly untruthful and frankly idiotic. Mr. Porter's speculation as to how much better the "Morte d'Arthur" would have been if Tennyson had not been a smoker is not relevant to the question. Dr. Fairbairn did not say that, though a smoker might do good work, he would do better work if he were a non-

smoker; he said that the work of a smoker was certain to be ill-done. Mr. Porter, therefore, is guilty, certainly of *ignoratio elenchi*, and probably of futile speculation.

We were not aware that—excepting possibly in teetotal "literature"—it had ever been held that when wine is mentioned in the Bible, the unfermented juice of the grape is to be understood. The product in question may be charming, but one fails to see how it could "gladden" the human heart. It was certainly not this non-alcoholic beverage that was in the mind of the Psalmist who wrote of *calix meus inebrians*; and the Christ would hardly have been reproached by the Puritans of the time as a wine-bibber if the wine in question were the grape-soup of Mr. Porter's fancy. As for the Eucharist: the Church in East and West has always used true wine—that is, alcoholic wine. A marriage is an occasion of gaiety; the "hanging wine" that Mr. Porter mentions would be as unsuitable to the Feast at Cana as a jar of currant jelly. As for the Crucifixion: one can hardly imagine even one of the martyrs using alcohol as an anæsthetic before or during the act of martyrdom.—Ed.]

"THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your comment on "M.A. (Cantab's)" letter dealt very faithfully with him (to use a suitably Protestant phrase), and leaves little unsaid which deserves saying. May I, however, plead for a little space in which to advance one or two observations of which his letter is the real author?

And my first is that the tendency to quote the reference for each quotation from Scripture is an evidence of the peculiar banality of the Protestant mind. It cannot apparently leave to the words themselves the task of achieving their own end and purpose. There must be a reference so that one's own accuracy or precision of statement may be verified by those foolish enough to notice the chapter and verse which follow almost automatically.

I suppose it springs from the suspicion with which they regard Catholics. Catholics, it is well known, have an hereditary right to all lying, deceit, and dishonesty. And the only way to demonstrate the essential difference between the scrupulous Protestants and the turpitude of their opponents is to labour through the Bible—moistening one's fingers in elegant fashion the while—chasing a train of thought from Genesis to Malachi, if need be, and backwards again, if it be necessary, until the wretched listeners wonder whether it may not be really a game of hide and seek, or finger exercise.

But to revert to this delightful explosion of "M.A. (Cantab's)"—so reminiscent of a school of thought dying, if not dead—I wonder whether the writer has ever heard of Newman's Lectures on the position of Catholics? If he is acquainted with them (and that were a paradox too great to be borne) doubtless he will remember the Lecture on the Logical inconsistency of Protestants and its ghastly tale of dismemberment and torture. And with that before him, if he again appeals to the equally lamentable Marian persecution—well, he is beyond hope. As I understand the matter, it is a question rather of degree than of kind. The principle operated with unwelcome equality as each contending party attained means to express their convictions by physical force. And if the charming Protestants, whose tone and temper of mind is so sweetly set forth in Milton's line "Avenge, Oh! Lord, Thy slaughtered Saints" (and I can imagine "M.A. (Cantab's)" declaiming it before a bench and pulpit gathering, laying stress and accent quite naturally on the first word), if, I say, they ill-used so many as one Catholic their contentions may be dismissed lightly and easily as the effervescence of fanatical brains.

Before I close, may I ask whether "M.A. (Cantab)" has ever considered that persecution is not restricted to the infliction of bodily suffering and injury. Has he ever thought of the lot of Roman Catholics prior to the Act of Emancipation, or their treatment in Ireland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? And, again, does he know anything of the Roman Church's efforts to abolish slavery in Europe? Surely if he desires to draw up a Persecution Balance Sheet it would be just as well to include the liabilities of these ill-used Protestants, as well as their seemingly interminable assets. At any rate, it would be good book-keeping, despite its probable modification of his present opinions in this year of Grace and New Theology, 1908.

February 22.

FRANK V. WEST.

P.S.—Is there not a computation that the number of witches who found death at the hands of the Protestants and in Non-Inquisition countries is about 30,000?

"ALSO SPRACH CAMPBELL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Machen, in his article, "Also Sprach Campbell," in THE ACADEMY for February 15th, has the words, "If the painting and the poem are but approximations—grey roses for scarlet roses, as Henry Harland said so well."

"Approximations," not to each other, as Mr. Machen's slightly hurried sentence might lead the reader to think, but to the perfect architectural plan flung out by the artist in one clear moment; a plan that fades or dissolves before he can build it into one of our realities. But the words are not Henry Harland's. They are quoted, by way of motto, upon the title-page of Harland's beautiful book of stories, "Grey Roses"—his graceful way of apologising for that which needed no apology:

Yes, the conception was a rose, but the achievement is a rose grown grey.—PARASCHKINE.

If you please, who was Paraschkine? What was his nationality, his language, his epoch? If there is anything of his to be had in English one would be glad to know, for much trouble would be well expended upon the finding of one other phrase so perfect.

S. H.

[We have always been under the impression that "Paraschkine" was a myth, and that the phrase in question was invented by Harland.—ED.]

COCKNEY RHYMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I suggest that it is quite impossible to discuss pronunciations accurately without the use of phonetic symbols? The use of these is undesirable for general readers, and I am therefore of opinion that this discussion will lead to few definite results, and is practically valueless. All that we shall gain will be a proof that opinions differ, which we knew before.

I write once more solely because I read that "Professor Skeat will probably tell us that *over* and *cover* were once perfect rhymes." I have already explained that they never were so, and in all probability never will be.

Our spelling is due to Anglo-French scribes, who tried to find symbols for both Old English and Norman sounds. But they had to use the (originally) short "o" for two sounds; as I have shown.

At p. 504 of my "Principles of English Etymology," First Series, I explain that the Anglo-Saxon short "o" has been lengthened in many cases, and now represents the sound of "o" in *boat*. I give as examples the Anglo-Saxon *bodian*, *brocen*, *smocian*, *stolen*, *open*, *ofer*, etc., now pronounced as *bode*, *broken*, *smoke*, *stolen*, *open*, *over*, etc.

At p. 101 of "Principles of English Etymology," Second Series, I observe that "it is very seldom that the Anglo-French 'o,' denoting short 'u' (as in *full*), has accurately preserved its sounds." And I add that it now generally has the sound of "u" in *cut*, as *cut* is sounded in London. Amongst the examples are *coverer*, to cover; *covert*, covert; *governer*, to govern, etc.

No one ought to speculate as to what the old sounds were like; for we have Dr. Ellis and Dr. Sweet to tell us, who have reduced speculations to certainties. As far as I am myself concerned, it seems a little hard that I should be supposed to say what I have never said. It would be merely courteous to refer to my books beforehand. I have made mistakes, no doubt; but I will gladly recant them when they are pointed out.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

CHARLES I.—HIS NAME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The answer to the question which I venture to propound to your readers may be a matter of common knowledge, but I could not obtain either reliable information or reasonable conjecture from a party of intelligent and well-informed people to whom I referred the point a few days ago.

The question is—How did King Charles I. get the name of Charles? What reason was there, or what reason can be suggested, for its selection by James I.? I should be very glad to discover what associations there were with the name in this case. I do not imagine that before that date it was at all a common name in England or Scotland.

February 21.

B.

"HAO CH'UI CHUAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have no knowledge of the book Mr. Robinson names, but it seems to me superficially very possible that he has a translation of the "Hao Ch'ui Chuan," which is variously translated as "The Pleasing Union," or "The Fortunate History." Anyway, I think he may assume the final words of the Chinese title should be *Chuan* not *Chooan*.

Wylie's "Notes on Chinese Literature" might afford authoritative information; unfortunately I have no copy near me.

The "Hao Ch'ui Chuan" has been many times translated.

J. R. C.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Perry Robinson's enquiry, in your issue of February 22nd, as to a book entitled "Hau Kiou Chooan, or the Pleasing History," it will interest him to know that this is the first published work of that Thomas Percy to whom we owe "The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." The book was a translation by Percy from a Portuguese MS. found among the papers of a Cantonese merchant named Wilkinson. Percy appears to have translated only the fourth volume, and the whole thing, which is a genuine Chinese story, must have been of considerable length. The book appeared in 1761, and Percy followed it up with "Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the Chinese" in 1762. The first of Goldsmith's Chinese letters appeared early in 1760, and there was evidently some interest in things Chinese about that time. It is recorded that Percy received £50 for the "Hau Kiou Chooan."

T. H. LANGFORD.

"REBECCA; OR, THE VICTIM OF DUPLICITY: A NOVEL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—On p. 3 of the *Times* of February 24th, 1908, there is an extract "From the *Times* of 1808." It ends thus:—

"In a few days will be published, in 3 vols., price 12s., sewed,

'REBECCA; or, the Victim of Duplicity: A Novel.'

Printing for Lackington, Allen and Co., Finsbury Square; who have now for sale a Circulating Library, comprising 600 vols., of novels and romances, price only 35s."

In the Bibliothèque de la Sorbonne, at Paris, there are the first two volumes of this interesting book, published at Uttoxeter. It is believed to have been the work of Ann Catherine (or Catharine) Holbrook, who, according to *The Dictionary of National Biography*, died in the London district, in 1837. It was reviewed by Mr. Joseph Moser in *The European Magazine and London Review*, 1808. During the last three years enquiries have been made by two well-known authors, Mr. Hubert Smith Stainer, of Leamington Spa, and Mr. Cecil Clarke, of Hampstead, and by myself, with the hope of finding also the third volume, and other copies of the others. Moser gives us an outline of the plot of the third volume. Will some readers of THE ACADEMY be kind enough to say where a copy of it is to be seen?

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

February 24.

"A POCKETFUL OF SIXPENCES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I must confess that my interest in the reprints of Mr. Russell's articles in the *Manchester Guardian* did not carry me as far as the "Postscript." Announcements of this sort are, I fancy, more usually found at the beginning of a volume, and all I found there was a dedication and a couple of quotations. The former of these, as your readers will remember (on the title-page, midway between the names of author and publisher), I particularly noted—"He was not an intellectual Cæsus, but his pockets were full of sixpences."

YOUR REVIEWER.

(Our list of Books Received has been unavoidably held over.)

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We quote these words of "the greatest living writer of English prose," because they give a very clear exposition of one of the points of view from which the editors of *The Historians' History of the World* regarded the task of producing a narrative that should adequately present the story of the progress of all Nations. Such impartiality of outlook as Mr. Meredith suggests, they all along attempted to maintain. It is this spirit that we have more than once characterized as cosmopolitanism of editorial view.

One or two critics have seemed to be puzzled as to the exact sense in which this word "cosmopolitanism" was used in connection with the editorship of *The Historians' History*. What one or two have expressed, a good many others may have felt. Therefore perhaps it may be worth while to offer a few words of precise explication, both as to the meaning of the term in its application to *The Historians' History* and as to the method by which so-called cosmopolitanism of editorial view was attained.

In the first instance it must be recalled that there are two quite different points of view from which the history of any particular nation may be approached. One of these may be called the sympathetic, the other the antipathetic view. The editors of *The Historians' History* laid it down as an axiom that it is impossible to write a truly great history of a great people from the antipathetic standpoint—a pronouncement obviously in harmony with Mr. Meredith's views as above quoted.

Acting on this theory, the editors of *The Historians' History* have sought always to treat the history of every nation with the utmost sympathy consistent with a critical analysis of that history.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS is no doubt a gentleman of great ability; some of his literary criticism reaches a high level, and in his last published volume of poems there is some really fine poetry, the first, in our opinion, that he has so far produced. But Mr. Symons has his limitations, and we confess that his dissertations on music are apt to be somewhat irritating. A few weeks ago he was referring, in the *Saturday Review*, to the influence of Handel on English music. He described it as "heavy," and though we are unable to recall his exact words, we remember that he expressed the opinion that Handel's influence had a fatal effect on English music, and that he (Mr. Arthur Symons) had a rather poor opinion of Handel. The real truth is, surely, that what little good music has been written in England since Handel's day owes most of the excellence it possesses to Handel's influence. It is characteristic of this sort of criticism to call Handel "heavy." Why heavy? We suppose because Mr. Symons associates him with the singing of choruses by massed choirs. But a chorus does not become "heavy" because it is sung by a great number of voices. We fail to see anything "heavy" in, say, the overture to "Samson," or the superb soprano solo, "Let the bright Seraphim," from the same noble work, and if Mr. Symons finds "Acis and Galatea" and the organ concertos heavy, we are sorry for him.

It is instructive to compare the utterances of Mr. Symons and other gifted modern critics with the recorded saying of Beethoven on the same subject. Seigfried, in his "Beethoven Studies," gives the following opinion, as expressed to him by the great composer:

Handel is the unequalled master of all masters. Go to him and learn how with small means to produce great effects. In a letter from an English visitor in Vienna to a friend in London, given in the appendix to Moscheles' translation of Schindler's "Life of Beethoven," we read:

In the whole course of the table talk there was nothing so interesting as what he (Beethoven) said about Handel. I sat close by him, and heard him assert very distinctly in German, "Handel is the greatest composer that ever lived." I cannot describe to you with what pathos—I am inclined to say with what sublimity of language he spoke of the "Messiah" of this great composer. Every one of us was moved when he said, "I would uncover my head and kneel down on his tomb."

In Weegler and Ries's "Notizen" it is recorded that "Beethoven esteemed Mozart and Handel most of all composers, and next to them Sebastian Bach." To anyone in search of an antidote to the musical criticism of Mr. Arthur Symons and other critics of his school we can heartily recommend "My Thoughts on Music and Musicians," by Mr. H. Heathcote Statham. It is an admirable and most unjustly neglected book. It was published as long ago as 1892 by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

There is a very amusing passage in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." Charlotte, learning French under M. Héger, had to imitate well-known classics, and amongst others her master put before her a French rendering of the Epistle of St. Ignatius to the Romans, which Charlotte seems to have admired. But:

She claimed equal self-devotion and from as high a motive, for some of the missionaries of the English Church sent out to toil and to perish on the poisonous African coast, and wrote as an "imitative" "Lettre d'un Missionnaire, Sierra Leone, Afrique."

The fact is that Charlotte Brontë thought of St. Ignatius, who was a disciple of St. John, and was consecrated a bishop, probably by St. Paul, c. 70, as a Papist. The case is an extreme one, but it illustrates, vividly enough, the old-fashioned Protestant theory that Christianity suffered instant corruption on the completion of the New Testament Canon. Up to the writing of the last line of the Apocalypse the Christian Church was "Protestant"; five minutes afterwards, we are to presume, it had become a hot-bed of Popery and Idolatry. Of course, St. Ignatius should prove rather a difficult case, since he was made a bishop long before the Canon was completed; but one presumes that for Charlotte Brontë and for many other simple souls his error is clear because "he is not in the Bible."

One excuses Charlotte very readily; the Reverend Patrick Brontë did not shine as a theologian, and probably took a great deal more interest in the Duke of Wellington than in the noble army of martyrs. But it is difficult to excuse a person who has placed himself, or has suffered himself to be placed, in the chair of the teacher, when he talks nonsense which is as absurd and unhistorical as Charlotte Brontë's view of St. Ignatius. We have not the pleasure of being acquainted with the name or the fame of Dr. Rendel Harris, the outgoing President of the Free Church Council, but we are instructed by a daily paper that his addresses are "unique," and that his farewell discourse to the assembly combined "scholarship, mysticism, and humour." One presumes that all three qualities are present in the president's remarks with reference to the discoveries at Oxyrhynchus:

We may find some more of this very Gospel or of another of equal date, and then we shall be on our way to write a life of Christ without subtleties. Experience suggests that we are not going to discover an ecclesiastical Christ, but we may be very near to fresh traces of the real Christ.

And one wonders what Dr. Harris means. Does he intend his hearers to understand that the Christ who appears in the Four Gospels cannot be presented without subtleties, but that somewhere in the sands there lies hid a fifth Gospel, entirely opposed to the spirit of the present Canon, and so corrective of their teaching that an entirely new Christ, unknown before

to Christendom, will be disclosed to the world? In that case this friend of "simple Bible Teaching" holds that the Bible as it is is not sufficient for instruction, nor, presumably, for salvation. It was only a week or two ago that we noted the strange fatality by which the effusive Bibliolater is made to play the Biblioclast; it is odd enough that the men who are ready to endure anything, as they say, for the Bible and the Bible only are the most open assailants of the authority of Holy Writ. Let us meditate on Dr. Rendel Harris, scholar, mystic, humorist, ex-president of the Free Church Council, who is ready to die (presumably) for simple Bible Teaching, who is quite unable to get a true conception of the Christ by the light of the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles, and the Revelation of St. John the Divine.

And when the missing fifth Gospel has been discovered the real life will be written, without "subtleties." Why, there are subtleties in the Axioms of Euclid, there are subtleties in a chemical reaction, there are subtleties in the simplest old ballad, there are subtleties in the lives of Tom Smith and Jack Robinson. But there are to be no subtleties (or mysteries) in the consideration of the Great Mystery of the World! And after this we are told that the New Gospel will not show us the ecclesiastical Christ, but the real Christ. It is the ecclesiastical Christ, then, that is shown to us by the Apostles and Evangelists, that appears in the works of St. John, St. Mark, and St. Paul? And the real Christ, hidden from the Disciple that Jesus loved, hidden from St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp, from the army of the martyrs from Origen, from St. Augustine, from St. Chrysostom, from St. Clement of Alexandria, from all the host of the saints, from all the Holy Catholic Church, is about to be revealed to Dr. Harris, Dr. Clifford, and Mr. Silas Hocking by means of a gospel which may be discovered at Oxyrhynchus. On the one side the whole Church: St. John the Divine, St. Paul, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Thomas à Kempis; on the other Dr. Harris, Dr. Clifford, and Mr. Silas Hocking. There are occasions on which logic is an impertinence, and the syllogism is otiose.

If we describe Sieneſe *tavolette* as the decorated upper-covers of thin wood belonging to the account books of the Biccherna (Treasury) and Gabella (Customs) of Siena, from about 1250 to about 1450, we hope that we shall be offering to our readers information which they do not all possess already. Mr. W. A. Pollard writes in *The Library*, the well-printed quarterly review of which he is co-editor, an interesting and useful note on these *tavolette*, derived, as he frankly states, from an exhaustive monograph by the Cavaliere Alessandro Lisini, director of the Archivio Civile of Siena, published in 1901, and copiously illustrated. Mr. Pollard's main object is to point out that a large number of spurious *tavolette* are in the market, and seem to deceive English buyers. From a rather vague recollection of some of these spurious examples, we should have thought they were too pretty and elaborate to be classed as forgeries, of such early work, but were rather innocent imitations, attractive only to tourists as souvenirs of Siena. However, Mr. Pollard's experience is that they are regarded seriously as antiques, and his note gives owners, actual or prospective, broad indications how to distinguish between the true and the false. Full certainty can be attained by comparing the Catalogue of the Palazzo Piccolomini, which possesses a large collection, with

the remaining examples enumerated in the Italian monograph. The monograph should be found in all good art libraries, and identification should not be difficult even to those who do not know Italian, since it mainly rests on the dates and proper names, which generally appear as part of the actual decoration.

We are surprised at Mr. Maurice Hewlett's letter to the *Times* repudiating responsibility concerning the price of a story by him, "The Spanish Jade," recently published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Since, as Mr. Hewlett states, Messrs. Cassell purchased the copyright, they have a right to charge what they like for copies of the book. We do not approve of a vendor depreciating his wares after he has sold them. A publisher has as much right to consideration in this respect as any other purchaser. A deservedly popular writer such as Mr. Hewlett can be no *ingénu* in dealing with publishers, and there is no reason to suppose that he accepted from Messrs. Cassell less for his book than he could get elsewhere. Apart from this strong probability, Mr. Hewlett's unfortunate letter would suggest that he repented him of his bargain, and was annoyed that Messrs. Cassell were about to profit by their own perspicacity. The fact that copies of longer works by Mr. Hewlett can be purchased at the same price is surely no criterion. Mr. Hewlett would scarcely wish the excellence of his work tested by a yard measure.

"Dr." Clifford distinguished himself last Tuesday at the meeting of the Free Church Council, by saying that "in his judgment, the Bill (Mr. McKenna's Education Bill) was lavish in its generosity to Romanists and Anglicans," a statement which, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, was received by the audience with "loud cheers." The idea of a vast body of Non-conformists "loudly cheering" because the Government had been "lavishly generous" to Roman Catholics and Anglicans would be amusing enough were it not a manifestation of a peculiarly cynical and sinister hypocrisy. We do not, however, grudge the political Nonconformists their temporary triumph. It will not be of long duration. It seems pretty safe to say that any chance that Mr. McKenna's outrageous Bill ever had of passing into law has now been effectually knocked on the head, thanks to Mr. Asquith and his Licensing Bill. Generations of children yet unborn will bless the name of Mr. Asquith, and any movement which might be set on foot to present him with a testimonial from Churchmen would have our sincere support and approval, the more so as, by introducing a Bill which has so effectually damaged the Government in the eyes of the country as to render innocuous its attack on the Church, he has, if our judgment is worth anything, committed political suicide.

We do not, as a rule, encourage "Limerick" competitions, but the witty remark made by a certain reverend gentleman in one of the Houses of Convocation at York the other day has almost induced us to offer a prize for one of these rhymes. The gentleman in question (our impression is that it was Dr. Cox) is reported by the *Daily Telegraph* to have observed, during the course of a discussion on Mr. McKenna's Education Bill, that, after reading its provisions, he had come to the conclusion that it proceeded from the place which rhymes with McKenna. The first line of the Limerick would, of course, be: "There was a young man called McKenna." We invite suggestions for the other lines from some of our more frivolously minded readers.

THE VISION

I COME from lonely downs and silent woods,
 With winter in my heart, a withered world,
 A heavy weight of dark and sorrowful things,
 And all my dreams spread out their rainbow wings,
 And turn again to those bright solitudes
 Where Beauty met me in a thousand moods,
 And all her shining banners were unfurled. . .
 And where I snatched from the sweet hands of Spring
 A crystal cup and drank a mystic wine,
 And walked alone a secret perfumed way,
 And saw the glittering Angels at their play,
 And heard the golden birds of Heaven sing,
 And woke . . . to find white lilies clustering
 And all the emerald wood an empty shrine,
 Fragrant with myrrh and frankincense and spice,
 And echoing yet the flutes of Paradise. . .

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

THE POET

All the winds of the wide air
 Through me blow;
 All the waters of the earth
 Through me flow;
 And the earthbound flowers and trees
 Through me grow;
 From me sprang the winds to birth,
 And the rivers and the seas,
 And the trees and blossoms fair.

 All the star-fires of the night
 In me burn;
 And the caverns of the dark
 In me yearn;
 And the wheels of night and day
 In me turn;
 For of old I lit the spark,
 Cast the shadow from the ray,
 Winged the wheels of time for flight.

 All the sorrows of man's breath
 In me sigh;
 All his passions and his fears
 In me cry;
 And the springs of his last rest
 In me lie;
 I have brought him forth in tears;
 I have borne him at my breast—
 I his life, and I his death!

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

LITERATURE

CRIME. GREAT AND LITTLE

Memoirs of M. Claude, Chief of Police under the Second Empire. (London: Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd., 12s. 6d. net.)

The Story of Crime from the Cradle to the Grave.
 By H. L. ADAM. (London: T. Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d. net.)

CRIME is a fascinating subject to the majority of us; "heaven for climate, but hell for company," said John P. Allen, and the records of vice have a habit, so degenerate is the taste of man, of being vastly more interesting than that of virtue; Mr. Jonathan Wild would have been for most of us a more desirable companion at a dinner-party than Captain Hedley Vicars. The title of these two books convey, then, a promise which ensures them at once a measure of popularity, while their subjects make it inevitable that some of the contents must be readable. But this last fact puts considerable responsibility upon the authors, for the most difficult part of their task is done before they begin. They are writing for an audience ready to find the subject-matter acceptable—they occupy the position of a player into whose mouth the dramatist has put such telling words that only thoroughly incompetent rendering can prevent a success for the piece. Is it possible that the memoirs of the Chief of Police during the lurid reign of Napoleon III. can make other than absorbing reading? Can a story of crime, ranging from the cradle to the grave, fail to grip our attention closely? Well, M. Claude's *carnet*, though stuffed with piquant revelations, and though a decidedly valuable record of important work, seems to lack, somehow, the quality of vividness which an eye-witness's account should always possess. We feel that he has in places, perhaps, exercised an economy in his confidences and a discretion in his judgments with which we could have dispensed gladly, while at other times his natural desire to exhibit intuition and insight has led him to talk more of what he thought than of what he saw. As for Mr. Adam, he does not possess much literary faculty, and having but little to say, with scant power of saying it, he writes much, but it does not mean much.

Mr. Adam, we learn from his naïve preface, set himself some years ago the task of studying crime and prison life in all its phases—"wherever anything was to be learned concerning crime I there prosecuted my enquiries and observed for myself what transpired." The transpirations are disappointing. Mr. Adam has been present in court at the hearing of a certain number of notorious cases, but he has nothing new to tell us about any of them. He has visited certain prisons, but his accounts do not help us to realise in any intimate manner what a convict's plight is like. The accounts of the candid persons, now becoming a large group, who have related their experiences upon release from prison, make Mr. Adam's revelations flat reading; he has penetrated the buildings, he has been able to appreciate their cleanliness and the value of their geographical positions, he has presented Home Office credentials which have enabled him to secure some good photographs; but he says hardly an illuminating word upon the efficiency of our systems of imprisonment. A large number of thoughtful persons believe with Mr. William Tallack, the secretary of the Howard Association, that British prisons are more calculated to exercise a deterrent influence over their inmates than the penal establishments of most other

nations, while no one any longer doubts that a totally disproportionate punishment falls upon many luckless prisoners owing to the grave moral wrong that is inflicted upon them under existing conditions. If we reproach Mr. Adam for the dearth of penological principles set out in his book, for his briefest of references to such a subject as the social crime against the vicious that is equally implied in over-severity or over-laxity, he may reply that he should not be blamed for leaving undone what he has made no attempt to do, or he may point in refutation of the stricture to his remarks upon the abolition of capital punishment, or to the reflections in his last chapter, when he "ventures to make a few critical comments on the subject of crime from a general stand-point." But Mr. Adam must remember the title of the book, and words in his preface which pledge him deeply. Why, for example, is it venturesome of him to "make a few critical comments, etc." when he has stated on the title-page that he will tell us the story of crime from the cradle to the grave? Not only should "a few critical comments, etc.," be given us, but we have the right to demand them, and demand them in bulk, and not just a few of them. The truth is, Mr. Adam cannot supply them, and perhaps he began to feel at this late point in his work that he is not properly equipped for his task. That is the whole trouble. The sole fault we have to find with him is that he did not see this from the first, call his book "Round the Prisons with a Camera," and spare us his psychology and sociology. What the late Robert Buchanan, what Mr. Wheatley, the police-court missionary, and what Mr. Frank Barrett, the novelist, remarked to him at different times, together with some conversations held with warders and magistrates, appear to be his authorities, and they prove untrustworthy support for the task he has essayed. Insufficient knowledge of the world betrays him into sweeping statements of this sort:—

There is no type of criminal, but there is a criminal class; A barrister is always a gentleman and a man of honour; Why should solicitors be such a questionable lot? It is only now and again, by the merest accident, that the secret poisoner is brought to justice; Indiscreet courting couples form a fruitful field for police blackmailing . . . a similar kind of extortion goes on in connection with the women of the pavement . . . disreputable members of the force rob helpless drunken men.

These things are always being said by uneducated and ignorant people, but they would not be endorsed by a responsible writer. As a matter of fact, everyone of Mr. Adams's dogmatic statements is arguable, and well-informed opinion would contradict him flatly in most cases. A history of crime is not written in this way, and we recommend Mr. Adam, if a second edition of his book is called for—a perfectly possible occurrence, because of the wide appeal of this subject—to tell more stories of actual crimes, and tell them more fully, to cut out all his deductions from these stories, to correct his proofs much more carefully, and to verify the spelling of all the proper names.

M. Claude, Chief of the Police under the Second Empire, writes of crime from a totally different standpoint, but his book has this in common with that of Mr. Adam, it owes its interest entirely to the sensational stories it contains, and not a whit to the author's reflections on life or morals or politics. M. Claude had not to rely on other people for his material—he knew all the great folk whom he mentions, the accounts of crimes are told as often as not from the standpoint of the man who arrested the criminals, and his outside information came from people like the Emperor Napoleon III., M. Thiers, M. Delessert, M. Lagrange, Madame de Montijo, and various princesses and Government agents, whose names are not always given, but whose high social

or diplomatic position can be guessed at from the context. The memoirs, which have been translated by Miss K. P. Wormeley, are a condensation of the first half of M. Claude's diary, which was published some twenty-seven years ago, and their range is from 1830, when the citizen king displaced his Legitimist relative, through the reigns of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III., to the overthrow of the Napoleonic régime after Sedan. What a time! Forty years of plotting and counterplotting; three revolutions, and the prisoners of yesterday the judges of to-day, with all the shocks and transformations in fortune that are thus implied. No wonder that the political and social crimes of such an epoch were lurid in character, and no wonder that M. Claude, Chief of the Police during a large part of the period, has been able to write an interesting book. We have the Napoleonic intrigues described and the preliminaries of the *coup d'état*, the stories of the Choiseul-Praslin, Troppmann and Jud murders, the stories of the bombs of Orsini and of the Duke of Brunswick's diamonds, and notes upon many other extraordinary or infamous incidents; and we have at the same time some frank exposures of the life led by some of the leading spirits in the conduct of the Second Empire. Here M. Claude is sometimes a little boring. His half-confidences may be diplomatic, and his allusions may—they probably do—mean a great deal more to those who are familiar with the underside of well-known events and persons during the reign of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III., than they can mean to the casual reader, but when the most appalling insinuations and even sinister accusations are directed against anyone, even a usurping Emperor, we ought to have more substantiation of the author's views than sentences beginning, "It is said." M. Claude is proud of his possession of *flair*, and his own account of his talent does not err on the side of modesty, despite his words of disclaimer:

I have a *flair* (he says) which, in spite of my temperament, excites my energy, and has rarely deceived me in my hunts for men. A thief or a murderer, whom the Prefecture points out to me, becomes a prey of which I sometimes instantly divine the trail; the faintest indication of his passage endows me often with a species of second-sight. I do not wish to make a parade of my merits; but if, from the faintest indication, the most insignificant fact, I have often established a whole world of proofs and revelations, I owe such merits to a natural gift, a wholly special organisation. I was born a policeman as a greyhound is born to course.

That may be all quite true, and we think that M. Claude's employers must have regarded him in an identical light, or he would not have remained so many years in the same employment, when all around him was being turned upside down and inside out. But *flair* and second-sight will not enable a man to read the hearts of kings or the ciphers of Cabinets with any certainty, while the man who is born a policeman is exactly the man to put an evil interpretation upon any guesses he may make. We must own to regarding M. Claude as a prejudiced witness in respect of Napoleon III., even if we cannot quite accept the estimate of the last French Emperor which is contained in Mr. W. Blanchard Jerrold's official biography.

The records of crime always have their attraction, and both these books should command, and probably will obtain, a large sale, though of neither can it be said that it is an important human document or a successful piece of art. Both of them should be read because of the stories contained in them, while the reflections of the authors may in both instances be neglected considerably. M. Claude has an exaggerated idea of the penetration of the policeman's glance; while Mr. Adam's credence in popular report leads him to generalise rashly and tritely, while it deprives his opinions of the individual weight which they might have enjoyed otherwise as those of an industrious observer.

NEW MEDIÆVAL LIBRARY—III.

The Chatelaine of Vergi: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century. Translated by ALICE KEMPE-WELCH; with the French text; with six illustrations from a contemporary ivory. Introduction by L. BRANDIN, Ph.D. Title page, repeated on cover, designed by Miss B. C. HUNTER. New Mediæval Library. Vol. 3. (Chatto and Windus, 5s. net and 7s. 6d. net.)

"THE CHATELAINE OF VERGI" is a simple and pathetic tragedy, told in ballad form by an unknown poet, between about 1280 and 1288, if we are to accept the extreme dates fixed by Gaston Paris and M. Gaston Raynaud. It made an immense sensation all over France, Flanders and Holland, and is referred to or adapted by Froissart, Marguerite de Navarre, and Banello, among many other authors known to the year 1766, when it practically expired in an anonymous work of pure fiction, "La Comtesse de Vergi et Raoul de Couci." M. L. Brandin tells us in his introduction, that it still exists in eight MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and five of the fifteenth and sixteenth. The translation is made from the text edited by M. Gaston Raynaud, who used the eight earlier texts only. Happily M. Raynaud's text is printed after the translation, an addition which makes this volume by far the most interesting of the three, although we miss Mrs. Kempe-Welch's really admirable notes. A knight, greatly loved by the Duke of Burgundy, secretly enjoys the love of the Duke's niece, "la Chastelaine de Vergi." They have sworn to each other never to betray their secret. The Knight is regarded with some curiosity by the courtiers, because he cannot force himself to pay open court to any lady. The Duchess has become violently enamoured of the Knight, and without committing herself beyond recall, skilfully leads him up to a declaration, which to her chagrin, proves to be a blunt refusal to entertain any love in his breast, which would do dishonour to his master the Duke. The same night, the mendacious Duchess tells the Duke that the Knight whom he loves best, has persistently besieged her virtue. The Duke sends for the Knight, accuses him of his treachery, and banishes him from his territories. However, since it is evident that the Knight cannot say much in self defence without making matters worse than they already are, the Duke offers the Knight, as an alternative to banishment, the choice of answering upon oath any question which he may ask him. The simple Knight, unable to face separation from his beloved, falls into the trap set for him by inexorable fate, and takes the oath. The Duke, anxious to keep the skeleton in his own cupboard locked up, if he can, replies, that since no one has ever heard of the Knight paying court to any known lady, and he must naturally be cherishing some lady somewhere, he will be sufficiently assured that an error has arisen in the matter of the Duchess, if the Knight will confide to him who that lady of his love really is. After terrible searchings of heart, and assured by an oath of secrecy from the Duke, the Knight reveals his secret. The Duke, *en bonhomme*, is delighted with the story, and insists on accompanying the Knight on his next visit to the lady, and on staying to witness their happiness from a hiding place, without the lady's knowledge. The expedition takes place, and the Duke is let into the secret of the lovers' means of communication, which is the lady's little dog, trained to give her silent notice of her lover's approach. Shortly afterwards, the wicked Duchess, who, we fear, alone among the candid actors of this sad drama has any sense, observes that the Duke is more devoted to his Knight than ever. By dint of connubial persecution she succeeds in extracting the secret from the Duke under

another oath of secrecy, confirmed in this case by a vow on his part that, if she ever does divulge it, he will immediately cut off her head. When Pentecost comes, the Duchess holds a Court, to which all the ladies are invited, and first among them the Duke's niece, the Chastelaine de Vergi. The Duchess has no fixed plot, but the poet being a shrewd observer, and desiring to portray *une méchante femme*, writes thus:

Lors ne pot garder ses paroles
La duchoise qui vit son leu,
Ainz dist ausi comme par geu :
"Chastelaine, soiez bien cointe,
Quar bel et preu avez acointe."
Et cele respont simplement :
"Je ne sai quel acointement
Vous pensez, ma dame, por voir,
Que talent n'ai d'ami avoir
Qui ne soit del tout a l'onor
Et de moi et de mon seignor.
—Je l'otroi bien" dit la duchesse,
"Mais vous estes bone mestresse,
Qui avez apris le mestier
Du petit chienet afetier."

Though no one present but herself understands the Duchess's malice, the poor Châtelaine is cut to the heart. She retires to a small chamber, and in a scene of real poignancy, bemoans the supposed faithlessness of her lover, and prays for death. Her prayer is heard, and she dies of a broken heart. Meanwhile, her lover has missed her from the dance, and on finding her dead, slays himself upon her corpse. The Duke, finding the two corpses, and hearing what has passed, from a serving maid who had witnessed the tragedy, draws the Knight's sword from his body and with it slays the Duchess in the midst of the dance. Overcome with remorse he renounces the duchy, sets out on a pilgrimage, and enrolling himself among the Templars, never returns. M. Renaud is sure that the poet here relates a Court scandal which occurred between 1267 and 1272, in which Hugo IV., Duc de Bourgogne, Beatrice de Champagne (as Duchess), and Laure de Lorraine (as Châtelaine) played their parts. But M. Brandin shows in his introduction, that either the poet has taken great liberties with the facts, or the ballad must be dated much later, for Beatrice de Champagne's death did not occur until 1295, many years after that of Duke Hugo IV. It rather seems, that the poet chose a plot fairly familiar in its broad outlines, and located it at Vergi, in reference to a contemporary scandal connected with that place, without closer reference to its details. At any rate, he has localised it at Vergi for all time, wherever it took place.

ARABIA'S DESERT RANGER

Wanderings in Arabia. By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY (abridged). Arranged by EDWARD GARNETT. (Duckworth, 2 vols., 16s. net.)

So-so, Mr. Pessimist, have these twenty years not taught you a little modest discretion, the twenty years since this strange, strong book was first issued? Still do we hear that this is the generation, almost the second generation, of pigmies. You tell us, from ha'penny paper, tedious platform and doleful pulpit, that we have no longer the genius to write great books nor the sense to read them. In an excess of condescension you bid us "despise not the day of small things." A small thing is a harvest, a quiet thing is a hill, and while you have stood with a new lamentation in your hand, painfully conning your elaborate analogies of decadence (not sparing us the familiar one of declining Rome), a harvest has sprung from the old earth, a hill has slowly cleared, the landscape is not as you saw it and declared it. Here, surely, dolorous friend, is an enduring book.

Our dolorous friend may indeed have heard of those books of far lands, strange lands, morning or sunset

lands as we fondly deem them, which writers such as Mr. W. H. Hudson and Mr. Cunninghame Graham have given us. Rumour of the bright delight of Mr. Hudson, of the bitter whimsicality of the author of "A Vanished Arcadia," may have reached him, and mayhap he has dismissed them as brief trifles, immoment tales of travellers unaccountably disgusted with streets and sewers. But he will find nothing trifling about this book; in length it is some six hundred pages—wherefore, surely, it should appeal to him. Its matter—hear the author's first paragraph:

A new voice hailed me of an old friend when, first returned from the Peninsula, I passed again in that long street of Damascus which is called Straight; and suddenly taking me wonderingly by the hand, "Tell me (said he) since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, through the new blossoming orchards full of the sweet spring as the garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia?"

Mr. Doughty lived for some eighteen months among the Arab tribesmen, wandering lonely as a cloud over the harsh Peninsula, a Nasrāny amid wild and fanatic Beduins. By what strange and immeasurable compulsion was it that these tameless ones of the desert, poor, treacherous, uncertain, but never quite caittiff, endured that their life should be made manifest and familiar to a stranger whom it were a privileged piety to kill! In the pages of this book, of which it is difficult to speak in moderate words, the story of this sojourn in the wonderful sealed land is told with a candour the farthest removed from egotism, with a vivid simplicity, a powerful directness, as rare as enchanting. Well does Mr. Edward Garnett (to whom we owe what must have been a painful business of abridgement, and a brief but admirable introduction) say: "It is a great human picture Doughty has drawn for us in 'Arabia Deserta,' and not the least testimony to the great art of the writer is that we see him in the Arabians' minds." There is something noble in the absence of self-consciousness, in the patient fidelity and fulness of recital, in the spaciousness and sympathy of the book; and there is something massy and memorable in the grave English, a style as individual as Carlyle's, but serene, powerful, meditative—owing something, as Mr. Garnett notes, to the Bible, but owing chiefly to the author's own intense mind. There is, too, the delicacy of strength in this prose, and the felicitous strangeness of an accomplished master; strange words are used, pious revivals and happy discoveries; it is prose of a singular dignity of rhythm, conveying a continuous sense of distant music to which the pilgrim-words are marching. Here is a passage that will fitly illustrate some of the qualities both of style and matter, the subject of the portrait being a certain Mohammed Aly, surveyor of the Kellas (fortified water-stations) between Tebûk and el-Medina, "an amiable bloody ruffian":

A diseased senile body he was, full of ulcers, and past the middle age, so that he looked not to live long, his visage much like a fiend, dim with the leprosy of the soul and half fond; he shouted when he spoke with a startling voice, as it might have been of the ghrôl: of his dark heart ruled by so weak a head, we had hourly alarms in the lonely kella. Well could he speak (with a certain erudite utterance) to his purpose, in many or in few words. . . . His tales seasoned with saws, which are the wisdom of the unlearned, we heard for more than two months, they were never ending. He told them so lively to the eye that they could not be bettered, and part were of his own motley experience. Of a licentious military tongue, and now in the shipwreck of a good understanding, with the bestial insane instincts and the like compunctions of a spent humanity, it seemed the jade might have been (if great had been his chance) another Tiberius senex. With all this he was very devout as only they can be, and in his religion scrupulous.

Fulness of life is in this book. The record of nomad existence has a singular fascination: of the nomads' hospitality in their poor "fitting-houses of hair," freely yielded in honourable, unquestioning silence, and in amazing contrast to the "sordid inhospitality of the towns"; of their coffee-hearth in the desert with its

opportunities of astute courtesy; of their cupidity and cunning thefts, their mild, expeditious justice; of their eager faith in vaccination, safe-guarding them against the small-pox that issues forth with the returning pilgrims from pestilential Mecca; of their oaths and subtlety; of their brotherliness, born of common endurance of almost incessant privation; of their austere indolence, their miseries, strife and irrevocably wild hearts; of their wives and camels. Well does Mr. Doughty write of the camels, faithful allies of the nomads in their idle wrestle with an unkindly lean earth:

If, after some shower, the great drinkless cattle find rain-water lodged in any hollow rocks, I have seen them slow to put down their heavy long necks; so they snuff to it, and bathing but the borders of their flaggy lips, blow them out and shake the head again as it were with loathing. . . . Driven home full-bellied at sunset, they come hugely bouncing in before their herdsman: the householders, going forth from the booths, lure to them as they run lurching by, with loud *Wolloo-wolloo-wolloo*, and to stay them *Woh-ho, woh-ho, woh-ho!* they chide any that strikes a tent-cord with *hutch!* The camels are couched every troop beside, about, and the more of them before the booth of their household; there all night they lie ruckling and chawing their huge cuds till the light of the morrow.

The raiding of certain of the Fukara Beduins' camels by a distant tribe affords an illustration of the fatalistic apathy with which even the greatest calamities are regarded; and it is curious to note that something, at least, of this fatalism, though clearly none of the apathy, seems to have passed into the adventurous author's mind. Judicially he pays tribute to the nomad eloquence, fantasy, and "natural musing conscience of good and evil"; the "loose Arabian tales of the great border-cities are but profane ninnery to their stern natural judgments"; but he does not seek to fling a false glamour over the Semitic nature of his companions, from which the "herdsmen's grossness" is never absent. Heartily plain is his summing-up:

To speak of the Arabs at the worst, in one word, the mouth of the Arab is full of cursing and lies and prayers; their heart is a deceitful labyrinth. We have seen their urbanity; gall and venom is in their least ill-humour; disdainful, cruel, outrageous is their malediction.

Withal there is a kindly feeling towards these inheritors of the desert; and on their part, perhaps, some now remember the strange Nasrāny, intruder on the Faithful's wide home, journeying with uncomprehended intent; or already, maybe, Khalil is no more than a tradition, and his wonders, his singularity, his deplored heresy, are matter for some Epic relation in the ears of the next Beduin generation. So, grave and unfathomable, he goes freely with the homeless Arabs, sharing their privations, conceding nought to their religion, never abjuring his own, wandering with them through the nameless habitation of the desert wind, more secure with the untrammelled tribesmen in the native wildness of sand and sun than in the builded Teyma, "tall island of palms, enclosed with long clay orchard-walls, fortified with high towers." Kinglake has written, in Eothen, of the Beduins after a journey from Gaza to Cairo, writing (in his own phrase) like a boy in the fourth form, with school-boy pity. But Mr. Doughty writes with the calm understanding, the patient acceptance, the profound and passionate humanity of one who makes nothing of geographical limitations. Here, surely, is part of the secret of his serene security in frequent jeopardy. There is no idle pity for the wild Beduins, defrauded of the blessings of industrial citizenship; no contempt for their ignorance; no elegy for their yet unmanifested destiny. It is, in the broad sense, a cultured mind that beholds this alien life, judging without narrow censure, praising without impertinent regret; a cultured humanity which regards nothing human as of itself mean and contemptible, and into which something of the largeness of the Desert has passed, but nothing of the keen and illiberal harshness of the inhabitants thereof.

There is much we should like to mention, much we should like to quote, especially from the closing chapters of Mr. Doughty's final prolonged peril in the threatening neighbourhood of Mecca, when the narrative moves with the throbbing alarm of drums. But for this we must urge the reader to get the book. There is, we fancy, a reflection of the "spacious days" in the manner of this traveller, returning, after his sojourn of nigh two years among the all but nameless ones of the Arabian Desert, to write such a book as this, and following it in the fulness of time (to Mr. Pessimist's dismay) with a six-volume Epic of early Britain. So an adventurous Englishman of Elizabeth's days, returned from wanderings over desert seas and strife in tropic forests, would come home with a tale which yet holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner—come home to write, perhaps, from prison, with the grave rhythm of eloquent life, the solemn praise of "eloquent, just and mighty death."

MEMOIR OF LORD WANTAGE. V.C., K.C.B.

Lord Wantage. A Memoir by his Wife. (Smith Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the record of the life of a gallant high-minded gentleman—written by a no less high-minded lady, his wife—"who shared equally his toils and his triumphs."

Robert Lindsay was born in 1832 and was the son of a Guardsman, a retired Peninsular general, of the noble home of Crawford and Balcarres. His family history is rather amply sketched in the first chapter.

He joined the Scots Fusilier Guards at the age of eighteen, and in their ranks saw through the whole Crimean campaign. Five chapters are devoted to this grim experience of war, and very really are brought home to us the terrible hardships which were endured by our gallant soldiers, the result of criminal incapacity at home. At the Alma, at Inkerman, Lindsay performed a heroic part, and then took his share in the toilsome siege of Sebastopol. His letters from the Crimea, those of a subaltern of the Guards, are very graphic, very interesting, and show throughout the strong personality of the writer. While still young, Lindsay developed a decided character; a little critical, perhaps, and while beloved by his comrades, he was somewhat feared for a certain aloofness. Above all, these letters are marked by a deep religious bent of mind which influenced his whole life. He was a man of singular personal beauty.

Lindsay returned to England with his regiment, and was one of the first recipients of the Victoria Cross—the only one to be gazetted to that most desired of decorations for two acts of gallantry; one at the Alma, one at Inkerman. He received the Cross from Queen Victoria on June 27th, 1856. The Crimean letters are supplemented by an interesting review of past events, written in 1888, when Lord and Lady Wantage visited the Crimea again.

He became Equerry to the Prince of Wales (our King) soon after his return from the Crimea, and so came into the close contact with the Royal Family which lasted till his death. On November 17th, 1858, Robert Lindsay married the Honourable Harriet Jones Lloyd (the authoress), daughter of Lord Overstone, and he took the name of Lloyd-Lindsay. This marriage endowed him with a life's comrade, and with great possessions. He left the Guards at the age of twenty-seven as a Captain and Lieut.-Colonel, but he soon began soldiering again. Less than two years later he was found heart and soul committed to the Volunteer

movement, and he became Colonel of the Berkshire Volunteers, which he raised. The sketch which Lady Wantage gives us of the awakening of the nation to voluntary arms is very vivid. She describes how the year after the movement began, 20,000 volunteers marched past the Queen in Hyde Park (Lloyd-Lindsay bringing 400 Berkshire men), and how the year afterwards the force had absolutely reached the number of 160,000 men. And the expression of the national feeling which prompted the Volunteer movement is best given in the words of that eminent financier and statesman, Lord Overstone:

As to the occupation of London I cannot contemplate or trace to its conclusion such a supposition. My only answer is, *it must never be.*

It is well that we should keep those four words dinned in our ears, in days when the efficiency of the Services are liable to be endangered from desire of retrenchment.

The hero of these memoirs raised the first corps of mounted infantry in the early 'sixties from among the farmers and followers of the Pytcheley Hunt. He commanded the Honourable Artillery Company in 1866, and for some subsequent years achieving many beneficial reforms, and thus, when the force came of age in 1881, he was made a K.C.B., and later became the Brigadier commanding the Volunteers of the Home Counties. But musketry became early the object of his closest attention, and Lloyd-Lindsay's name is connected with one of the most popular competitions at Wimbledon. Lord Wantage was president of the last three meetings at Wimbledon, and of the first at Bisley.

Parliament was entered in 1865, and Lloyd-Lindsay sat as one of the members for Berkshire almost continually from then till he took his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Wantage of Lockinge in 1885. His peerage came as a goodly heritage, for no more truly noble-minded man has earned it. In 1877 he was Financial Secretary at the War Office, which office he held for the remainder of Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry, and though he never took office again, his long Parliamentary career was full of work, and he did not limit his labours to the side which he supported. He served more than once on commissions assembled by Liberal Governments.

To the service of the Red Cross Society he gave great devotion, and himself bore relief to many thousands in 1870, at the Siege of Paris, to the Germans, outside, and to the French under Trochu defending the town, and a most interesting account is given of the adventures that he passed through. Lloyd-Lindsay earned on this occasion the lasting friendship of the Prussian Royal family. Again he took active steps for the relief of the sick and wounded in the fighting in Servia in 1877, and in the Russo-Turkish War that followed.

But with all these public interests outside, his home life at Lockinge, the life of the country had the greatest charm for Lord Wantage. He farmed at one time 13,000 acres himself, and his stock—first Herefords, then Shorthorns, then Shire horses—gained great renown, his Shire horse, Prince William, winning the gold medal of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1894, which Lord Wantage received from Queen Victoria's hand. Lady Wantage is very happy in her pictures of Berkshire country life. These memoirs were written for private circulation only. We congratulate ourselves and the reading world that the authoress has given them to publication, so that we may have a clear insight into the character and life of one "who is a great loss, but who has been a great gain," to quote from a letter of Miss Florence Nightingale, which ends the memoirs.

LORD CROMER'S BOOK: ITS PERSONAL ASPECT

IN deference to the purely literary tradition of *THE ACADEMY* I will endeavour to treat this book less as the political manifesto it primarily is, than as a revelation of the writer's character, almost perhaps what it is the fashion to call a "human document."

The book is a composite work, written not all of a piece, but at various dates and in varying moods of the writer's personality—self-confident, optimistic, disappointed; petulant with opposition, angry with defeat. The predominant note is egotism, the egotism of a superior mind too intelligent for common vanity, ingenious in self-concealment, yet all-absorbing; at times passionate, even fierce. It is the work of a man who, during a long lifetime has been building up for himself a structure of enduring fame, and who finds it crumbling at the base when almost achieved. If Lord Cromer could have left Cairo two years ago, his name would have had a secure place in the rolls of honour, not only of his own country, where he is still unsuspected of failure, but of the world at large and of those Egyptians whose love he imagined he had secured. A few mistakes, the result of his own pride, have ruined that chance; and it is in the secret bitterness of a soul disappointed, so to say, of its eternity that the final touches of his self-praise have been penned.

Egotism, as a leading feature of Lord Cromer's character, all who have watched him closely and have studied his yearly Reports from Egypt with knowledge of the situation have been long aware of. Year after year they have read these monumental treatises presented to both Houses of Parliament, and have seemed to be perusing some new first chapters of the Book of Genesis, where a new earth and a new terrestrial paradise were described as being created step by step out of nothing. It was always "the Lord" describing his own work, "the Lord" seeing all that he had done, and finding "it was very good." Not that this was recorded too ostentatiously. The angels and ministers of the Lord were also praised; but they were ministers and angels only, creatures without volition and winged but to obey. Meanwhile, the exultant earth—so it seemed, as one read—leaped up in joy at its own happiness, its new life, its riches, its extreme good fortune in being the creature of so beneficent a creator. The toiling millions of the Nile Valley, one felt, were blessing Lord Cromer daily in their well-watered fields and naming him in their prayers. Egypt, whatever failures there might be found elsewhere in the British Empire—Egypt, at least, was an assured success. The *Times* spoke of it as an "Imperial asset." Lord Cromer was beyond all question the Empire's most successful son. If any doubted, were there not these, his own Reports, printed in official Blue Books, to prove it? And no one doubted. Honours were heaped on him, hereditary titles, ribbons, the Order of Merit. He was on the pinnacle of his fame. Death at that moment would have made Lord Cromer in all history immortal; even the apotheosis of that quasi-death, a self-sought official retirement, amid the united lamentations of the land that bred him and the land that he had saved. But it was not to be. At the last moment he blundered badly, and he fell. I am too generous to name once more the name that was his ruin. He fell, not visibly in the eye of his countrymen, who only yet half understand his discomfiture, but in that of the larger world, and notably of Egypt. When he returned for the last time to Cairo, in the autumn of 1906, he found a change for which he was unprepared. The inhabitants of Paradise, if they still feared him, loved him, alas! no more. It was a fact which at Cairo could not be concealed, though it was concealed from the English public. In a few months it became clear, even to official eyes at home, loath to admit it, that Lord

Cromer was a lost force for any further good he could effect upon the Nile. He had even become an encumbrance to the Empire, a spoke in the diplomatic wheel. And he retired, twelve months too late for his fame, a disappointed man.

The publication of this book, written for the most part in happier circumstances, is the result of his secret misfortune. From that point of view, as a belated last monument of self-laudation mixed with present bitterness, it is worthy of our pity. I, who do not pretend to be politically his friend, am sorry for him that he has published it. It will be received with a chorus of praise in the ignorant Press; but elsewhere it will only emphasise his lethal quarrel with the Egyptian people.

As a work of history, "Modern Egypt" is to a large extent a fraud. It is not true history at all, but a bit of special pleading by an interested and insincere pleader. It hardly pretends to have a regard for truth, other than official truth. It is a picture, painted, like the scenery of a theatre, to enhance the glory of a chief actor. There is the sombre background of a pre-Cromerian past, relieved with hardly a ray of official light. The native rulers of Egypt pass in grim procession, dimly shown, spendthrifts and fools and murderers. There is no exception to the dark costuming of their characters. Said Pasha, whose reign is still remembered by the quite old fellahin of the Delta as their "Age of Gold," a period favourably compared by them even with the present age, when the land tax stood at 40 piastres in contrast to the 160 piastres of to-day, when living was incredibly cheap and the yoke of administration sat easily on their necks, stands in Lord Cromer's pages no less lugubriously draped than the half mad but economical Abbas, or the rapacious prodigal Ismail. Short flashes, borrowed from Senior's Journals, display the viceregal incapacities and reveal their crimes. All this, however, is only a stage manager's arrangement, a contrast devised to heighten the effect of the first entry of Great Britain with Sir Evelyn Baring on the scene.

Lord Cromer (then Major Baring) arrived in Egypt in 1877, in a subordinate financial position, and remained there a short three years. This period is treated with lucidity and at length. On his own ground, finance, Lord Cromer is not open to criticism, at least by me; and this part of his book is, I do not doubt it, entirely correct. The facts were within the writer's personal knowledge, and he has no object in perverting them. One thing only I will point out, for it is in accordance with my estimate of his character. Whereas he is generous in his praise of such comparatively small official fry as Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, his French colleague, de Blignières, and Sir Auckland Colvin, who has recently adulated him in a ponderous work, he has hardly a word of acknowledgment for his only conspicuous rival in the financial rescue of Egypt, Sir Rivers Wilson. That Sir Rivers, President of the Commission of Inquiry and President of the Commission of Liquidation, was the true author of the financial system on which Lord Cromer's triumphs have since been built, is, I believe, undeniable. But in Lord Cromer's account of these two Commissions his name occurs almost without commendation. The first year of the dual control is a brief episode of light. Then Major Baring leaves Cairo for another post in India, and darkness once more descends on the Egyptian stage.

What shall I say of the account given of the Revolution of 1881-2? Here Lord Cromer, having nothing to say of his own doings, for he was absent during the whole period, and, moreover, has a purpose to serve in adopting the official version of events as his own, preserves a discreet silence, except to endorse the manifold errors of the Blue Books. Any real statement of the truth would, he doubtless felt, invalidate the foundation of legality on which the fabric of his own administrative work was later to be based. So he carefully

abstains from enquiry in any form likely to prejudice that position. As a diplomatist and a statesman this, I suppose, is fair game; but as an historian it is hardly "cricket."

I have long noticed that it is a part of Lord Cromer's habit of mind—doubtless the result of many years of the busy practical life he has led—to leave matters of the past, or present matters not directly connected with his work in hand, unexamined. I have noticed it in such cases of public interest as, living in Egypt, have been pressed on me by my Egyptian friends, and which at their request I have from time to time brought before him. I have always found him, while willing to listen, unwilling to examine. If the case happened to be one already treated, however ill, his impulse was not to reconsider it. It was enough in his judgment that it had been decided, no matter how, no matter by whom. He had no time to go back upon a *chose jugée*. This attitude of mind in an administrator is, I suppose, a necessity. He has to economise his attention. He cannot investigate things not absolutely urgent. But, as I have said, in an historian it is fatal. The *chose jugée* is precisely the thing it is his business to re-examine, and with a mind always ready to reverse a pronouncement not in accordance with better knowledge. Lord Cromer's mind is consequently quite unapt for the work of historic accuracy he has here professed to undertake. It is not history in any sense of taking real pains as to facts and telling the whole truth. Moreover, Lord Cromer is not sincere. Lord Cromer's long career at Cairo, where, working the diplomatic machinery of the "Veiled Protectorate," he was playing every day of his life a double rôle and always a feigned one, has warped his official sense of truth to the extent of making it incapable of straightforwardness. His whole atmosphere, sitting at his desk in the Kasr el Dubbara, nominally a Consul-General but in reality despotic master of Egypt, obliged by the dual character he had assumed to be at one moment responsible for everything, at the next devoid of authority, was one necessarily of make-believe. He could not, if he tried it, at the end of twenty years, divest his mind of unreality. And so it is in his book.

His account of the Revolution is wholly without desire to know or make known the reality. He never, in any instance, except once, where, following my lead, he saddles France with the responsibility of the "Joint Note," tries to come to grips with facts. He repeats sophisms he knows well to be untrue, because, to tell the truth would be untimely, indiscreet, injurious to the diplomatic make-believe on which England's position in Egypt and his own has for a generation rested. He knew, while he was writing, that to investigate the obscure intrigues of the years in question would, in the first place, occupy a vast deal of his valuable time, and in the second place, run for him a risk of having to remould, if he disclosed it, the diplomatic basis of his life. Therefore, he did not examine native evidence or call witness in any quarter where he would be likely to learn a new and tiresome truth. He preferred to take the official version as it stood. This, I repeat, is not a method of history. Historically "Modern Egypt" is an imposture.

Still less pardonable, it seems to me, is the petulant anger shown by him in a series of acid little notes appended quite recently to his original text, directed against my own work, "A Secret History of the Occupation of Egypt," where I have followed a method the reverse of his own. Enjoying, as he did not, unbounded leisure, and living in native Egyptian society—especially the society of those who had taken part in the revolution—I had for twenty years and more been collecting my materials of knowledge. I had at my elbow as my fellow labourer in the work the one man, a Moslem, in all Egypt with the most critical, the most judicious mind, as Lord Cromer himself acknowledges, the late Grand Mufti, Sheykh

Mohammed Abdu. Moreover, I was myself a free man, under no obligation to silence, either private or official, and with no other inducement to write except as a contribution to knowledge of the time. Whatever, then, may have been my original disqualification for an historic task—and Lord Cromer, forgetful of his own short trespass into the temple of the Muse, seems to think, with Mr. Moberly Bell, that poetry is a disqualification—I had advantages in writing of the period he could not really pretend to. His own narrative, though published to-day, was manifestly written no few years ago, certainly before the appearance of my own, and the publication of my history seems to have annoyed him. My novel presentment, drawn from native sources, of the Egyptian revolutionary case, was necessarily in contradiction of his conventional official one; and I imagine that the chief reason of his annoyance was the trouble it gave him by obliging him to some extent to reconsider, in light of it, the story he had told. It was, however, too late for him any longer to examine the native evidence he had neglected to consult during his official career. Sheykh Mohammed Abdu was dead, and he himself had left Cairo; nor was there means for him of rebutting the evidence I had got together other than a petulant denial. The result seems to have been a loss of temper, displaying itself in these notes. They are little stiletto thrusts, where the assailant, unable to bring matters to an issue face to face, seeks to discredit a rival narrator and political opponent by a side attack and dishonourable charges.

It is really astonishing that Lord Cromer, a man so high placed in the world's eye, should have condescended to such methods. I will give an instance. At page 255 of Lord Cromer's book it is recorded that, in January, 1882, I acted, at Sir Edward Malet's request, as intermediary for him with the Nationalists. The incident stands in my own book, where the true account is given of what took place between me and the Nationalist deputies, members of their new Assembly. It was a question between one party which claimed to vote the Budget, and another party which, under Sir Edward Malet's and Sir Auckland Colvin's pressure, were for yielding the right. There was no question whatever of the army in the case, nor was there a word said about their relations with it in my discussion with them. Yet Lord Cromer, after quoting my book, has the ill-faith to remark: "The selection (of Mr. Blunt as intermediary) was an unfortunate one He advised the Nationalists to hold to the army or they would be 'annexed to Europe.'" Now this plainly implies that I betrayed the trust reposed in me by Sir Edward Malet, and that my book shows that I had done so. The ill-faith consists in applying to this occasion, where I was acting as intermediary, words which, on a quite different occasion and under quite different circumstances, four months later, and when I had long ceased to be Malet's intermediary, I telegraphed from England. I put it plainly to Lord Cromer here: Is this fair dealing in any sense, either as a controversialist or an historian, or simply as an honourable man?

Some half dozen other little treacheries, not quite so bad perhaps as this one, are scattered over Lord Cromer's record of the Revolution, with all of which I am ready to deal seriatim when the occasion serves. But for the moment I content myself with this one. It will suffice to show that the estimate of Lord Cromer's as a calm, deliberate mind, incapable of other than straightforward dealing, and as such the mind of a reliable historian, is the reverse of true. I have still much to say upon this head, and upon the more interesting revelations of character contained in the later sections of the book. But for to-day this must suffice. I hope to renew my criticism of "Modern Egypt" in a later number of THE ACADEMY.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

THE BOOKLOVERS' MECCA

LONDON, which is a city of multitudinous memories, contains many centres of attraction, and he must be a dull and unimaginative being who is slow to perceive the romance of Westminster Abbey or the dark and sombre mystery of the Tower. The emotions aroused by these great buildings, however, are charged with an intensity too awful for the more commonplace moments of life. I suppose that for each one of us there is some little spot of London soil—some church, perhaps, or dingy thoroughfare—that we cherish for reasons quite individual and peculiar. To meditative minds the Charing Cross Road holds associations which the more historic parts of London fail to supply. For it is here that the second-hand bookseller plies his ancient and honourable trade.

We hunt the sweet berry
With purple-stained ardour;
Each bramble one hooks in
Is bent 'neath its load:
It's free and it's merry
In Nature's rich larder—
But O! to hunt books in
The Charing Cross Road!

So sings Mr. E. V. Lucas, in a pleasant poem of anticipations, and I, for one, am whole-heartedly with the genial author of "Fireside and Sunshine" in this matter. For I reckon an afternoon's adventures among the London bookstalls as among the chief joys of existence.

The second-hand bookseller has not escaped the leavening influence of democracy. He has surrendered quietude and distinction for (I hope) an increase of trade. But the old aristocratic seclusion which belonged to him in a former time he can no longer claim. He shares his newly-found habitat with publishers and pickle-makers.

Yet something of the splendid tradition of a former age still lingers round his new home. After all, no mere change of place or circumstance can avail to destroy the romance of his trade. The long line of books which temptingly awaits your inspection outside his shop awakens a thousand memories, desires, conjectures. From what dismantled library has come this gorgeously-bound edition of the letters and poems of Gray? This small, well-worn "De Imitatione Christi," each page of which is scored all over with pencil notes—how came it here? Meditatively one turns over the volumes, rejecting that, lingering for a moment over this. Here is one with a book-plate. "*Ex Libris*—" You start as you recognise the name of a distinguished author, one whose works are familiar on your own bookshelves. And this man, whom, not knowing, you have loved and venerated, could sell his Lamb like any common huckster! Hardly can you believe in the possibility of such sacrilege.

You toss contemptuously aside a handful of modern novels. But here is a book which arrests your attention—"Companions of my Solitude." It is the second edition, published in 1851, and printed with the old-fashioned "s's"—surely one of the last of its kind. You have, perhaps, a liking for these early Victorian writers, and you are prepared to make the bookseller a reasonable offer. He anticipates you by asking ninepence. Oh, Arthur Helps! Arthur Helps! How are the mighty fallen!

I remember coming across a volume of stray verses in one of these Charing Cross Road shops. The verses themselves were of no intrinsic value—Heaven forgive me, for the man is a friend of mine!—but the book contained on the fly-leaf the autograph of Lionel Johnson. I cheerfully paid the half-crown demanded, and carried my treasure home with feelings of heartfelt satisfaction. I had saved it from other, and perhaps profaner hands.

If, though no book-lover yourself, you are in search of new experiences, you could hardly do better than visit a few of these shops one afternoon. An interested spectator of the great human comedy will find much to engage his attention. The best time is about five o'clock—or, if the day happens to be Saturday, a little earlier—for it is then that book-buyers most do congregate.

It is a heterogeneous assemblage. You may easily distinguish the born bookworm, however, by a slight stoop of the shoulder, and by his manner in handling books. He approaches each volume with a certain reverence, as well knowing the homage that is due to these emperors of the mind. While others, after a casual and careless glance, pass quickly by, he is content to linger, for an hour or more if need be. The young man intent on forming a library after the approved pattern of an Avebury or an Acton is less patient. He snatches eagerly at some coveted volume—a Green's "Short History," perhaps—for the possession of which he is quite willing to barter his last half-crown. The clergyman in search of theological literature is a frequent visitor. Then there is the professional student, the man of many books. His pockets bulge with them, and he carries them under his arm. He is perhaps the most popular of all customers with the second-hand bookseller, for there is always something that he wants.

If you have not been too absorbed in watching the *clientèle* of the bookstall, you will have learned by now something about the books themselves. You find, for instance, that Mr. Kipling's novels are in great demand, particularly those in the old blue edition. Just inside some of the shops there are small bookcases with about four shelves, and you find a certain incongruity in the fact that on one of these shelves Miss Marie Corelli's "Barabbas" is placed next to George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways." Yet, even while you reflect on this strange juxtaposition, "Barabbas" is sold and "Diana" remains. Historical books and memoirs—particularly if recently published—appear to fetch good prices. Poetry, I fear, is a drug in the market, though Mr. Swinburne still manfully holds his own. First editions of Stephen Phillips, for which a year or two ago you had to pay two and sometimes three guineas, can now be purchased for a mere song. A half-crown will buy you a "Herod." Of theological works there is a great variety, and they are all cheap. Not so books of travel, which, for some reason or other, still retain their ancient popularity. The great English classics may, it seems, be obtained at a trifling cost, and even early editions are, as a rule, not expensive. The growth of the reprint and the coming of "Everyman's Library" have tended to cheapen prices. They have also, I am afraid, tended to lessen the traditional respect for literature. For, as Ruskin long since pointed out, it is a distinguishing characteristic of human nature that it values only those things that it has been at some sacrifice to obtain.

Personally, I am no bibliomaniac, and I buy books in order to read them, but I have no use for the modern reprint. I would not surrender my "Aids to Reflection"—it is the fourth edition—in its two small octavo volumes bound in dark green boards for the most gorgeously-produced edition of this year of grace 1908. There is an aristocratic stateliness and charm about these older volumes which is wholly lacking in their successors. The spirit of the author still lingers in their pages. It is an intellectual delight to pick up some Pickering volume, for instance, with the publisher's advertisements facing the fly-leaf, or some volume of eighteenth-century verse, with Stothard's or Westall's engravings. As for the reprint, it is a mere parvenu in the world of books.

The theme, however, though tempting, is of the nature of a digression. Perhaps, after all, it is the human aspect of the question which is of the greatest and most permanent interest. Even the dingy book-stall is not without its tragedies. I remember, some years ago, entering a second-hand bookshop not far from one of the great London railway stations, when my attention was arrested by the sight of a small, shabbily-dressed man who was at that moment leaving the shop. He reminded me strangely of Watts's portrait of John Stuart Mill, and there was a certain look in his eyes that haunted me for days.

The bookseller turned to me: "An old customer of mine, sir," he remarked. "He's taken to selling his books lately, though—I don't know why."

T. MICHAEL POPE.

FIRST AID TO LISTENERS

It is an age in which little problems are continually being set for music-loving people to solve. No sooner is the problem set than we are supplied with a ready-made crib, and generally more than one, to the answer.

The latest problem has been the music of Debussy. We had a short time in which to toy with it. We listened to a single orchestral piece by him, "*L'après-midi d'un faune*," a few piano pieces, an occasional song; the most enterprising of our educational centres, the Royal College of Music, introduced us to his string quartet. Soon, however, Queen's Hall would allow us no longer respite. M. Claude Debussy was summoned to conduct his own work here in London and to let us hear what he is really worth. He came on February 1st, we both saw and heard; we took our little problem home to ruminate thereon, and lo! upon the table lay a little book, "*Living Masters of Music: Claude Achille Debussy*," was inscribed upon its cover. It was the ready-made crib which Mr. Lane put into our hands at the moment that the Queen's Hall Orchestra set us our examination paper. We need not be superior to the use of a crib, but we do demand that it should be an efficient one. To test this we must see clearly what it is that the listener to Debussy's music needs to be told. He cannot hear "*L'après-midi d'un faune*" and the three symphonic sketches, "*La mer*," played in succession, as they were on February 1st, without realising that their composer is working in a different medium to that in which other music has been moulded. Something in his system of combining sounds is new. Here is "something rich and strange," to which we only hesitate to give the name of beauty till we can do so with complete knowledge. That it is the outcome of a mind full of fantastic imaginings is certain, and the composer knows so well how to handle his peculiar idiom that he easily carries his hearers with him and makes them share his visions in virtue of the actual sound of his music. For although he gives titles and descriptions to accompany his works, yet one does not need the poem of Mallarmé to see the pictures which "*L'après-midi d'un faune*" brings before one, nor do the titles of the three sea pieces add much to their meaning. The newcomer to Debussy's music feels all this even if he does not grasp it mentally, but if he rebels against the hypnotic condition into which the music lures him, and determines, as it were, to look it in the face and to know how its composer works, and what this strange medium of expression actually is, his difficulties begin and he turns to the crib for help.

There seemed hope that Mrs. Franz Liebich, the author of this book, would shed some light here in a chapter headed "*Modus operandi*." She begins by telling us that when M. Debussy was serving his term of military service he "took great delight in listening

to the overtones of bugles and bells." She then sets forth the table of overtones generated by the note CC up to the 16th harmonic, and goes on to say that "the seventh harmonic (B flat) is about the limit of exploited intervals used by most contemporary composers." The inference, then, is that Debussy's music is specially concerned with the treatment of the upper harmonics (8 to 16) as consonances with the generating note and each other. Such an idea seems to demand a certain amount of demonstration and to merit at least one definite illustration. But Mrs. Liebich passes it by with merely this sketchy suggestion. Does she mean that Debussy's music is founded upon a system of just temperament, for only so can the notes of the upper harmonics be used? Even the seventh harmonic, which she calls B flat, is no such thing, and, as a matter of fact, has been discarded quite definitely from the musical scale. Having waded through this somewhat elaborate display of explanation, it seems to amount to no more than this, that, as a young man, Debussy cultivated his naturally acute sense of hearing by listening to the upper partials of bugles and bells and that they served to make him familiar with unusual sound combinations; we are given no evidence that he has evolved a definite harmonic system from them, or that he consciously builds upon them. After this disappointment one welcomes the practical point which Mrs. Liebich makes when she speaks of Debussy's use of scales other than those of the major and minor modes. The listener soon notices that Debussy's avoidance of the diatonic semitone, the progression of leading-note to tonic, is responsible for at least half of the effects which give him new sensations in hearing this music. Mrs. Liebich tells us that Debussy's scales are founded on the ecclesiastical modes, especially the Dorian and Mixolydian. Again, we should like confirmation of the statement by example; for each one of the modes contains the diatonic semitone twice in the octave, and the peculiarity of Debussy's melodies often is that they are composed upon a scale of whole tones only. The weakness of Mrs. Liebich's book is a not uncommon one with writers on music, a certain objection to coming to close quarters with the facts of the subject. She is much happier in drawing an analogy between Debussy's standpoint and the theories of the impressionist school of painters than in dealing with these questions of musical technique, overtones, scales and so forth. Finally, she brushes aside with some impatience "theoretical ideas and formulas lending themselves willingly to the scalpel of analysis" (a phrase of which she seems fond), and triumphantly produces half a sentence of Browning to cover her retreat:

a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws.

From the description of individual works perhaps the novice will get a little more help than from the "*Modus operandi*" chapter, especially when the themes are quoted. But still some extraordinary sentences baffle an ordinary intelligence. What, for instance, does this mean?

The frequent recurrence of the ternary arabesque, which is a favourite device of the composer, gives the printed score a likeness to the art of the goldsmith.

Perhaps if an example of the "ternary arabesque" were given (the term as applied to music is surely the invention of the author) we could perceive this likeness.

If there be any use in writing about composers who are yet hardly at the height of their powers, it must be that the writing is the work of one who sees straight and sees deeply and so can help others to do so. Having read this book from cover to cover we come back to our problem with but little fresh light upon it. It amounts to this: What does Debussy add to our

musical language? We have noted his use of a strange scale. That is, after all, little more than a formula, which, when we get used to it, may prove to be only a mannerism. A much more valuable contribution is his delicate perception of the appropriate use of dynamic force and balance of tone. It is probable that for all its new sound there are not in Debussy's music many actual cases of chords and progressions never used before, but he makes us hear them as new by his way of carefully adjusting the balance between their various sounds, and insisting upon them by repetition, keeping the tone always subdued when the movement is complex, and only rising to *fortissimo* to achieve a climax, never so as to obscure the actual musical progression. He therefore gives us a better chance of assimilating his music than do many modern composers, who rush through the most eventful passages with an almost brutal torrent of tone. If Mrs. Liebich had emphasised these and other salient qualities her little book would have been more useful to musicians. As it is, her desultory description may give to the casual reader some idea of the composer's personality, which the quotations of his own words about music will make more definite.

H. C. C.

TANTÆNE ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ?

ANGER may not be, probably is not, the most fruitful source of inspiration for literary art, but to deny that it is and has always been one of the most powerful incentives to the poet and the prose-writer would be to fly in the face of all history. There is a Divine wrath as well as a Divine love, and if human love is always, however faintly and dimly, in a greater or less degree a reflection of Divine love, so also there is a human anger which is a reflection of Divine anger. Not always so, of course; there is an anger which may be a remote or even a close reflection of the Infernal Rage, but it is not of that form of passion which I now propose to speak. For the purposes of this article I will take anger to signify the passion which inspires those who feel injustice and oppression or of those who revolt against ignorance and wickedness and stupidity, or what they firmly and steadfastly believe to be ignorance and wickedness and stupidity. It is important to note, in passing, that those inspired by this "noble rage" may really be quite wrong (as far as we can ever assert that anyone is quite wrong), and yet, provided their emotion of indignation is a genuine one, they will derive the same inspiration from it as if they were right. Milton was, broadly speaking, from my point of view, quite wrong about everything except poetry: he lived for the greater part of his life more or less in a state of indignation and scorn and contempt, and, as it happened, his indignation and scorn and contempt were (as I judge it) completely and tragically mis-directed, and yet, as they were real and not feigned, they gave him the most superb inspiration. One reads, for example, his magnificent sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints," and one remembers that Milton was one of the most powerful influences thrown into the scale in favour of Protestantism, and of the body and soul-destroying "Puritanism," falsely so called, which was to seize on this country with so deadly a grip; one remembers that he admired and revered the arch-scoundrel Cromwell, who may justly be said to have laid the foundations of that detestation of personal liberty which is rapidly become our national characteristic; and, in spite of one's hatred of his views and one's scorn of his sophistries, one accepts his sonnet as one of the finest

sonnets ever written in the English language. Rage and scorn and contempt produced in Shelley's case on the one hand one of his most perfect and noble poems, "Adonais," and on the other hand inspired his violent anti-Christian and atheistic writing. In the one case he was right, in the other he was wrong, but there was no difference in the splendour of his writing. "Prometheus Unbound" is as fine as "Adonais." How much anger was there behind the inspiration of Dante, of Shakespeare, of Plato, and how much behind that of Blake, of Keats, and of Mr. Swinburne? Let everyone examine the proposition for himself, it is not necessary to labour the point. I maintain that it is an absolutely indisputable fact that anger is an essential part of all great inspiration. The love of the beautiful implies the hatred of the ugly, admiration for the fine involves contempt for the mean. A man or a woman who is incapable of anger and who does not often feel the emotion of anger will never write a really fine poem or a really great book. I need hardly point out that I do not wish to suggest that a man of genius should go through life in a perpetual state of bad temper, the anger I refer to has nothing to do with temper, it may and does coincide with the suavest manners and the most courteous demeanour in the ordinary relations of life. What I say is that genius or any kind of creative ability in literature cannot exist without occasional anger. The only superior human beings who are justified in never feeling anger are those who have so far abstracted themselves from earthly things as to have become saints. But saints do not produce works of pure art after they have become saints, though they may do so during the process of achieving saintliness. Leaving saints aside and coming down with a thud to very earthly regions, I will illustrate my point by saying that a man who edits a party newspaper cannot do it well unless he is capable of feeling anger against those who are opposed to the policy of his party. There have been a great many reasons and explanations advanced as to the causes which brought about the recent disastrous failure of a certain Liberal daily paper (there is no mystery, I mean the *Tribune*), but I will venture to give it as my firm opinion that the reason why this Liberal daily paper came to grief was the very simple one that the editor of the paper was a convinced Conservative. It is notorious that, when Mr. Pryor left the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* to take up the editorship of the *Tribune*, his colleagues on the paper he had left and those on the staffs of the Conservative organs, the *Daily Express* and *Standard*, gave him a dinner of congratulation. There was no concealment about it, it was reported in all the papers, and nobody seemed to be the least surprised. To me it has always appeared one of the most amazing pieces of cynicism that has been recorded in recent history. Not, let me hasten to add, on the part of Mr. Pryor, whose ability is as conspicuous as his integrity, and who went as near to achieving an impossible task in the editorship of the *Tribune* as any man could go unassisted by potential anger. The cynicism was on the part of those who took it for granted that a man's private convictions could be successfully made subservient to the ends of those who employed him, to the extent of putting him into a position where it was part of his plain duty to express disapproval, and occasionally contempt, for that which he really admired and approved. I have more than half a suspicion that a similar lack of conviction lies behind what I take leave to call the obvious decline in the excellence of the *Westminster Gazette*. Here, however, I have no facts to go upon, I merely record my own impressions for what they are worth. When I read the *Westminster Gazette* on Mr. McKenna's Education Bill, when I find it quoting with professions of admiration and joy the

amazing nonsense propounded from time to time by Canon Hensley Henson, I sigh and refer to my copy of "The Comments of Bagshot." Either Mr. Spender does not really agree with the opinions on these subjects expressed in the *Westminster Gazette* or he is a dual personality. Jekyll wrote "The Comments of Bagshot," and Hyde edits the *Westminster Gazette*. But I am getting away from my point, and I will state it again in other terms by saying that without liability to anger there can be no real sincerity; and here it will, no doubt, begin to dawn on my readers that this article is somewhat in the nature of a personal explanation, or I should say, more properly, an editorial explanation. THE ACADEMY has been reproached because its editorial notes have an "acid" flavour. We, to speak editorially in the names of myself and my contributors, do not deny the soft impeachment. It is no surprise to us to find that people whose whole attitude of mind is diametrically opposed to our own disapprove of the "tone" of our notes. We are resigned to that and have even listened, with what meekness we can muster, to the eternal boredom of those references to "the old *Saturday Review*," with which our "elders and betters" are wont to chasten our ardours. (By the way, "the old *Saturday Review*" was not exactly made up of treacle and soft soap, if we are rightly informed.) Know then, all men by these presents that if the notes in THE ACADEMY are sometimes "acid" it is because they are the gratuitous work of men who have real convictions on certain subjects, of men who write, not for money or even for honour and glory (since they are anonymous), but for the love of literature and for the love of what they hold to be the finer things of life. This, and not any desire to "show off" or to indulge in what schoolboys call "scores," accounts for the occasional "acidity" complained of. "The young men who do the notes for THE ACADEMY," as the *Daily Mail* would call us (some of us have grey hair or bald heads, but if you write notes you are always young), plead guilty to the indictment that they do sometimes feel indignation and anger; and I have endeavoured to explain, I hope successfully, my conviction that to do good work in any department of literature from the highest to the most humble there must be in its producers, co-existent with the bread of enthusiasm, the salt of anger. Of course, it would be easy enough to get rid of the "acidity" complained of. A few professional journalists of conveniently unsettled convictions, at so much a line, would do the trick in no time. A weekly supply of "crisp, pithy pars," such as would satisfy the souls of those who object to our present notes, would, no doubt, be rich in valuable results. We can even see in our mind's eye the happy day when, under their soothing influence, "Dr." Clifford, "Dr." Campbell, and Mr. Hall Caine would become subscribers to THE ACADEMY, and when we should enjoy the felicity of being called "broad-minded" and "tolerant," and the like by people of their intellectual calibre. But this picture does not allure us, and we venture to think that it would be equally abhorrent to the vast majority of our largely-increased body of readers. These may rest assured that as long as THE ACADEMY remains under its present editorship there will be no timid "climbing down," no surrender to the milk-and-watery conventionality of those who are afraid of good, plain English, and who are for ever telling us that Mr. So-and-So doesn't like this, that Mr. Such-and-Such can't understand why we do that, and that Mrs. Somebody Else thinks it *such* a pity that we do t'other thing. If THE ACADEMY, which is at present the only uncommercial paper in London, is to survive, those who write in its columns will continue to write as they have written before, without fear or

favour; if on the other hand it is to go under, it will go down, "acidity" and all, with the flag nailed to the mast. The people of this country have the sort of journalism they deserve. If they want wash and gush and log-rolling and "broad-mindedness" and "tolerance" and all the other humbugging cant of the average newspaper they can have it from a thousand sources; but if, on the other hand, they want decent, clean literary journalism, written with sincerity and conviction for the love and glory of literature and the fine things of life, they can have that too. My belief is that they do want it, or rather that there are a sufficient number of people in this country to supply the comparatively limited circulation which is all that is desired or hoped for by THE ACADEMY. If I am given fair play and a little necessary time, I hope to prove it.

A. D.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

In the Track of R. L. Stevenson and Elsewhere in Old France. By J. A. HAMMERTON. (J. W. Arrow-smith, 6s.)

THE maker of books who invites his readers to travel with him over the ground that Robert Louis Stevenson has described in his "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes" must have either a high sense of his own merit or a very low sense of humour not to see the obvious innuendo which such a travelling must raise. Neither the merits nor the humour of Mr. Hammerton are very striking; in fact, this book gives us the impression that Stevenson's tour was made through a mightily uninteresting country, whereas we had previously believed it to be of surpassing interest, such was the glamour that the original "Travels" had cast around it all. And the humour, too, is not of a kind to appeal to us, if the calling of the sacred images of the Roman Catholic churches he visited dolls and idols be taken as a sample.

In reality just about half the book has to do with Stevenson's country, and of the rest a small portion is taken up with the ground immortalised by that great writer, Mr. S. R. Crockett, for whom we fear Mr. Hammerton has as great a regard as he has for Stevenson; another bit is given to Tarascon and Daudet. In this way much quotation ekes out the book.

But, after all, Mr. Hammerton is quite a capable journalist, and when he keeps himself to such subjects as "Round about a French Fair," his writing should make quite entertaining reading in a Protestant Sunday magazine. Where, however, a little knowledge is necessary, he gets himself into difficulties; and so the last chapter, on "The Palace of the Angels"—that is, Mont St. Michel—contains some curious passages and astounding information. He says:

There is not a single buttress, not a window, not an arch, not a pillar, that does not discharge some duty, and the removal of which would not weaken in some degree a part of the scheme.

And further on:

It is beautiful beyond description, and yet we may be certain that its builders never thought of mere beauty in its construction, but built purely to meet the exigencies of the situation, and to provide the best possible accommodation for the inhabitants of the monastery and their dependants. As one writer has put it, "the beauty just happened." It is only when we find builders striving after effect that we are face to face with decadent art.

Such folly is pathetic. One would have thought that, face to face with the beauties of Mont St. Michel, even gross ignorance might have yielded to commonsense.

Shelley's Letters to Elizabeth Hitchener. Edited by BERTRAM DOBELL. (Dobell, 5s. net.)

To Field Place, a country house in Sussex, at the beginning of last century, when the landed gentry were even more rigorously elect and respectable than they are to-day, a young man returned from Univer-

sity College, Oxford. He returned under a cloud. He had been "sent down" for holding opinions contrary to the welfare of the Church. For he thought and declared the God in which the Church and State would have men believe, did not exist. He was not at all ashamed of these opinions, but vented them on principle whenever occasion offered, and he was a veritable thorn in the side of the county magnates. Small wonder, then, that he did not stay long in their midst, but preferred to take lonely journeys into Wales. He stayed long enough, however, to make the acquaintance of a strange woman who kept a school in the neighbourhood, and he persisted, in spite of his family's position in the county, to treat this woman not only as a friend but as an equal. He was quite blind to the importance of social distinctions, and to the advantages of birth and breeding. The woman was older than he, and in the opinion of the county, who could judge a woman as well as they could judge a horse, and on much the same lines, she was not at all exceptional. Such is the background, as it were, to the story of Shelley's devotion to Miss Elizabeth Hitchener. This book contains the letters which he wrote. Though we feel under an obligation to Mr. Dobell for publishing them in their entirety, for the delightful format of the book, and for the valuable notes which he has appended, we are not able to agree with his judgment of the letters. He describes them as "effusions of overbubbling sentimentality and affected emotion," which were chiefly inspired by the high-flown novels of the time. No man even in his youth felt more sincerely and more deeply than Shelley. No one cared so intensely for the truth. To what he considered the truth he was content to sacrifice everything. In these letters Shelley is giving expression to the truths which he felt so keenly, that the final effort to express them made him a supreme poet. They tell how he, at the age of twenty, went with Harriet, his wife, to Ireland to stir up in the Irish the spirit of freedom; they show his hatred of oppression and of injustice; and his belief in human nature, when unstifled by custom. That faith never left him though he often experienced what is known as disillusion: and in this unwavering constancy lies the inspiration of his life. Though he suffered as only a man like Shelley can suffer, he never became bitter, he never lost his power of joy, his brave gladness. These letters make one realise that the poem of his life was as beautiful as his own most beautiful song, and as sincere and true.

The Man Eaters of Tsavo. By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. PATTERSON, D.S.O. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.)

IF half the travellers' tales of this or any other age had the fascination of this simple story, the term would never have become a reproach. It has not fallen to the lot of many men to be the subject of a hymn of worship, extolling their bravery as that of a saviour. To fewer still, we should think, has come such an honour on such good grounds; and when to these distinctions Colonel Patterson adds that of telling the story without a trace of self-consciousness, and without the smallest touch of boastfulness, he may indeed be counted fortunate among men. The skill and nerve of the sportsman, resource, and modesty are, it is true, attributes which we are fond, not without reason, of regarding as the characteristics of our Empire builders; but it is not often that we are given the opportunity of appreciating their presence in one individual through the unconscious medium of himself.

After all, it was his beloved Tsavo bridge that filled Colonel Patterson's mind. It is as much upon the trials and humours of its building that he lingers as upon the grim excitement of his campaign against the disturbers of the peace of his encampments. But it is

this very unconsciousness that brings into strong relief the ghastly strain that must have been imposed upon every soul in those beast-beleaguered tents. And the flashes of humour that betray us to an unexpected smile, even in the midst of the excitement of a chase which is not one-sided, give us a vision of that happy, enduring patience which Africa, above all continents, seems to develop in her tamers.

There is tragedy in the story too. Apart from the grim tale of coolie victims claimed by the man-eaters, the ghastly deaths of Mr. O'Hara and Mr. Ryall, and of the poor gun-boy, Bhoota, are recounted with telling simplicity. Indeed, it is the artlessness, the lack of "style," which gives this book its force, and lifts it from the level of mere romance to that of living truth. One feels in reading that this was as it is written, and from between the lines emerges what is not written—that the personal factor bulked large in the turn of events.

We should like to quote much, but there is one sentence which must be quoted, and which should serve to emphasise the first essential of true sportsmanship.

Much as I should have liked to have added a giraffe to my collection of trophies, I left them undisturbed, as I think it a pity to shoot these rather rare and very harmless creatures, unless one is required for a special purpose.

Colonel Patterson used his camera instead of his rifle, and the charming picture he gives us is a far more telling result than any trophy could have been.

The pictures in the book are a special delight. There is one on almost every page, and they form a running commentary upon the text, which enables the least informed of readers to visualise each succeeding scene in the story. Incidents, comparatively unimportant in themselves, become essential parts of the background before which the story moves. And from cover to cover the fascination of the narrative holds, not only for a single reading, but many times over.

FICTION

Imperial Brown of Brixton. By REGINALD TURNER. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

MR. REGINALD TURNER is a well-known writer who has produced many novels that have attracted a great deal of attention, and have won him a host of admirers. But in his latest work he has forsaken the novel of manners and has produced instead a work of pure humour. How successful he has been will be seen at once when we say that no more amusing book of this kind has appeared since R. L. Stevenson gave us "*The Wrong Box*." From beginning to end of "*Imperial Brown of Brixton*" the reader is kept in a constant roar of laughter, and if at times the hero seems to be getting into steep places, Mr. Turner quickly extricates him, and the method of extrication only adds to our amusement.

Imperial Brown is an assistant at the Brixton Emporium, and he is sick of it—"sick of putting the feet of socks round men's clenched fists, a proceeding he had never been able to see the logic of, though he did it just as a doubting priest may minister the rite of baptism"; his ambition has always been to see the world, and now at last a fortunate legacy makes it possible. He lands with his two bags and his "wee mercy" at Mouleville, a watering place on the north coast of France, which seems to be Dieppe with a spice of Boulogne thrown in. At first he mixes almost entirely with English people, and stays at a hotel with an English landlord—who, by the way, is one of the gems of the book. But he soon tires of it all, and longs to probe the mysteries of French life: and he has not long to wait, for he falls into the clutches of an

English guide, who introduces him into the circle of a band of French criminals, under the pretence that they are impoverished aristocrats. He is induced to believe that he has joined a society of conspirators to restore Prince Louis Napoleon to power. He is fleeced first one way and then another, any excuse being good enough for the innocent Brown. Now he is helping the party with funds, now paying an exorbitant price for an inferior room under the belief that it was the bedroom of the great Napoleon; but he jibs at last, but not till he has been induced to fly from Mouleville in disguise, under the idea that he is the exact image of Louis Napoleon. His adventures are most thrilling, and at the same time most farcical, and at one time they seem likely to end in prison, for the whole gang, including poor Brown, are arrested on a charge of burglary. How it all ends Mr. Turner must be left to tell himself.

The book contains many real characters, who in themselves are far from being farcical. Brown himself is a most interesting person, for whom no one can help having a real feeling of affection. Nor is he so foolish as might be thought; to him it is all a new world, for his knowledge and his experience are limited by his Brixton horizon. And herein lies the brilliance of Mr. Turner's conception, the mirth is almost entirely produced by the situations, while the interest in the story is maintained by the hold that the different characters have on the imagination of the reader.

Among the chief of these characters is "the lady of the Casino," whom Mr. Turner has drawn with great cleverness, and almost touched with tragedy, and there is pathos, too, about the story of the disreputable guide, Duveen. They belong to a gallery of portraits that was begun by the late Bret Harte. To these must be added that most amusing person the landlord of the Hôtel des Deux Globes. He is a gem of the first water, and to have met him in real life would have been a pure joy. Mr. Turner is to be warmly congratulated on a most delightful book.

The Queen's Friend. By HELENE VACARESCO. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THE author of this book has been decidedly unfortunate in the form in which she has cast her matter. She is a poet, pre-eminently. We have never known a poet who could write a novel of any merit, though we remember several who have tried and failed. The rapture of a poet of distinction cannot last through the manual labour involved in padding out his expression of it into a requisite and necessary eighty to ninety thousand words. There are passages of great beauty in "The Queen's Friend"—the title, by the way, is hardly justified—but there is no sustained exaltation. The author touches the heights of the sublime, only to trip and fall back into the mud of the almost ridiculous. And her movement is too slow: it is only somewhere about the hundredth page that interest in the characters is awakened, though there is in the preceding chapters much to delight the senses. The character-drawing is remarkably good on the whole, though here again there are lapses that seem due mainly to the author's boredom. The picture of the life of the English household, in particular, is well done. We wish that his relations with his Roumanian wife had been shown from a more intimate standpoint, and with greater detail. On the cover of the book the publisher informs the public that: "The close friendship between the Queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, and Hélène Vacaresco is well known, and also the romance of the projected marriage between the young poet and the royal prince of Roumania. This project was abandoned for State reasons, but it created an idyllic

and legendary atmosphere round the author." We sincerely hope that neither this nor the blatant advertisement which precedes and follows it will deter anyone from reading the novel. Apart from its poetic qualities and in spite of its many deficiencies, it has great charm. The picture of Roumanian life and scenery, drawn as it is from first hand knowledge, cannot fail to attract English readers.

The Anchorage. By W. H. KOEBEL. (Francis Griffiths, 6s.)

WE are afraid Mr. Koebel's book has been written too late to attain the success it deserves. It is too quiet for a twentieth-century reading public, which clamours for incident at any price and at least one chapter over which it is necessary to draw a veil. The author of "The Anchorage" tells his story with all the slowness and deliberation of the old three-volume novel. Nothing will induce him to hurry. His method suggests a football match at which the opposing teams have lined up and are waiting for the referee. The match is to last, say, only an hour, and it is thirty minutes before he arrives. Mr. Koebel, however, does, as it were, in the half hour of anxious waiting show you one player breaking away from the line and having a shot at goal with a practice-ball. And when the match really starts, though the play is very gentlemanly and keen and quiet, he describes the contest with great care. Nothing escapes him. Even when a player's shirt bursts open at the neck, he notes the fact and the incident occasioning it with meticulous accuracy and a wealth of detail. . . . But perhaps our metaphor is a little unfair to Mr. Koebel, for he is never dull and prosaic. Our only complaint is that in his description of New Zealand life his descriptions have never quite the breeziness of, say, Mr. Way Elkington's "Adrift in New Zealand." He has not the power to transport us from the desk's dead wood to the shade of the living tree. On the other hand, he is a more dispassionate observer. Mr. Elkington is a vagabond—a splendid vagabond. Mr. Koebel is not so satisfied to make his bed on the hillside, with the stars for quilt and the heather for couch; and therefore he sees life in more varied aspects, and if he has not Mr. Elkington's descriptive charm, he is more trustworthy. In his picture of the man who finds anchorage in the New Zealand farm in which most of the action centres, he shows acute insight into and knowledge of human nature. "The Anchorage" is decidedly a book to read.

The Golden Horseshoe. By ROBERT AITKEN. (Greening, 6s.)

To those who love to sit by the hearth and fire their blood with tales of wild and dashing adventure, we strongly recommend "The Golden Horseshoe." There is not a dull page in the whole book, from the first to last chapter, and the story is told with a verve and enthusiasm which carries the reader along, willy nilly, to the sound of revolver shots and strange Spanish oaths until, with a sigh of relief, he sees the fugitive safely on board their friend's yacht, steaming out of the fatal harbour. Adventure follows adventure with kaleidoscopic rapidity; the characters escape, are recaptured, flee again and are retaken; they assume disguises and cast them off, to appear again, the women in men's clothes, the men dressed as old women; they are besieged in a fortress and are only saved at the eleventh hour by a balloon and the intervention of a convenient earthquake. Time after time they are apparently lost, only to reappear triumphant in some totally unexpected quarter. It is a vigorous and striking book.

D R A M A

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

YESTERDAY I was in Oxford upon a flying visit of inspection, the subject of which was the yearly play by the members of the University Dramatic Society, and the result was an evening, if not quite of unqualified approval, certainly of much enjoyment. For many reasons these Shakespearean revels of undergraduate Oxford must always have their peculiar charm, but I dare say that last night's entertainment found me more sentimentally inclined than usual. Years and years ago (they say nine, but it seems ninety) when the O.U.D.S. last gave a *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I saw it from the behind the footlights. In that blessed position one does not criticise—one enjoys; and though the performance is said now to have been the worst in the whole history of Oxford acting (a fact that modesty should perhaps forbid me to mention) to one at least of the players it seemed then that perfection had spoken her last word, and the memory of that unforgettably happy week gave me yesterday a tender interest in its successor.

Those were the far-off days in which Mr. Bernard Shaw had but just surrendered the critical stall of the *Saturday Review* to the gentleman who now occupies it with such distinction. Then, possibly, Oxford still knew the latter's worth better than London, and I well recall our emotion behind the curtain when it was reported that He—the Infant-Phenomenon of Letters—was in front. How eagerly, too, we listened to the words that fell from those wise lips during the feast that followed; and how much more eagerly we welcomed, a week later, the printed words that might perhaps show us our own names glorified with His praise! I do not think that we found them. To the best of my remembrance, indeed, the article was for three-quarters of its length a disquisition—witty, paradoxical, and brilliant, of course—upon the experience of revisiting Oxford, and the "mimes" themselves made but a cursory appearance in the tail of it. Poor mimes! We were sadly disappointed, and for my own part I date a suspicion of contemporary criticism from that hour.

And now I am doing very much the same thing myself. But, in truth, from outside this matter bears a different aspect, and it is no slight to the performance at the New Theatre last evening to confess that it provided only a part of my pleasure in the visit that it occasioned. Good, however, in many ways it was, not I admit the best of many that I have seen upon the same stage, but better certainly than could be given by any other company of amateurs I know of. The play itself, to begin with, is fortunately suited to its players. It is a masque, written, one feels, in a holiday humour, for it breathes the very extravagance and poetry of youth; and youth, happily, is the strong point of the O.U.D.S. They are all young, gloriously, undisguisably young, and the play is the better for it. Some arbitrary distinctions of age, it is true, the author has pretended to make, as that Egeus should be the elder of Theseus, and Starveling wrinkle his face and affect a quavering falsetto. What of that? No Athenian tailor over the age of nineteen could display such whole-hearted enthusiasm for a minor part in an indifferent interlude, and not all the trickery of Clarkson shall persuade me that any of the characters in last night's comedy were other than the delightful and high-spirited boys whom Shakespeare himself had obviously intended them to be.

It was youth, too, that made of Lysander and Demetrius, the most difficult parts in the play, as gallant a pair of lovers as maiden might desire, and thus, incidentally, lessened our impatience over their somewhat

slender and talkative intrigue. Youth confessed was in the heels of Flute and the grave-visaged Quince at the first notes of the Bergomask. As for the fairies, they were just as young as, and only a little taller than, real fairies are. Watching them, I remembered that other performance of which I have already spoken, and was grateful for so dainty a chorus. Last time, the ladies, kindly, enthusiastic ladies, who were good enough to help us—but I will forbear. Many of them, no doubt, are still alive.

I repeat that, taking it all in all, it was an excellent entertainment, and much to the taste of an audience that, to the returned wanderer, was by no means its least interesting part. We applauded everybody, but the clown scenes especially roused us to a laughter for which your London playhouses might long in vain. I only hope the actors on the stage enjoyed themselves as much. I believe they did. I like to fancy them moving in that transfigured world of theirs, beneath strange heights of shadowy canvas, where unseen music sounds, and the scent of grease-paint is as the perfumes of Arabia: *Et ego in Arcadia vixi!* To-day, I think, there will be a great sale of newspapers in Oxford, and I know the haste with which certain columns in them will be scanned, till (skipping that inevitable reference to Mr. Arthur Bourchier—what praisers of time past are these dramatic critics!) the readers may attain the more important mention of Second Citizen or First Attendant.

I protest they shall be disappointed for me. Not but that I could if I would, for there was much last night that seemed worthy of notice. But the truth is, not only that in a performance such as this comparisons are unseemly, because the society is the important thing, not the individual, but that already I grow confused. There were more players, in my fancy, than ever appeared upon the stage, and other voices, now and again, seemed to speak in the familiar words. It might be that, unawares, I should praise the Theseus of a Treasury official, or an Oberon who has been Reverend these many years. Silence is better.

But, lest that silence be mistaken, I beg here to take my successors collectively by the hand, and to tell them all, even those of them about whom it would not be true, that the O.U.D.S. has every reason to be grateful for their performance. "A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry"; the words of Bully Bottom might stand as a motto for the whole. Yet—to confess again—they were other words of his that lingered most in my own thoughts; that I found myself repeating as we came out of the theatre into the darkened streets, amongst the laughing crowd that was so like a hundred I remembered, so like and yet so strangely different:

"Where be those lads? Where be those hearts?"

ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

"THE GATES OF THE MORNING" AT THE STAGE SOCIETY

A MORE remarkable play than this, by Miss Margaret M. Mack, has not been seen in London for a long time, and the members of the Stage Society are much to be congratulated on the courage of their committee in having produced it. As a first play by a new playwright it shows a great deal more than mere promise, for here is an achievement of which many a well-known playwright might have been proud. In many ways the ideas that Miss Mack was trying to enforce were so complex that even the most experienced dramatist might have hesitated as to their suitability to stage representation, and perhaps I may be pardoned if I failed after seeing the play only once in catching hold of all the ideas it contained.

The play concerns itself with the attitude of several widely different characters on the subject of motherhood. The principal character is a revivalist preacher named Samuel Wilson, who is also a linen-draper's assistant; he is ardently sincere, but intensely conceited of his powers, and at the same time most amusing with his tags of Scripture and his commercial similes. He has recently married Alice Larne, who has a baby by a man who died too suddenly to have made her his wife. Wilson is quite aware of his goodness in having married her under the circumstances, but he is genuinely in love with her, and only anxious to be able to induce his wife to leave the child with her mother. Mrs. Larne is a rich lady, who has allowed her daughter to run away from home to go on the stage as a chorus girl, and who is entirely devoted to a pug dog. Then there is Miss Nancy Larne, Alice's aunt, a young lady about thirty-two years of age, who lives with Mrs. Larne; she has been used for some years to act the part of the Madonna in a church mystery play, and though she is engaged to a young artist and is likely to be married at once, she is anxious to adopt a child, and Alice's baby seems a favourable opportunity; but she certainly has no desire for a child of her own. There is also, in the first act, a dying "unfortunate," Mill Robyn, whom Wilson has "converted," but who relapses from time to time into her old ways of thinking, and has to be brought back to grace by the most impassioned revivalist eloquence. It was a most curiously compounded play; at times it was so amusing that the audience did nothing but laugh, and then, again, it became so serious that many of the audience were shocked at the plain-speaking and unconventional arguments on the maternity question. The first act, which ends with the most impressive death of Mill, might almost have been a complete play in itself, and was entirely admirable. The second act, which takes place at Mrs. Larne's house, contained many interesting features. The unavailing efforts of Wilson to move Mrs. Larne from her pug worship to take an interest in her grandchild, were as amusing as the fatuous complacency with which the efforts were parried. But the real essence of the play came out in the third act, when Alice tries to regain her child from Nancy. Her violent denunciation of the others, including her husband, who lets out that he has prayed twice a day that he may never have any children, and her scorn of the sham Madonna in Nancy, lead to statements being made that I can only imagine the Censor failed to understand when he read the play in MS. If the play can at all justly be said to have missed success, the cause must be found in the fact that so little warning is given until near the end of how serious a purpose Miss Mack had in view in writing the play. One's interest at the beginning is so entirely taken up with the character of Wilson, that one naturally fancies that his sincerity in the face of difficulties is to be the theme, and though this certainly remains a serious feature to the end, it is entirely swallowed up by the importance of the thesis which is argued so minutely and unrestrainedly all through the last act.

Mr. Norman Page gave an excellent performance as Samuel Wilson. He really became the half-educated, fervent, but self-deceiving revivalist, and one's interest in him never wavered. Miss Sydney Fairbrother added another to her successes as the dying girl; there was that mixture of pathos and humour which only a great artist is able to represent. Miss Amy Lamborn played with great restraint and yet real passion as Alice Wilson, and Miss Alice Mansfield gave a most amusing performance as Mrs. Larne. I am sure Miss Vera Coburn was a great deal too young looking for the part of Nancy, otherwise she acted very well.

When I say that there was a ruthlessness in the arguments of the play that reminded me of Ibsen, and a

wittiness in the dialogue that was reminiscent of Bernard Shaw, I am trying to express my feeling that, even if imperfect, *The Gates of the Morning* is a genuine work of art.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

BROWBEATING BOOKSELLERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The incurable optimism of critics is responsible for two deplorable events: (1) Now that nearly every book is praised indiscriminately readers have ceased to pay any attention to reviews, (2) booksellers have come to regard all disapproval of their wares as a malicious libel on themselves.

Some years ago a very famous bookseller issued a very large book. I gave a frank opinion of it in a great *Review*. The bookseller immediately intimated that advertisements would be discontinued; he threatened even to cease sending books if he were flouted again.

The other day a petty bookseller submitted a novel, and I warned the readers of *John Bull* that I had found it stupid, tedious twaddle. This happened to be my honest opinion. I could not have expressed any other without deceiving and defrauding the public. Messrs. Greening, however, immediately opened a campaign against me. Having no case for the defence of their book, they proceeded to heap personal abuse upon me, as though I were a pickpocket or an attorney.

They began by inundating the press with advertisements, in which they sneered at me as "notable or notorious" and "peculiar in" my "views," as though only the wildest eccentricity could explain a failure to admire their foundling.

Their next step was to issue an advertising circular, which they entitled "the Imp, a Monthly Magazine." It is almost exclusively composed of direct and indirect puffs of the firm's books and their authors. On a previous occasion, however, they announced on their cover that purchasers would find an open letter to one Hall Caine. But if anybody was lured by this promise of personalities to purchase a copy, he must have been disappointed to find only an announcement that the "letter" had been suppressed in deference to the fears of the printer.

Evidently, however, in my case the printer was less timid, for the March issue contains many riotous references to myself. I am kindly reminded that I am "no longer young"; I am accused of being "bald" and "bearded"; regrets are expressed that a "saving piece (sic) of humour" did not prevent me from making myself ridiculous; and there is a final pronouncement that "to be abused by Mr. Vivian is in itself a recommendation."

Now, sir, such graceful exhibitions of a fine frenzy do not cause me sleepless nights. Having fought with beasts in an electoral arena, I am not to be frightened by the false fire which belches from behind a bookseller's barrow. But others, who share my belief that a critic's duty is to criticise, may be silenced by the menace of personal recrimination. Some may be engaged in a perpetual struggle with the wolf at their door, and may dread dismissal by an editor whom publishers have reft of his advertisements. Others may love admiration, and may fear the consequences of libels which attribute glistening crowns and hairy, germ-infested faces. Others, again, may intend to write books and will endeavour to propitiate booksellers at all costs, even at the cost of being accessories to the sale of trash.

Bonaparte is dead, and there remains no one to mete out justice to booksellers. Will you not use your powerful influence to protect critics, now resisted in the execution of their duty to the public?

March 4.

HERBERT VIVIAN.

CHARLES I.—HIS NAME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The question which your correspondent "B" propounds in your issue of February 29th, as to the reason of the selection of the name "Charles" for the second son of James I., is an interesting one. Though documentary evidence has not been forthcoming to settle this matter, the following is a reasonable conjecture:—

In Scotland the custom has existed for centuries, and still prevails, that the first son of a marriage should be named after the father or paternal grandfather, and the first daughter after

the mother or maternal grandmother. The second son was most frequently named after the father's brother, or failing that connection, the grandfather's brother. Subsequent children might be named after remoter ancestors.

This method was exactly followed by James I. in naming his three sons. The eldest son was named Henry Frederick, the first name being after his paternal grandfather, Henry Lord Darnley; and the second after his maternal grandfather, Frederick II. of Denmark. As King James was an only child, there was no uncle to supply the name for the second son, so a step further back in the genealogy was taken, and he was named "Charles," after his grand-uncle, Charles Earl of Lenox, the brother of Henry Lord Darnley, and the father of Lady Arabella Stuart. The third son, who only lived for three months, was named "Robert," probably after Robert II., the founder of the Stewart Dynasty.

It may be asked, How did the names Henry and Charles come into the Lenox family? The answer is simple. Henry Lord Darnley, was the grandson of Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII., sister of Henry VIII., wife of James IV., and, by her second marriage, wife of Archibald Earl of Angus. Margaret Tudor's daughter, Margaret Douglas, married Matthew Earl of Lenox, and was mother of Henry Stuart Lord Darnley. In the genealogy of the Stuarts and Darnleys, the name of Henry does not occur previous to the birth of Henry Lord Darnley, so that the name must have come from the Tudors. In 1891 Lady Elizabeth Cust published (privately) a remarkable volume, entitled "Some Account of the Stuarts of Aubigny in France," in which the genealogy is clearly traced. The name "Charles" first appears in the family-names of Lenox with the advent of Charles Stuart, brother of Lord Darnley. As his uncle, John Stuart Lord D'Aubigny (brother of Matthew Earl of Lenox), was in high favour with Charles IX. of France, it is probable that the name was derived from that monarch, with whom the Earl of Lenox would be acquainted when he was a naturalised French subject at the Courts of Francis I. and Henri II.

The naming of the daughters of James I. is also an interesting subject. The eldest was called Elizabeth, after the Queen of England, whom James wished to propitiate. The second was named Margaret, after her paternal great-grandmother, Margaret Douglas. The name of the third was Mary, after her paternal grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots. The origin of "Sophia," the name of the fourth, is obscure.

March. 2.

A. H. MILLAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The name of Charles was popular in France, and doubtless came over to Scotland with Queen Mary. Many French words did. I believe "gigot" is still used by Caledonian housewives; also "petticoat-tail," which is derived from *petit gatel*.

Charles was the first name of James I., but King Charles the Martyr is said to have been named after his paternal great-uncle, Lord Charles Stuart (see "The Life of Charles I., 1600-1625," by E. Beresford Chancellor. London, 1886).

It is interesting to note the derivation of the name *Lat. carus*, Fr. *cher*, and the fact that Draga, the name of a Queen, who was also assassinated, is derived from a word meaning "dear."

March 4.

JIM CROW.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to protest against Mr. Machen's quoting "La Terre" as an accurate portrait of the modern French peasant. It has been fiercely denied in quarters where they are qualified to pronounce an opinion. In "Le Roman Naturaliste," M. Brunetière devotes a chapter to "La Terre," in which, with a moral indignation very like Mr. Machen's own, he denounces it as an outrage both on art and on the French peasant whom it professes to describe. Zola's method, he shows, is to accumulate hideous stories from the police news, pile them together in a horrible dunghill, and call the result "life"! In another essay—I regret to say that I cannot give chapter and verse, but I am quite sure of the fact, for I possess the book, which is mislaid—M. Brunetière gives evidence from several authorities that the peasants of La Beauce, the scene of "La Terre," are extremely delicate, almost prudish in their language; and yet, according to the "Apostle of Naturalism," the earth could hardly match

such a set of Yahoos! The poor, especially in cities, as M. Brunetière points out, are often degraded, and use horrible language—horrible to us, but not to them, being meaningless by vain repetitions—but even here there are often heroic virtues and life-long self-sacrifices, as the records of the Prix Montyon prove, which M. Zola never sees, or does not think worth recording, having an eye, like the old man with the muck-rake in Bunyan, only for the treasures of the dustbin.

Jules Lemaitre calls the Rougon Macquart series a pessimist epic of human bestiality: he goes on to remark that Zola is not a realist, an observer of actual life at all, as Daudet and others are, but in his way a prose Hugo, less of an artist, of course, but with the same turn for symbolism and flamboyant exaggeration of what he sees in his mind's eye.

I have myself lived in France and talked to the French peasant, and found him full of tact and good breeding, in gentlemanly manners infinitely superior to our own lower orders, either in town or country; but, as I am an obscure person, let me quote a passage from Matthew Arnold's essay on "Equality":

Mr. Hamerton is an excellent observer and reporter, and has lived many years in France. He says of the French peasantry that they are exceedingly ignorant. So they are. But, he adds, "they are at the same time full of intelligence; their manners are excellent; they have delicate perceptions; they have tact; they have a certain refinement which a brutalised peasantry could not possibly have. If you talk to one of them at his own home, or in his field, he will enter into conversation with you easily, and sustain his part in a perfectly becoming way, with a pleasant combination of dignity and quiet humour. The interval between him and a Kentish labourer is enormous."

Mr. Machen may be right, or wrong, as to the "United States of Gehenna," to which, however, I regret that no humorous American replied with a little criticism of our own failings (*acerrima proximorum odia*?—TACITUS); but I am quite sure that, with his fiery ecclesiastical prejudices, he does not understand the French peasant of to-day.

H. M.

[Mr. Machen writes: So far as I can discover the points in "H. M.'s" letter are these:

1. That M. Brunetière disagreed with M. Zola.
2. That even in French cities heroic virtues are to be found.
3. That M. Jules Lemaitre thinks that Zola was a pessimist.
4. That "H. M." likes French peasants.
5. That Mr. Hamerton liked French peasants.

The second proposition I do not deny; the others seem to me more or less irrelevant. I mean they prove nothing in particular. I might say "I admire York Cathedral," and "H. M." might retort, "Yes; but Smollett hated it, and Smollett was a very keen observer and had no fiery ecclesiastical prejudices." Or, again, I might observe that I did not think very much of "The Epic of Hades"; to which, of course, "H. M." would answer, "So much the worse for you, as John Bright thought Lewis Morris the greatest poet of the age, and John Bright had no fiery ecclesiastical prejudices." This sort of argument will not lead one very far; for my part I know, as all the world knows, that Zola was an honest man, and a fair man, and a lover of truth—he gave his proofs, let it be remembered—and that it is a monstrous absurdity to suppose that such a man would concoct a lying and malignant fiction concerning his own countrymen. Indeed, "H. M." should be the last to urge the contrary to this proposition, since Emile Zola was certainly not a man of fiery ecclesiastical prejudices. Finally—to take a point of mere literature—"H. M." should be aware that Symbolists are the only true Realists.]

[We will supplement Mr. Machen's reply by observing that there is considerable corroboration of Zola's view of the French peasant to be found in Balzac. "Les Paysans" is in its way almost as strong an indictment of the French peasant as "La Terre."—ED.]

COCKNEY RHYMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I exceedingly regret to have overlooked the distinction drawn by Prof. Skeat, thereby incurring his just rebuke. I apologise to him and to your readers.

March 2.

T. S. O.

"FRANKLY IDIOTIC"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The contention of Mr. Porter that it is not obvious that *yain* in Hebrew and *oinos* in Greek mean "wine" is undoubtedly true. It is not obvious; no more obvious than that *khalab* in Hebrew and *gala* in Greek mean "milk," and not a mixture of chalk and water: one cannot prove it. But when a new interpretation, which has never been heard of until within the last few years, is put upon these words—viz., that they denote a decoction styled "unfermented wine"—the burden of proof lies with those who put forward this theory: it is incumbent upon them to prove that such a thing as "unfermented wine" was known to the ancient world at all.

Possibly the following extract from a private letter of a Jewish professor may be of interest:

Wine was commonly so strong that it needed dilution with water. Unless it would bear dilution by at least a third as much water as wine, it was not regarded as deserving the name of wine. Hence the ordinary word for pouring out wine is *masag* (lit. *mix*). There are many references to the intoxicating effects of wine, but moderation in drinking was strictly enjoined. Wine was held in very high repute as a food, as a medicine, and as a stimulant of joyousness. Wine was required at many religious ceremonies, especially at the Sabbath sanctification and in the Passover Eve. . . . "Wine of the vat"—i.e., wine before complete fermentation—was drunk as a beverage, but was not held in favourable repute, and was not normally used for religious ceremonial. . . . As the law now stands in the Jewish codes, for the Passover red wine is to be preferred, but it may be very much diluted. Raisin wine, made by steeping or boiling raisins, may be used, and is very commonly employed. The temperate habits of Jews are by some attributed to the very fact that wine is so frequently associated with religious usage. Thus the sanctification of wine-drinking is held to produce a reluctance to over-indulgence and a feeling in favour of strict moderation.

The fullest discussion of the whole question is to be found in A. M. Wilson's book, "The Wines of the Bible" (1897), which is at the same time virtually a criticism of "The Temperance Bible Commentary," where the opposite side is argued. His conclusion is that so far as the ancients are concerned there was no such thing as unfermented wine.

I fear that nothing can be inferred from the Vulgate *calix meus inebrians*, as the Hebrew undoubtedly means "my overflowing cup," and I fancy that most Roman Catholic writers interpret *inebriare* in the sense of "saturate" rather than "intoxicate," both here and in the well-known "Anima Christi." The reproach levelled at Our Lord of being a glutton and a wine-bibber is more to the point.

It is a pity that teetotalers damage a good cause by over-statements: to me—who have been a total abstainer for sixteen years, and who intend to remain so until the rest of the world becomes temperate—it does seem "frankly idiotic" to denounce the temperate use of wine because of its abuse, as it would be to denounce the using of marriage because of the "corruption which is in the world by lust," a corruption far more widespread and far more detrimental to the religious and moral sense than that caused by the misuse of intoxicating liquors.

March 3.

J. M. NEWLAND SMITH.

EAST AND WEST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—IN THE ACADEMY of the 8th and 22nd February I have just seen two notices, under the above title, of a recent book of mine entitled "The Crescent *versus* the Cross." I am aware that it is not considered good form for an author to enter into a discussion with the reviewer of his book. Nevertheless, I shall expect from your courtesy that you will allow me to make a few remarks on the criticisms of my reviewer. I should read with equanimity the views of a literary reviewer who kept the personality of the author out of his mind when treating the subject of his book, no matter whether the author were his friend or his foe. Your reviewer violates this dignified rule when he says, with evident disdain, that, in spite of my "academic distinctions," my work is a superficial appeal *ad populum*. In reviewing my book along with some other works written with totally different objects, he compares only one portion of my book with theirs, with an evident confusion of judgment. He praises one of these

authors, a Semitic writer who seems to have dealt with the comparative merits of Islam, Christianity, and Judaism; at the same time he attacks me, hinting that I am incapable of showing such scholarship in dealing with these subjects. His disdain blinds him to the fact that I have put forward no pretensions to being acquainted with Semitic literature, about which he makes so pedantic a display.

Your reviewer reproaches me with confusing together the Gospel, nationality, customs, trade, politics, etc. His knowledge of the affairs of the world is apparently very vague, and he therefore does not see that the Christian world has been confusing these things ever since medieval times, and that it was on account of such a confusion of thought that all the bloody wars were waged by Christendom against Islam, and more especially against my own nation. The reviewer remarks with pointless sarcasm that I am annoyed "because the friends of the dead in the West, as in Turkey, care more for the manner of sepulture than the fact." This is another misrepresentation of the views I expressed in my book. What I observed was that, as in the matter of birth and marriage, so in death also, superfluous ceremonies afford great opportunities for the priesthood to uphold their old intolerant influence among the superstitious masses. In order to find an appreciation of Islam your reviewer says, "We will turn from the *Efendi*" (which simply means Mr. and is, of course, not my title) "back to Richard Burton, or to some of the instructed officials," who, he remarks, are embraced in my "condemnation" (such as, I suppose, the late Sir William Muir). No Mussulman who is a student of English literature would be grateful to him for this kind of appreciation, as the former gentleman is regarded by them as one of those Occidentals who like to entertain their European readers of sensuous temperament by giving them shady traditions in vogue among the vulgar in the Orient, while the latter always promoted missionary efforts under the guise of Oriental scholarship and entertained a deep-seated hatred against Islam. After finding me devoid of any philosophic sense, your reviewer concludes his criticism with a philosophic display of his opinion about Islam, which I find full of high-sounding phrases without much sense. I may add that "The Crescent *versus* the Cross," which the reviewer has treated with downright abuse, has been regarded worthy of translation into the four great Oriental languages—namely, Arabic, Turkish, Hindustani, and Persian, and it will soon appear in these languages.

HALIL HALID.

[Our reviewer writes that he has not the advantage of any knowledge whatever of the personality of the author, beyond what may be found between the covers of his book, and a very brief note in the public press stating that he had been chosen to represent the University of Cambridge at the Congress of Orientalists. Our reviewer concludes that the author supposes him to be some acquaintance ill-disposed to him: this is entirely erroneous. Our reviewer does not allude to any Semitic writer who has dealt with the comparative merits of Islam, Christianity, and Judaism, nor to the late Sir William Muir, nor to such portions of Burton's "Arabian Nights" as are valuable to the curious in pornography. Nor does he suppose that any Mussulman would be "grateful" for any hafr appreciation of his religion; he would suppose Mussulmans to be satisfied with it without such patronage.—Ed.]

FRENCH AND LANGUE D'OC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In an article entitled "Burns's Home-spun," published in your issue of February 22nd, the following remarks occur:

After many strange vicissitudes the ancient speech of Alfred lingers in scraps of *patois* among the orchards of Somerset, the fens of Lincoln, on the downs of Wessex, in the dales of Cumberland, on the moors of Yorkshire, and in the solitary glens of Scotland. Exactly the same thing has taken place in France, where the peasant of the South employs the ancient language of the Troubadours, the true Langue d'Oc, from which modern French has diverged so much that they are now practically different tongues.

Langue d'Oc and French have always been different tongues. Langue d'Oc, more usually called Provençal, is an independent language derived, like French, Italian, and most other languages of Southern Europe, from Latin. During the Middle Ages it was spoken throughout the southern part of France, while in the North, French, or "Langue d'Oil,"

as it was sometimes called, was employed. Provençal was used as a literary language by the southern French poets, the Troubadours, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but after this period Provençal literature, for political reasons, began to decline, and almost ceased to exist in the fifteenth century. Lately an attempt to revive Provençal as a literary language has been made by Mistral and others.

The language spoken to-day by the peasants of Southern France, and written by Mistral, is indeed the language of the Troubadours, but it has altered and developed from the medieval language just as much as modern English has developed from the English of, say, Layamon, or modern French from the French of Chrestien de Troyes or any other writer of Northern France in the twelfth or thirteenth century.

March 3.

BARBARA SMYTHE.

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was glad to read the appreciation of the Sicilian Players which appeared in your last issue. It is so far removed from the cock-sure methods of the ordinary professional critic as to be a really scientific document. There are so many of these gentlemen lying in wait for the opportunity of explaining a new thrill, that it is pleasant to find one who is anxious to temper his judgment by reason. For over the Sicilian histrionic methods a good many have lost their heads.

As a student of acting, I have seen those people, and to find a parallel standard I have had recourse to an extensive experience of provincial acting, ranging from first-class to "portable" theatres. It is with the acting of the last-named houses I propose to deal. I hope I am doing no injustice to the actors I have seen in the "portables," to say that the plays in which they appeared entirely concerned themselves with the crude and elemental passions. I think it was Zola who said that Art was Nature seen through a temperament. To gain the approval of their audience, it was necessary that they should use realistic methods. At bottom, realism is simply the representation of certain passions in so accurate a fashion that it shall give the simulation of Nature—and such simulation should set up the concomitant emotion, or passion, in the mind of the spectator; the cruder the nature of the actor, the more real will the effect of his acting be to an audience equally crude in its emotions. Hence your "portable" actor prides himself upon the realism with which he can depict a hand to hand struggle, the simulation of an epileptic fit, or the representation of the death of a lawless man. All these things the Sicilian Players can do well, because their racial qualities are elementary, and they are possessed of a temperament to which these crude passions appeal as capable of mimicry.

There is another thing in which the "portable" actor is deficient or careless, that is stage management. As a rule, on "portable" stages, persons and things "occur." My point will be better understood when it is stated that the aim of the modern stage manager is to see that the characters in the background should move in perfect harmony with the actions of the characters in the foreground. The ideal of stage-management may briefly be described as—to produce a series of pictures, the balance of which is so equably preserved that at no moment is the theme lost sight of through the over-predominance of minor details. In the closing scene of *Malia* the only impression I carried away was that of a helter-skelter of people obtruding themselves towards the footlights—the principals struggling to break through to the front of the stage, the *brouhaha* of contending parties, a sudden tiger-like spring, and then the curtain fell. What I had missed was the mimetic representation of overwhelming passion in the principal players—instead of witnessing the fierce combat of two rivals in love, with their elemental passions raising them to a pitch of tragic grandeur, the whole thing appeared to me to be simply a vulgar row.

I refuse to accept Signora Aguglia as a second Duse or Bernhardt. To mention her in the same sentence is to degrade them. She is an exceptionally clever mime, capable of representing certain crude passions. In my view, she failed to bring out the finer part of Iana in *Malia*. In those silent passages where, in the hopelessness of her love, she kneels before the image, I saw no trace of the struggle of conflicting emotions fighting for possession of her soul. Instead of that, there was the crude emotionalism which one associates with those of a grosser nature. Her movements of abandon were sheer animalism when they were not devoted to morbid mimicry of pathological states.

But all these things do not make up the highest art. We

have no lack of realistic actors in England. A sterling histrion like Mr. Warner can give you a horribly realistic representation of Coupeau, or the picture of a paralytic with astonishing accuracy. But that style of thing is no longer popular. The modern actor, if he be an artist, eliminates those repulsive details, so that cultured as the playgoer has now become, I am surprised at this sudden display of atavism on the part of the public—this eager assistance at what may be termed a success of curiosity. Those who saw the same players in *La Figlia di Jorio* could judge that, temperamentally, they were unable to depict the finer emotions in D'Annunzio's play. As for Signor Grasso, he is the one brilliant exception, and as I have already trespassed too much upon the courtesy of your space, I must content myself by recording my gratitude for the privilege of witnessing the initial efforts, in England, of a really great artist.

March 2.

ROBB LAWSON.

CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We desire to express our sympathy with the dramatic authors in their demand for the abolition of the present system of censorship of plays. We are all anxious that the moral and educational influence of the drama shall be for good, but we agree that the present method of supervision has failed to achieve this object, and we should be glad to see the necessary public control secured by other means.

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FRAMEHOUSE = WORKHOUSE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—On page 1A of "A Commentarie vpon the Fiftene Psalmes, called *Psalmi Graduum*, that is, Psalmes of Degrees: Faithfully copied out of the Lectures of D. Martin Luther, very frutefull and comfortable for all Christian afflicted consciences to reade. Translated out of Latine into English by HENRY BVLL. Imprinted at London . . . 1577." one finds these words: "And the common people are as it were, the framehouse of Satan, because they loth and despise that which is dayly taught them." A marginal note to this says: "The common people are the framhowse or workehowse of the deuill.—Deut. 29." These quotations might with advantage be added to "The Historical English Dictionary in its next edition."

February 29.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

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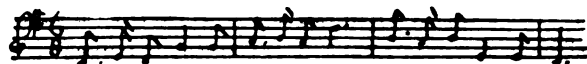
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But knowledge alone does not suffice. Knowledge alone may produce a science. It may explain and interpret an art, but it cannot create that art. For this there is requisite knowledge *plus* the something—often indefinable save through its results—called artistic genius.

All this is true of every art whatsoever; of the art of historical composition no less true than of the others. Mere knowledge may produce a Polybius, a Diodorus, a Dion Cassius, a Froissart, a Freeman, or a Gardiner; it could not produce an Herodotus, a Livy, a Macchiavelli, a Gibbon, a Froude, a Carlyle, or a Macaulay. And what is obviously true of these master writers and a score or two of their fellows is true in greater or less degree of some hundreds of less famous narrators, each of whom has contributed to world-history some description of an event, some estimate of a character, or some analysis of an institution that bears the stamp not of knowledge alone, but of knowledge *plus* something—enthusiasm, in sight, artistic feeling—that raises it out of the ordinary and makes it in its way an incomparable and priceless heritage.

It was chiefly the pursuit of these well-told stories that led the editors of *The Historians' History of the World* to search throughout the mazes of historical literature, in all languages. For the most part such search was not necessary to establish mere facts. These could have been supplied by the direct contributors to *The History*—each in his own particular field—out of the resources of their own studies. Had nothing more been desired than the production of an authoritative, scientifically exact record of world-history, without pre-eminent regard to the literary quality of that record, by far the most facile method would have been to have each prominent contributor write *de novo* the entire history of the nation or the period of which his studies had given him supreme knowledge. Nor would the resulting history have lacked in literary merit, as the names of these contributors will adequately testify. But these scholars themselves would be the first to declare that their joint efforts, thus applied, could by no possibility hope to

produce a narrative every part of which would bear comparison, as a literary production, with already existing narratives, scattered throughout the literature of many peoples and of various ages.

To find these ideal narratives, as we have said, the editors of *The Historians' History* searched far and wide; in the highways of literature and in its byways. They searched with equal avidity through the literatures of all languages; they gave impartial heed to great names and names that were obscure; they sought the writer who had the gift of story-telling wherever he might be found.

How well they succeeded no one can fully realise who has not scanned at some length the pages of *The Historians' History*. But hundreds of critics have so examined those pages, and their almost unanimous voice has attested the extraordinary success of one of the most herculean of literary undertakings. Other hundreds of general readers who would lay no claim to literary insight have similarly testified to the engrossing character of the narrative which this ingenious method has produced. Meantime some scores of technical students attest that the literary pre-eminence of *The Historians' History* has been achieved at no sacrifice of scientific accuracy. It has more than once been said, and it may with full justice be repeated, that the book represents the happiest combination of historical scholarship with literary acumen that ever went to the production of a large historical work.

THE FREE BOOKLET.

We have no space, even were it desirable, to extend the argument here. But a full account of The History is given, together with sample pages and illustrations, in a Descriptive Booklet which will be sent gratis and post-free on application. This Booklet explains the scope and plan of The Historians' History of the World—25 volumes covering the entire history of the world, from the earliest times to the present, in a continuous and fascinating narrative. It explains also the low price at which The History is now offered, and the easy terms of payment—amounting to only 4d. per day—on which it may be secured. The coupon enables you to obtain the Booklet gratis and post free.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE recent publication of some of Queen Victoria's letters has reminded the public of the amazing toleration extended to the late Baron Stockmar's continual interference in British affairs during the earlier part of her late Majesty's reign. It is, therefore, not surprising that legitimate curiosity has been excited concerning the German Emperor's letter to Lord Tweedmouth. We fully share in that curiosity, but we cannot share in the indignation of the majority of our most reputable contemporaries, against the *Times*, for having drawn public attention to the letter. Since we have no knowledge of the manner in which the *Times* obtained its information, we can express no opinion as to its legitimacy, but we cannot join in condemning our contemporary on the ground of its having exceeded the duties of the Press by publishing the information.

Since there is no reason to suspect his Imperial Majesty of sinister motives in writing to Lord Tweedmouth, and every reason for trusting Lord Tweedmouth's and Sir Edward Grey's honour and independence, we have no sympathy with those individual members of the House of Commons who have shown a disposition to press for more detailed information than they see fit to give. It is time to admit frankly that public control over the details of the foreign relations of a great nation is a sheer fiction, and must remain impossible, if any consistent policy is to be maintained. Public control has never yet prevented war, and the most useless and ultimately disastrous wars have generally been the most popular.

There is no reason, except the fetish of party government, why the services of distinguished statesmen, such as Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edward Grey, should not be at the disposal of the country simultaneously, in the conduct of foreign affairs. We rejoice that the opponents of the ridiculous and illogical system of party Government are gaining strength and speaking more plainly every day, and we are not sorry that Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Balfour have had this opportunity of showing that they will not allow party considerations to prevent Lord Tweedmouth and Sir Edward Grey from exercising their discretion freely in a matter of this kind, merely because they belong to a different political faction from themselves.

We learn with some surprise and considerable regret that the project for a memorial to Shakespeare has not fallen through. The committee has collected a certain

amount of money, and is now looking about for a site and a design. Doubtless they will get both, and the latter will ruin the former. On merely æsthetic grounds the little half-moon of green which Park Crescent folds in its arms is more beautiful in most lights than any product of modern architecture and sculpture is likely to be; but æsthetic objections to the scheme are not the heaviest. Is it realised that if we build a memorial to Shakespeare in London we shall be putting him a little above Prince Albert, a good deal below Queen Victoria? And have we forgotten Milton's sonnet?

Memorials are erected from one or more of three causes: the impulse of personal affection driving to practical expression; the need for reminding the present and future ages of the work of the man or woman celebrated; the desire to boast before foreign countries. Neither of the first two causes is operative in the case of Shakespeare. We have no personal affection for him, not only because we never knew him personally, but because the Shakespeare of the public imagination is a purely fantastic being guaranteed by no evidence whatever. We may easily forget Canning, or Disraeli, or Havelock, or Hugh Rose, even Gordon, because war and politics are things of the moment, snow upon the desert's dusty face. We can never forget Shakespeare. And as for boasting before foreign countries, it would be futile. France would smile, Germany is already quite dangerously jealous, and modern America pretends to be of English descent in order to claim its share. It would be much more sensible and more graceful to spend the money in putting up memorials to Goethe and Molière.

The idea of a Shakespeare Memorial is either ridiculous or offensive, or both. But a practical use might be found for the money collected. Sir John Hare suggests a National Theatre. There is much to be said for this; but the money would be better spent, perhaps, in paying Mr. Tree never to produce Shakespeare again. A still better scheme would be to devote it to teaching people to act and dance and sing for themselves. Nothing is more deplorable, nor more socially dangerous, than the dependence of us all, rich and poor alike, on professional amusers. From the gallery-boy at the "Mo" to the Jew in the stalls of the Gaiety, we are helpless without the paid mime; and if the money was ours, we should hand it over to Mr. Louis Parker, Mr. F. R. Benson, Mrs. Kimmins, and a few others, and send them up and down the country teaching the people the lost art of play.

There would still be room in plenty for the professional who deserved it—for such an artist, for instance, as Miss Maud Allan, the dancer. The event of the week—the only event worth serious consideration, to the mind of the writer of this note—has been her appearance at the Palace. He believes this to be literally the first time London has had the chance of seeing the most beautiful of the arts perfectly exhibited. It is impossible to compare Miss Allan with Mlle. Genée, because they move in totally different worlds. Each is perfect in her own art; but we hold Miss Allan's art—the art of dramatic posture-dancing—to be the higher. We can imagine no better *katharsis* for the Puritan than to witness Miss Allan's "Salome" dance; and we commend, as highly as her consummate art, that lady's courage in devoting every gift and beauty she possesses to its service.

What has become of the "Baconians"? So far as we know, they have for some time forborne to shake the foundations of the literary world, and one is sorry for this silence. For, after all, there was something grandiose about the Baconian doctrine, and, since folly must always be with us, it is better that it should be on the great scale.

One thinks, with laughter, of Ignatius Donnelly's "discovery"—that the whole of Shakespeare's plays are a book *intus et foris scriptus*, containing a hidden history of the Elizabethan Age, and yet one cannot help envying the "discoverer," who was, no doubt, as fully possessed with a sense of the magnificence of his theory as was Columbus when the shores of the New World appeared on the horizon. How Donnelly must have enjoyed the working out of his scheme, the marshalling of those intricate systems of figures, the infinite labours of calculation, and, above all, the "results" which rewarded his toils. One hopes that he died a convinced Baconian; disillusionment would have been too cruel.

And the later developments have not lacked their majestic and imposing follies. Puzzles are very well; one can have some good fun with many of them; but how pale and trifling are their joys compared with those of a theory which makes all the literature of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries one vast puzzle, which bids us scan misprints and decorative title-pages, and even watermarks, with a firm assurance that the minutest *yod* may be a fingerpost of the hidden mystery. Mr. W. H. Mallock once caused the frontispiece to the first English version of Montaigne to be reproduced in illustration of the great theory. In the centre—if one remembers rightly—there were displayed certain arches; you turned the page to one side, and these arches became capital B's. The deduction, of course, was that Bacon wrote Montaigne's essays; a simple but splendid logical process. Baconianism, it will be seen, was not long content with its haul of Shakespeare; it went abroad and added Montaigne and Cervantes to Bacon's achievements, and then, returning, swept in practically the whole of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, including Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Nor was this enough. There was a lady who wrote a book to show that not only did Bacon write all the works of his age, but that he also founded Rosicrucianism and Freemasonry, and that St. Paul's Cathedral was constructed from his designs. And, best of all, the Baconian activities persist to this day, and the Baconian Secrets—it is not quite clear what these are—are preserved in the keeping of the officials of the British Museum and of the great paper-making firms, as appears by the continued use of certain water-marks. And there is a school within a school which not only maintains that "Shakespeare" was written by Bacon, but holds that *Romeo and Juliet* is an allegory of the Orphic Mysteries. On a rainy day one shakes off gloom in meditating on these matters, and one cannot help wishing that it were all true. Still, one must not forget that there are real literary and historical mysteries which await solution. Is the whole of modern drama to be traced back to the dramatic "performance" of the Easter sequence *Victimæ Paschali*? What is the history of the root *cam* or *gam* (a word in common use in Shakespeare's time)? Is the French *Compagnonage*, which celebrates—or did celebrate till quite recently—such curious rites, related to Freemasonry; and is there anything to be said in favour of the theory which makes each body a descendant of the Roman *Collegium*?

Last week's *Punch* contains a cartoon representing "Mr. Punch" standing with two children while in the background a Nonconformist minister, an Anglican Bishop, and a Roman Catholic priest are represented as indulging in a violent brawl. Mr. Punch has a grieved face, the face of the typical British Idiot who never can understand anything. He says "These children want better education," and the three brawlers in the background reply, "Don't interfere with us, we're busy fighting." This is the sort of thing one expects to see in a violent partisan paper like the *Westminster Gazette*, signed by "The Office Boy;" but it is a disgrace that a paper with the traditions of *Punch* should thus ignorantly and maliciously attack the Estab-

lished Church of this country and the Roman Catholics because, in the most dignified and strictly moderate language, they have announced their intention of resisting the efforts of unscrupulous political Nonconformists to seize their schools and compel their schoolchildren to adopt the religion of Mr. McKenna under pain of heavy penalties. The people of this country who are eccentric enough to desire that their children should be educated in the faith of their fathers and who are not attracted by "the New Theology" may well be thankful that their interests are not safeguarded by "Mr. Punch" in his capacity of the typical British Idiot.

The current number of the *Reperiorium für Kunstwissenschaft*, so ably edited by Professor H. Thode and Dr. von Tschudi, contains an interesting note by Freiherr von Hadeln on two pictures in the National Gallery, No. 808, and No. 1440, which at present hangs immediately above Gallery VII. These half-length figures, now representing St. Peter Martyr and St. Dominic, were first attributed to Gentile Bellini by Morelli, who pointed out that the *cartellini* ascribing them to Giovanni are both additions. This attribution has been generally accepted, though the authorities of the Gallery still retain the old one. But, according to Freiherr von Hadeln, the figures were originally far from being what they now seem. He maintains that what Gentile actually painted was the portraits of two Dominican monks, and that these were transformed by additions of a much later date into representations of the saints whose emblems and names they now bear. He points out that the inscription "Imago Fratris Theodori Urbinati" can be distinguished under the later addition in the St. Dominic canvas, a fact which any one can see for himself by examining the canvas, or indeed by consulting the catalogue, though the compilers of the latter have committed a precise inaccuracy which is quite inexcusable. They state that the date MDXV. is inscribed on the *cartellino*. It is *not*, but is upon the parapet below the original inscription, and in very much smaller characters, added apparently at a much later date even than the *cartellino*.

Freiherr von Hadeln expresses the opinion that the pictures ought to be restored to their original state by a careful removal, not only of the *cartellini*, but also of the halos and other emblems. We must distinguish between the pictures. The St. Peter Martyr panel is, of course, in a better state, and might probably be successfully restored. But we find it less easy to believe that the St. Dominic canvas could now be brought back to a state which would enable it to rank, as Freiherr von Hadeln contends, with the "Caterina Cornaro" at Pesth, or the "Sultan Mahomet" in Lady Layard's possession. It is only fair to observe that the authorities of the National Gallery, whether past or present, are not responsible for the suspicious appearance of the canvas, for it does not belong to the Gallery, but is a loan from the Victoria and Albert Museum.

We have pleasure in announcing that Mr. Laurence Binyon will give a series of four lectures in the Theatre of the Albert Hall on Thursday afternoons from the 19th of March to the 6th of April, at half-past five o'clock. The lectures will each last for one hour, and will deal—First, with China in the Twelfth Century, one of the recurring Chinese periods of "illumination" and culture; the Second, with the growth of a National Art in Japan, which culminated in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; the Third, with the Chinese Renaissance in Japan, which was triumphant in the fifteenth century, and the second wave of influence of the Ming art of China; the Fourth, with the Later Art of China and Japan, showing the last impulse from China in Japan in the eighteenth century, and certain European influences. Tickets may be obtained from Messrs. Carfax and Co., 24, Bury Street, St. James's, S.W., at the price of one guinea for the course, or 6s. for a single lecture.

Lady Grove contributed a characteristic letter to last Tuesday's *Westminster Gazette*. Her contention is that the entrance of women into the political arena would tend to leaven the "hysteria" by which mere men are liable to be infected in matters touching Imperial interests. Here are a few samples from her letter indicating the sort of soothing influence which might be expected to be infused into party politics by the accession to its ranks of the Suffragist sisterhood:

I can say that a more mischievous exhibition of party vindictiveness under a false pretence of concern for high Imperial interests than the action of the *Times* . . . it is difficult to conceive.

Has the *Times* correspondent any idea what such rhodomontade would mean? I doubt if any other sane, intelligent human being does (*sic*).

I imagined that they and this method of expressing them were confined to the utterances of half-educated nursery governesses or their charges.

Now, irrespective of any opinion as to the justification for the "scare" raised by the *Times* in connection with the Kaiser's correspondence with Lord Tweedmouth, we should like to point out that the person who is primarily responsible for the policy adopted by the *Times* in the present juncture is the military correspondent of that journal. He is unquestionably one of the most able and brilliant men in his own line in this country. So far is he from being under any suspicion of being a mere party man that it is notorious that he supplied most of the details and materials for the attack on the late Government's military policy, and that he has steadily supported Mr. Haldane's policy under the present Government. In fact, he is in military matters conspicuously and notoriously free from any party bias whatsoever. Whether he was right or wrong in drawing public attention to a state of affairs which he considered dangerous is a matter of opinion; but to speak of his action as "mischievous exhibition of party vindictiveness" is to betray a quite remarkable ignorance as to the real facts and motives underlying the policy of the *Times* as directed by him. Lady Grove's letter will not advance the cause of Woman's Suffrage, but as an object-lesson it is of inestimable value.

THE DESTROYER

He stands on high in the torch-glare,
 With planted feet, with lifted axe:
 Behind, a gulf of crimson air;
 Beneath, the old wall that gapes and cracks.
 Tossed fragments crash to dust and smoke.
 Exulting life, aloft he stands
 And drives his unrepentant stroke,
 Nor heeds the havoc of his hands.
 Below, one lingers gazing. Why
 Within his heart does secret joy
 Quivering awaken and reply
 To each home-blow, Destroy, destroy!
 Lulled in the casual feast of sense,
 Awed by the ages' fortress-walls,
 Out of its slumber roused, intense,
 To the swung axe a demon calls;
 Man's Demon, never satiate,
 That finds nought made to its desire.
 How shall it to this world be mate,—
 To a world of stone, a heart of fire?

LAURENCE BINYON.

REVIEWS

POLITICS AND TARIFFS

Sixty Years of Protection in Canada. By EDWARD PORRITT.
 (Macmillan, 6s. net.)

At the present moment Mr. Edward Porritt's book on the working of commercial tariffs in Canada should secure a great many readers, for it is impossible not to see that the struggle in the British constituencies, whether we think of bye-elections or of the next general election, will revolve for some time round the proposals for tariff reform. The various political parties know this, and all our legislators know it, however paramount to any of them individually the claims of temperance or educational questions, for example, may seem; the situation implied, therefore, is that every thoughtful man and woman among us should be acquiring information with a view to giving or to influencing a well-deliberated vote on this crucial matter of Imperial policy. Four or five years ago an attitude of neutrality towards the movement for tariff reform was reasonable; a faith in which we were all brought up was rudely challenged on grounds that had not been well considered, and it was at that juncture the course of a prudent person to demand time in which to weigh the possibilities of numerous issues which were receiving no attention from either convinced reformers or equally convinced free traders. There was sense four or five years ago in the attitude of those who refused to make up their minds immediately. But May, 1903, is now a fairly distant date, and, complicated though the whole matter of fiscal legislation may be, it will soon become a proof of pusillanimity rather than of sagacity to be found taking neither side. And as the assailants of the present order of things grow more aggressive it becomes more incumbent upon the free traders to defend their faith upon other than historical grounds. They have been feeling for some time the necessity of showing that a system which undoubtedly worked well in the middle of last century is still so essentially good that to tamper with it would be an act of almost impious rashness, and at this moment no efforts are being spared to demonstrate that in countries where protection is stringent real prosperity is absent.

There is no country whose experiences it could be more pertinent to quote than Canada, because for many reasons we have of late been led to regard our vast western Dominion as among the most valuable assets of the crown. German, French, and American statistics, when urged for or against free trade, are regarded as interesting by most of us—and no doubt the conditions of these countries, as far as they are analogous to those prevalent in the British Isles have their lessons for us; but it is impossible not to feel that the views of Canada, and the situation as existent in Canada, appeal with more direct force. In a measure this is right, as the policy of tariff reform is advocated largely on the ground that it would play an important part in welding our Empire into a homogeneous whole; and in a measure it is wrong, as the social conditions of Great Britain much more closely represent, if only by the size of population and the magnitude and diversity of affairs, those of Germany than those of Canada. So we must not exaggerate the assistance to us that a knowledge of Canadian affairs may be when we are striving to arrive at an impression upon tariff reform that shall be sufficiently clear-cut to warrant our voting upon it; but at the same time we do well, of course, to learn what we can from Canada.

Mr. Porritt loses no time in revealing the lessons which he wishes to teach us. His first chapter deals with what he terms "the grip" of the protected interests on the Canadian government and the Canadian press, and the text of this chapter is formed by the following words of Sir Richard Cartwright, the present Liberal Minister of Trade and Commerce in the Canadian Parliament:

The moment you introduce the Protective system you create a class whose interests are essentially different from those of the people at

large, and who become the ready contributors to corruption funds, sharing with their masters the plunder which they have been enabled to take from the people.

The quotation is not dated, and it probably belongs to the period of Sir Richard Cartwright's career when he was one of the leaders of the Liberal party through many long years of opposition, during which time he became recognised as the chief financial critic of the Conservative policy of qualified protection. It is known that the Liberal party since they have been in office in Canada have modified their views considerably upon the whole question of fiscal legislation, so that a sermon preached from an old *dictum* of Sir Richard Cartwright loses much of its authority, as the author has repudiated, to a great extent, the views which he enunciated formerly—or, at any rate, is in a Cabinet which holds a very different opinion from those views. This does not daunt Mr. Porritt, however. He finds the old Sir Richard Cartwright—the man in opposition whose duty it was to oppose—to be the real man; and the new Sir Richard Cartwright—the man whose words as well as his deeds have to be tempered by the responsibilities of office—a negligible factor in Canadian politics. The same courage is manifested throughout the book, which is a frank and forcible pamphlet against protection, wherein every attempt is made to show the logic of free trade views by a recapitulation of the history of protection in Canada from 1846 until the present day—1846 being, of course, the date of the repeal of the Corn Laws in Great Britain by Sir Robert Peel. That history is told by Mr. Porritt so as to leave no doubt on the mind that protection, as demanded by the manufacturing interests in Canada, is the bane of the Dominion, and that the fiscal and commercial freedom accruing to Canada through the adoption by the mother country of free trade has been at the bottom of Canadian prosperity. So abundantly and overwhelmingly clear does he make this out to us that it is inevitable that we should suspect his reading of history, for if the advantages of free trade to Canada were as conspicuous as he believes them to be, the present differences of opinion could not exist.

Mr. Porritt describes how the action of Sir Robert Peel was received at first with consternation in Canada, where many leaders of thought held that the only possible reply to such a disturbance of the commercial ties between the mother country and the colony was the secession of the colony. He does not minimise the seriousness of the disloyal feeling produced, but he passes very lightly over the actual and material effect in Upper Canada of the fiscal revolution in Great Britain. We have always understood that the Canadians—at least, many of those engaged in the grain and lumber businesses—suffered very severely when the preferential bond with Great Britain was divided; but Mr. Porritt does not linger over this part of the story, preferring to state that “the year of the adoption of free trade in England saw also the beginning of the era of fiscal freedom for Canada,” before passing to an elaborate review of the Elgin-Marcy treaty. This was the treaty of conditional reciprocity between the United States and Canada which followed upon the realisation by Canada that the home government had not insisted on reciprocity for the Dominion when throwing open the ports of Great Britain to the imports of the United States. The advantages which this treaty gave to the maritime provinces of the Dominion were undoubted, for which reason the United States abrogated it as soon as possible. This is all well explained in Mr. Porritt's book, for he has the gift of exposition and knows the authorities whom it is best to consult; but the fact that the Elgin-Marcy treaty during its short life brought some benefits to some parts of Canada is not a proof that all Canada bloomed into prosperity under conditions attributable to the establishment of free trade in Great Britain.

The last half of Mr. Porritt's book can be described briefly as a denunciation of what is known in Canada as the National Policy—that is to say, a policy of protection of Canadian industries. Mr. Porritt adopts the picture of the situation drawn by Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has said

that on the neck of the Canadian there rides an association of protected manufacturers making the community and all the great interests of the country contributory to their gains. The sage of Toronto is always eloquent, usually positive, but not invariably right. The facts which Mr. Porritt has recorded are undeniable, but there are other facts which would put a different complexion upon them. The protectionist movement in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec between 1846 and the Confederation is an indication that, whatever the opinion of the maritime provinces, swayed by the profits of American reciprocity, may have been, Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec, three fairly important centres, did not share it. There was here a distinct feeling in favour of protection, and Mr. Porritt is reticent on the matter. He accounts for the present desire for protection as an expression of the grasping nature of certain groups of manufacturers, but for practical purposes those manufacturers had no existence until thirty years or forty years after the adoption by Great Britain of free trade. The gap in the argument is sure to be supplied by the protectionist, who will say that all along Canada has been simply shaping towards a self-supporting position, and that then, as now, her rulers have believed that some measure of protection, whether they approve theoretically of it or no, has been found necessary if the profits of development are to be turned to the best advantage for the country.

Mr. Porritt writes with absolute sincerity, and after giving close personal attention to the situation; but the virtue of his advocacy of the cause of free trade is detracted from by his inability to see the history of Canada from any standpoint save that of the convinced free trader. We began by saying that the experiences of a country like Canada in the matter of protective tariffs would be of particular interest to persons still striving to make up their minds which way they should vote in the near future at home. Many such persons may read this book, but we should not be at all surprised if the result proved exactly opposite to that desired by Mr. Porritt. Let us imagine the case of the elector—and his like must be numerous—who knows this much of Canada, that it is a country which of late years has made enormous progression, and has increased in riches, population, and importance day by day. He reads in Mr. Porritt's book that all this fine result has been secured under a system of protection, and is asked by Mr. Porritt to curse the system because, if it were abolished, the country would be so much wealthier and happier. The elector may be convinced and register a free trade vote in England. But he may rebel against Mr. Porritt's conclusions, which are necessarily based on theory, and regard only the material facts. He may argue to himself that the rise of Canada is an undeniable truth, that a higher rise under different conditions can only be a matter of argument, and find himself, after perusal of a well-informed and vigorous free trade tract, a recalcitrant protectionist.

TWO AMERICAN MYTHOLOGIES.

The Mythologies of Ancient Mexico and Peru. By LEWIS SPENCE. Religions Ancient and Modern. (Constable and Co., 1s. net.)

If this volume can be taken as a true sample of Messrs. Constable's series they can be highly congratulated. But though they have many contributors recognised as authorities in their several subjects, it is too much to expect that many of the volumes will reach the standard of Mr. Spence's. It is a model of sound knowledge, crystallised in an attractive form, and enlivened by original criticism. Mr. Spence succeeds in giving his readers, in an hour, a comprehensive view of the nature of the Mexican and Peruvian religions, corrected up to the latest guesses of modern research, with sufficient detail of those terrible and picturesque rites and mythologies to attract the attention

and impress the memory. He performs this feat in some eighty small pages and some fifteen thousand words. The first and last of his six short chapters he devotes to epitomising the latest surmises as to the origin of American peoples and religions, and the question of foreign influence on the latter. It is supposed that America was once united to Europe by land, of which Iceland and the Farö Islands are the remains. By this isthmus, it is likely that our remotest ancestors, the Proto-Europeans, migrated into America. It is possible that the "Skraellings," found in North America by the Norsemen in the tenth century, may have been the least mixed descendants of these first settlers from Europe. Similarly and more probably, Proto-Mongolians migrated by way of the Behring Strait. The variety of shapes in the crania of the Amerinds (American-Indians) shows that they were evolved from races of more than one type the Proto-Mongolian being the largest element. The Red man would, therefore, be the development of the Yellow man before he became Mongolian, with some admixture of the White man before he became European. By the time of the second discovery of North America, no race resembling "Skraellings" remained, and the type of the Red man had become mainly Mongolian. But the rapid approximation of Europeans to the Amerind type, which is taking place before our eyes, may point to an apparent rather than real disappearance of the Proto-European element, which was evident in the "Skraellings." As regards the Mexican and Peruvian races in particular, at the time of the second discovery of America, both were, in their own countries, later races, which had imposed themselves by conquest on earlier, advanced civilisations, in the case of the Mexicans, only some four hundred years before the arrival of Columbus. Both countries also were at that time expecting the speedy fulfilment of legends, which promised the arrival of a beneficent race, which should be white and bearded. In Mexico, the influence of the white-clad priests of Quetzalcoatl, a deity probably adopted from the earlier inhabitants by their Aztec and Toltec conquerors, no doubt procured the friendly reception of the Spaniards. In the mythology and religion of both countries, there is very little trace of elements extraneous to America, though it is just possible that Buddhist priests from Cabul, according to the Chinese annals, visited those parts of America in the fifth century. Such influence would, of course, be traceable in the milder religion of Peru and the cult of Quetzalcoatl in Mexico, and not in the sanguinary rites peculiar to the Aztecs. The stories of Celtic visits—that of St. Brendan from Ireland, and that of Prince Madoc from Wales in the year 1170—have scarcely obtained any historical confirmation. We confine our remarks mainly to these less interesting chapters of Mr. Spence's book, because something of the more interesting rites of both countries is well known through Prescott, whose works have been brought up to date by copious notes in recent editions easily obtainable. We desire rather, in the small space left us, to notice a few of the clear and pertinent comments of Mr. Spence. He differentiates admirably between Totemism and Naturalism. "Naturalism is the worship of some natural phenomenon," whether it be the sun, or some animal, or plant. The religion of the Peruvians was much more naturalistic in this sense than that of the Mexicans. It was as naturalism, that the late Professor Max Müller and his companions attempted to explain all religions, and, in our estimation, threw no light on any. We welcome Mr. Spence's impatience at a school which seemed to us, even in our early youth, full of dull charlatanism, and we now hope is fast disappearing. Totemism is the belief in blood-kinship of a family or tribe with an animal or plant, originally adopted as a symbol. The origin of the worship of Huitzilopochtli ("the humming-bird on the left") was, Mr. Spence considers with great likelihood, partly totemic. That god was the Ares of the Aztecs, and their peculiar tribal deity. Totemism probably existed once among the Peruvians, but there is little trace of it by the time of the arrival of the Spaniards. Mr. Spence also notices the absolutely theocratic nature of the empire of Peru :

The Inca was the direct representative of the sun upon earth. He was the very keystone of a socio-religious edifice, to equal which, in intricacy of design and organisation, the entire history of man has no parallel to offer.

All crime was a direct offence against the majesty of the Inca, who, as viceroy of the Sun on earth, had been blasphemed by the breaking of his law.

Mr. Spence also notices that behind and above the theocracy of Peru, and the polytheism of both countries, celebrated as it was in Mexico by atrocious ritual massacres, was the idea of One Supreme Being, to Whom appeal was made, especially in the rites of confession and absolution. The many gods were but, as it were, the personification of His attributes. Mr. Spence is of those who hold that "the knowledge of that power is inalienable from the mind of man." He notices also that the sacrifices of the Mexicans were probably, and in some cases certainly, offered, not to appease the gods, but to nourish them. A possible parallel occurs to us in those curious texts of the Mosaic law and prophecies, which refer to the "food" (*pabulum*) and the "table" (*mensa*) of the Lord ; and more certainly in the narrative of Bel and the Dragon.

Finally, we may for once disagree with Mr. Spence, for he finds it

difficult to believe that a people so imbrued [as were the Mexicans] in a religion of bloodshed could have been punctilious in matters of morality. It seems certain, however, that as a race [they] were austere moral, pious, truth-loving, and loyal as citizens, and even the sanguinary priests do not appear to have reaped any benefit from their terrible offices.

We are not surprised, for such complete possession by Moloch seems to imply the exclusion of softer daemons.

MR. HARDY'S DRAMA

The Dynasts. A Drama. By THOMAS HARDY. Vol. 3. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.)

It would be a brilliant thing to say that Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts" is too philosophical to be good drama, and too dramatic to be sound philosophy ; but unfortunately it would be untrue. The really true and candid thing to say is, we fancy, that the work is so extraordinary in aim and energy and scope that we are almost baffled in attempting to comprehend it. But it has—most clearly it has—the one quality which could make so large and various a thing coherently vital ; it has philosophical unity.

There are, of course, many people who read Mr. Hardy's novels only for the story ; there are some few, doubtless, who read them only for their expression of the modern questioning mind at its highest ; and there are others, far less numerous (we fear) than the former, but more considerable (we hope) than the latter, who read them as they read *Romeo and Juliet*, as they read of aught noble and profound in prose or verse

Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.

So the publication of the first volume of this work was an arresting event. The author's deep interest in the Napoleonic period, and his acquaintance with men who bore their part in the burden of that great day, these are known to the readers of the Wessex novels. Those loud years of strife and menace form a background for the novelist's imaginative operations, as they do in many of Balzac's novels. In a drama of Napoleon, then, we said . . .

And again : Who among those who hold the true faith of the treasurableness and inspiration of the English Turgenev could fail to look with keen expectation for the work wherein a vaster theme and vaster events should be the medium of his imaginative activity ? The novels have declared so powerful a dramatic force, so sure a sense of dramatic "inevitableness" (to use a cumbrous phrase) that we have looked somewhat urgently for the completion of the promised trilogy. And lastly, we have wondered whether, in spite of his plain dramatic sense, the master of

irony would not find himself trammelled in his larger scheme by the limits of his ironic perception. Would not the ironist defeat the dramatist?

At least, we remembered, Mr. Hardy had never been delicately careful of the weed Reputation; he had not hesitated to follow the long series of prose fiction with two volumes of short poems—receiving what thankful welcome from true lovers of true poetry is already known.

Nothing in the "Dynasts," then—and we mean it as the highest tribute—has greatly surprised us; our doubts are dissipated. There are a hundred fine things in it that we should like to mention. There is the singular gnomic force which Mr. Hardy expresses sometimes more clearly in his verse than in his prose. There is the old sense of sardonic laughter somewhere just behind yon cloud or flower, within this lichened rock, in the sunlight frayed from that line of tossing bayonets. There is, as always in his profoundest work, keen sense of:

The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible World.

And there are a hundred fine, bright, natural things; dialogue as sharp and volleying as any to be found where quick-minded men meet, rustic humour as rich as—well, as Mr. Hardy's best, for more we cannot say; songs that have surely been overheard, so rightly sung are they. . . . Does the reader remember this from the first volume?—

In the wild October night-time, when the wind raved round the
land,
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, and our doors were blocked with
sand,
And we heard the drub of Dead-man's Bay, where bones of thousands
are,
We knew not what the day had done for us at Trafalgar.
All) Had done
Had done
For us at Trafalgar!

The new volume contains another, sung by a Peninsula Sergeant:

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes of blue and brown!
And our hearts would ache with longing
As we passed from our sing-singing,
With a smart *Clink! Clink!* up the Esplanade and down.

These clearly are the work of the author of "Valenciennes" and the other fine "songs of action" in "Wessex Poems."

This trilogy, however, has more notable qualities. True it is bare of ornament: you will find no mere rhetoric permitted for rhetoric's sake; you will rather perceive a noble austerity and disparagement of unessential felicities. You must even be prepared for a certain harshness of verse, sign of an imperfect mastery of the medium, though it is strange how insignificant this defect appears in the whole drama, especially in the blank-verse parts, which are grave and weighty, often mightily kindling with the living fire. Outweighing every defect, however, there is a singular comprehensive power and clarity of imagination in the vast views which the author commands by a single phrase; as when you look with him from a remote lofty eye-station upon "four groups of moth-like transport ships silently skimming the wide liquid plain;" or, when, in the simple description of a linking "dumb show," he unfolds the immense panorama of conflict as a mere "see-saw," noting characteristically how close by a little stream "continues to trickle unconcernedly to sea." More plainly still is this power manifest in the brief vivid descriptions of the great campaigns; and, perhaps, the best instance is to be found in the splendid and lurid confusion of the Waterloo scenes, with their powerful suggestion of the flinging gambler's fury and failure, and the sombre disenchantment following strife.

We may say all this, and more, without approaching the vital point—that is, Mr. Hardy's own attitude. It is, we take it, plain that he has not written three volumes simply in order to give us vivid pictures of crowded campaigns or a clear and sympathetic characterisation of Napoleon the Conqueror; though these things he assuredly

has done. Beyond all this he gives us what is more valuable than thirty volumes of vivid pictures; he gives us a philosophical conception of the vast era, and suggests an interpretation of its national movements—indeed, of human progress itself. Here is the great theme. A finer background he could hardly have chosen, nor one more certain of appeal to thoughtful English readers. The Napoleonic spirit is not dead; its mouthpieces change and pass, thinking they stand for themselves. Mr. Hardy tells us that Napoleon did not stand for himself only, nor for France only; he stood, as we may conceive, for man insurgent, awhile dominant, teased with glory, exposed, smothered. Mr. Hardy spares us the hateful gibe of supposing that lives vanished like smoke and tears fell like rain merely for the aggrandisement of an inordinately ambitious soldier. There is a Hand behind the Show; but is that Hand moved blindly, or does it only seem to move blindly because beyond our comprehension? We are like children who, coming as we think to an irresponsible, hearty pantomime, are suddenly confronted with the *Electra* or *The Trojan Women*. Puppets still, of pantomime or tragedy, are the dim figures on the distant dwarfed stage. But what of the Hand, the Brain behind?

It is with the answer to such obstinate questionings that the development of this profound drama is concerned. The suggestion of the activity of what Mr. Hardy calls the Immanent Will is repeated throughout by Spirits of the Pities and Ironies, the Spirit Sinister, and the Spirit of the Years; a Will hinted and glimpsed, distrusted, and finally praised. The pervading idea of the Immanent Will informing the affairs of an infinitesimal world gives unity to the survey thereof. It does more—it affords a persistent clue to the meaning of the mystery of the heaving, bloody earth, that else were merely grotesque and grim. It is the Immanent Will,

The purposive, unmotivated, dominant Thing
Which sways in brooding dark men's wayfaring!

The Spirit of the Pities, interpreting the motions of the all but inscrutable, discerns:

Yet is it but Napoleon who has failed;
The pale pathetic peoples still plod on
Through hoodwinkings to light.

Napoleon himself perceives, as in a glass darkly, the Moving Finger writing:

I have ever known
That such a Will I passively obeyed!

but he, supreme Egoist, does not perceive that it is more than his own fate that is written, more than the fate of a dynasty; to him the writing is indecipherable. For the vaster issues of the spinning world's destiny are suggested. Brooding over the expiring frenzy of Waterloo, the Ironie Spirits determine of the Immanent Will

A fixed foresightless dream
Is its whole philosopheme.

But Mr. Hardy does not end with this. The illumination of the Will itself is indicated, and the consequent redemption of the illimitable failure of the world. There is an After Scene in which the author's conception reaches full height. The Spirit of the Years speaks of the "Great Foresightless" weaving its "ceaseless artistries in Circumstance;" of which "but one flimsy ribbon" is all that they have watched. The Pities sing the Will Beneficent:

Who hadst not shaped such souls as we
If tender mercy lacked in Thee!

And following the still sombre questionings of the Spirit of the Years and the Spirit Ironie, sounds the final chorus:

But a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there,
That the rages
Of the ages

Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts
that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things fair

Is it only years that have passed since Mr. Hardy wrote the great and hopeless chapters of "Tess" and "Jude the

Obscure"? However that be, we are happy to have the completion of a work wherein a great theme is developed in the great manner of which only a mature and powerful genius is capable. And thankful as we are to the author for the vital energy and fine distinction of his drama, we are yet more thankful for the profound conception by which it is illuminated and unified—conception of a finer and loftier wisdom than any discovered by the noblest of his prose writings.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT THE NAVY

Champions of the Fleet. By EDWARD FRASER. (John Lane, 6s.)

The Royal Navy. Painted by NORMAN WILKINSON. Described by H. L. SWINBURNE. (A. and C. Black, 20s.)

PUBLIC interest in the Royal Navy, the growth of which has been so marked during the last ten years, is naturally reacting on our literary activity. Not only is British naval history, formerly somewhat neglected, receiving that attention which is its just due, but there is a tendency to produce "popularising" books on the subject of less austerity than the bulky tomes of the formal historian.

The general standard of these works is high. The invincible spirit of our forefathers lives essentially in the history of the sea service, and cannot fail to inspire, in some measure, the pen of the writer. The two books here considered, although very different in conception, are no exceptions to this rule. Like its title, Mr. Fraser's volume of rambling naval history is discursive and loosely knit, but contains much that is of interest and value from antiquarian, historical, and sentimental points of view. Herein are set forth the services and histories, from the building of their prototypes to the present day, of certain renowned men-of-war and of the officers whose deeds have given to those ships' names their lustre. The book is defective in construction and displays some literary inequality. In Chapter I., for instance, the flavour of the excellent description of the first *Dreadnought's* exploits in action with the Armada is marred by the concluding "flying glance" at the *Dreadnought* of to-day—this "glance" consisting of jejune statistics about that very fine engine of war, and the application of exaggerated epithet to her capabilities. Appropriate to the moment, Mr. Fraser calls attention to the part which the Navy took in the military foundation of the Indian Empire. It will be new to most readers that naval guns had a decisive influence on the fortunes of the "fiery few" at Plassey, the renown of which, in most English minds, is exclusively associated with the name of Clive. There are nineteen illustrations, chiefly reproduced from contemporary prints.

The "Royal Navy" is a book with which, at a moment when the Navy seems likely to be dragged into the disastrous arena of party politics, one could wish that potent individual, "the Man in the Street," to be made acquainted. Even those "free and independent electors" who view Naval expenditure through the distorting prism of "anti-patriotic bias," or, to go further, even a "bloated armament" sentimentalist, might acquire some historical ballast in reading it. Admirably printed and attractively bound, it contains, in a surprisingly limited space, a history of the development of the Navy from the reign of King Alfred to the present time. In spite of the necessary condensation, Mr. Swinburne has done substantial justice to his fascinating subject. He writes concisely and to the point, and, although the ground covered is vast, there appear to be no serious omissions. In dealing with the war services of the Navy in modern times, however, he has fallen headlong into the pitfall of contemporary historians. Markedly in chronicling the naval side of the Egyptian and South African Wars he has devoted far too much of his small space to detail and to the relation of the personal

services of individuals: this portion of the text standing, in these respects, in unhappy contrast with his admirably condensed history of the Tudor Navy and of "Eighteen Hundred and War Time."

The book is provided throughout with beautiful reproductions of water-colours by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, illustrative of the various types in the long evolution from Alfred's "King's Ships" to the modern man-of-war. These pictures should tend to convince even the most bigoted that, as regards fighting-ships at any rate, the coming of the Age of Coal and Steam has not meant the total destruction of the Romance of the Sea, or the final loss of the artistic aspect of "tall ships." The book concludes with an article on the Seaman's Dress by Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N., which is illustrated by J. Jellicoe.

LORD CROMER'S BOOK—ITS PERSONAL ASPECT

PART II.

IN a first article, published in THE ACADEMY of March 7th, I showed how little Lord Cromer's habit of mind—contracted during his long years of diplomatic make-believe at Cairo—had suited him for the delicate task of historian undertaken by him in his book, "Modern Egypt." Neither the instinct of truth, unblunted by the daily necessities of a false official position, was his, nor a zeal for critical inquiry, nor that strong sense of justice which is so necessary in an historian ready, as a first duty, to reopen hasty decisions and repair wrongs, known to be wrongs. I showed how this was exemplified in Lord Cromer's account of the Revolution of 1882, compiled, as it is, not from fresh and impartial sources, for he had no personal knowledge of that period, but exclusively from the stale record of the Blue Books arranged to suit the case for British intervention, whose special pleader he had made himself. To-day I propose to show how he has dealt with the years immediately following 1882, those of his own early diplomatic career as Consul-General at Cairo. Here his first object is to prove that England's long stay in Egypt has been a fatality imposed on her, not by his mistakes, but by the nature of things, and her failure to fulfil her promises due only to the fact that the promises were impossible. Neither of these propositions is true. Lord Cromer's method in attempting to prove them is as little straightforward as in the earlier case. Ignoring the true reasons which made the intention of an immediate evacuation of Egypt fail, he lays the whole burden of responsibility on the Mahdist rising in the Soudan; while, with regard to the promises made to the Egyptians of restoring to them some kind of constitutional self-government, he contents himself with an attempt to show that Lord Dufferin's "Charter" of 1883, poor reparation as it was for what they had lost, was never seriously intended, either by him or by the Government of the day in Downing Street which entrusted him with its drawing up. On both these points I have it in my power to contribute evidence in contradiction to Lord Cromer's reasoning, evidence, which he cannot have been altogether ignorant of, and which is yet wholly absent from his book.

I may begin by saying that, long before the date of Lord Dufferin's mission to Egypt, I had the advantage of knowing Lord Dufferin personally well. As a mere boy attached to the Athens Legation, and when Lord Dufferin himself was only thirty-four, I was fortunate enough to see much of him during some months that he spent in Greece on his way back home from a first tourist's visit to Egypt in 1859. He was travelling at the time with his mother, to whom he was through life touchingly devoted, and both were kind to me, and the friendly relations thus formed at Athens were, I am glad to remember, maintained between us while she lived and afterwards till his own death in 1902. It was consequently with some confidence that I looked to him, when he came on his

mission of reconstruction to Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir, for a fair judgment of the Egyptian case. Nor was I wholly disappointed. It is certain that the disclosures made in connection with the trial of Arabi disposed him to a course which, if it had been taken boldly and at once, would have solved the problem both of an early evacuation and of the placing of Egypt on a self-governing basis. The idea, as I heard it at the time, was to restore the National Party in its civilian elements to power, and so secure the co-operation of the only body of opinion in the country really desirous of reform and constitutional progress. I do not affirm that this idea ever took the shape of a definite proposal made by Lord Dufferin to the Foreign Office, but it certainly underlay the project of recreating Egyptian liberty formulated in his celebrated dispatch. Sir Charles Wilson was, I know, mentioned as a successor to Sir Edward Malet in this connection, and the strong sympathy he had acquired at the time of the trial with Nationalism would have suited him well for the post. It was even half promised that Arabi himself might after a short interval be allowed with the rest of the exiles to return to Egypt and take part in the National reconstruction. I will tell what I know of this.

On December 8th, 1882, General Gordon called on me in London and discussed the whole matter with me; and I find the following note of what he told me on that occasion. He had read the first part of my narrative, published in the *Nineteenth Century* review, of the events before the war, and he advised me strongly to leave it for the present unfinished:

"You do not require it," he said, "for your own justification, and as to the Government, they are resolved now to do justice. You may have perfect faith in Mr. Gladstone, and I know that he intends to restore Arabi as soon as public opinion shall have cooled down, and he can do it without too sudden a reversal of his policy. Arabi will be back in Egypt in a couple of years, and you can then write your history far more effectively than now."

Three weeks later I received a letter, dated December 26th, in which he repeats the information:

Arabi (Gordon writes) will be back in a couple of years, say in eighteen months. I think things are very critical in Cairo, and the day I called on you I went to Brett [the present Lord Esher, who was then Lord Hartington's Private Secretary at the War Office], and begged him to urge Government to assemble the Notables at once. Napoleon suffered far more from the revolts of Cairo than from the troops. Colvin is to be recalled.

I have never learned in so many words precisely what it was that prevented an idea quite easy of execution at the time, and which alone could have solved the double problem of evacuation and liberal reconstruction, from being put into execution. It is, however, pretty clear to me that the true obstacle to it was the unfortunate identification of English policy with the maintenance of the Khedive Tewfik on the throne. Tewfik was both detested and despised in Egypt—detested by the Nationalists for having deserted the National cause to the enemy after the bombardment of Alexandria, despised by his own small Court party of Turkish pashas for his subservience to English orders. To have left him face to face with his own angry subjects unsupported by British bayonets would have been to risk another revolution. There was only one way in which the policy identified with Lord Dufferin's name could have been made to work successfully, and that would have been to replace Tewfik through the Sultan by a more capable and less unpopular Khedive. For this extreme logic, however, the British Government was not prepared. It would have involved the admission of mistakes altogether damning, and there was behind all their counsels the constant pressure of Finance urging them to be content with a prince who had throughout made himself the pliant servant of their interests. This was the true reason, I do not doubt it, of the failure.

Of Lord Dufferin's personal view of what he intended by his charter I have, fortunately, by me a written record. Among the conversations I had with him in later years about Egypt I find one set down in my diary exactly to the point. It was in 1892, when he had been for some time

Ambassador at Paris, and it was at Paris that it occurred. I give it textually thus:

October 19th.—Called on Lord Dufferin, who was in the same room that Lytton used to work in. He was very charming to me, asking me to give him a copy of my new book [the Kelmescott Edition of the "Sonnets of Proteus"] for his "Helen's Tower," a library named after his mother. . . . I then asked him to help me about Arabi's release, and he spoke nicely of him, and promised to say a word in his favour next time he should have an opportunity. On the general question of Egypt he also volunteered some remarks. He said that, on the whole policy of retaining or abandoning a Mediterranean influence, no responsible person would be willing to give an opinion uncalled for; but that, if Egypt was to be evacuated, there was only one way—namely, to build up some sort of self-government. He was especially opposed to Turkish rule, and had always intended, in the settlement he made, that the government should be in the hands of the native Egyptians, not the Turks. He had devised his "Constitution" for Egypt with that idea. He was not one of those who thought popular government foreign to Eastern ideas. On the contrary, the East had been the home of Councils and Mejlisses, and he had always been of opinion that, if you could put Egypt to work *in vacuo*, there was nothing to prevent success. He had been glad to see that Baring recognised the help rendered him by the Councils, and he had written to tell him so. We then discussed how the power of the Councils might be increased, and also the safeguards against interference from Constantinople. He talked with so much interest that his servant had to come in and remind him that he had an appointment to breakfast somewhere; and so it ended.

This, though brief, is an important record, and all the more so when it is recollected that it refers to a time when there was the opportunity, caused by the death of Tewfik and the accession of the present Khedive, for making a fresh start at Cairo, had Lord Cromer been willing, in the direction of self-government. It was a private talk recorded at the time, and worth reams of official dispatches.

A more curious bit of evidence is that which I have to give in regard to Mr. Gladstone on the same important point. The full detail of it is, in a manner, forced upon me by one of those little stiletto-stabs in the form of foot-notes appended to the text of Lord Cromer's book, which I noticed in my first article. In it, under guise of defending Mr. Gladstone from an unjust imputation, he seeks, as far as I can understand his motive, to minimise Mr. Gladstone's secret sympathy with the cause of liberty I from time to time was pleading with him. The circumstances of the case were these. In the month of August, 1883, I was on the point of leaving England for India, where it was my design to inquire into the true condition of the native races, and especially of the Mohamedan community, with respect to eventual Home Rule. It was a year since I had had any communication with Downing Street or with Mr. Gladstone. Lord Granville and the Foreign Office were, as I knew, enraged at my interference with their plans in connection with the trials at Cairo, and Mr. Gladstone was estranged from me partly by this, and more especially by the common action which I had latterly taken with Lord Randolph Churchill, in our joint attempt to stop the persecution of the Nationalists, which, after Lord Dufferin's departure from Egypt, had been scandalously renewed. I was quite unprepared for any communication from Mr. Gladstone, nor had I seen his private secretary, Sir Edward Hamilton, the usual channel of my communications with him, for many months, when I received a message from the late Sir James Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century* review, asking to see me. What happened at the interview that followed is related in two letters written by me at the time to a political friend:

August 30th, 1883.—At James Street I found many important letters, among others a note from Knowles, asking me to breakfast at Clapham; there he gave me the news. He has seen Mr. Gladstone lately, and is assured he will both stay in office, and, if he can find some way for his pride, restore the National Party in Egypt. It appears they are quite aware the present state of things cannot be made to go on, and Sir Evelyn Baring has been appointed with *carte blanche* to devise a new policy in place of Malet's and Dufferin's, which have proved failures. Baring has written an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Lord Ripon's policy in India, full of the most Liberal ideas, which will come out in October, and Knowles thinks he will receive me with open arms. So he advises me to be there soon after he arrives, and thinks the Government will be delighted if we can get Arabi returned [at the election for the General Assembly] for Cairo, and other Nationalists for other places.

Sir James had on one or two occasions conveyed to me messages already from Mr. Gladstone, and, in consequence

of this new communication, I agreed to stop at Cairo on my way to India and see how the land lay. A second letter says :

September 8th, 1883.—We have taken our places at Suez, and hope to arrive at Cairo about the 25th, and by that time Malet and Colvin will have gone their way, let us hope for ever; and if there is anything in Knowles's argument, I shall find the field open for me with Baring. At the same time I confess I feel far from sanguine. In the first place, I do not trust Mr. Gladstone as you do. And then I know the difficulties; these will be immense, and without really cordial co-operation from Baring I could do nothing at all that would be any good. . . . Half-an-hour's talk with Baring will probably be enough to show me whether it is worth while my staying in Egypt, or whether I should not rather go on to India. . . . There are still strong influences about the Sultan in favour of Arab independence in Egypt, and, if the English Government chooses, the party could be restored. But it all depends upon the action of our Government.

Three days after this was written, and at the moment of my departure, another communication reached me, this time from Sir Edward Hamilton, also asking to see me. His note was from Downing Street, and I find the following in my diary :

September 12th, 1883.—Spent the day in London. A letter had come from Eddy Hamilton by the morning's post, asking to see me before I went abroad, and I went to Downing Street at one o'clock. Mr. Gladstone is away yachting, and Eddy is acting Prime Minister, and a very great man. I had not been to Downing Street since last year, just upon a year ago, when I went to ask for Arabi's life. Eddy was extremely amiable this time, and asked me what I was going to do in the East. I told him my plans exactly—that I was going first to Egypt, and should call on Baring, and, if I found him favourably disposed, should propose to him a restoration of the National Party, but if he would not listen I should go on to Ceylon and India; that I could not do anything in Egypt without Baring's countenance, for the people would not dare to come to speak to me, but, if Baring would help, I thought I could get the Nationalist leaders elected at the elections; but all depended on the action of our officials. Also, as to India, that I had no intention of inciting to rebellion [this in allusion to attacks recently made on me by the Anglo-Indian Press, and an attempt to induce Lord Ripon to forbid my visit]; that I should go first to Lord Ripon, then to Lyall, and afterwards to the provinces; that the subjects I wished principally to study were the financial condition of the country—that is to say, to find out whether our financial administration was really ruining India, and to ascertain the views of the natives with regard to Home Rule. Of both these plans Eddy seemed to approve, said that Baring would be sure to wish to see me and listen to all I had to say; and, though he did not commit himself to anything very definite about the rest, did not disapprove. I take it, therefore, that Knowles had authority for what he told me a fortnight ago, and that Mr. Gladstone, if not the rest of the Cabinet, really wishes to restore Arabi if he can only find an excuse. . . . With regard to India, Eddy said he would write to Primrose, Lord Ripon's private secretary, to show me all attention; so, on the whole, I am highly satisfied with my visit. . . . We had some talk about Randolph Churchill. He (Hamilton) said that my connection with him in Egyptian affairs did me harm; but I don't believe that, and I look upon Churchill as quite as serious a politician as the rest with whom I have had to deal. . . . He does not affect any high principles, but he acts squarely.

I regret that I cannot give here even an epitome of what my journal has to tell during the month that followed this visit to Downing Street. It is of extreme interest in regard to Egypt, and of the policy which was being pursued there, and I shall publish it some day without reserve. Suffice it to say that I found what was almost a reign of terror going on at Cairo. The civilian leaders of the National Party, no less than the military leaders, had gone their way into exile. Sheikh Mohammed Abdu was in Syria, and the remnant of those who had taken any prominent part in the revolution were living in holes and corners in perpetual fear of arrest. The city was honey-combed with spies. Many patriots were in prison. I myself found in one of the prisons, to which I managed to get entry, amongst other proscribed persons the now well-known Saad Zaglul, Minister to-day of Public Instruction, and Lord Cromer's latest protégé. The following is from a letter I wrote to Sir Edward Hamilton immediately after having seen Lord Cromer :

Cairo, September 28th, 1883.—I promised to write to you, and I will keep my promise, but you must not expect me to say anything pleasant or flattering. I found Baring extremely amiable and willing to listen to all I had to say, and I believe he told me his own views frankly. Our ideas on many reforms wanted in Egypt were the same. His scheme for relieving the debts of the peasantry seemed a sound one, and he struck me generally as being a man of sympathy and courage. But when I have said this I have said all. On the main point of giving

Egypt back her liberty we are worlds apart. He neither wishes it nor has the least idea of attempting it. "What Egypt wants," he told me, "is peace and order, not another revolution. We have restored the Khedive and the Circassians to power, and I shall do my best to keep them there."

With regard to Dufferin's famous charter, I find neither he nor any one else look upon it as in the least serious, or as the least important—and they are right. The elections are not serious, nor were ever intended to be by those who drafted the charter. The electoral lists are drawn up by the Government, the voting takes place under the eye of the Governor and in the Prefecture of Police, and in most instances the Governor or the Prefect of Police are the candidates chosen. It could not have been otherwise. The Circassians have been encouraged to re-establish their rule by a reign of terror. There is no protection of any kind against arbitrary arrest, arbitrary confiscation of property, and imprisonment without trial. The prisons in the country districts are still full of untried men. There is no liberty of speech or of the Press; and at Alexandria they began the elections by hanging two more men charged with instigating the riots of last year. . . . Yet, less than two years ago, there were both freedom of speech and of the Press, elections fairly representative, and the beginning of a real Constitution. It may have been necessary for Imperial or International reasons to destroy this and to revert to a system of "peace and order," as Baring calls it. But it cannot be necessary to talk of having given the Egyptians liberty. . . .

This letter and a second, posted by me at Suez, October 3rd, at the moment of my leaving for Ceylon and India, were sent for submission, as had long been customary between Hamilton and me, to Mr. Gladstone. My second letter placed before him what was in truth the crux of the situation at Cairo—namely, the impossibility of re-establishing native self-government through the weak and unwilling instrumentality of Tewfik, regarded, as he was at that time, by all as a traitor to his country, cruel in his vengeance taken on the Nationalists, and a tool of foreign intervention. I expressed my view that if Mr. Gladstone was in earnest in his desire to restore liberty to Egypt some other prince must be placed on the Khedival throne—for choice Prince Halim, a liberal-minded man, who had also the advantage of being a candidate favoured by the Sultan. This was the only logical course. Sir Edward Hamilton's answer will show that both letters were laid before Mr. Gladstone, and suggests the reason, already alluded to, why my advice was disregarded. Sir Edward writes :

Haddo House, October 21st, 1883.—Your two interesting letters written from Egypt, for which many thanks, have both reached me while I am holiday-making in Scotland, but I have taken steps to secure their being seen by Mr. Gladstone. Your account of affairs in Egypt is, to say the least of it, depressing. I won't make any comments on what you say. I will content myself with being the receptacle of bad news and the conduit-pipe of it to headquarters. I will only say that I can't conceive how it would be possible, without the grossest breach of faith, for the English Government to countenance the ousting of Tewfik, whatever sort of fellow he may be.

This seems to me conclusive of the true reason of Lord Cromer's failure to evacuate. The evidence given by the letters and the other contemporary records of Mr. Gladstone's secret understanding of Egyptian things at the moment of Sir Evelyn Baring's entry upon the Cairo stage as British Resident will serve as a useful corrective of Lord Cromer's official narrative. Its value is not impaired by the fact that Mr. Gladstone employed an indirect method of communicating his wish to me, nor by the further fact that in an odd little mystifying note, quoted by Lord Cromer, he pretended ignorance of the how and why of his private secretary's correspondence with me :

I know not how it is that he (Blunt) writes to Hamilton.

That was Mr. Gladstone's way of doing things; and it must be borne in mind that I was officially at the moment in Coventry at Downing Street. Mr. Gladstone was often at strange shifts during his periods of office between 1880 and 1885 to reconcile his former principles with his present practice, and to run with his own liberty-loving hare while hunting with those conscienceless Whig hounds, his colleagues in the Cabinet. It does not even invalidate my testimony to remember that, when the story of Mr. Gladstone's connection with my visit to Egypt was blurted out unexpectedly by Lord Randolph Churchill in Parliament, Mr. Gladstone affected entire ignorance of the whole affair and even got poor Sir Edward Hamilton to write him a note, which he read to the House of Commons, declaring that his conversation with me on

September 12th in Downing Street had been "wholly exclusive of politics." These little deceptions are too common to count seriously.

But again I have left myself no space for dealing fully with Lord Cromer's version and perversion of things. The Gordon mission must for the present remain undealt with here.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

THE HEART OF GAMBETTA

It is possible that the heart of Gambetta was his most characteristic and most significant organ. Yet there was the nose of Gambetta, a short, eminently Semitic nose which marked the man. There was the eye of Gambetta, a goggled, protuberant eye, which, according to M. Henri Rochefort, who knew him in his youth, became such a disfiguring deformity that it had to be excised, and replaced by a glass substitute. It had helped, together with the other eye, to fix upon Gambetta's features that permanent Levantine leer, robbing the face of dignity, and still lingering on the death mask, the preservation of which we owe to the Republican piety of M. Alphonse Legros. There was the tongue of Gambetta, over which flowed such tides of talk as never were before nor since—interminable streams of gab, converting his poor, ragged, yellow-toothed jaws into veritable Niagara Falls of irresponsible nonsense. Then there was the brain of Gambetta, which, after his death, was found to be of abnormally small weight—weighing little more than, in fact, if as much as, that of an ordinary orang-outang. Still the man was eloquent, physically and mentally active, not wholly bereft of ideals, both moral and political, and though one may laugh at the efforts of the mentally-under-sized and morally-underbred Jackpuddings, the Laurs and the Reinachs, who endeavour to place him upon a pedestal of immortality, to proclaim him as the saviour of France, the genius of modern progress, and the high priest of Democracy, one is obliged to recognise that, his intellectual limitations, his vices, and his vulgarity notwithstanding, he was in several honourable respects superior to many of his followers, certain monied and unmonied rapsallions, shifting sheenies, scurrying curs, who, in spite of their internecine squabbles (principally over a division of "graft"), continue to claim him as their common "Master." On the cover of Miss Violette Montagu's translation of M. Francis Laur's book, *The Heart of Gambetta*, the publisher (Mr. John Lane) has had the ingenious idea of stamping in gold a double heart. No symbol could have been more apt. Gambetta was a *double-hearted man*. This is not what the publisher meant to convey, but so it was.

The double-hearted Gambetta may not have been wilfully insincere. Here was a moral condition which lay beyond the scope of his personal control. He was born, as it were, with a double heart. His double-heartedness was a consequence of his descent from two equally strenuous and self-assertive races. On the father's side he was a Jew of Genoese origin, on the mother's side he came of that energetic, voluble, calculating stock peculiar to the town of Cahors, his birthplace, which in the Middle Ages produced the "Cahorsins," the usurers who took the place of the Jews in England after their expulsion by Edward the First—a Meridional race, harder-headed if no less talkative than the Marseillaise, with a strong strain of Latin blood in their veins, and an ancient Semitic streak as well, which might have been initially Arab or even Phœnician. There could not have been much of the Frank, or the Gaul, or the Celt about Gambetta. His consciousness of this fact is visible in the persistence with which he called his disciples to witness that he was a Frenchman, and the most patriotic of Frenchmen. He was ever on his guard against a suspicion—which, during his lifetime at any rate, his bitterest enemies never raised—that he might be mistaken for a foreigner.

The anti-Semitic movement had no spokesmen in France

at that time, if exception be made of Albert Regnard, whose popular influence was insignificant. Gambetta, moreover, was a professed Freethinker, and not a practising Jew. Yet he himself gives in these letters to his mistress an accurate and highly significant description of his dual-heartedness. "Dear, adored wife," he writes from Genoa, on February 15th, 1882, "what memories, and yet what poignant regrets, I feel in this spot! Here I walked with thee, adored, embraced thee, and thou art absent, and I feel too lonely in *this great marble city, which always seems to me like my cradle*. I breathe more freely here than elsewhere, and *I feel myself quite at home*; its history comes back to me like a tradition of my own family Though a true Frenchman, I feel a hereditary regret to behold once more all the great witnesses of the fortunes of the proud Genoese Republic;" and then, of course, comes the characteristic rhetorical caper without which Gambetta would have been false to his name, the peddling *réclame* of his own political wares—"a Republic where strength and dignity walked hand-in-hand with the liberty of the people," which, needless to add, is not true.

That as a statesman Gambetta, as far as his nature would allow, was honest may be conceded; but the letters to his mistress which M. Francis Laur has published show how dangerously situated are nations that confide their destinies to double-hearted men. The Dictator that Gambetta had become, in consequence of the dementia of a people "knocked silly" by disastrous war and political upheaval and intoxicated by flaming words, did not hesitate to enter into secret negotiations with Bismarck, whom he called the "Monster," a nickname the superficiality of which alone earmarks its inventor, and with Pope Leo XIII., in spite of the war-cry which he himself had raised of "*Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*." The disciples of Gambetta, who never since his death have ceased to squabble among themselves, are in disagreement as to whether it should be admitted that he actually had a secret interview with Bismarck or not. Herbert Bismarck denied it; but that Gambetta should have invented the whole story—though quite possible—seems to be the least creditable solution of the problem.

These are the two political revelations—the Bismarck interview and the visit to the Vatican—in Gambetta's letters to Léonie Léon which give historical value to the correspondence and justify its publication. Nothing else does. Outside of this, *The Heart of Gambetta* is a sorry tale of illicit love, ending in tragedy, which the comments of M. Francis Laur are unable to relieve, though written in a style pretentious to the point of burlesqueness. M. Laur has no sense of humour, for which one may occasionally be grateful, since, owing to this deficiency, such exquisite but highly characteristic touches as the following are allowed to pass. M. Laur is describing Gambetta's early *rendezvous* with his mistress:—

This time she is first at the place of meeting. Her tall, elegant figure throws a harmonious shadow on the mass of greenery rapidly fading at the approach of autumn.

The great man arrives at last with hurried steps, a rather untidy bouquet in his hands. He gathered it himself as he came through the gardens of the Petit Trianon, *for he knows the gardener*.

"Here are some flowers to beg your forgiveness."

In the at first sight insignificant-seeming detail—"he knew the gardener"—we have the germ of that Opportunist policy with which Gambetta's name as a statesman is primarily identified. It is to the Opportunism, invented by Gambetta, that so many of the crises and scandals from which France has suffered during the thirty years are directly traceable. The Panamists, too, "knew the gardener."

The last chapter of the tragedy of Gambetta is fruitful of a stern moral lesson, which M. Francis Laur fails apparently to perceive. Gambetta's *inconscience*, his innate Bohemianism, blinded him to the fact that the illicit relations in which he openly lived with Léonie Léon were looked on with disapproval by French society, which in those days was not a whit less strait-laced than it is to-day, and, if anything, rather more so. The poor woman herself was fully conscious of the fact. The scandal was such that

when "the Great Tribune" died, literally from over-eating, the common people of the neighbourhood immediately spread about a legend, evidently untrue, but which has persisted to this day, that his mistress had shot him in a fit of jealousy.

The end, when it came, was, M. Laur's lyrics notwithstanding, miserable enough. How little could Gambetta have suspected as he lay on his deathbed that the name of Reinach would become as illustrious in the annals of criminality as that of Cartouche, that his own biographer, M. Laur, would be cuffed out of politics in the midst of the Chamber by another eminent Gambettist, M. Constans, who in his turn was to be the malleus of the Boulangists, a party which grew out of Gambettism, and to which, notwithstanding Mr. Macdonald's statement to the contrary in the Preface of this book, M. Laur certainly belonged until he finally abandoned politics for business. Nor, it is to be hoped, could the Republican leader have foreseen, in that supreme moment, the abandonment of his then youthful henchman Delcassé, in obedience to a mere gesture on the part of Germany, or the collapse of his old friend Spuller's effort to reconcile Church with State on the principles of an *esprit nouveau*. Yet to a statesman with half of his experience and insight it must have been obvious that the politicians he was leaving behind him were ill-equipped for the realisation of his brilliant schemes. The unhappy woman who had shared his last moments slinks guiltily from the house as soon as death enters it. Her tragedy, drawn out for another twenty-four years, is not less melancholy than his.

ROWLAND STRONG.

HAPPINESS AND HORROR

I SUPPOSE there are still many persons left who labour under the delusion that the age in which we live is the most wonderful, the most splendid, the most happy, and the most civilised age that ever has been since the foundation of the world.

Of course, seventy or eighty years ago, any one who had ventured to doubt this proposition would have been thought quite mad. Macaulay's work is permeated by the assumption that the whole history of the ages had been but a long and tiresome though necessary preparation for the First Reform Bill and the triumph of Whiggery in all the departments of life. To begin with the Church: the martyrs had died, we are to presume, that the Church of England, freed from the errors and enthusiasms of Papists and Methodists, might be a moderate and useful branch of the Civil Service. All the architects of the world had painfully toiled at such fantastic trifles as the Parthenon, the Pyramids, Cologne Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey that we, the heirs of all the ages, might have the privilege of gazing at the supreme beauties of Gower Street. The feudal system was a hideous mass of terror and cruelty: we had supplanted it by the factory system, and under that happy *régime* the whole of England was being rapidly turned into a gigantic ashpit and coal-hole.

One need not go on with the list: everything, in the estimation of Macaulay and the early Victorians, was infinitely better than it had ever been before, and all antiquity—for to Macaulay Greek Philosophy was as foolish as the Scholasticism of the Middle Ages—was in darkness and we were in light. As far as I remember, the one test by which the nineteenth century triumphed over all other ages was its astounding fertility in mechanical invention: on one side Macaulay marshals all art, all architecture, all poetry, all philosophy; and then triumphantly proves that the nineteenth century alone had made the steam-engine—*ergo*, that the nineteenth century alone is truly civilised! It is, indeed, astounding that any one can ever have talked such outrageous nonsense; it is extraordinary how any one out of a lunatic asylum could have believed that the factory system in crafts, the Civil Service Church in religion, the invention of devices

to make men's lives more comfortable and convenient, the absence of all poetry and all imagination from every place and every region of humanity constituted the ideal world for a human being to dwell in.

Of course, such a line of argument would be quite easy to understand if the speaker were not a man, but the Learned Pig.

"What I want," the Learned Pig might very properly say, "is a world in which my sty is warm and comfortable, well sheltered by improved appliances from rain and east wind. All the mountains must, of course, be levelled, the woods (beech woods excepted) must be grubbed up, and cathedrals and all that sort of thing must be cleared right away—because my end and aim in life is WASH; and all the earth is required to grow me meal, cabbages, and potatoes. I do not want Fine Art, or Poetry, or Religion, or Fine Talk of any description: kindly leave off wasting your time in such nonsense and devote your talents to inventing me a new mechanical washtub, with a patent arrangement by which I may suck Wash when I am asleep. When you have done this, it will be the Golden Age."

Now all this would be quite sound sense in the mouth of a Pig: because, as a matter of fact, a Pig's aim in life is to secure as much wash as possible; and the Pig who gets the most wash is the best Pig, the Ideal Pig. Men, however, are not Pigs. Their being, their aims are, in reality, entirely different, and we must not be tempted to confuse those two excellent but quite distinct creatures because they possess certain things, such as stomachs, in common. It seems to me that the whole of modern civilisation, in its amiable as well as its unamiable aspects, is vitiated by this one false premiss—that Man on the whole equals Pig, and that if you see to his material comforts, his bodily ease, he will be quite happy. Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists are all alike involved in this one error; behind all their widely divergent arguments lies the wholly false proposition that Physical Comfort will bring about happiness, that Physical Comfort is happiness.

In spite of all our experience since the days of Macaulay, we have not yet got this nonsense out of our heads. It was only the other day that I read in a daily paper that in a year or two happiness all round was bound to come—bound to come with a rush on the wings of flying machines, in the intestines of turbine engines and reciprocating machinery. As one meets this rubbish in popular journalism, I suppose that the populace still clings to the gospel of Macaulay, to the theory which flings all philosophy and all art and all religion on one side as irrelevant, because philosophy and art and religion have no "fruit"—in other words, do not lead to the invention of machinery. But the newspaper on one side; I think that one comes across this notion of modern superiority in quarters very remote from popular journalism. It is my business occasionally to look through books of modern theology, and I find in almost all of them the suppressed premiss that "modern thought," or the "modern mind," is somehow or other vastly superior to the ancient mind, or the mediæval mind. So far as I can remember, this premiss is usually, at all events, a suppressed one—it is something to be taken for granted—and again and again I have wondered why it should be taken for granted, I have desired, all in vain, to see the conclusion of our superiority argued and demonstrated. I suppose, however, that the divines are really moved by much the same reasons as Macaulay and the newspaper writers. They know that we can get to Manchester about five times as fast as was possible a hundred years ago; *ergo* we are five times happier and better and wiser than our great-grandfathers—to say nothing of our remoter ancestors, who may have taken weeks on the journey. I admit the fact of this higher speed of travelling, but I deny the minor. I say that the length of time in which it is possible to get to the cotton-factories from London is not of the smallest consideration in estimating the sum of human happiness, and I think that if the cost of this rapid transit were fairly accounted for and reckoned up—we

should find that we were paying for our corridor express train a most hideous sum, with interest calculated at the rate of about ten thousand per cent. per diem. For, you see, the fact is that Manchester—as modern conditions have made it—is not worth going to at all; on the contrary, any man not a maniac would pay heavily to be transported to some region where Manchester and places like Manchester were impossible, unheard of, and wholly out of the question.

But now there comes the rather important point as to what does constitute happiness—that is, real civilisation. Churchmen can have no difficulty here, for Churchmen cannot deny that all the aims of “modern civilisation”—the real aims, not the sometimes loudly-expressed aims—are, from the point of view of Christianity, entirely and utterly damnable. For the real aims of our day are entirely directed towards the increase of bodily comfort, convenience, and pleasure, towards the increase and improvement of all material goods. It is, of course, demonstrable, that the first Christians were exhorted to take no thought at all for any such matters, to purge their souls utterly of the notion that happiness of any sort or kind is obtainable through physical or material channels. It is clear, beyond contradiction, that the first Christians were taught a gospel which is in direct contradiction to all the common precepts of the present time. They were to take example by the lilies, to avoid saving money, to disregard, and indeed shudder at, material wealth, and never to bother about their material prospects in the future. I know that there is a party calling itself Christian which, somehow or other, escapes this conclusion as to the unimportance, or rather nullity, of material comforts in the Christian system. I have listened to a lecture which made the *Magnificat* into a sort of Socialist Programme. Frankly, I cannot understand this point of view; I see no room for it on any reading of the early Christian documents. The rich are denounced in these, certainly; but there is no word said in favour of moderate prosperity all round as the way of happiness. Park Lane is dangerous to the soul, doubtless; but there is nothing to show that salvation dwells in Peckham.

But this is a side-issue. What I have to prove is that man is *not* the Learned Pig, and that measures which would ensure the happiness of the latter will not at all advance the happiness of the former. Well, I have mentioned Socialism; I have declared my disagreement with its positive statement that the equalisation of wealth would make us all much happier. Now I want to declare my adhesion to its negative statement, its declaration that in modern civilisation, so-called, there is not merely a lack of happiness, but a great and ever-increasing horror, misery, ugliness, and degradation. I call the Socialists into the witness-box especially because I am not on their side, because they are under no suspicion of being the praisers of the bygone time, the friends of Toryism, or Religionism, or Reaction (as it is called) of any kind. If I said I once knew a country parson and a Tory squire who thought the whole modern system of things rotten and abominable, the witnesses might be suspected. But one cannot say that such men as Shaw and Wells and the rest of them are either parsons, squires, or under the thumb of either parson or squire; and so, with all confidence, I cite their opinions as to the machinery and conditions of modern life. It is Mr. Wells, I believe, who pictures humanity in modern times under the figure of a man struggling in a hideous swamp, and, with his very efforts to escape, sinking deeper and deeper into the foul, abhorred slime. And this is the result of our “civilisation”—that is, of our theory that man is the Learned Pig, that the more machines you give him the happier he will be. In a word, the Socialist conclusion is in direct contradiction to the Macaulay and daily paper conclusion, which is, briefly, the more machines the more happiness.

And one does not need to take any man's word for the misery and horror and hideousness of our time. It is not necessary to go to Mr. Wells; we can look for ourselves.

We can go to Manchester direct and see what it is like, and wonder that human beings have allowed themselves to be brought to such a pass. I do not know how many square miles of abomination and horror that city contains; but when I think of it its existence seems incredible to me. We used to take all this sort of thing for granted, of course, in the Victorian days; we were proud of our great industrial centres; we reckoned them a mark of civilisation, and a country such as Spain, which does not possess industrial centres, or possesses very few of them, we called uncivilised, retrograde, unhappy. I have never seen a bull-fight—it is a cruel sport, doubtless—but I have no hesitation in declaring that the Spanish peasant in his poor hut, with his Sunday Mass, and his crust of bread, and draught of wine that owes nothing to the chemist, is very much nearer to true civilisation than a cotton-spinner or steel-worker in Manchester or Sheffield; and of the latter one does not know that there is much to choose between the fate of the master or of the man. We have accepted all those miles of horrors, we have been pleased with the infinite sub-division of labour in our factories, and we see the result—the modern manufacturing town, which is hideous, its suburbs which are more hideous still, and its industrial slave population which is most hideous of all, since by the very conditions of its existence, by the fact of its daily mechanical work, without interest, without invention, without the trace of art, without a drop of the most joyful cup of creation, it is fast losing the resemblance of humanity, it is fast parting with the *differentia* which distinguishes a man from a beaver or a bee. I do not insist on the fact that while wealth abounds in a few hands most of the workers are poor, and some are wretched; that, as a manufacturer's wife has observed, the better the iron-trade, the more miserable the people seem to become. This is to be noted: that a scheme of things which has for its only excuse the production of money and material comfort has in practice worked out as a scheme which deprives the greater number of money and plunges them into the acutest material discomfort. That is amusing enough, but it is not my chief point, because, as I have said, I think happiness is a state which exists independently of material things. Probably—certainly—there have been many happy men much poorer than Lancashire or Yorkshire millhands ever have been, just as there are millionaires more wretched than the wretchedest slave in all the Black Country. Here is a chief part of the whole squalid tragedy; the poor fellows who turn themselves into machines for ten or twelve hours every day doubtless imagine that if they could get more money they would be happy. This, I say, is the tragedy, since we know that they would be not in the least happy if each man had a thousand a year. What is the good of presenting the purple-nosed drunkard at the corner public-house with the key of a cellar well stocked with the purest vintages of Bordeaux? Suppose that he once possessed a palate, many years of the chemical drench called four-ale and the poisonous corn-spirit called whisky have ruined that palate for ever; to him the noblest magnum of Lafite were but sour wash. I will not say that no man can turn himself into an unintelligent machine and be happy; I do say that there is not one man in ten thousand who can accomplish this feat. There is, of course, the point of view which makes happiness consist in doing what one likes; but this position was confuted a long time ago by Socrates. He pointed out that if the fulfilment of desire, *quâ* desire, constituted bliss, then the man with the itch was ideally happy, since he desired to scratch himself, and did so—all day long.

So far as I remember, Oscar Wilde, in his *De Profundis*, deplored the evils of the Renaissance—the ugliness to which it inevitably led. Candidly, I agree with him. I think that the Renaissance had in it all the seeds of death; that in spite of its infinite technical perfection, its wonderful knowledge of anatomy, its musical skill, its sense of beauty in colour, its rapture over the Classics raised like young men that had been dead from the tomb, its delight (in England, at all events) in its discovery that the vulgar tongue was in itself an exquisite instrument of prose and

poetry, its sense of release as from a long, dark imprisonment, its wonder over the new world beyond the seas, its dreams of strange things, yet to be made known—in spite of all these things, in the heart of the Renaissance lurked the architecture of Gower Street and Camden Town, the "poetry" of Pope and of Pope's indifferent imitators, the life that Smollett and Hogarth have illustrated, the worse life that followed, the music of Stainer and Barnby, the painting—of many worthy persons. It is odd enough; but the Renaissance, starting out, no doubt, with an immense sense of escape and liberty, with the exultation of one who has freed himself from weary loads, with a determination to be original, ended, in most of the arts, as a servile tenth-rate ape of antique models, wearying the world with imitations of architecture of which the world was weary in the sixth century, tiring the reader with stuff about nymphs and shepherds which was third or fourth hand when Virgil and Horace made use of it. *Credite posteri* says Horace, with reference to some preposterous statement of his concerning fauns or satyrs; and we know that posterity has never believed in those fauns, and that Horace himself, if he had really thought that he saw a faun or a satyr would have gone on the voyage to Anticyra—where they sent lunatics. And yet that brave, original, daring Renaissance brought back these weary, worn-out "stock" nymphs and fauns and shepherds into literature, and if one wanders in desolate northern quarters of London one may see the influence of the Parthenon brooding, a shabby stucco ghost, over horrible little semi-detached villas. Well, the end of the Renaissance was death, as I say, in most of the arts at all events; and yet we must confess that at the beginning of the putrefaction, and for many years after it had begun, the hues were very splendid. The *châteaux* of Touraine, the dome of St. Paul's, the work of Shakespeare—these are not things to be despised.

I think that here is the distinction between the Renaissance and that illegitimate child of the Renaissance—modern civilisation, properly so-called. Not only are the ends bad, but the means are bad; not only is there hell at the bottom of the descent, but the descent itself is by steps of pit-refuse and burning marl. Perhaps the Renaissance people were excessive in their joy over the rediscovery of the Greek classics; but at all events the "Odyssey" is something and somewhat: it is not mere blatant nonsense, as are the modern discoveries that all men are born free and equal; that government should be by the people, through the people, for the people; that commercial prosperity leads to happiness; that adulteration is a form of competition; that the drink traffic is a great evil; that factory-chimneys are better than cathedral spires; that unlimited education is a pure boon and blessing to everybody. It is one thing to worship false gods or even devils—deplorable practices both, I am sure—but if we must serve demons, at least let us do so in a reasonably artistic temple, not in such a piece of tomfoolery as the Tabernacle in the Tottenham Court Road.

But we have chosen to worship our false gods in squalid temples indeed; witness America, which, I take it, is the most acute epitome of all modern ideals and methods. I need not reiterate "The United States of Gehenna;" it is enough to say that the Judges are elected by the people; and the "justice" of the United States stinks to heaven. In America all men are equal before the law; and the rich man can commit any crime with impunity, while the poor man is killed, with hideous tortures, by the most modern electric apparatus. The Government is for the people, by the people—and the rest of this ugly gibberish—and never since the beginning of the world, I suppose, has a people been so shamelessly and abominably robbed by its rulers, never has the whole machinery of government been so openly prostituted to the most disgraceful and wicked ends. Our House of Lords is an absurd anachronism, I believe, according to modern views; but, at all events, it is not in the grip of the Oil Trust. Bishops in the House of Lords are, of course, specially ridiculous; but whatever their failings, they do not employ the

sheriffs and law-courts to sell men into dreadful slavery. And there is the completest religious liberty, certainly, and with results that might make Bedlam envious, and Colney Hatch strive in vain in the endeavour to produce something still more maniacal in the way of so-called religion. I think a system called New Thought is the latest result of American liberty. It is a religion entirely suited to the parent soil: it does not promise the joys of Paradise, but I believe it guarantees a handsome income, if the directions are faithfully carried out. America, then, is the representative of modern civilisation in its purest form; but America is only a very violent example of what our modern civilisation brings about. We ourselves in England are a little better; but how have we fallen from what we once were! Go to an old farmhouse in the country: you will see a dwelling-place which had no more important designer than the local mason, which is yet altogether lovely and pleasant, and suited to its purpose. Inside there may be oak chests which the village carpenter made; and to have such a house and such chests now we must employ an artist who will design for us copies of them more or less good as the case may be. And the tavern hard by will, likely enough, have a sign swinging from curiously scrolled ironwork—the art of the blacksmith over the way; to get such work now it would be necessary to go to an Art Guild, which would make a copy of sorts. And go into some of the old churches, and if you are fortunate you will see carved angels about the roofs, and grinning monsters and strange fantasies; and then you can think of the workmen who made these things and compare them with the workmen of our days—compare their lives, compare their thoughts.

Or perhaps this is too high-flown. Well; think of what we eat and drink in this "advanced" age, in this age of material progress, with its everlasting "gas" about sanitation, its fine contempt for the dirty old times. How many children are poisoned every year with filthy milk? How much nauseous muck have we swallowed with our beer—under the pleasing style of "substitutes"? It is hard indeed that Man in modern times, having made up his mind that he is a Pig, and having acted accordingly, should be poisoned in his wash, should be given unmentionable filth instead of his legitimate tub of potatoes and cabbage. It is not without amusement that I think of an age which, having scoffed at the bread of angels, cannot get an unadulterated cottage loaf, which, having refused the wine of Heaven, can scarcely obtain a decent glass of common beer for love or money.

And we cannot even contrive to be robbed with decency. I should think Robin Hood was a horrible nuisance. It must be quite unpleasant to be captured by a Sicilian brigand. But Robin did not pose as the benefactor of the people whom he despoiled, and the brigands, when they relieve you of your gold watch, do not say that they are promoting your commercial prosperity or developing your natural resources. Robin was a scoundrel I am sure, but he was not a company promoter. And real happiness, the real *moyen de parvenir*? Well; there was once a Frenchman who uttered a remarkable aphorism: "The philosopher, the good man, and the saint are all happy, but the saint is by far the happiest, so much is man made for sanctity."

ARTHUR MACHEN.

"THE LIMIT"

"For poetry is nothing if not perfect," remarks Virgil to his faithful servant Eros, in Mr. T. H. Warren's "The Death of Virgil" (Murray), and I can cordially say that I wish this were strictly true. If poetry that is not perfect were nothing, Mr. Warren's "Death of Virgil" would have no existence, for it is about the very worst poetry I have ever had the misfortune to read. Mr. Gladstone wrote some pretty bad verse in his time, and Lord Cromer has done his share, but Mr. Warren easily beats them both. The poem

is in dramatic form, and the greater part of it is made up of interminable soliloquies on the part of Virgil, out of whose mouth Mr. Warren has caused to proceed a torrent of dreary platitudes, couched in a quite remarkably unmelodious and halting blank verse. If Mr. Warren were merely an unknown young gentleman who had been rash enough to make the too common mistake of allowing his ambition to outrun his prudence by publishing a volume of verse, it would neither be necessary nor kind to do more than to say very briefly that his verse was very poor, and to advise him to abandon any effort to do that for which he was obviously unfitted. But Mr. Warren is President of Magdalen College, and is at present Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Thus what would be merely a harmless error of judgment in the case of an unknown man becomes in his case a very serious lapse from that reserve and dignity which should distinguish his high position. It is not merely that Mr. Warren's verse is bad in the sense of being dull and uninspired; if that were all it might well be passed over in silence. Mr. Warren is a distinguished classical scholar, and many such scholars have written bad verses which were yet characterised by correct versification and at least some elementary knowledge of the technique of the very difficult art of poetry. But Mr. Warren's lines, in addition to being dull and uninspired, are absolutely faulty and false. The poem is supposed to be written in decasyllabic lines, yet over and over again he follows up a passage of ten-syllabled lines by an eleven, twelve, or fourteen syllabled one, the effect being exactly that of a child painfully playing a passage on the piano and suddenly coming down on an F natural when it should have played an F sharp. To quote examples:

When the fierce sun bred thick in air and soil,
Those seeds of lower life that slay the higher,
To batten on its grave, and flourish most
'Mid such "corpse cities," as he aptly called them—
Nay, was it his friend, Sulpicius, or himself?
The grand old Orator, lord of piller.

The italics are mine. The last line is a syllable too long.
Here is a line:

I hope I shall not outlive all my friends,
where, in order to make the line scan, the reader has to put the accent on the first syllable of outlive—thus: *outlive*—producing a very clumsy effect.

Here again:

And once it happened in the theatre,
I had stepped in quietly, and, as I deemed, unnoticed.

The second line is no less than four syllables too long, recalling the delicious parody of a prize poem which appeared a great many years ago in the *Oxford Magazine*. The subject was Belisarius, and one of the most comical features of the poem was the way in which, every now and then, one of the lines seemed to get altogether out of hand and run away. I remember one couplet:

And thus affairs were brought into a state precarious,
As well as most annoying to a proud man like Belisarius.

Here is another example from Mr. Warren:

Rounding their edges like the mother-bear,
That licks her lumpish whelp to shapeliness;
Manipulating name and theme intractable.

The last line is a perfect Alexandrine. I am aware, of course, that Milton, in that superb passage in "At a Solemn Music," has a sequence of eleven decasyllables, followed by one Alexandrine:

That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise.

To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him and sing in endless morn of light.

But there the Alexandrine is the last line of the poem, and the effect is as grand as it is deliberate and artful; in Mr. Warren's case the Alexandrine is sandwiched in between two ten-syllabled lines, and, quite obviously, owes its existence not to any desire to obtain a deliberate effect, but simply to Mr. Warren's defective ear for rhythm. To turn from defects in metre, of which I could multiply

examples almost indefinitely, does Mr. Warren seriously think he is writing poetry when he stains fair white paper with this sort of thing?—

The one-sixth to the generous Mæcenæ,
The residue of Varius and Tucca,
With all my writings published and unpublished
To be dealt with according to instructions.

The passage, on account of the infinite bathos of the fourth line, surely gains a right to a place in Mr. Robert Ross's contemplated anthology, "A Thousand and One Gems of Bad Poetry." Here is a couplet worthy of notice:

Parodies out-Catullusing Catullus,
Abuse without the excuse of personal passion.

The accidental rhyme in the second line has a singular inelegance.

When "the Apothecary" in Mr. Warren's poem suddenly appears at the moment of Virgil's death, he remarks:

I fear me 'tis no faint; it is the end.

My opinion is that for the President of Magdalen and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford to give publicity to a volume of verse which would disgrace a fourth-form school-boy is, as our American friends would say, "the limit."

A. D.

IRISH PICTURES

MANY are the painters with Irish names—"Irish by birth or descent," as a Guildhall catalogue once said; but genuine Irish painters, artists who have been trained in Ireland, live, work and exhibit in Ireland—and sell, of course, in America—these are, indeed, hard to find. After some searching, I can think of scarce half a dozen qualified to come into this second category. There is Mr. Nathaniel Hone, the veteran landscape painter, but his noble view of Nature attains to universality, and though Ireland should be proud to possess so distinguished a painter, it would be extravagant to detect a national or racial characteristic in his canvases. Less accomplished technically, Mr. George Russell—better known in England, perhaps, as the poet "A. E."—reveals more of the Celtic spirit in his sensitive, imaginative idylls. A painter of visions and dreams, of fairies, and the "good people," Mr. Russell, a modern Blake, is an interpreter of the ideals and aspirations, rather than of the life and aspects of his country. Of the few Irish painters who set out to depict their own time and country, it will generally be conceded that the two most interesting are Mr. Dermot O'Brien and Mr. Jack B. Yeats. The work of the former may be seen occasionally at exhibitions of the New English Art Club; the latter is at the time of writing showing a collection of his "Pictures of Life in the West of Ireland" at the Walker Gallery in New Bond Street.

At once more realistic in his aims than Mr. Russell, and more consciously decorative in his methods, Mr. Yeats shares with his brother Irishman a *naïveté* of outlook and simplicity of means which may be styled appropriate to, if not actually characteristic of, the rising national art of Ireland. And this very directness, this straightforward way of going, as it were, to the heart of the whole to be expressed, instead of labouring in a pettifogging spirit with minor details of expression, is artistically to be counted unto Mr. Yeats for righteousness; though in the sight of the pedant it renders his work unequal, and often faulty. But pedants are apt to forget that "uncertainty in the delineation of form" does not necessarily imply impotence in the expression of life, and there are many draughtsmen academically more correct than Mr. Yeats who might envy him his power of suggesting action and movement. How many artists are there who could give us the same tumultuous whirl of life and movement with the pure economy of Mr. Yeats's "Catching a Run-away"? This power of suggesting movement and a remarkable insight into character seem to me the salient features of Mr. Yeats's art, and when they are combined, as in the little picture of "The Circus Clown," they

result in a work of sterling worth, which lacks nothing for completeness. It is this insight into character, pathetic in the case of the clown, which, pushed further into humorous extravagance, reveals Mr. Yeats as a caricaturist of surprising powers. It is possibly in this department that he will eventually attain his highest distinction, and for sheer masterliness there is nothing in this collection so unassailable technically and so irresistible in its appeal as the pungent satire on the Saxon entitled "Beer." In this little drawing of a typical London bar and its frequenters the essential sordidness of English low-life is expressed with the wit as well as the broad flowing freedom of a Rowlandson. It would be easy to multiply examples of Mr. Yeats's ability in other directions, of his skill in giving the aspect of a crowd, of his talent for composing his subjects into decorative designs; but these partake of the body of his art, and, as it has already been indicated, it is the spirit which renders this art most precious, an art which may unhesitatingly be termed Irish, an art which in these modest beginnings is still worth watching and cultivating.

FRANK RUTTER.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Children's Children. By GERTRUDE BONE. With Drawings by MUIRHEAD BONE. (Duckworth and Co., 6s. net and 25s. net.)

IN studying the pleasant drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone which illustrate Mrs. Bone's pastoral tragedy, "Children's Children," we are carried back fifty years to the days of Millais and Houghton as book-illustrators. The book contains some sixty odd drawings, landscape and figure studies, all conceived in the sentiment characteristic of the early magazine illustrators. All are happy in choice and full of a country atmosphere. Some of the drawings of children show Mr. Bone's intimate knowledge of child form and give a vivid suggestion of movement—qualities which would have delighted the author of "Rab and his Friends." One especially pleasing study, in which repose is depicted in every limb, is that of a sleeping child, lying with his hands tucked under his chin and his head sunk in a cushion. Full of action is the picture of the same small boy following the crawling baby to the cottage door. These two studies have been as evidently drawn from the model, as have the scaffoldings with which we must always associate Mr. Muirhead Bone's name. Both show the same intimate knowledge of subject.

The landscapes also contain the same atmosphere of quiet country life. Although they are confined to the smaller drawings, being often merely headings to chapters, a feeling of distance is suggested by a few inches of meadow stretching away to some far-off cottage or steeple. One specially successful chapter-heading depicts a village inn, the sign-post flapping in the wind, the docile cart-horse awaiting the pleasure of the labourer refreshing himself within.

A cottage interior, with the company assembled round the open fire, suggests Rembrandt in treatment, while many of the studies of peasants in the fields carry our thoughts direct to the work of Millet. The book closes with one of its happiest illustrations—a full-page drawing of the lonely old hero of the tale seated at the fireside with his dog as sole companion. Into this we read more than the able modelling of old age—there is an unmistakable impression of abject loneliness and sorrow.

And yet, full of the charm of sentiment and the atmosphere of village life as these illustrations are, there is, perhaps, in them less sincerity and individuality than in many of Mr. Bone's unequalled pencil-drawings. We feel that it is into his drawings of the scaffoldings of our vast interiors and of the exteriors of our London streets that he has wrought the real strength of his art.

Mrs. Bone's story has been reserved for separate notice.

A Family Chronicle. Derived from Notes and Letters selected by BARBARINA, THE HON. LADY GREY. Edited by GERTRUDE LYSTER. (Murray, 12s. net.) PRIVATE family records tend to remind one of that delightful verse:

"Oh skip your dear uncle," the bellman exclaimed,
As he angrily tingled his bell,

though there is sometimes good reason for presenting such archives to the public, in the family's intimacy and correspondence with men and women of fame. To a limited extent there is some justification for the editor of this volume, which contains references to many well-known people, and letters from Lady Dacre, Miss Mitford, Fanny Kemble, Sydney Smith, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and others. But they are mostly of slight importance, nor can the general reader find any connected interest in the book, which is much too discursive. It belongs to the class of work that might very well have been privately printed for the edification of the family. For example, two chapters are taken up with journals in which occur such entries as:

Jan. 25, 1844. Papa and Uncle Will come to town for Aunt Balfour's funeral. They and Mr. Whitbread dined here, and very snug we were.

Nov. 2, 1844. Granny and grandpapa went to town.

History of Mediæval Civilisation, and of Modern to the End of the Seventeenth Century. By CHARLES SEIGNOBOS, Doctor of Letters of the University Par. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.)

THIS is simply a class-book of sketchy paragraphs marked with headlines, and gives the idea of lectures to novices expanded from notes, a procession of bald facts baldly stated. The range of the book is far beyond its limited compass. There is no real grasp of the development of civilisation, but an amazing inability to appreciate the culture of older countries. Criticisms on art and literature are absolutely crude. Two paragraphs are given to the Anglo-Saxons, in which we read that:

Beowulf is the only Saxon poem that remains to us.

In a very short chapter on the Renaissance we are informed that:

The painter did not seek to give an air of holiness to the faces.

Music is dismissed in two pages. A few more are devoted to architecture, and we are told that:

No Gothic church has ever been finished. They (*sic!*) lack towers, spires. . . .

Was Gothic building also suppressed? For later we read that:

The Reformation suppressed the clergy, Pope, Bishops, priests, and monks.

In a paragraph headed "Progress of the Sciences" we learn:—

There were invented in Holland two kinds of instruments, which greatly increased the field of observation: the microscope (1590) showed objects too small, the telescope (1609) objects too far away to be seen with the naked eye.

We do not pretend to know for what class of reader this sort of "primer" has been written. But we now better understand the American prig-child's version of an old rhyme:—

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
I don't wonder what you are,
For I know so much, you see,
More of you than you of me.

FICTION

The Nun. By RENÉ BAZIN. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

M. RENÉ BAZIN, whose former novels have dealt largely with the lighter and more idyllic side of peasant life in France, has given us, in "The Nun," a tragic picture of the social demoralisation which has followed as an almost inevitable consequence from the suppression of the religious houses. His heroine, Pascale Mouvand, is a girl of an ardent and imaginative temperament, with infinite

capacities for happiness. A little afraid of life, however, she decides, after consideration, to enter a convent. Here, surrounded by stronger and austerer spirits than herself, the devotional side of her nature finds free expression, and the years go by in peaceful calm, broken only by the small duties incidental to convent life. At length the Government intervenes, and the small community of Sisters is turned adrift to fare as best it may. Pascale, cast suddenly upon the world, finds herself surrounded with temptations. Ultimately she succumbs, and, drifting by pure force of circumstance from bad to worse, we find her at last the unwilling agent of a brutalised *souleneur*. The book closes with her murder. She has offered herself as a voluntary victim to the man she hates.

There is, perhaps, a touch of melodrama about the concluding pages, but the story is powerfully told, and with a fine artistic restraint that is more convincing than whole chapters of flamboyant rhetoric. M. Bazin is no mere pamphleteer, and it may be assumed that his object in writing "The Nun" was primarily to produce an artistic work of fiction. Nevertheless, the book is worth reading as an indication of the trend of modern democracy in France.

Come and Find Me. By ELIZABETH ROBINS. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MISS ROBINS has made a name for herself by her indubitable cleverness; but with more than cleverness she is not endowed. She never penetrates below the surface of men or things; of the surface, however, she writes with sufficient vividness to hold the attention of the reader throughout the length of her stories. Though her characters are machine-made rather than alive, the machine is of the latest pattern, and is manipulated with great dexterity. "Come and Find Me," like "The Magnetic North," is a story of the ice-bound regions. Long before the rush of gold-seekers to Alaska, Nathaniel Mar had discovered gold in those regions. But he lost the nugget and the dust which would have helped to prove his statement, and no one would put any trust in his tale. So he married and settled in a bank—the Palmas Valley Bank of Valdivia. He is married when the story opens, and he tells the son of his friend Galbraith, whom he has adopted, the story of his adventure—to keep him good while he is sitting on the stool of penitence. His story is one of the most exciting episodes in the book. But thereafter comes a protracted account of the Mars' life in Valdivia, which is not of great interest. Indeed, until Hildegard, Mar's daughter, starts for the Pole to fetch her father, who, though quite an old man, has at last managed to find time and money for his great enterprise, the book drags. We are not sufficiently interested in Hildegard's imaginary love for young Galbraith, or in her real love for Cheviot, to endure the length of its treatment. But the chapters describing Hildegard's great journey, and her adventures at the gold settlement, and her tragic return are thrilling. The excellence of the *finale* makes one regret that the earlier and middle portions of the book are constructed so vaguely as they are.

The Gang. By DAVID WHITELAW. (Greening, 3s. 6d.)

THERE is a real fund of humour in "The Gang." It is written in a spirit of frank levity, and it is refreshing to meet with a book as unpretentious as it is amusing. The curiously negative little agent, Mr. Piddington, who is torn from his peaceful and thoroughly British homestead ("Mafeking," Ladysmith Road, Tooting) and hurled into the midst of a burlesque civil war in "Pilania," where he is made to go through incredible and fantastic adventures, is described with a whimsical humour which is irresistible. There is no attempt at either wit or satire in the story; it is pure, good-natured fun, and, if the humour is more that of farce than of comedy, it is not the less amusing for that. The revolution over—owing to a soldier in the rebel army getting "rather badly hurt in the hand"—Mr. Piddington is permitted to return to his family. Unfortunately, he lingers in Paris on his homeward route, and another series

of surprising mishaps overtakes him. The book is adorned with "a few slight illustrations by the author," which are as unpretentious and original as everything else about this quaint production.

Beau Brocade: a Romance of the Road. By BARONESS ORCZY. (Greening, 6s.)

"BEAU BROCADE, a Romance of the Road," is the descriptive, if condensed, title of the three hundred pages of very conventional sentimentality which form Baroness Orczy's novel. "Beau Brocade" is all that a highwayman with such a name should be: handsome, chivalrous, brave, faultlessly attired, in spite of the fact that his nights are frequently spent in a ditch; the rescuer of distressed damsels and the plague of choleric county magistrates. The "Romance of the Road" is very much the same as any other Dick Turpin tale. The gallant outlaw first frightens the lady, then dances with her on a lonely heath to the pastoral strains of a shepherd's pipe; he saves her brother, a Jacobite fugitive, from the King's men; is wounded in her service and staggers to her feet, a pale but fascinating wreck; is pardoned by a gracious Royal Duke, and is last seen holding the lady "closely, very closely to his strong, brave heart," murmuring "My dream! My wife!"—a very satisfactory if commonplace *finale*.

The Chichester Intrigue. By THOMAS COBB. (Lane, 6s.)

WE have not a very profound sympathy with Mr. Lambert Amory; nor is the story of his search after proof of Miss Thornhill's true character very interesting. There is in the intrigue the material of a very pretty farce; but farce is not at all the attitude adopted by Mr. Thomas Cobb. He writes in sober earnest about this upright man who plays the amateur detective with regard to the exact relationship which Miss Thornhill had, as a girl, with his dead friend, Chichester, the handsome actor. He is actuated by the noblest motives. His friend, Sir Hugo Warbrook, is likely to propose to Miss Thornhill. Amory is not very fond of his friend, but quite fond enough to make it his duty to be quite sure that the girl is (to use Mr. Cobb's phraseology) fit to become a man's wife. The difficulties in his honest way are many, because there are three women of the same name, each of whom might have written the incriminating letter. Sir Hugo learns enough to make the girl undesirable to him; but Lambert learns more—that she only met Chichester at the railway station, and that the intended escapade was brought to an untimely end by the intervention of the actor's jealous wife—and accordingly is overcome by pity and love and marries her himself. The intrigue makes a dreary tale, though Mr. Cobb has expended much care in the telling.

DRAMA

"THE HOUSE" & "MRS. BILL" AT THE COURT THEATRE

EVERYONE interested in the progress of serious drama will regret to think that this is to be the last play produced by Mr. Otho Stuart. His management both at the Adelphi and at this theatre has been fruitful of so many really good plays that it seems surprising that he has chosen to say farewell with such a remarkably commonplace production. *Mrs. Bill* is called a "slight comedy of pleasant people" on the programme, and is by Captain John Kendall, who graces the famous mahogany table of "Mr. Punch" under the name of "Dum-dum." However amusing he may be in the pages of our contemporary, there was little sign of either wit or humour in his play, and it would be only charitable to suppose that, like many another man, he has yielded to the solicitations of his friends and given to the public what was intended for a mere private occasion. For this play simply reeks of amateur theatricals; and, though it has

been my lot to witness in the sacred cause of charity many a West-end success turned to this baser use, I do not ever remember to have seen the order reversed and skilled actors playing in what was apparently intended for the humbler duty. One can imagine how it all happened. The distinguished member of the *Punch* staff goes to spend his Christmas in the country. He is besieged with entreaties to write a play that will suit the capabilities of his friends—two ladies' parts and four men's. And so the play gets written. The title-part is for the energetic lady who arranges the annual show; and how it fits her! Then there is to be a part for Uncle Henry, who rather fancies himself in "Henry Kemble" parts—Mrs. Bill's husband; and another for dear old Charlie, the Oxford Freshman, who has a reputation for his imitations of Mr. Hawtreys—Lieutenant Carter. But the crux of the whole thing is how to deal with the curate, who can't act and must be included, and so the part of Captain Smith is invented, and a very clever invention under the circumstances it is. No one, however incapable, could possibly fail of success in it; it is a part to be borne in mind by all organisers of theatrical entertainments where the caste has to contain one pronounced male duffer, and I am sure they will reap their reward. *Mrs. Bill* played by amateurs cannot miss fire; it is like Gothic architecture—wholly suited to its purpose.

The scene is laid in India. Mrs. Bill is the match-making aunt, who wishes her niece Mabel to marry well. Mabel is entirely taken up with a young subaltern, who is always referred to as "the mere boy," and who is entirely ineligible. Then a great hero, Captain Smith, appears; he is eligible, and so Mrs. Bill supports him until it turns out that "the mere boy" has been left a thousand a year. Then Captain Smith is supposed to be killed, but he comes to life again just in time to marry Mabel, who has been settling her wedding-day with "the mere boy." It is not an exhilarating play, but the actors fought bravely with the difficulties. Miss Marie Illington as the rather flirtatious aunt played cleverly, and gave great point to the conventional cynicism of her remarks. Mr. E. W. Garden took the part of her husband, a kindly old official, very much afraid of his wife, and got all there was out of it. Mr. Vivian Gilbert and Mr. Rudge Harding were distinctly good as "the mere boy" and Captain Smith respectively, and Miss Beatrice Terry acted very prettily as Mabel. Mr. Arthur Holmes-Gore had a silly part as the Colonel of the regiment, and was thrown away on it.

On the night of its production *Mrs. Bill* preceded *The House*, by George Gloriel, but in the future the order is to be changed, and I fear that *Mrs. Bill* will appear even less attractive when it follows that wonderful play. For *The House* immediately grips the imagination; it has been seen for some time past at the Court, but only at *matinées*, and up to the present I have had no opportunity of mentioning it here. *The House*, of course, deals with the workhouse, and is a satire on the extravagance of some Boards of Guardians in their administration of the Poor Law. In the first act is a family reduced to the direst straits of poverty, but still retaining all its abhorrence of anything in the nature of charity and a terror that any member of it should be branded with the name of "pauper." But the wife, with the utmost reluctance, comes to the conclusion that her old father must go to "the house." The discussion between her and her daughter and her husband is of the most poignant and heartrending type, and the anguish and final submission of the old man brings down the curtain on one of the most tragic acts I have seen for a long time. To find anything to compare with it I must go back to the performance of the second act of *Brand* in 1893, or possibly of *The Lower Depths* by Gorki, produced by the Stage Society a few years ago. In the last act the atmosphere is quite different—the family is getting out of its difficulties and the old man is to return. In a scene of the most delightful comedy it gradually comes out that "the house" instead of being a hell is an earthly paradise: the old man has no intention of

returning to the hardships of self-respecting poverty, and he wins his hearers over to his view to such an extent that they too are to qualify and join in the comforts and luxuries of "the house." It is a curious mixture, this play with one act tragedy and the other comedy, but there is little doubt that it is the finest and most dramatic piece to be seen in London at the moment; and it is as excellently acted as it is conceived. Mr. Albert Chevalier as the old father, and Miss Alice Beet as his daughter, are perfect, while Mr. Arthur Holmes-Gore and Miss Mabel Garden fill the other two parts quite admirably. To miss seeing *The House* would be as great a mistake as, having seen it, to wait and see *Mrs. Bill*.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

"TANTÆNE ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—“A. D.’s” article in your last issue is most refreshing. The prevailing spirit of modern journalism is insincerity. Most of the writers of to-day on the Press lack convictions, or if they possess them, lack the courage to express them. This is due mainly to that cursed spirit of universal tolerance which, heralded as a great virtue, is, in fact, one of the most poisonous of vices. Modern tolerance is absolutely paralysing in its effects, teaching, as it does, that it really does not very much matter after all what a man believes, or says, or does. “I would die for a candle,” said a Catholic preacher in a sermon I once heard. We want more writers on the Press who would be willing “to die for a candle.” As it is, the newspaper proprietor of to-day regards convictions as a purchasable commodity. He hires his editors, his leader writers, and paragraphists, as he hires his stenographers and typists, and expects from them—and generally gets from them—the same unquestioning obedience. In the case of a sudden change of policy on his part, such as adopting Tariff Reform after having been a violent Free Trader, he sometimes thinks it wise slightly to increase the salaries of his editorial staff—as a tribute to decency.

Even editors who are unhampered by proprietors of this kind frequently exhibit a terrible dread of expressing strong convictions. They desire to be safe. They are so afraid of hurting the feelings of some other editor or journalist who may some day be useful. They seem to have their eyes always on the silver teapot, which, if only they keep “safe,” they can rely upon having presented to them at the end of their careers as “a mark of esteem” from their “fellow-journalists.” With that silver teapot (perhaps filled with sovereigns) ever in view a policy of universal propitiation must be followed. Now, Sir, “A. D.” gets at the root of the matter when he says that anger, or “holy wrath,” as it is rightly called, is one of the greatest incentives to effective writing. What we want is a revival of intolerance—intolerance of cant, of humbug, of meanness; intolerance that will not rest content with things as they are; intolerance that does care what a man thinks, because it knows that unless he thinks rightly he cannot act rightly; intolerance of the foul cynicism that teaches that every man has his price. Many of us are filled with blind, inarticulate fury at the things we see. Many of us feel things we can never express. Let those, at any rate, who can find words express what they feel at any cost.

A. E. M. F.

March 10.

"FRANKLY IDIOTIC"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As to the pretension of Mr. Caleb Porter, that the wine of the Bible was without alcohol, and only pure sweet grape-juice, let me kindly tell you that this is utterly *erroneous*. The wine of the Bible is alcoholic wine, as it of necessity must be. Has Mr. Caleb Porter ever been present at the grape and wine harvest in a southern country? Certainly not. For otherwise he would have seen what enormous quantities of ripe grapes are collected and have the juice pressed out of them. Now this wine is, of course, for the present, grape-juice; but within some very few days (the quicker the hotter the climate is, and Palestine is rather hot), it has changed into alcoholic wine by way of *fermentation*. Ergo, when Mr. Caleb Porter pretends that the Jews of the Bible only drank wine unfermented—*i.e.*, without alcohol—he makes believe that those people drank all their enormous stores of grape-juice within a fortnight; for under the climate of Palestine they could not prevent the grape-juice—to the distress of the then teetotalers—turning into alcoholic real “wine” in almost no time. And to drink the grape-juice in such quantities would

simply be suicidal; dysentery of the worst kind would be the consequence.

So when Mr. Caleb Porter says that there is no proof that the wine of the Bible was alcoholic, it must be said that the wine of the Bible must be considered as being alcoholic *as long as Mr. Caleb Porter cannot prove that the old Jews knew how to prevent the fermentation of fresh grape-juice.*

As to the smoking of tobacco, I cannot understand why people with common sense lament just about this *one* kind of acting upon one's nerves. Smoking is *one* only of those numerous *stimulantia*, as tea and coffee, hot and cold baths are for instance. When people wonder what better work Hobbes, &c., would have done without the drug of tobacco, I could ask the question, How more logical would Mr. Caleb Porter be without the drug of *tea*?—I take it as granted that Mr. Caleb Porter, as an Englishman, drinks tea regularly. Yes, tea! I can assure him that my nervous system reacts on a small dose of tea as on poison, for I do not drink the "drug" of tea. But a handful of cigarettes does me much good, and makes me feel happy and vigorous. Q.E.D.

ROBERT LUTZ.

March 4.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I agree with you when you say that the proposition—"work of any kind done by a man who smokes is certain to be ill-done"—is proved to be contradictory by the instances of Hobbes, Tennyson, and Carlyle; but that proposition is far removed from Dr. Fairbairn's, and farther still from mine. I think the doctor's dicta were somewhat badly put, but his contention was that "work done *by the strength* (italics mine) of alcohol or the soothing influence of the pipe is certain to be ill-done." I consider this to be, in the main, true, though it would doubtless prove more acceptable to your readers in sympathetic paraphrase. Yet even as it stands it is a very different thing to the proposition which you rightly assert to be contradictory. I am quite open to conviction. I am neither a teetotaler nor a non-smoker, and my only knowledge of Dr. Fairbairn is gleaned from your note in "Life and Letters;" but I really do not see any reason for the "frankly idiotic" phrase.

Tobacco and alcohol are narcotic poisons, and their use causes the divergence of the user from that state known as "*mens sana in corpore sano*." Work done in their strength is therefore extremely likely, if not certain, to be done—cleverly and brilliantly, if you will, but—verily ill in comparison with the greatest, the best, the most enduring work, which I cannot help still thinking has never yet owed its inspiration to alcohol or tobacco:

Shall I smite with a barren whip?
Shall I urge with a vulgar spur?
The womb of the whip is barren indeed,
After its kind cometh seed from seed.

I suppose it will not be denied that the finest work ever done by man in one particular direction is that of Fra Angelico, but it is easy to imagine his descent to the level of, say, Fra Filippo Lippi through indulgence in drugs; at any rate, the difference is clear in the work of these two great men, and the genius of the former is patently of that kind which "cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting." Whether Angelico drank wine or not, we may be quite certain that his best work did not owe its strength to alcohol.

Where are we to draw the line between Tennyson's pipe and Coleridge's decanter of laudanum?

Men and women have been from all time, and are still, drug-taking animals the world over, but I should think it amounts to almost a mathematical certainty that work owing its strength to the use of alcohol, nicotine, opium, cannabis indica, theine, caffeine, cocaine, or any of the hundred and one poisons that the as yet unemancipated part of man's nature still craves, must be—in direct proportion to such use—ill-done, and this quite compatibly with its being work which shall delight both gentle and simple, the crowd and the choice, by undoubted brilliance and cleverness.

Compare Dante with Coleridge, and note how the children of Coleridge's brain are decimated by his "barren whip."

As for the Psalmist, is it not a case of the "pathetic fallacy?" and what bearing can it have on the matter of alcohol? David very probably drank a good deal of intoxicating wine during his life, but the beautiful Psalm in which the phrase *mea calix inebrians* occurs does not strike one as being inspired by these potations. *Vous m'avez comme enivré de joie* might be spoken or chanted without impropriety by all the Bands of Hope or Total Abstinence Leagues that ever tried to turn men from one form of vice to another.

The subject of the wines of the ancients is an extremely interesting one. It seems fairly evident that a good deal of non-alcoholic wine was drunk, and I believe it was usual to start a

dinner-party with a product of the grape very closely resembling the "grape-soup" or red-currant jelly you mention.

Then there is Joseph's dream, and the pressing of the grapes direct into Pharaoh's cup.

In our version of the Scriptures drunkenness does not always imply alcoholism; repletion is to be understood in the following:—"One is hungry and another is drunken;" "Blessed art thou, O land, when thy King is the son of nobles and thy princes eat in due season for strength and not for drunkenness." No one doubts that wine has been used by many men famous for mighty works, but I take it that is not Dr. Fairbairn's point at all; his point, as I read it, is that work which has relied upon a drug for its *inspiration and strength* is certain to be ill-done. I cannot for the life of me see where the "frank idiocy" comes in. I would myself be inclined to think that the ill-doing in some of the best work of some of our best men is directly or indirectly owing to a cowardly inhauling of the *granum thuris in calice vini*, rejected by Him Who spake as no man ever spake, being drunk, not with wine, but with the Ghost of God.

CALEB PORTER.

March, 1908.

TWO REPLIES TO MR. VIVIAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—For Mr. Vivian to object to personalities in journalism is surely the height of cynical irony. Having himself introduced personalities into his review, he seemed to us fair game when we ventured to disagree with his verdict on the book. We are surprised that our mildly humorous remarks should have evoked such bitter resentment against *The Imp*. When we referred to Mr. Vivian as no longer young, it was mainly with the object of recalling a delightful phrase which appeared in an ACADEMY note. Everybody knows that Mr. Herbert Vivian is neither "bald" nor "bearded," and that his appearance is, if possible, more youthful than his behaviour. We did not, therefore, contemplate for a moment that our remarks could cause him any serious annoyance. Our "piece" of impudence would have been forgiven by any one with a "saving grace (*sic*) of humour." For the rest, we can only hope that Mr. Vivian's abuse will not prove to be other than a recommendation.

THE EDITOR *The Imp*.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Herbert Vivian must really forgive us for having made fun of him. We can assure him we had no desire to hurt his feelings. His solemn letter to you, in which he holds us up as a "petty" firm of booksellers who desire to browbeat him and prevent him and others from writing honest criticisms on the books we publish, is so amusing that it is hard to take it seriously. But lest any of your readers should imagine that we resent, or ever have resented, adverse criticisms of our books, we trust you will allow us briefly to state the facts as they are, and not as they appear to Mr. Vivian's heated imagination. For a weekly journal called *John Bull* Mr. Vivian reviewed "The White Rose Mystery" published by us. Not content with pouring out his scorn on this book, he further suggested that the Duke of Norfolk would have a good case against the author for criminal libel. We were so entertained by this idea that we thought it too good to be wasted, and as we consider we have as much right to use an unfavourable as a favourable notice, we introduced Mr. Vivian's remarks into our advertisements, thus making a pleasing change from the monotonous repetition of eulogies. It is true that we prefaced our quotation by referring to Mr. Vivian as a "notable" or "notorious" critic, and stated that he was peculiar in his views, but we were under the impression that this could afford him nothing but gratification. As, however, he objects to the epithet "notorious," we promise to refer to him in future only as "notable," although we cannot help still considering him peculiar. This is the sum total of our transgressions, and it is surprising to find that our innocent endeavours to increase the sale of our book have appeared to Mr. Vivian in so sinister a light. So far from having experienced the "fine frenzy" to which he refers, or having desired, as he elegantly phrases it, "to belch false fire" from behind our "barrow," our attitude all along has been one of grateful expectancy.

We disclaim as publishers all responsibility for the editorial comments in *The Imp* which Mr. Vivian has quite unwarrantably attributed to us as part of a deliberate campaign. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Vivian will consent to bury the hatchet, and in future allow us the same liberty in the compilation of our advertisements as we willingly grant him in the writing of his reviews.

GREENING & CO., LTD.

March 9.

HANDEL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your notes in this week's issue defending Handel against adverse criticism, gave me much pleasure, as did also your allusion to Mr. Heathcote Statham's "Thoughts on Music."

Attention might specially have been drawn, I think, to the beautiful style in which this book is written. The style and the soundness of judgment make the work one of the most interesting and *valuable* essays in criticism of Handel and other composers that we have.

I first saw it at the library in St. Martin's Lane three years ago, and have since read it at least a dozen times.

W. M.

March 9.

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When shall we Englishmen learn to distrust the intellect and the reason? Where the final appeal is made always to the intellect there can be no honesty.

These remarks are suggested by your critic and correspondent as touching the Sicilian Players. The critics of the Sicilian Players have, I think, one and all, at least as many as I have read, really been greatly surprised at the magnificent art of the Sicilian Players, of Cav. Grasso and the leaders of his company; but being always chary of acknowledging greatness, they have appealed to the intellect in order to reverse the verdict of their feelings, over which the sole control lies in the intellect or the reason. It is, however, chiefly with your correspondent that I should like to "break a lance."

Now first, surely "realisation" is just as true a part of art as "suggestion." There is room for both, it being arguable, of course, that the one is a higher form of art than the other, though each is good art or bad art according as you please. Your correspondent, however, relegates realisation or, as he has it, "realism" in art to the actors of the "portable" theatres, where, apparently, the lowest class of "provincial acting" is to be found; and, instituting a parallel between the realistic acting of these, presumably, third-class actors and the realistic acting of the Sicilian Players, he thus, of course, at once dismisses the possibility of these players being anything other than third-class actors themselves, though he afterwards excepts Cav. Grasso, to call him a mere tiro of a "really great artist." Not to argue this point, I would ask Mr. Lawson whether he would have us really believe that a Frenchman, say, cultured in the truest sense of the word, but with a very slight acquaintance of English, could, after seeing a company of provincial actors, belonging to one of these "portable" theatres, in one of their plays "entirely concerning itself with the crude and elemental passions" (mark, crude and elemental!), say with heartfelt belief, "I have never seen such wonderful acting before!" Yet, "change the parts and the scene," and this is what is happening night after night now in London, each visit deepening the first impression.

But, secondly, Mr. Lawson says of Signorina Aguglia, "She is an exceptionally clever mime, capable of representing certain crude passions." And that is all! Now, what passion is more common and universally considered more ennobling than love or passion? Further, apparently, Signorina Aguglia, in Mr. Lawson's opinion, could not represent, for all her "exceptional cleverness as a mime," any but "certain" of the crude passions, and therefore, of course, none of the higher, because not crude passions. (Would Mr. Lawson please tell us what these passions are?) And, if there is one thing certain, it is that Signorina Aguglia is not "clever" in any strict sense of the word. We do not ourselves think her a finished artist in the sense in which Cav. Grasso is a finished artist; but we regard her, in the words of some critic, as an artist of remarkable promise. Does Mr. Lawson (and here he has many of the "intellectual" critics with him) really think that Signorina Aguglia's acting is not the outcome and outpouring of any soul-emotion or heart-emotion at all? Is her sobbing—the truest to life that most of us have ever seen or heard—merely the result of close study? Is it her mimetic powers that make her shed real tears? Is it credible that any actor could, night after night, in scene after scene, merely by virtue of wonderful mimetic capacity, maintain so surely, so realistically, without ever once failing, as is admitted by all in the case of Signorina Aguglia, those marvellously swift transitions from harshness to sweetness through the whole gamut of the human voice, that complete command over facial expression, changing every moment, and that entire control over the body? No! Such a theory is incredible, impossible! And it must continue incredible until such critics as Mr. Lawson bring conclusive evidence to support their theories.

Finally, what does Mr. Lawson mean by "sheer animalism"? Our criticism suffers sadly from the use of terms unaccompanied

by any explanation. Let Mr. Lawson explain what he means by "sheer animalism"! This is a theory that has been advocated by many of those critics who, in Mr. Lawson's words, "over the Sicilian players have lost their heads." We sadly fear that Mr. Lawson has fared no better than those critics whom he thus lightly dismisses. At any rate, his theory is quite unintelligible.

My excuse for writing must be that I cannot allow such unmeaning criticism, as it seems to me, of real greatness to pass unchallenged.

W. H. MORANT.

March 8.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I quite agree with Mr. Robb Lawson's interesting letter. I have played in "portables" myself, and, as he says, the rendering of the various emotions is left to the impulse of the moment. This may produce a striking effect, but it is not the best art.

A PLAYGOER.

March 7.

"THE CAUSE OF THE CHILDREN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The conscience of the nation has been aroused to the needs of the child, the outcome of which has been the Children's Bill, recently introduced into Parliament. The Bill has the cordial support of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which has long laboured in the cause of suffering childhood. The extent and magnitude of the Society's work in safeguarding the lives of children throughout the land and rescuing them from systematic cruelty, starvation, and neglect is seldom realised. The records for the past month show that no less than 3,888 cases were dealt with, affecting the lives of 11,426 children. It is sad to note that eighty-six of these cases ended in death. It is also a significant fact that 3,022 children were known to be insured for a total of £15,607.

The aim of the Society is "that every child in the land shall live an endurable life." Great as its efforts have been in this direction, there is room for considerable extension. There are districts yet untouched where children suffer, and where, if funds permitted, inspectors would be placed without delay.

L. L. HORNBROOK.

CHURCH SCHOOLS' EMERGENCY LEAGUE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been directed by my Committee to send you the following resolution:—

Resolution passed at a Meeting of the Manchester Centre of the Church Schools' Emergency League—

"That this meeting protests against the unjust and reactionary character of the Education Bill, 1908, and calls upon all Churchmen and others who care for the true interests of education, to resist it in every possible way."

T. E. CLEWORTH, Hon. Secretary.

March 5.

FRENCH AND LANGUE D'OC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—For purposes of classification philologists are wont to talk of the different dialects of one speech; but as there are no hard-and-fast lines in Nature, so in language one dialect shades off imperceptibly into the other as the colours of a rainbow. If French, or Langue d'Oïl, and Provençal, or Langue d'Oc, are both derived from Latin, they were originally the same, however wide the divergence now. My illustration, however, was a rough generalisation, to show that the degraded speech of the peasant of to-day is a remnant of the highly-inflected literary language of yesterday. In spite of the fact that Mistral, and before him Roumanille, wrote in the ancient language of Provence, it is still the speech of the peasant, and is doomed. Mistral, whom I met three years ago at Arles, confessed this himself, and there is the same strain of regret, you will remember, running through the whole of his recently-published memoirs, in which folklore and legend are rescued from oblivion, *car il est de mode aujourd'hui de renier absolument tout ce qui est de tradition*, as he says. All this is, of course, irrelevant to the main issue of an essay on the language of Burns, and, in my opinion, is *not worth answering*.

JAMES P. PARK.

March 9.

THE NAME OF CHARLES I.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think there can be very little doubt that Charles I. was called after his father's uncle—Charles Stuart, fifth Earl of Lennox—who is, perhaps, best known to history as the father of the ill-fated Lady Arabella Stuart.

It is rather curious that, from an historical point of view, the continuity of the actual service of our grand old Church is rarely insisted upon.

On one of the shelves of a bookcase at home rests an old quarto volume, massively bound, with brass studs and a centre having engraved thereon "R. G." and entitled "The Book of Common Prayer," with a colophon, "London: Printed by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majestie; And by the Assignes of John Bill, 1637."

The monogram is that of its original owner, Richard Gladgie, and it does not require a great stretch of our imagination to picture him turning over the leaves from Sunday to Sunday, during the long years of anxiety and trouble of the later years of King Charles's reign, repeating much as we repeat to-day the words of the prayer for our present Sovereign Lord, then with some slight difference of punctuation, and printed in quaint black letter, now so trying to some modern readers' eyes:—

¶ A PRAYER FOR THE KING'S MAJESTIE.

○ Lord our heavenly Father, high and mightie, King of Kings, Lord of lords, the only ruler of Princes, which dost from thy Throne behold all the dwellers upon earth, most heartily we beseech thee with thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereigne Lord King CHARLES, and so replenish him with the grace of thy holy Spirit, that he may alway incline to thy will, and walk in thy way: endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts, grant him in health and wealth long to live, strengthen him that he may banquish and overcome all his enemies, and finally after this life he may attain everlasting Joy and felicitie, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

It often seems to me one of the great beauties of our Church and faith that the very words are not only sacred, but also sacred in a different sense, as old family furniture and portraits are, consecrated by the use and memory of our forefathers for many long generations.

I fear I must apologise for a long digression.

H. R. LEIGHTON.

March 4.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In her "History of Christian Names" the late Miss Yonge has said that Charles the First was named after the Emperor Charles the Fifth. "His name impressed James I. with the idea that this must be a fortunate name: when, in the hope of averting the unhappy doom that had pursued five James Stuarts in succession, he called his sons Henry and Charles." I do not know on what authority this statement rests. Of course, James was the son of Henry Lord Darnley, and the descendant of King Henry the Seventh.

H. B. F.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think many people have questioned the general truth of the picture of the French peasant given in "La Terre." I have been a great deal about France, and talked to many peasants; but, of course, to pronounce a really competent opinion, one must actually live some time in close contact with the peasants. George Sand gave a picture of the Berry peasants very different from Zola's of the Beaucerons, and, though she wrote some time ago, it is not likely that the peasant character in that quiet district has altered perceptibly in the meantime.

Balzac, I think, did not deal with peasant life in his beloved Touraine; but, had he done so, the results would surely have been such as to afford a pleasant picture of the tiller of the soil of the garden of France. "Les Paysans," I think, deals with peasants in quite another district. I have not the book by me.

René Bazin has written several novels of peasant life in the Vendée, notably "La Terre qui Meurt," the scene of which can

easily be traced; and the picture he gives of the peasants, though sometimes saddening, is not repulsive.

Loti has introduced Brittany peasants into several novels, notably "Mon Frère Yves" and "Pêcheur d'Islande;" surely it would not be contended that on the whole he represents them in an ugly light. Yves drank too much sometimes, certainly; but then he was a sailor.

Maupassant has given us many sketches of Normandy peasants. On the whole these are unpleasing rather than pleasing, but it is not so much that he represents the Normandy peasants as vicious, but as grasping, money-grubbing, and even callous.

CONSTANCE A. BARNICOAT.

BOOKS RECEIVED

EDUCATIONAL

Coleman, Walter Moore. *Lessons in Hygienic Physiology*. Macmillan, 3s.

Wright, Joseph and Elizabeth Mary. *Old English Grammar*. Oxford University Press, 6s. net.

La Bibliothèque de mon Oncle. Par Rodolphe Töpffer. Macmillan, 6d.

Siepmann, Otto. *A Short French Grammar*. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

Hayens, Herbert. *The Story of Europe*. Collins, 1s. 6d.

Readings from Dickens. Cassell, 6d.

Herbert Strang's Historical Series: A Mariner of England, With the Black Prince, With Marlborough to Malplaquet. Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. each.

The Oxford Readers. Book I., 8d.; Book II., 10d. *The Oxford Story Readers*. 2d. and 3d. each. Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.

FICTION.

Vacaresco, Hélène. *The Queen's Friend*. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Fisher, A. O. *Withyford*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Aitken, Robert. *The Golden Horseshoe*. Greening, 6s.

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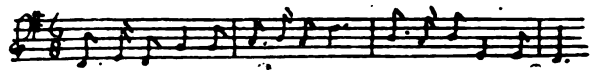
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LIFE AND LETTERS

MR. HAROLD SPENDER has written a very remarkable article in the *Daily Chronicle* on the burning question of the new Licensing Bill. He begins by a quotation from Holy Writ, paralleling the making of beer with the making of silver shrines for Diana of the Ephesians, from which it would appear that Mr. Spender looks upon brewing as being quite as grave an offence as idolatry. He goes on to ask how much "the trade" costs us in "order, sanity, well-being, and domestic peace :—"

What is the price (he asks) we pay in prisons, workhouses, lunatic asylums, inebriate homes? What in deaths, broken lives, shattered homes?

And then Mr. Spender proceeds to prove his case. First of all, as to crime; the Chief Constable of Nottingham is cited to show that 50 per cent. of the nation's crime is due to drink alone, then the official return of criminal statistics is quoted to the effect that :

not in any single year since the beginning of this twentieth century has the number of offences against the law due to drink been less than 200,000.

And next comes Death. In England and Wales during 1906 there were 2,281 deaths due to "alcoholism," and in the period 1896-1900 the rate per million of such deaths was 85·8; and, in addition, coroners' juries in 1906 attributed 797 violent deaths to "excessive drinking." From these statistics Mr. Harold Spender draws the conclusion that the reaper Death is "no mean ally" of the firm of Bass and the Vicar of Burton-on-Trent. Moreover, these persons have another ally—his name is Madness, of which alcohol is conspicuous as a "predisposing or exciting cause." From 1900 to 1905 no less than 2,349 men and 989 women "passed within the portals of lunatic asylums owing to drink." As for poverty, Mr. Charles Booth found that, on an analysis of 4,000 cases of London poverty, 14 per cent. were directly due to drink, while the Manchester Guardians stated in 1884 that 51 per cent. of their cases were due to the same cause. And, furthermore, Mr. Spender points to the statistics of Inebriate Homes, and to the long list of "separation orders" for drunkenness. "Red Ruin and the breaking-up of laws," he says, "are the true gifts of the brewers to the nation." Crime, death, poverty, madness, red ruin—these, he affirms, are the plain and manifest results of the brewing, sale, and consumption of beer:

Well, the long and the short of all this is that Mr. Harold Spender denounces the whole trade in beer as the worst evil that has ever afflicted the human race. Beer is worse

than the Borgia poison, for this killed only the body, while that plunges body, soul, mind, and spirit, all things without and all things within, into utter ruin, misery, degradation, and death. On one side beer brings woe and desolation to the humblest cottage, on the other it threatens the whole State, the body politic of this fair realm of England. Ruin, utter, irretrievable, finally follows in its train; all hell lurks at the bottom of every bottle of Bass. And what, then, does Mr. Harold Spender propose? What can he propose but the swift and stern annihilation of all this horror; it shall not be felony, one would say, to brew small ale, but felony to brew at all, felony to sell, felony to drink—"Delenda est Burtonia." But who can hesitate? If, by a mere Act of Parliament, it be possible to raise the sum of happiness, morality, sanity, wealth by an advantage of 50 per cent., what is to be done but to pass such an Act quickly, to make the mere possession of beer as dangerous as the possession of dynamite bombs? And Mr. Harold Spender says that all that is necessary is to pass the Licensing Bill, which, so far as we understand, will largely diminish the number of public-houses, while leaving the "club" free to establish itself in every byway. The dynamite emporiums are to be strictly limited in number; it will be necessary to walk six miles before buying dynamite on Sundays, the throwing of bombs will be forbidden after ten o'clock on Sunday nights under penalty of fine, and before inaugurating any club or society for the purpose of promoting assassination by high explosives it will be necessary to announce a series of lectures (to be delivered on the club premises) on Earth-worms and Aeronauts, so that the authorities may be convinced that such club is not merely and simply a dynamiting club. Of course, the analogy is feeble. Dynamite only kills the body of the especial victim or victims, while beer spreads madness, death, poverty, lunacy, misery wholesale. Still, the analogy will serve.

The election of M. Poincaré to the French Academy seems so reasonable to those who know his work, that it is inevitable that we should feel surprised that he has not been asked already to sit among the forty. He is the great apostle of the doctrine of "Science for the Sake of Science," so that his devotion to the cause of science leads him often to appear as actually the opponent of science. For we are all of us wedded to a conception of the value of science which can be estimated by the material good which we can extract from its lessons. On a solid mathematical basis physical laws are founded, and, guided by those laws, we make the elements and forces of Nature earn dividends for us—therefore we reverence what we term the truth of science. M. Poincaré will have no part in this sort of worship of science, which he regards as cupboard-love. His ultra-philosophical mind enables him to regard the unassailable verities as conventions or useful methods of expression; the facts of time and space are with him always relative—true to this extent, that if the premisses be exact, the deductions are exact; but imaginary to this extent, that as the premisses are not absolute, but only the interpretations of the human brain, the deductions also are not absolute. M. Jules Sageret, in the *Mercure de France* of March 1st, has a timely little essay on *la commodité scientifique*, as he terms the position of Poincaré towards science, and from this lucid little exposition of an attitude which requires a good deal of metaphysical explanation, we can gather how great a *savant* the new Immortal is, and how expansive and illuminating is his teaching.

The phrase "the dignity of labour" has no more sense than "the dignity of natation" or "the dignity of perspiration." All three actions are undignified for Cabinet Ministers in Hyde Park, and may be necessary to the preservation of life under other circumstances. The first hackneyed phrase was invented by or for those who have so little sense of personal dignity as to be secretly ashamed of their right to provide for their own necessities. Some one of a like class of mind taught the wretched agricultural

labourers that their useful and handsome smocks were less respectable garments than worn and ill-made coats. We have often wondered whether he was a candidate for demagoguery, or an acute slop-shopman. But in what does the dignity of labour consist, in the act or the object? Dr. Clifford, we suppose, thinks the mental and vocal labour of organising conscience-strikes immensely dignified. We wonder whether Dr. Fairbairn thinks there is any dignity in brewing.

Our contemporary *The Sphere* publishes an interesting illustration of French ecclesiastics engaged in various forms of handicraft, ranging from ornamental painting—from the specimen offered to view, we deprecate this exercise—to bee-keeping. We include the last, because we believe that those working insects, like their present types, require peculiar manipulation. Our contemporary's contributor also quotes the book, "*Les Métiers Possibles du Prêtre de Demain*," and represents its author, the Abbé Louis Ballu, as:

passing in review the employments which he considers compatible with the ecclesiastical dignity.

We have not read the book, though we shall do so, but the contributor must surely unintentionally misinterpret the author. Since net-fishing and tent-making were not incompatible with the pontifical and episcopal dignities, no labour is incompatible with the sacerdotal, nor, as far as we know, is any forbidden by ecclesiastical authority, in cases of necessity. French ecclesiastics are not the men to cherish vague illusions as to dignity or indignity in labour.

To Monsieur l'Abbé Ballu is apparently due the honour of having initiated a union of ecclesiastic workmen, formed with the object of supporting themselves under their persecution by the French Government, during hours when they are not occupied by their spiritual functions—at least, for so long as the Government permits them to do so. It is likely that this will not be for long, and the majority of our English contemporaries which applaud the dominance of French Freemasonry, may soon have to find excuses for further application of its peculiar notions of liberty. They can easily do so on the analogy of similar restrictions in England, applicable to the clergy of the Church of England. Though none such restrictions exist in the case of Nonconformist ministers, we do not fancy that many compete for "the dignity of labour" which their political brethren commend so loudly.

Since the writers of these "Life and Letters" are not collectively unable, if necessary, to provide and cook their own food, raise their own vegetables, and otherwise shift for themselves with their own hands, we should have some right to congratulate these French ecclesiastics on their spirited action, if anything else were to be expected from men who have always shown the finest examples under persecution. We cannot attribute to them any increase or decrease of dignity for using their natural or acquired faculties for their own support. We do not ourselves exercise our own much, because we are engaged in the loftier occupation of providing amusement or wholesome irritants to our readers. On the reverse side, we may be allowed to point out to those worthy persons who keep the Bible open with their fists, that when they begin to read it, they will find nothing in it about the labour of the Person Whose example they desire to follow. Christ's work in the carpenter's shop is traditional and consequently reference to it is incompatible with "simple Bible teaching." No single stroke of manual labour is recorded of Him in the Bible. His working of miracles—if not a Popish invention—was a distinct breach of the "Laws" of Science, by which our simple teachers desire to correct that purely sacerdotal compilation.

The Jewish Historical Society of England this year for the first time is issuing to its members advance *fascicules*

of Transactions. This is a good plan since it should keep up interest in the current work of the Society, and by submitting it to wider criticism, should enable authors to modify their conclusions, and so give greater value to the more permanent yearly volume. The current *fascicule*, the second, consists of a paper on King Alfred and the Mosaic Law by Professor Liebermann, who considers that Alfred, when translating the Decalogue, "must have used some text besides the Vulgate, which, however, seems now not to be known." Professor Liebermann discusses Alfred's purpose in prefixing the decrees of Exodus to his own code. It was not with any intention of giving them practical effect, but rather to show his people God's legislation, in some respects more severe, in others milder, than the Anglo-Saxon laws. His object was "half ethical, half political." A curious example of both intentions is found in the fact that while he omitted the Second Commandment as an apparent prohibition of Christian Saxon practices, he diplomatically "appended the prohibition of metal idols from a later verse in Exodus, an insertion directed against the heathenism introduced by the Danish invaders." Many other points are discussed, and the whole paper is full of interest.

We are glad to announce that Miss Gertrude Kingston will deliver two lectures on "The Drama and the Public" at 20, Hanover Square, at three o'clock, the first on March 26th and the second on March 31st. The scheme of the lectures is to consider historically the attitude of the public in England to the drama. The first lecture will deal with the Stuart Period, the beginning of the conflict; and the second with the Georgian Period, including the story of the interference of the State and of the censorship. Discussion is invited at the end of each lecture, and tickets can be obtained (12s. 6d. for both lectures, or 7s. 6d. for either) from the Social Bureau, 30, New Bond Street; or from Mrs. Silver (Miss Gertrude Kingston), 24, Victoria Square, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. As a speaker, Miss Gertrude Kingston can compare with any in London of either sex, and since the subject of her lectures is one on which a great diversity of opinion exists, the discussion which will follow them is also likely to be very interesting.

The recent manifesto signed by various "eminent" Congregational ministers, which appeared a little while ago in the leading newspapers, is a delightful sign of the times. It marks one more among the countless "splits" among Nonconformists, and it amounts practically to the excommunication of Mr. R. J. Campbell from the general body of the "Free Churches." Even the Congregational ministers have at last come to the conclusion that there must be some limit to their "broad-minded tolerance," and the denouncers of dogma have had to fall back, willy-nilly, on—Dogma. Mr. Stead has seized the opportunity to interview Mr. Campbell, and the "interview" appears in this month's *Review of Reviews*. We apologise to our readers for quoting from it, but we feel that it is our painful duty:

Oh! (says Mr. Stead) there comes in my fundamental article of faith. That is, that we are all junior partners of God Almighty. Our duty is to do what He tells us, and it is our Senior Partner's duty, which He duly performs, to give us straight tips as to what He wants us to do.

This is the sort of thing that produces in our case what Stevenson called "deadly nausea and racking of the bones."

We learn that the feeling of the Welsh Nonconformist members of Parliament is very strongly opposed to the proposed census of attendances at "places of religious worship" in Wales. We are not surprised. The Nonconformists, by a continual process of "bluff," and by false assertions constantly made in public and in their own organs, have succeeded in impressing on the country a belief that they represent at least half of the whole population of these islands. As a matter of fact they represent

about one-sixth, or rather less. If the real facts as to their comparatively small numbers were made apparent, as they would be if the proposed census took place, their political power would collapse like a squeezed balloon. Small wonder, then, that they dislike the idea of a census! However, census or no census, there seems every prospect that their weakness will shortly be exposed. It looks at present very much as if the next General Election would resolve itself into a struggle between Nonconformists on the one side and the rest of England on the other. For our part we can wish and pray for nothing better.

Our remarks on March 7th concerning Mr. McKenna's name as an element for rhyme have been taken rather more seriously than we intended, and we have received a considerable number of "Limericks." There is a great unanimity in the choice of either "senna" or "Ravenna," one rhymers alone has discovered "duenna," two use "when a," and two "pen a." In order not to disappoint the rhymers, we print the rhyme signed "S. T.," which we think the best, with apologies to the Minister of Education for this frivolous use of his name:

There was a young man called McKenna,
Who one day proceeded to pen a
Preposterous Bill;
But the country felt ill
And said, "Go to Gehenna, McKenna!"

THE CROWN

To-morrow slowly bears to me the crown
Of all my days and deeds, from fortune wrung
With sword and smile, quick thrust and dallying tongue,
Hates masked with love, and terrors trampled down.
For not to me, by right of ancient wrong,
Doth easy kingship fall from kingly sires;
No random throw of chance my life attires
In regal purple; but with labour long
Of desperate day, and swift, unslumbering night,
I smiled and slew and jostled through the years,
Till, one by one, my foes were put to flight,
And, one by one, behind me fell my fears.
Now none withstands me; and I feel, at last,
The sceptre in my grasp; for, when day comes,
And dawn is startled by the roll of drums,
My conquest, bruited on the heralds' blast,
Shall hail me king through all the cowering lands.
To-morrow—yet to-night I may not sleep;
But, like a robber, by the guards I creep
Into the chamber where the great throne stands,
To await the dawning majesty of day.
No sound is there, no light, save from the moon
Falls one dim ray to where, at stroke of noon,
My knees shall bend before him who shall lay
The gold upon my brow; when I shall rise
To stoop no more; and, throned on mailed power,
Shall sway the lands and peoples from that hour,
Unchallenged, and a king in all men's eyes.
Yet dawn delays. Before the throne I kneel
To await the morrow's crown . . . but, who art thou
Who settest this cold circle on my brow,
That grips my temples in a vice of steel?
Hark, hark the drums! Yet terror chokes my breath;
I cannot rise; my limbs are turned to stone.
Oh, who art thou who sittest on my throne?

"I am the king whom all men bow to—Death!"

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

REVIEWS

IBSEN

The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Copyright Edition. Eleven Volumes. With Introductions by WILLIAM ARCHER and C. H. HERFORD, Litt.D., M.A. (Heinemann, 4s. net each.)

Ibsen. By EDMUND GOSSE. Literary Lives Series. (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

In the public mind Dr. Gosse and Mr. Archer are regarded as an Ibsen Trust; they have—it is more or less rightly supposed—made a "corner" in Ibsen, and though they do not ostensibly conduct operations in concert, the fact that "There they are!" to some extent warns other people off. In Mr. Archer's edition of the works he has received some assistance from Professor Herford; but it will always be known, and rightly, as Archer's edition. It will remain for long, probably for good, the standard edition, and it richly deserves the honour. It is practically complete—though we admit we should much like to have a look at *Catilina*; it is gravely, thoroughly, and critically edited, and the translations are—save for occasional "bookishness" and occasional awkwardness, due mainly, no doubt, to a desire to keep close to the original—completely satisfying to those who are not knowledgeable in the Norse. In the same way, Mr. Gosse's will probably remain the only Life for the present. Admirable as it is, light in touch, humorous, full of apt allusion, and particularly valuable for its insistence on the intellectual upheaval of Norway as a factor in Ibsen's development, it is not a book, in our opinion, which could not be greatly improved on the issue of a new edition. Here and there it is, to tell the truth, a little thin, a little perfunctory, and a little slipshod, and we doubt whether Dr. Gosse read his proofs. Had he done so he would never have allowed "Colonel Newcombe" to pass him, nor have approved on second thoughts the word *irradicable* (which can only mean "impossible to root") instead of *ineradicable*, nor have printed two different translations of the same sentence from one of Ibsen's letters on pp. 190 and 192.

To Mr. Archer and Dr. Gosse no one would grudge their command of the Ibsen Trust. Mr. Archer has stuck to Ibsen through thick and thin for thirty years, defending him against all kinds of foolish or malicious misconstruction, enduring on his behalf all sorts of attack, by innuendo and otherwise, on his own motives, forcing Ibsen, to our great good, down our throats, and seeing that we got him as pure as could be in the circumstances. Dr. Gosse, on the other hand, was actually the first to introduce Ibsen to our then inhospitable shores. There are, however, at least two other names which the present generation, happy in its right comprehension of the great Norwegian poet, should not forget to honour; and it is a pleasant duty to take this opportunity of recording that the first English translation of any Ibsen play, *The Doll's House*, was the work of Miss Lord, and was actually produced and acted by a small company of enthusiasts in 1885, four years before Miss Achurch appeared as Nora; and that the first English translation of *Brand* was that by Mr. "William Wilson" published in 1891. Professor Herford makes no mention of his predecessor's *Brand*; Mr. Archer allows only a slighting reference to Miss Lord's courageous pioneering. And it is in our opinion particularly important to remember Mr. "Wilson's" translation of *Brand*. *Celeris paribus*, we would always prefer a prose to a verse translation of a poem. We lose much, it is true; but what we lose is exactly what we cannot get "in its quiddity" from anything but the original; and for those of us whom even the desire to know *Brand* or *Peer Gynt* in the original cannot spur to mastering the Scandinavian tongues, a prose translation—especially when the prose is as good as Mr. "Wilson's"—is much safer. We want to know what the author said; no translation can tell us exactly how he said it; and—to take an instance—the famous speech of Brand's in Act IV. just after the departure of the Mayor

or Baillie gives us a much clearer and firmer idea not only of Brand's peculiar religious views, but actually of the man himself in the sober prose translation than we receive from the spirited verse of Professor Herford.

Echoes of old strifes linger in all these books—echoes of the days when Mr. Clement Scott and the other mid-Victorians railed at Ibsen for an obscene defiler of the purity of the home, and the Examiner of Plays declared him publicly to be "too absurd altogether" to be worth censoring. To others Ibsen was a gross provincial realist, to others a revolutionary; to others, again, in Mr. "Wilson's" words, "his theatre was the suburban chapel of a new denomination." Present days are fortunate in that these struggles and mistakes have rolled away. We see that, "if men who 'have missions' engage in decent devotion before a gargoyle, and women of enlightened morality transpose the negatives in the Ten Commandments with respectable intentions, Herr Ibsen's work is ill-interpreted." Present days understand that Ibsen was right in always speaking of himself as a "poet." He is, indeed, a "maker," a *poietes*. He does not want to teach—though possibly Mr. "Wilson" goes too far in saying that his mind is *unable* to teach anything; he wanted, as he himself said of *Hedda Gabler*, "to depict human beings, human emotions, and human destinies, upon a groundwork of certain of the social conditions and principles of the present day." That sentence gives the clue to his work. Professor C. E. Vaughan, in his new and very interesting book, "Types of Tragic Drama," examines the realism of Ibsen, and decides that in only one respect is he a realist at all, in that he takes the material for his characters straight from the life of his own country and his own time—and that is why Dr. Gosse is so right to lay emphasis on the importance, in the study of Ibsen, of some knowledge of the *Sturm und Drang* of the Norway of those days. But so soon as Ibsen has taken his material, he ceases to use it like a realist. He was the first, and is still the supreme example of a poet making great tragic stuff out of the minute study of common life. The finished thing, the play (which remains a poem even when the author was most determined to deny it all poetic ornament), is no piece of realism. It becomes symbolical, mystical, idealistic. Words cannot express the subtlety of the movements of the half-realised or unrealised, the vague, subconscious elements of the minds and characters of these people; symbol must be called in to help; and beneath the spoken dialogue there runs another unspoken but mentally audible dialogue, in which deep calls to deep. Still less are these plays tracts. It is easy to think of Ibsen as a glum and silent doctor. He comes abruptly into the sick-room. The first thing he does is to open the window; the second to look at you with an expression that says unmistakably, "If you want to be better, it's you, not I, that can make you so." He prescribes you no medicine, but he leaves you with the *will* to recover and the courage to get up. That is the limit of his advice. And to regard him only as a doctor, concerned with the healing of your own little ills, to imagine that his only work is to open your window and rouse your will-power, is grossly to misconceive the extent of the man's activities and his importance to the world.

TWO POETS

New Poems. By HERBERT TRENCH. (Methuen, 6s.)

Interludes and Poems. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. (Lane, 5s. net.)

THE accident of choice has brought together these two volumes by writers of various power and accomplishment, who are yet curiously alike in their absorption in ideas. In another respect, too, are they alike: they both treat the Muse unchivalrously, forgetting that she has not been in any degree illiberal in her gifts to them.

Mr. Trench is only less discourteous to the Muse herself than Mr. Abercrombie. He flings her a harsh epithet, cries roughly in her ear, and in her name is guilty of barbarous

rhythms and impossible forms. Pure perversity seems answerable for this violence, and often, alas! the Muse herself retorts with perversity, standing afar, averted, all but inappeasable. And then she will not hear aught that Mr. Trench utters in her name, and he is discordant, untunable, uncertain; or she cries to him, as he himself has told us in his "Stanzas to Poetry:"

Thy song shall be imperfect, never fear.

When she is farthest from him and most obdurate in deafness, he can but sing, of the "Daughters of Joy:"

You, from the dance yonder?
In tears, at this street-corner?
"I am going home, my friend."
(Strange, that you knew me!)

Dances are not for the sore heart, nor lights for the scorner."

At his worst he is strong; never is he trivial; but, in all seriousness, we could wish he had yielded a heartier and humbler service to her who will not accept save of a man's best. There is a grave and often noble music in these singular poems which it is a happiness to detect, even amid the harsher rumbling of metrical conflict; and when he is disengaged from the trouble of that strife, and has indeed that meditative leisure of soul in which only may the still small voice of perfect poetry be heard, then we verily have cause to thank him.

It were unfair, though hardly unreasonable, to judge the opening poem, "Apollo and the Seaman," by the recent performance of the illuminated symphony of this title at Queen's Hall. The new art of the blackboard, as it was termed, is as old as childhood; but new or old, ill or good, it would be hard to discover anything in verse more grotesquely inappropriate as theme for such a performance. The poem is a fine one, with a music of its own and a large general argument which is all that poetry can bear. But to argue with an orchestra and magic-lantern! . . . Enough of this! The subject of the poem itself is the loss of "the great ship Immortality" through the mutiny of Hell and the reproaches of the righteous; the anguish of the Seaman who hears of this; and Apollo's consolation of him with the thought that, though Immortality is gone down like the sun, the race of man lives and wins from sea to sea, and the Seaman himself will live in his child, with whose life his own is really one. It is a large theme, rendered somewhat obscurely into throbbing words. If we cannot accept Mr. Trench's melancholy conclusion, and if we think that the Seaman's natural objection to personal extinction is hardly well met by his bright interlocutor, we are nevertheless conscious of the sincerity of the author. To an unfortunate lapse of judgment must we assign it that Mr. Trench, not content with using the form of the "Ancient Mariner" for a poem of the modern mariner of thought, should also borrow the machinery of that earlier work—hanging, in place of the Albatross, a token "Judge Thyself" round the necks of the Immortality's rebels. Mr. Trench's invention, surely, needed no such poor contrivance. And, moreover, since the original of the form adopted is thus brought to mind in reading this poem, unconscious comparison is inevitable. It is not in depreciation of Mr. Trench's verse—which, if never magical, is frequently sonorous, noble, awakening—that we say it were far better had the comparison been rendered impossible. Of the other pieces in the book we have already spoken in general. Despite the creaking of the hinges, we like more than a little the "Stanzas to Tolstoy," and, unreservedly, the perfect little song "I heard a Soldier." We will quote one rare passage from "The Shepherd" for its antique loveliness, standing quite alone for beauty in the whole volume:

Or I, a Shepherd, am in Thessaly;
And the twilight village cries, "Hath he not come
On the last scented load of myrtle home?" . . .
He sits in the great valley wide and still
Blocked by the snow-capt Mountain, and his sheep,
Tawny and dark, roam far and crop their fill
Along the pastures, by the river deep.
His wandering fingers teach the steps at will
Melodies cool as water, soft as sleep.

That is, we think, the finest thing in a book which, but for

regrettable defects of form, would have been as entirely delightful as it is remarkable.

Of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie we frankly confess that we hardly know how to speak. Never, we think, have we found such fluency and power entangled with such grave imperfections. What a second book may reveal of Mr. Abercrombie we do not know, but his first volume is astonishing and irritating, as well as welcome, and makes us curious concerning a second. The rhythm of his blank verse is often of a breakneck kind; he affects strange words which drive us to the dictionary—or would, if we were not already bored. Here is a passage, no worse than another, from the first of these Interludes:

Do some horror upon me, send some worm
Of eager malady to crawl my skin
Tracking, or blow uncleanness on it, of sores
Or vile obliterating trash, surfair
Stiff in a stark mask.

Responding to this forcible prayer, God appears and, promising protection of the devout lady's virginity, enters into a discourse of His own Being.

Mr. Abercrombie, too, is given to those large, loose, empty phrases behind which is no vision or thought:

Thickets of stars, and windy plains of sky,
Where slope space reaches the lower lifelessness.

When He, thy Son, down to His promist judgment
Rides out of Heaven upon Eternity
Harnesses under His hands, and with one stroke
Of wielded holiness on this clotted nature
Breaks up mortality and turns to ghost
The whole fixed starry creature of the world. . . .

There is generally a looseness and rapidity of verse, a tortuous vehemence of language, which would make the simplest matter difficult. Think, then, of the perplexity prepared for the reader when the subject is the nature of Sin, the nature of God, the World, Self. Bravely, even violently, does Mr. Abercrombie attack these ancient problems, and his force of language might be convincing if only his meaning were clear. So often it isn't. The large ample phrases, the archaic words and strangled lines, go racing by, as though an assembly of the halt and lame, receiving power but not beauty of motion, were put to flight by sudden dreadful fear. Of the shorter poems at the end of the book, the first, "Soul and Body," unfortunately reminds us of a finer and loftier Ode by that incomparable singer, Coventry Patmore, "To the Body;" but if the involuntary comparison be put by, this is one of the most satisfying of all the pieces in the book. There is, too, an Ode, "Indignation," which but a little more zealous care had made perfect in its degree. We are sure Mr. Abercrombie, who but lately was writing to THE ACADEMY on the subject of "Cockney Rhymes," must agree that his rhyming of "sword" with "fraud" and "abroad" is indefensible. A small thing, perhaps, in a glowing Ode, but all the fire of it will not quite burn up this mote from vision.

It were mere waste of time to dwell thus tediously on the obvious faults of these poems if there were not fine and full evidence of real power; nor could we expect the author to forgive us for what might seem churlish severity if there were no excellences to name. Despite the unrestrained profuseness of imagery, despite the almost inextricable tangle of thought in the other longer poems, Mr. Abercrombie has given us in the Interlude called "Blind" a vital and original thing. It is curious to note that, while Mr. Trench *hears* poetry, Mr. Abercrombie *sees* it. His finest metaphors are of things seen. Flame runs through the imagery of this dreadful little tragedy of blind hate. It is not impeccable; the accuracy of the psychology may be doubted; the intrusion of metaphysics may be impatiently resented; but the subject is one an Elizabethan had loved for its grimness, and one which our author's singularly vehement manner is fully competent to develop. It is the simplest, the most direct of these Interludes, and it yields the best of the few passages quotable in illustration of the author's best quality. Here are the closing lines:

This crime is mine—O cramp is at my heart!—
I have the guilt. I need not so have grieved
About your eyes: it was I who was blind.
I know not how to bear you close to me,
The touch of your hands will be a fearful thing
For me henceforth. Give me your hands in mine;
The Lord in Heaven knows nothing can be
To any human soul more horrible
Than these poor dreadful hands; therefore I kiss them,
And it may do for prayer. At Judgment Day
Tell them, my child, you did not make his death.
I will not share it. It is all mine.

Even here there are hints of dangerous facility in the verse; bringing it a little nearer to prose than blank verse should dare to come. But if Mr. Abercrombie will occupy himself a little less darkly with questions of Why and Whence; if he will drive from his ears all remembrance and echo of Browning's verse—even, for a while, Shakespeare's—and permit himself a more frequent simplicity; if he will give himself to less unpleasant themes, he will, we believe, justify the highest promise of this book.

UNIVERSITY REFORM

John Bull and his Schools. By W. R. LAWSON. (Blackwood, 6s. net.)

SHOULD a great painter abandon his endeavours to paint a masterpiece and devote himself to producing pictures which will do well for Christmas supplements, or, perhaps, for bill-posters? Should Mr. Pater have torn his "Marius" manuscript to pieces, and consecrated his undoubted talents to the service of *Til-Bils* and *Answers*? Would it have been better if Poe had laid aside his studies in death and dissolution, and had come forward as a smart American journalist? These are not frivolous questions, intended to excite idle merriment; they are queries which are forced on us by Mr. Lawson's observations on the ancient Universities of England. The past history of the ancient University, he says, gives it little encouragement to be either hopeful or self-confident:

Throughout its seven centuries it has never been thoroughly in touch with the nation, and until a comparatively recent period it never showed much desire to be. Spasmodic efforts are now being made to atone for past neglect; but it may be that they have come too late.

Oxford and Cambridge, regarded as national institutions, appear to have always been in a more or less false position. At no period have they ever exhibited a large and definite policy worthy of their national prestige.

This is very sad. And again, *apropos* of the fact that the native of India may substitute papers on English literature for the ordinary examination on Greek and Latin literature, Mr. Lawson says:

The papers specially allowed to "natives of Asia" would make an ideal examination for English students, but in the University Babel no one can be permitted to use his own tongue. The youth who knows and loves Shakespeare has to talk Plato and Ovid, while the young Bengalee whose mind is steeped in the Vedas has to struggle with "Hamlet" or "Paradise Lost." What a wide field for Gilbertian satire invites exploration in the Oxford and Cambridge Schools. They calmly proceed on the assumption that for academic purposes a general exchange of languages is indispensable.

Turning to the title-page one sees that this book is addressed to "Parents, Ratepayers, and Men of Business," and that Mr. Lawson is the author of "Spain of To-day," "American Industrial Problems," "American Finance," "Regulating the Money Market," "The Bank of England," and "London County Council Finance." It is evident that Mr. Lawson has familiarised himself with the deepest problems of humanity; American finance, which has been the despair of sages and the bewilderment of saints, presents to him no difficulties. He does not affirm by any sign that he has studied at either of the ancient Universities—at those "old, ancient colleges," as a friend of Mark Twain once styled them. Perhaps a course at a Cambridge College might not have been amiss. The system has its disadvantages, but it tends to repress such a sentence as:

It has never been thoroughly in touch with the nation, and until a comparatively recent period it never showed much desire to be.

This phrase may appeal to parents, ratepayers, and men of business, but it leaves lovers of the English language cold, or even annoyed.

Nevertheless, however deplorable the manner of this remark, its matter is interesting enough. It recalls us to our starting-point—the question as to whether Mr. Pater should have abandoned “Marius” so that he might compose chatty articles on “How to Get On in the Grocery Business,” “How to Make a Fortune in Six Months.” Clearly “Marius” is not in touch with the nation. No country tradesman ever thinks of issuing a reproduction of Rossetti’s work in his Christmas almanack, and Poe has always seemed morbid and unhealthy to the great mass of Englishmen. It is quite clear that if it is the duty of everything and everybody to be in touch with the nation, then the Fine Arts must cease to exist, and the artists must devote themselves to something which is in touch with the Great Heart. If one is careful and knows the law on the subject there is a good deal to be said for Company Promoting. The Adulteration of Milk has its bright side, too; but, as Mr. Lawson notes, Commerce has not yet taken its place in the Scheme of National Education.

Quite seriously, this will not do at all. Firmly, and for about the thousandth time, we must repeat that this criterion of being “in touch with the nation” is a criterion of no earthly or heavenly value—unless it implies, as it usually does, that the system, or work, or institution thus lauded is successful because it appeals to our beastliest or most sordid instincts. The nation, by which we must understand the vast majority of people, is by no means a good, or just, or competent judge of any single subject; it has not enough sense to see that it gets a good piece of beef or a good potato for its Sunday dinner, it has not enough sense to manage a workhouse, it has not enough sense to light its own streets, it has not enough sense to keep its hard-earned money in its pocket when some plausible rascal, who has been bankrupt under disgraceful circumstances a dozen times over, comes along with his Prospectus, with his Mining Engineer’s “Report,” with his farrago of obvious and infamous lies. In touch with the nation! It would be no worse, it might be more entertaining, to praise this or blame that because this or that was or was not in touch with Colney Hatch. In touch with the nation! With the nation that one year went into hysterics of joy because it was just not defeated by the Boer Sharpshooters; that the next year thundered its applause at the name of “Buller,” that finally placed “Dr.” Clifford in power; heaven help anything or anybody that is in touch with the nation! One were certainly on the safer side if one symbolised with the maunderings of softening brains and senile dementia. We do not know whether the common accusation against the Universities—that their system unfits a man for success in commerce or the industrial system—is true or false. If it be true, it is certainly the highest praise, and the greatest glory, and the supremest merit of these ancient and honourable schools of learning.

We trust that we shall not be understood to maintain that the Universities, as they are, are perfect. On the contrary, we believe that they are in urgent need of reform—in a direction directly opposite to that indicated by Mr. Lawson. Their chief fault is to be sought in their endeavour to assume an office for which they were never intended: Oxford was, surely, never meant to be the *Daily Mail* in stone; it is sad enough to see poor, bewildered dons busily engaged in reading up obsolete absurdities from Germany and founding reputations (with the readers of “Robert Elsmere”) for fearless, desperate originality and heterodoxy. And, furthermore, a good deal might be justly said as to the horrible perversions which have crept into the teaching of Latin and Greek, as to the elaborate precautions which have been taken to disgust the ordinary student with the very name of “classic,” as to the nauseous and nauseating “editions” of great books. In all probability the road of reform lies in the abolition of all examinations, in the return to the ancient method of exacting original work and independent intelligence from the candi-

date for degrees: this would make an end of the crammer and his pupil the parrot. The sage Mr. Lawson is strongly in favour of the abolition of compulsory Greek—and, indeed, the “Odyssey” is of little use in dealing with American finance. But the right way would, in all likelihood, involve the adoption of compulsory Persian; and a knowledge of the elements of judicial astrology should certainly have great weight in the granting of honours.

LETTERS FROM THE RAVEN

Letters from the Raven. Being the Correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn with Henry Watkin. Edited by MILTON BRONNER. (Constable, 5s. net.)

WHATEVER came from the pen of Lafcadio Hearn will be welcome to those who are sensitive to the elusive charm of his personality. Like some will-o'-the-wisp, he hovers behind his subject, leading you on over the ghostly byeway which he loved, and always as he flits he points out the beauties, faint, spectral beauties, unseen by a less discerning eye. You hear his clear, low voice, but just as the features are becoming shaped and visible they diminish and disappear. To his intimate friends even he seems to have been more like a loyal and beautiful shadow than a man. His mind, his being remains unrevealed, however intimately he may write. Mystery he encouraged, for mystery and ghostliness were a part of his nature.

The present letters have been edited by Mr. Milton Bronner, and he has done his work well and reverently. We are, however, a little surprised that no mention should be made of the two large volumes which were published in the spring of last year, and edited as “The Life and Letters,” by Mrs. Bisland. To them this slender volume is a pleasant supplement. It contains letters which Hearn wrote to Mr. Henry Watkin, and to an interesting unknown lady in his youth. The latter letters were returned to the writer owing to a misunderstanding with the lady, and he, a little oddly, gave them to Mr. Watkin.

Neither this lady nor Mr. Watkin are, we think, mentioned in Mrs. Bisland’s book. But certainly Lafcadio Hearn’s letters to both these friends touch his character with the tinge of a colour which is not to be found in his other letters. Mr. Henry Watkin was the first man to give Hearn employment when he arrived in Cincinnati in 1869. He was then nineteen and Mr. Watkin forty-five. Mr. Watkin, a very old man, was still living at the time of this book’s writing in Cincinnati. Mr. Bronner records the following conversation which took place on their first meeting in the printing-shop:

“Well, my young man, how do you expect to earn a living?”
 “I don’t know.”
 “Have you any trade?”
 “No, sir.”
 “Can you do anything at all?”
 “Yes, sir; I might write.”
 “Umph! better learn some bread-winning trade and put off writing until later.”

And Hearn was installed as errand-boy to the printer. But very soon they were on more intimate terms than is usual between master and boy. He swept out the printer’s shop, and read the books in the printer’s library; and, when he obtained a post as reporter on the *Enquirer*, he paid constant, almost daily, visits to his friend and benefactor whom he called “Dad,” and who called him “The Raven.” When he found Mr. Watkin was not at home, he used to leave pinned to the door insulting little messages, on which were drawn, with some skill, angry or sorry or dishevelled ravens, as the case might be. When Lafcadio Hearn left Cincinnati, and travelled to New Orleans in the South, he wrote long letters to his old friend. They contain accounts of the desperate straits in which he was to obtain work, how he fought with illness and hunger. But he describes the tremendous effect which the first glimpse of Southern scenery made upon him, and the passage is a memorable one:

When I saw it first—sunrise over Louisiana—the tears sprang to my

eyes. It was like young death—a dead bride crowned with orange flowers—a dead face that asked for a kiss. I cannot say how fair and rich and beautiful this dead South is. It has fascinated me.

The deadly struggle soon began, and his letters are long and harrowing; for over him hung always the terror that he would lose his sight. But just as he was coming to the end of his powers of endurance—"books and clothes all gone, shirt sticking through seat of my pants—literary work rejected East—get a five-cent meal once in two days—don't know one night where I'm going to sleep next—and am d—d sick with climate into the bargain"—he obtained a position as assistant-editor of a paper called the *Item*. "Somehow or other," as he puts it to the Dear Old Man, "when a man gets right down in the dirt, he jumps up again." Then come quaint schemes for making money quickly and enabling him to realise the dream, which always haunted him, of travelling to England, or Japan, or Greece, wherever the spirit moved him. But these schemes came to nothing. Very strangely these letters fulfil the prophecy which was made in one of the first. The passage illustrates the aloofness of Hearn's character so clearly that it is impossible not to quote it in its entirety:

Well, I suppose you are right. I live in and by extremes, and am on an extreme now. I write extremely often because I feel alone and extremely alone. By-and-by, if I get well, I shall write only by weeks, and with time perhaps only by months, and when at last comes the rush of business and busy newspaper work, only by years—until the times and places of old friendship are forgotten, and old faces have become dim as dreams, and these little spider-threads of attachments will finally yield to the long strain of a thousand miles.

But he remained loyal to the friend who had helped him so greatly at the outset of his career until the last years of his life, though indebtedness is not wont to strengthen any bond of affection among men. No ear could catch any hint of coldness or of change in the last letter which Lafcadio Hearn wrote to Henry Watkin; on the contrary, years had only deepened his affection:

Dear old Dad—How nice to get so dear a letter from you! I know the cost to you of writing it, and my dear old father must not imagine that I do not understand why he cannot write often. With his little grey loy it is much the same now: he finds it hard to write letters, and he has very few correspondents. . . . I have two or three dear friends in this world: is not that enough?—you being oldest and dearest.

The second part of the book contains Lafcadio Hearn's sixteen letters to the unknown lady. They show the odd traits of his whimsical mind; but they would be of greater interest if more details were known about the lady to whom they were written. We should then be able to distinguish between what he wanted to say and what he was obliged to say by her lack or power of understanding: so true is the axiom that it requires two to tell the truth. The book ends with extracts from the news-letters which Lafcadio Hearn wrote under the name of "Ozias Midwinter." He took the name from a character in "Armada," a novel by Wilkie Collins. Mr. Bronner has with great skill drawn a parallel between the character of Lafcadio Hearn and the character in the novel. He has shown why Ozias must have made a special appeal to Hearn's sympathy, and certainly the resemblances are most striking.

A MISLAID POET

IN the closing years of my favourite last century, when poetry was more discussed than it is now (at all events as a marketable commodity), few verse-writers were overlooked. Bosola's observation about "the neglected poets of your time" could not be quoted with any propriety. Mr. John Lane would make long and laborious journeys on the District Railway, armed *bag-à-pied*, in order to discover the new and unpublished; but now he has shot over all the remaining preserves; laurels and bays, so necessary for the breed "of men and women overwrought," have withered in the London soot. There was one bright creature, however, who escaped his rifle; she was brought down by another sportsman, and thus missed some of the fame which might have attached to her had she been trussed

and hung in the Bodley Head. Poaching in the library at Thelema, I came across her by accident. Her song is not without significance.

In 1878 Georgiana Farrer mentioned on p. 190 of her "Miscellaneous Poems" "I am old by sin entangled;" but this was probably a pious exaggeration. Only some one young and intellectually very vigorous could have penned her startling numbers. I suggest that she retained more of her youth than, from religious motives, she thought it proper to admit. In the 'eighties, when incense was burned in drawing-rooms and people were talking about "The Blessed Damosel," she could write of Paradise:

A home where Jesus Christ is King,
A home where e'en Archangels sing,
Where common wealth is shared by all,
And God Himself lights up the Hall.

She was philosemite, and from the reference to Lord Beaconsfield we can easily date the following:

You who doubt the truth of Scripture,
Pray tell me then who are the Jews?
Scattered in all lands and nations,
Pray why their evidence refuse?

It seems to me you must be blind;
Are they not daily gaining ground?
We find them now in every land,
And well nigh ruling all around.

Their music is most sweet to hear;
Jews were Rossini and Mozart,
Mendelssohn, too, and Meyerbeer;
Grisi in song could charm the heart.

The funds their princes hold in hand;
Their merchants trade both near and far
Ill used and robbed they long have been
Yet wealthy now they surely are.

In Germany who has great sway?
Prince Bismarck, most will answer me;
Our own Prime Minister retains
A name that shows his pedigree.

Who after this will dare to say
They nought in these strange people see
Do they not prove the Scripture true,
And throw a light on history?

The twenty-five years that have elapsed since the poem was written must have convinced those innocent persons who "saw nought" in our Israelitish compatriots; and I never heard before that Prince Bismarck or Mozart were of Jewish extraction!

Mrs. Farrer was, of course, an evangelical, somewhat old-fashioned for so late a date, and fairly early in her volume she warns us of what we may expect; she is anxious to damp any undue optimism as to the lightness of her muse. When worldly, foolish people like Whistler and Pater were talking of "art for art's sake," she could strike a decisive didactic blow:

My voice like thunder may appear,
Yet oft times I have shed a tear
Behind the peal, like rain in storm,
To moisten those I would reform.
Then pardon if my stormy mood,
Instead of blighting, does some good.
Sooner a thunder-clap think me
Than sunstroke sent in wrath on thee.

With a splendid Calvinism, too rare at that time (if I may say so in *THE ACADEMY* without offending Mr. Machen), she would not argue beyond a *certain* limit; there was an edge, she realised, to every platform; an ounce of assertion is worth pounds of proof. Religious discussion after a time, becomes barren:

Then hundredfolds to sinners
Must be repaid in Hell.
If you think such men winners,
We disagree. Farewell.

But to the person who is right (and Mrs. Farrer was never in a moment's doubt, though her prosody is influenced sometimes by the sceptical Matthew Arnold) there is no mean reward:

I sparkle resplendent,
A star in His crown,
And glitter for ever,
A gem of renown.

From internal evidence we can gauge her social position,

while her views of caste appear in these radical days a trifle *demodé*. Her metaphors of sin are all derived from the life of paupers :

Paupers, through their sinful folly,
Are workers of iniquity,
Living on Jehovah's bounty,
Wasting in abject poverty.

A pauper's funeral their end,
No angels waft their souls on high ;
Rich they were thought on earth, perhaps,
Yet far from wealth accursed they lie.

Who are the rich ? God's Word declares,
The men whose treasure is above—
Those humble working *gentlefolk*—
Whose life flows on in deeds of love.

Despised in life I may remain,
Misunderstood by rich and poor ;
An entrance yet I hope to gain
To wealthy plains on endless shore.

No paupers in that heavenly land,
The sons of God are rich indeed ;
His daughters all His treasures share ;
It will their highest hopes exceed.

Those paupers who are "saved" are rewarded by material comforts such as graced the earthly home of Georgiana herself, "one of the humble working *gentlefolk*." She enjoys her own fireside with an almost Pecksniffian relish, and she profoundly observes as she sits beside her hearth :

Like forest trees men rise and grow ;
Good timber some will prove,
Others, decayed as fuel piled,
Prepared are for that stove

That burns for ever, Tophet called,
Heated by jealous heat,
Adapted to destroy all chaff,
And leave unscorched the wheat.

Excellent Georgiana ! She could not stand very much chaff of any kind I expect.

The alarming progress of ritualism in the 'eighties (*pace*, Mr. Machen !) disturbed her considerably, though it inspired some of her more weighty verses. They should be favourites with Dr. Clifford and Canon Hensley Henson :

Some men in our days cover over
A body deformed with their sin
A cross worked in various colours,
Forgetting that God looks within.

Alas ! in our churches at present
Simplicity seems quite despised ;
To represent things far above us
Are heathenish customs revived.

This evil is spreading among us,
And where will it end, can you tell ?
Join not with the misled around us,
Take warning, my readers

While the veneration of the Blessed Virgin goaded her into composition of stanzas unparalleled in the whole literature of Protestantism :

My readers, can you nowhere see
A parallel to Israel's sin ?
The House of God, at home, abroad
Idols are there—that house within.

Who incense burns ? are strange cakes made ?
What woman's chapel decked with gold
Stands full of unchecked worshippers
Like those idolators of old ?

The Blessed Virgin—blest she is
That does not make her Heaven's Queen !
Yet some are taught to worship her ;
What else does all this teaching mean ?

What she denied to the Mother of God she accorded (rather daringly, I opine) to one Harriet, whose death and future are recorded in the following lines :

Declining like the setting sun
After a course divinely run,
I saw a maiden passing fair
Reposing on an easy chair.

A Bridegroom of celestial mien
Came forth and claimed her for His Queen ;
One with His Father on His throne
She lives entirely His own.

Harrietolatry I thought was confined to the members of

the defunct Shelley Society. But every reader of THE ACADEMY will feel the poignant truth of Mrs. Farrer's view of the Church of England—truer to-day than it could have been in the 'eighties :

The Church of England—grand old ship—
Toss'd is on a troubled sea !
Her sails are rent, her decks are foul'd
Mutiny on board must be.

The winds of discord howl around,
Wild disputers throw up foam,
From high to low she's beat about ;
Frighten'd some who love her roam.

I do not know if the last word is intended for a pun, but I scarcely think it is likely.

I would like to reconstruct Mrs. Farrer's home with its stiff Victorian chairs, its threaded antimacassars, its pictorial paper-weights, its wax flowers under glass shades, and the charming household porcelain from the Derby and Worcester furnaces. There must have been a sabbatic air of comfort about the dining-room which was soothing. I can see the engravings after Landseer, "The Stag at Bay," "Dignity and Impudence," or those after Martin, "The Plains of Heaven" and "The Great Day of His Wrath" and "Blucher Meeting Wellington" after Maclise ; I can see on each side of the mirror examples of the art of Daguerre which have already begun to produce in us the same sentiment that we get from the early Tuscans ; and on the mantelpiece a photograph of Harriet in a plush frame, the one touch of modernity in a room which was otherwise severely 1845 ; then, on a bookshelf which hung above the old tea-caddy and cut-glass sugar-bowl, Georgiana's library—"Line upon Line," "Precept upon Precept," "Jane the Cottager," "Pinnock's Scripture History," and a few costly works bound in the style of the Albert Memorial. The drawing-room, just a trifle damp, must have contained Mr. Hunt's "Light of the World," which Mrs. Farrer never quite learned to love, though it was a present from a missionary, and rendered fire and artificial light in the apartment unnecessary during the winter months. Would that Mrs. Farrer's home-life had come under the magic lens of Mr. Edmund Gosse, for it would now be classic, like the household of Sir Thomas More.

Whatever its attractions, Mrs. Farrer was at times induced to go abroad, visiting, I imagine, only the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland. She stayed, however, in Paris, which she apostrophises with Silylic candour :

O city of pleasure, what did I see
When passing through or staying in thee.
Bright shone the sun above, blue was the sky,
Everywhere music heard, none seemed to sigh.
Beautiful carriages in Champs Elysée
Filled with fair maidens on cushions easy.
Such was the outer side ; what was within ?
Most I was often told revelled in sin.
Sad its fate since I left, sadder 'twill be
If they go on in sin as seen by me.
Let us hope, ere too late, warned by the past
They may seek pleasures more likely to last,
Or like to Babylon it must decline,
And o'er its ruins its lovers repine.

But London hardly fares much better, in spite of Mrs. Farrer's own residence at Campden Hill, if I may hazard the locality :

To the tomb they must go,
Rich and poor all in woe,
Strange motley throng.
Wealth in its splendour weeps,
Poverty silence keeps ;
None last here long
So much for thee London.

Except in a spiritual sense, her existence was not an eventful one. It was, I think, the loss of some neighbour's child which suggested :

Nellarina forced exotic
Born to bloom in region fair,
Thou wert to me a narcotic,
Hope I did thy lot to share.

Any near personal sorrow she does not seem to have

experienced, I am glad to say, else she might have regarded it as a grievance the consequences of which one dares not contemplate; you feel that *Some One* would have heard of it in no measured terms. Certainty and Content are, indeed, the dominating notes of her poetry rather than mere commonplace Hope:

I am bound for the land of Beulah.
There all the guests sing Hallelujah.
No longer time here let us squander,
But on the good things promised ponder.

It would be futile to discuss the exact position on Parnassus of a lady whose throne was secured on a more celestial mountain, even more difficult of access. But I think we may claim for her an honourable place in that new Oxford school of poetry of which Professor Mackail officially knows little, and of which the Vice-Chancellor (the President of Magdalen) is the distinguished protagonist. With all her acrid Evangelicalism she was a good soul, for she was fond of animals and children, and kind to them both in her own way; so I am sure some of her dreams have been realised, even if there has reached her nostrils just a whiff of those tolerating purgatorial fires which, spelt differently, she believed to be *permanently* prepared for the vast majority of her contemporaries.

ROBERT ROSS.

CANDLES

ONE of the first of those thoughtful surprises which commonly follow the period of unconsidering acceptance in earliest childhood was, for me, a surprise of a most prosaic order. Nothing, in fact, but that the street-lamps should be left burning, burning through the incalculable night, and not—as I had taken for granted—extinguished at my bedtime. Children's nights are indeed incalculable and infinite. To fall asleep in the soft "dimpsey" after an hour's idle singing and drowsy speculation, and then wake, startled, into the profound, still darkness; to sleep and wake again, from dreams and fears intolerably prolonged, into the same blank heaviness; yet again to sleep and feel yourself sleeping interminably, till you are heaved gently upon the sands of day—this is to have a sense of night's infinity. But that the courageous and steady lamp outside should burn unsmothered between the points of day and day, outlasting this infinity, was unthought-of, unthinkable.

The lights I remember were not the lofty electric lamps that now outstare and audaciously confound our metropolitan darkness, lights white or amber or purple; nor the piercing, afflicting green eyes of incandescent mantles. These were not; but the weary streets were lit, if lit it could be called, by those familiar yellow flickering gas-jets—so melancholy, secluded from rivalry one with another—lamps that served hardly to illuminate the road, but merely to mark its endless course. The lamplighter—at one time, I remember, a straight, austere-looking man, holding his rod with threatening authority as a flaming spear—must, I thought, be very familiar with the lamps he kindled. I took it for granted they were individual to him, thinking—since I knew not of number—he called them by name, as the carter called his horse; for what reason or necessity of communication I never asked. That, too, I took for granted.

It was not long after my first notice of street-lamps that I recollect having a light in my room to ease the appalling terror of sudden awakenings from clamorous dreams. Hours and hours have I lain watching dully the still, shapely flame, wondering, if wondering at all, why there was such a strange diminishing of the white column on which the flame was so delicately poised. Never, surely, was such exquisite balance maintained by cunning juggler or circus-rider as was kept by the serene flame which, puff as I might, flickered, but never—as I wanted it to do—fell over. At worst it would go out with the little bubble of petulant breath that smote it, but I saw that even then it did not fall; it simply vanished, leaving me dark and scared, crying (my sole evidence of precocity) for having

done what I had done. I might often cry now when I have done the thing I wanted to do.

One night, in defiance of warning, of prophecy of ensuing distress, I had puffed my cheeks sore, and the candle, finally, out. Gratification struggled with regret, and in the midst of the struggle I was alarmed by a sudden rosy flicker on the wall. Darkness followed, and then another flicker of awful vividness. There was no more darkness, but a ceaseless play and counter-play of light and shadow in the room. Inevitably I connected, without understanding the absurdity of the connection, the astonishing stranger-light that invaded me with the puffing out of the patient candle-flame—patient no longer, I feared. But curiosity conquered fear, and I slipped from the tumbled bedclothes and peered between blind and window-frame. Then I felt a quick glow of excited delight.

Our garden was not a large one; it was, in fact, oppressively small. Small as it was, however, it was sometimes called a wilderness—a word I didn't then understand, save vaguely as a term of reprobation. There was a general green from wall to wall—green shadowed and chequered by two or three trees and a giant barrier reared high against the importunate sun. This barrier was huge stacks of timber, mighty planks of pine—(Was it pine?)—brought from Norway and unshipped slowly, without aid of crane or pulley, at the neighbouring canal wharf. Strong men carried each plank, staggering with the burden, laboriously from the low barge to the ascending stack; and I had sometimes watched them climbing the dreadful height on a single narrow tread where to falter was to fall. Strong men they needs must be; and many of them were grey-haired men who through many years had tramped those narrow planks and bent under the weight of others; strong men, with leathern wrist-bands and trousers caught below the knee with leathern straps and shining brass; and on their heads a kind of leathern cap or helmet, with broad neck-and-shoulder piece, whereon the load rested. Monstrous, threatening, and incredibly dreadful were those high stacks to me, standing four-square to all the winds that blow, and escaping none. Sometimes dull birds would rest in them, pigeons would circle around; but beyond these nothing ever lent the slightest amenity to the towering antagonists who reared themselves between the sun and our garden.

Nothing, until this night. The rosy flicker, the vivid flicker, the incessant play and counter-play of light and shadow over my bedroom wall—for these I had to thank one of those antagonists, the one directly contiguous to the garden. He was in flames. The danger simply did not occur to me; it was no more within my conception than the financial loss. I only regretted that my own candle was burnt out—a most unintelligible regret. The stars were all gone, lost in the near glare, but it was a clear, brisk night; there was little smoke, and the cool wind caught the lovely flames, and provoked an ascendant rivalry of a hundred rapid, fiery tongues. Shoutings and gongs and ringing hoofs of horses, and the immense concordant clamour of general alarm—these I hardly heard, being absorbed, as was inevitable, in the living leap and roar of emancipated flame. . . . Only when I was fetched away, and saw the scared faces of older people, did I know that I was expected to be afraid.

It is from then that my conscious memory of things is to be dated. Indeed, I have but one earlier memory of any kind, conscious or other. It is of a sister who died a little before or a little after the fire—I forget which. And her I only remember as light. My mother has told me of her golden hair, long and abundant, and I have the memory of the golden light of it amid the garden's monotonous green. I don't remember her face or her voice, but most clearly do I retain the sense of that young harmony of heavenly gold and green. To this day I seldom (I think) am aware of a like harmony in the visible world, but I am aware also of that all but unknown sister playing still in the green shade.

The fire was a solitary miracle, unrelated in its kind to anything else within my young experience; but the candle

was a nightly wonder. For some reason now obscure, I did not again send desultory breaths against its steady brightness; but in the regular interval between bedtime and sleep, and in the hardly less regular intervals of broken oblivion, I watched and watched the gentle, luminous shape with a patience as serene and unwavering as that of the balanced spire of light itself. Against the mean mockery of night-lights I protested; lamps I was not to be trusted with; there was no gas-pipe in my room, and besides, I loathed gas. Of course, there were frequent objections to the expense of candles, but these objections only gave me a better appreciation of the beautiful things, and a higher conceit of my own importance that could demand such treasures. Perhaps, therefore, it is not surprising that my recollection of certain events should be associated with the recollection of light. I remember, more clearly than the event, the perfect summer weather that reigned—it really did *reign*, and ordained for me, at least, many delights—when my uncle was buried, and I remember that, when the incongruity of burial with such beautiful weather struck me with an odd surprise, it was to my dead uncle that, childishly, I charged the incongruity—of which, perhaps, he himself was poignantly sensible. There was a day, too, of perfect light, exquisite in memory as a February bird's song, when we all roamed for hours in a great forest, and played and rode and watched the wild things that flew and ran and crept, laying up for ourselves, unknowing, heavenly treasure for consolation of dark days. It was a grey and windy day of sombre light—I don't know whether in autumn or spring—when, not long after the splendid fire (too splendid for the weak nerves of my seniors), we moved to a house that had been taken for two years, but in which we stayed exactly twenty-two. These days, and others, I remember only or chiefly by their light—no great marvel in that, after all.

So I owe much to my humble candle—humble! nay, independent, effortless, faultless. Have we such another tiny perfection, the work of our hands? Standing in the choir of Westminster Abbey, listening to the flame-like purity of the boys' voices in Anthem and Psalm, I have watched, as if never before, the wavering light of the tall candles sheltered in clear glass bells inverted on the pews. And I have watched, too, the counterfeit candles employed for benefit of the choristers—tiny electric lamps of such an irreverent and vehement glare that they must needs be dimmed by paper screens. The contrast has distressed me, as I have thought of the furious enginry, half-naked men and furnaces at one end of the secret wires, and the fierce little electric eyes at the other; while here, simple, sufficient, continent, with no such disturbing reminder of the sweating world a mile or a hundred miles away, shines the illumination of childhood and manhood, of love-letters written or received, of weary wakeful hours, of dreams and sicknesses, of death-watches, of distracted prayers, and of the noble ceremonial of public worship, when the candles shining starlike at the gleaming altar serve not more sacredly and not less usefully, than the candles shining upon the eastern'd faces of gathered worshippers.

Like a simple, humble life, the candle burns down; and happy the life that is consumed in service of the altar or in illumination of the prayerful aisles. Neither, however, is the whole service of the candle. In rude lamps of iron or cardboard, with a single eye of white or red glass, you may see the faithful flame on many a time-tinged house-front of L—. There was, in particular, one old woman who, by day, hobbled to and fro in the market-place on gossip errands, living we knew not how unless by an "inward fire"—so cheerful was she—who, before night was well set, would stumble up from her cottage door, half sunk beneath the road, and hang, earliest of beacons, her little lantern high on the divers-coloured wall, mounting therefore, with infinite cautiousness, a stone step close by the low window. She was known as the Lantern Woman, and her sole possible pride must have been in the tiny guardian light hung, of her poverty, for use and guard of others. Perhaps she had felt the fascination of a candle, and could

never have hung an oil lamp, as the grand folk of L— were wont to do—never have conceived or permitted the impersonal vulgarity of gas. Lights like hers are yet not more faithful and unforgettable than the poor wick burning in a bath of yellow fat—the nearest approach to the perfection of a candle that San S— had achieved when I knew it a few years since. San S— bore an ill-repute for revolutions, murderous brawls, family strife, and all manner of violent iniquity. The very violence of its iniquity served, however, to protect weaker inhabitants against the subtler, smoother, unpenalised iniquity of fraud and chicanery to which in England we are well accustomed, almost reconciled. Desperadoes were there by the dozen—some men of substance, some of education, with no difference between them save that the substance often surprisingly disappeared, while the education left always a trace, a distinction, which even in San S— was not wholly disesteemed. Rich or poor, informed or ignorant, they lived much alike, with an alien splendour of silver and jewels amid rudeness and bareness, or with an unrelieved poverty not much different in its material privation from the squalid splendour. I came across one of these poorer bravos one night in a lonely brick house, his own habitation, but less frequently inhabited by him than the tavern in the town kept by an Irish American who had come South—not from choice. Dennis lay dying, alone. For weeks, for months, he had not been so sober, he confessed, lying there, in the garrulity which so often is the last failing and final comfort of the wretched. Bits of personal history he flung me (who knew by repute a little of his life), speaking often in comely words, with but a thin thread of the prevalent Southern slang. But all his talk and recollections were of comparatively recent years—of strife, raids, plots, efforts, failures, disappointments, with little regret save for the failures. Then he was silent, and heaved over to his right side and watched the sombre wavering of the uncertain light, a wick floating in a bath of nearly exhausted fat, multiplying and distorting the prolific shadows that lurked and flickered in each corner and recess. He watched and said: "I'm like that, young mister; nearly out. . . . Wonder which'll go first?" The flame seemed slowly to kindle remoter memories, and he added: "That little light reminds me of many things I thought I'd done with. . . . Seems I shan't die in peace. I used to watch the candles burning every day for years and years. . . . d'ye know where?" I shook my head, but he did not appear to heed my answer. "Well, I suppose I should be ashamed to say it. I was in the choir at Westminster Abbey; it's a dirty river between there and here. . . . I suppose the candles are burning there now?" he added. I nodded, seeing he but wanted to talk, and not to listen; and I hadn't the heart to tell him that there were now electric imitations whose immoderate glare must needs be defeated by paper screens. "Good deal of difference between those old candles and this," he said, glancing at the poor little pool of yellow oil, gross, dirty, ill-smelling. "Same sort of difference between the choir and me now, lying here nearly out." He lay silent, summing up, I fancied; and I wondered what the judgment at the candid Bar of Self must be, after the hearing of charge and counter-charge, oath, evidence, and appeal. I don't know if he followed my thoughts, but he must have followed my unconscious glance at the table where his bright six-shooter lay—that and memory alone faithful to him. "Well, that's done some mischief, perhaps, but it saved me a lot." He said it judicially, not at all apologetically. Little more was spoken; he grew bitterly weary; the light swayed and went suddenly out, and I lit another wick. "I've lasted that out," he said, contentedly; and soon after died.

I smothered the new flare and went out softly, fixing a fragment of black cloth on the door for announcement of Dennis's death. The dark and the death bore heavily on me, but above were the pure cleansing candles of the night, burning unconsumed and sacredly upon the Altar of Eternity.

JOHN FREEMAN.

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My own part in those astonishing years, though not altogether a passive one, was one rather of a spectator than an actor, an actor sufficiently behind the scenes to have fresh evidence to give, both for Lord Cromer and against him. I knew Gordon and most of Gordon's relatives; I knew Colonel Stewart; I have talked with Zebehr; I was in communication with Downing Street during some of the most anxious moments there; and, above all, my connection with the Egyptian revolutionists of 1882 caused me to be in the confidence of those Panislamists who were themselves in communication with the Mahdi. As Lord Cromer's critic in his quarrel with Gordon I am able to maintain a detached attitude, having held all through that both he and Gordon were in the wrong. I know that their diagnosis of the Soudanese malady was on either side faulty—Gordon's I think more so than Cromer's—but of the two physicians who were killing the patient I believe that Gordon, if left quite to himself, might have blundered on to the right prescription, while Lord Cromer hardly could have done so. Between them prescribing different remedies the patient inevitably died.

But before I go into the merits of their quarrel, I may, perhaps, be permitted to show how, before ever Gordon appeared upon the scene, the whole Soudan trouble might have been, without difficulty, avoided. In this I am able to speak as one wise, not *after* the event, but *before* it. Lord Cromer begins his account of the trouble of 1883 with an elaborate argument of the uselessness of the Soudan to Egypt, and the necessity there was, especially after the defeat of Hicks by the Mahdi, of abandoning provinces which the Egyptian Government was incapable of defending or holding to any profit. Now I, as an Egyptian sympathiser, had long been of the opinion that Egypt had enough to do with her own purely Egyptian affairs without ruling the Soudan. As long before as the year 1880, in one of my letters to Downing Street, I had said:

I cannot conceive why Egypt should charge itself with governing the Nile beyond the First Cataract, its old boundary.

And this was the idea of most of the Nationalists of 1882. It will therefore easily be understood that, if Mr. Gladstone had had the courage to insist on a restoration of the National Party after Tel-el-Kebir, one of the first Nationalist reforms would have been in the direction of coming to terms with the Mahdi and retiring from the Upper Nile provinces. That this was in fact so, even before the defeat of Hicks, is proved by a pronouncement made through me by the exiled leaders of the party when I visited them in Ceylon in the autumn of 1883. Writing from Colombo on November 5th, after giving their programme of the reforms needed by Egypt, the following passage occurs:

Although he (Arabi) is of opinion that a certain connection will always be necessary between the lower and upper waters of the Nile,

he holds that in the present military and financial position of Egypt it is unwise to attempt the reconquest of all or, perhaps, of any of the lost provinces. He believes that the movement of the so-called Mahdi is not one merely of fanaticism, or that it is only a revolt of the slave-dealers. He thinks that Mohamed Ahmed commands the goodwill of the inhabitants, and that it would be far wiser for the Egyptian Government to come to terms with him than to continue their military operations against him. The Soudan brings nothing into the Cairo treasury, and if Egypt is to enjoy liberty at home she should avoid ideas of conquest abroad. The terms that could be made with the Mahdi Arabi has been too long out of Egypt to judge; but from the communications which reached him while in power he does not believe a friendly arrangement admitting Egypt's suzerainty impossible. The suzerainty of Egypt the Soudanese would probably be glad to admit, for it would protect them against European aggression.

Now this was written three weeks before the news of Hicks's disaster reached Cairo, or before Lord Cromer had given his first note of alarm to the Foreign Office about the Soudan. Also its publication in the *Times* on the morning of December 13th coincides exactly with Lord Granville's decision of that same day ordering the abandonment of Khartoum—a coincidence which can hardly have been fortuitous. It may, therefore, be taken as certain not only that Lord Cromer would have met with no difficulty on the part of the Nationalists in his resolve to withdraw the garrisons, but that, had a Nationalist Ministry been in power during the summer, Hicks would never have been sent to his death, the Upper Nile provinces would have been long ago evacuated, and as soon as the necessity arose a retirement to Assouan would have been their programme. Yet we find Lord Cromer in his book complaining that he was quite unable to find an Egyptian Minister willing, even two months after the disaster, to withdraw. None of the reactionary Court party he was maintaining in power would hear of it, and he could suggest nothing better than to threaten the Khedive with forming a Ministry of Englishmen, thereby undertaking for England new responsibilities which bound her with a stronger tie than ever to Egypt. Lord Cromer, of course, does not mention the *Times* pronouncement in his book; and his silence is only another instance of his unwillingness to admit the truth—namely, that every reform of importance introduced by him was borrowed originally from Nationalist suggestions. On the contrary, he would have us believe that the Soudan imbroglio was one out of which there was no exit but a violent one, and that the whole fault of the seriousness of the situation lay with the Egyptians.

It was in India that the news reached me of Gordon's mission to Khartoum. I learned it by a public telegram without any precise statement of its object, though rumours had preceded it, founded no doubt on his Pall Mall utterances. The year before I had discussed this very matter of the Soudan with Gordon, and had found him obstinate as to the necessity of retaining Khartoum under all circumstances for Egypt. I was consequently alarmed lest he should make the mistake of trying now to hold it, knowing better than he did how all-powerful the influence of the Mahdi had become; and I wrote to warn him:

Delhi, January 24th, 1884.

My dear General—I feel obliged to write to you about your mission to the Soudan. I see it announced to-day by telegraph without explanation of the object, but I cannot wait till more definite news arrives, and I desire to warn you. It may be you are going there to make peace between the Mahdi and our troops in Egypt, to acknowledge his sovereignty in the Soudan, and arrange terms for the evacuation of Khartoum. If so, I can only wish you God-speed. It is a good work, and you will accomplish it. But if, as I fear it may be from the tradition of some of those in power, the object of your mission is to divide the tribes with a view to retaining any part of the country for the Khedive, to raise men for him and scatter money, it is a bad work, and you will fail. Neither your courage, nor your honest purpose, nor the inspiration which has hitherto guided you will bring success. I know enough to be able to assure you that every honest Mohamedan in Egypt and North Africa and Arabia sympathises with the Mahdi's cause, not necessarily believing him to have a Divine mission, but as representing ideas of liberty and justice and religious government which they acknowledge to be Divine. For this reason you will only have the men of Belial on your side, and these will betray you.

I beg you be cautious. Do not trust to the old sympathy which united Englishmen with the Arabs. I fear it is a thing of the past and that even your great name will not protect you with them. Also consider what your death will mean—the certainty of a cry for vengeance in England, and an excuse with those who ask no better than a war of conquest. I wish I could be sure that all those who

are sending you on your mission do not foresee this end. Forgive me if I am wrong in my fears, and believe me yours very gratefully in memory of last year,

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

This letter reached Gordon—if, indeed, it reached him—too late to hinder the mistakes he made. These were, first, his misunderstanding of the Mahdi's immense moral power in the Soudan; secondly, his acceptance of service under Tewfik; and thirdly, what Lord Cromer has well pointed out, his fighting instinct, which overbore all other feeling when it came to a doubtful choice between peace and war. I find in my diary of 1884 a number of interesting entries bearing upon all these points. I will quote here only one, written on my return to London:

April 23rd, 1884.—Met Brocklehurst, Gordon's chief friend and correspondent, and had a long talk with him about Gordon. It appears that Gordon asked repeatedly for me when he was starting for Egypt, and it is a thousand pities I did not see him (being away in India), as I could have prevented his making the mistake of going to Tewfik and not going to the Mahdi. Brocklehurst declares that Gordon from first to last has refused to believe in the Mahdi's influence, and does not believe in it now. He says that, if he had done so, he would certainly have made friends with him.

I have never ceased regretting that I was not at hand to argue these points personally with him before he started on an adventure so perilous, or that I did not telegraph my message instead of writing, for he would have received it just when he was making up his mind at Cairo. I could have warned him how useless would be any attempt such as he had in his head of setting up any government at Khartoum in opposition to the Mahdi; that his sole chance of withdrawing the garrisons lay in his putting himself at once into friendly communication with him, and that all idea of more than this was useless. I could have warned him how little respect the Khedive's name any longer inspired, and how he would have had a better chance of treating for the abandonment without than with Tewfik's firman. I could even, perhaps, have helped him in the matter of credentials if he went only as a messenger of peace. Lastly, I could have warned him against those who in England were making use of him to force Gladstone's hand into a new venture as they had forced it into bombarding Alexandria. Unfortunately, however, I lost this opportunity, and in another week he was committed to a line of policy which had not the smallest possibility of success. What I believe was in his secret heart was that it would be possible for him to what the *Pall-Mall Gazette* called "Sarawak" the Soudan. It was an *ignis fatuus* that led him to his death.

Lord Cromer's sketch of Gordon's character, though he is unjust with charging him with a dereliction of duty, is not otherwise than a true one. Gordon and Baring were in temperament the antipodes of each other. Baring, born in the financial purple, prudent, businesslike, persistent of purpose, intolerant of sentiment and of all untidiness of thought; Gordon imaginative, changeable, sympathetic to new ideas, venturesome to rashness, a man of genius in action, something of a mystic, something of a fanatic, untamably self-willed. It is no wonder that they did not agree. They had already had official words together in 1878, and had parted not friends. Gordon's explanation of the quarrel with him is on record:

Baring (he writes to his brother in that year) is in the Royal Artillery, while I am in the Royal Engineers. Baring was in the nursery when I was in the Crimea. He has a pretentious, grand, patronising way with him. . . . When oil mixes with water we will mix together.

It is not surprising, then, that Lord Cromer, while recommending the despatch of a British officer of high rank to Khartoum, twice refused Gordon's services for evacuating the Soudan when they were offered him by the Foreign Office. I do not say that from his point of view he was not right. Gordon irritated him. He knew that he would prove an insubordinate subordinate, and Lord Cromer has been always intolerant of independence in men serving under him. When he left London Gordon had a commission pretty free of Lord Cromer. He was to go to Suakim without passing through Cairo. Lord Cromer says that he would have failed to reach Khartoum by that road. Possibly it would have depended on how he was accom-

panied. Anyhow he did not let him pass. He was resolved to harness him. Gordon was waylaid by military friends at Port Said and brought to head-quarters. Lord Cromer made him see Nubar, the Prime Minister, and took him next morning to present him to the Khedive. Gordon was only too easily persuaded by them to accept a new mandate, and go to Khartoum as Tewfik's Governor-General of the Soudan. I cannot see how it is possible for Lord Cromer to evade his responsibility for the change of plan. He says it was suggested by Gordon, and approved by Granville. But it is clear that he himself concurred in it, stipulating only that Gordon was to be not solely in the Khedive's service, but dependent also on himself. The change of plan anyhow was vital.

Lord Cromer in his book skilfully avoids giving the text of the firman of appointment issued to Gordon at Cairo naming him Governor-General, and dwells instead upon a memorandum drawn up by himself restricting Gordon's duty in the Soudan within comparatively narrow limits under his own direction. The firman, however, is by far the more important document. It is of the widest latitude, by no means confining Gordon's duty to evacuation:

You will take the necessary steps (it says) for establishing an organised government in the different provinces of the Soudan for the maintenance of order and the cessation of all disasters and incitements to revolt.

It is absurd to pretend that Lord Cromer, who consented to such words in Gordon's commission, thought only, or even perhaps principally, of a withdrawal of the garrisons. My own belief on this important point—and it is all-important in view of Lord Cromer's contention that Gordon failed to do his duty—is that there is still something undisclosed in the intention of those who drafted the firman. What I read in it is this—and I heard on my return to England that it was so. The sending of Gordon to Khartoum was, so to say, a political gamble. Besides his ostensible first duty of withdrawing the Egyptian garrisons, Gordon was to be given his chance of "Sarawaking" the Soudan. If he succeeded, well and good. The British Government would profit by it in public opinion at home, and was freed from an embarrassment in Egypt. If he failed, he would either be killed, or could be ordered back, or in the minds of some—I will not here say whom—Mr. Gladstone's hand could be forced into supporting him with British or Indian troops. Mr. Gladstone, of course, was not made acquainted with this part of the plan. On the contrary, Gordon's first commission "to report" was in all probability a blind to get the Prime Minister's acquiescence. I doubt if Mr. Gladstone ever read the text of the firman till he saw it printed in the Blue Book. Hence his anger with Gordon, his unwillingness to send troops, the repeated delays. It is difficult to understand that Lord Cromer, who was concerned in drafting the firman, was blind to its only possible meaning. Or why is the text of it absent from his book? If Gordon was to "establish an organised government in the different provinces" how can Lord Cromer pretend with any logic that Gordon, whom he forbade to treat with the Mahdi, was not to fight with him? Also, is it possible that he did not all along foresee that he must be supported, if in difficulties, with a British army? He says he would sooner for this reason have sent an Egyptian General who would not have necessitated English help. Quite right. Yet it was he who had first suggested an English officer being sent. Failing this, he says, he would have liked to send Stewart, a plain Scotch soldier, cautious, imaginative, without Oriental sympathy, a man after Lord Cromer's own heart. But Stewart ran precisely the same risk and more, except that he could be depended on, which Gordon could not, to return when recalled, and to accept the blame of failure when he failed.

All that Lord Cromer succeeds in showing in his book is that he blundered a little less badly than the Government at home. It is clear that, in spite of his better knowledge of the situation, he allowed Gordon to persuade him that things at Khartoum were less than desperate; that some sort of Government could be established there in opposition to the Mahdi by "dividing the tribes and scattering

money," or why should he have allowed the insertion of that clause in the firman? It was Lord Cromer who took Gordon to the Khedive and got him named Governor-General. After this initial blunder, both he and Gordon seem to have made, even on his own showing, every conceivable mistake. Gordon's one reasonable idea at Cairo was to take Zebehr with him, and to take him *at once*. But Lord Cromer opposed and delayed. Zebehr was a man of the most distinguished Soudanese Arab type, perfectly acquainted by the whole situation in the Soudan. Though he could not have established himself as the Mahdi's rival, nor would he have attempted it, he could have put Gordon into communication with him, and negotiated a withdrawal of the garrisons, probably a *modus vivendi* with Egypt. At any rate he would have prevented Gordon from embarking on his desperate enterprise without any reliable advice. As it was, with no one near him to explain the truth, Gordon was as a blind man at Khartoum, and became the tool of his Greek dragomans, who betrayed him in interpretation and stuffed him with tales about the Mahdi. Zebehr would at least have hindered that last crowning folly of offering the Mahdi a tarboosh and a Sultanate—a childish insult which sealed Gordon's doom, leaving him no resource but the blind fighting instinct of his soldier-courage.

I will not follow the whole tragic history here. Much as I honoured Gordon, my sympathies during the heroic siege were not with him; and, though I grieved for his death, I rejoiced with all Egypt when Wolseley was baffled at Metemneh and Khartoum fell. Gordon had put himself, towards the Soudanese he once loved, too wholly in the wrong for me to feel otherwise. His love had turned to bitterness, and the Soudanese were "rightly struggling to be free" of him. Nevertheless, I resent Lord Cromer's attitude to-day towards the dead hero. He has not my excuse. He loved neither the Soudanese nor freedom, nor did he love Gordon. I cannot find, though I have carefully read and re-read his book, just cause for his complaint that Gordon "failed to do his duty." Gordon was given an impossible task to do, and was not allowed to do it in the only not quite impossible way. Lord Cromer subscribed to the conditions imposed, and did not insist upon his being allowed the means. If Lord Cromer could say that at any point of the affair he had distinctly ordered Gordon back to Cairo, he might have reason to complain of disobedience. But he admits that he did not do so. Short of this, Gordon alone could decide how best he was to fulfil his mission. The firman includes and justifies everything Gordon did, or failed to do, at Khartoum. While it remained uncanceled, no man can affirm, least of all Lord Cromer, that he exceeded his instructions, even when he included in it his wild resolve to "smash the Mahdi." If their heroic missioner had succeeded in doing so, we may be quite sure that both Lord Cromer and the Government at home would have taken credit to themselves for having ordered the "smashing."

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Saint Catherine of Siena. By EDMUND G. GARDNER, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Co., 16s. net.)

MR. GARDNER describes this work as "a study in the religion, literature, and history of the fourteenth century in Italy." It is, indeed, far more of a historical study than a biography. Many hitherto unpublished letters of the saint have been included in these pages, and the progress of historical research in Italy during recent years has placed at Mr. Gardner's disposal a considerable amount of information inaccessible to his predecessors in the same field. All this is of immense importance, and the student of Italian history must acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Gardner for his painstaking labours. But this amplification of background has one serious defect: it tends to throw into obscurity the central figure. One is

conscious, as one turns the pages of this volume of vast, anarchic forces at work in a semi-barbarous society, of a welter of chaotic conditions through which emerges at rare and fitful intervals the radiant face of the holiest woman that ever even Italy gave to the world.

And it is, after all, with the saint herself that our interest mainly lies. The long, dreary story of the Papal schism and of the unhappy exile at Avignon has been told before a thousand times, nor does Mr. Gardner help us much towards a completer realisation of the facts. But no age can wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of such a character as Catherine of Siena. The daughter of an artisan, she held in her hand the destinies of Europe. In the midst of a world of strife and rapine she held aloft the standard of peace and justice. Her perfect meekness was more than a match for the warring passions of angry multitudes. In virtue of her marvellous sanctity she became the friend and counsellor of Popes and Bishops, the guide of the Church, the saviour of the Papacy.

One may be sure that it was with a great reluctance that she entered the troubled world of politics. It was in the silence and solitude of her cell that the sweetest visions came to her. It was there that she beheld the Christ Himself, Who instructed her, poor ignorant peasant that she was, in the secret mysteries of the Divinity. Those years of self-communing and ceaseless prayer were to bear rich fruit in her wonderful writings:

The soul that already sees her own nothingness and knows that all her good is in her Creator, entirely abandons herself with all her powers and all creatures, and immerses herself utterly in her Creator, in such wise that she directs all her operations primarily and entirely towards Him; nor would she in any wise go out of Him, in Whom she perceives she has found every good and all perfection of felicity; and from the vision of love, which daily increases in her, she is in a manner so transformed into God that she cannot think, nor understand, nor love, nor remember aught save God, and what concerns God.

It is inevitable that to the majority of twentieth-century readers the life of St. Catherine should appear something of an enigma. Gibbon dismisses her with a characteristic sneer. Her legend, in the opinion of the sapient historian of the Roman Empire, "might furnish some amusing stories." The stories of her flagellations, her divine espousals, and her ecstasies are alike meaningless to such a witness. "For the salvation of others," writes Mr. Gardner, "Catherine was prepared to endure the very pains of hell." This, too, has, doubtless, its "amusing" aspect! Modern medical science would in all probability describe her as a neurotic cataleptic, of somewhat more than average interest from a purely pathological point of view. We are apt to judge the past from the standpoint of "educated" America. But it is worth while to reverse the process, to apply the tests of the fourteenth century to the religious and social life of our own time. Arraigned before that pure and awful tribunal, it might well seem that we, with our boasted industrial system and New Theology, had given hostages to hell.

The Year's Work in Classical Studies, 1908. Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE, M.A., Litt.D. (John Murray, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE second year's issue of this invaluable year-book fully bears out the promise of the first. The several summaries of the various departments of classical progress are compressed into narrow limits, but form, none the less, a rapid and reliable guide to the literature of their subjects. Especially we would note Mr. S. L. Myres's article (IV.) on Prehistoric Archaeology, whose wealth of footnotes forms an indispensable bibliography of the ever-increasing mass of writings upon this fascinating development of archaeology. The chapter "Literature," by Dr. Sandys, is of the utmost value, and the footnotes with the names of publishers and prices will come as a boon to every one who knows the misery of seeking for a book with incomplete data. In the section on Roman Britain, by Mr. Haverfield, the most interesting work noted is that by Mr. Curle at Newstead. But of the whole book it is not too much to say that those seriously interested in the progress of classical study cannot do without it.

The Tinker's Wedding. A Comedy in Two Acts. By J. M. SYNGE. (Dublin : Maunsell and Co., Ltd., 2s. net.)

IRELAND, free from the irritating restrictions of a stage censorship, appears to be the one country in the British Empire where a serious national drama is being created. Mr. W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Mr. Padraic Colum, and Mr. Synge have all done excellent work in the development of Irish drama. Mr. Synge, indeed, occupies an unique position, since he draws his material from the common life of the peasantry. Unlike Mr. Yeats, who has sought to revive the splendour of an immemorial past, Mr. Synge has gone straight to the life around him. He has achieved in his plays the union of realism with poetry. "The Playboy of the Western World" revealed him as a dramatist of an intense imaginative sympathy, with a keen appreciation of that poetry of dialect which still survives in Ireland. There is not a phrase in "The Tinker's Wedding" which might not have been overheard by some casual stranger passing through the villages of Ireland. There is not a phrase which is not instinct with a subtle beauty of expression. Mr. Synge has not been content with seeking for romance in the highways and hedges of his native land. He has rescued it from the very ditches.

"The Tinker's Wedding" is an episode in the life of a couple of itinerant tinkers, who, after having lived together for many years, seek to obtain for their union the sanction of the Church. The experiment does not prove successful, but it is hardly with the story that the interest of the play lives. Conceived in a spirit of the broadest and most reckless farce, "The Tinker's Wedding" is yet a faithful and subtly-executed presentation of Irish character. Mary Byrne, an old drunken hag, who succeeds, unwittingly, in frustrating the wedding, is a triumph of portraiture, and it is quite in keeping with her character that her speech should assume the measured cadences of great poetry :

I wouldn't have you lying down and you lonesome to sleep this night in a dark ditch when the spring is coming in the trees, so let you sit down by the big bough, and I'd be telling you the finest story you'd hear any place from Dundalk to Ballinacree, with great queens in it, making themselves matches from the start to the end, and they with shiny silks on them the length of the day and white shifts for the night.

Mr. Synge's work, with its freshness of outlook and spontaneity of expression, affords a refreshing contrast to the cramping conventions of English drama. He has provided an admirable substitute for what he has only too felicitously described as "the absinthe and vermouth of the last musical comedy."

Marshal Turenne. By the Author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." (Longmans, Green, 12s. 6d. net.)

"If a literary landmark should be required," writes the author of this interesting and elaborate *résumé* of the life of Marshal Turenne, "we may observe that we start five years before the death of Shakespeare." So much for the period of European history with which the author deals. In illustration of his style and method of portraiture he supplies another landmark—that of twentieth-century biography—in the fifth chapter of his book :

Condé (he says) was neglectful of his dress and personal appearance ; and he allowed his hair to grow long and to hang as it would, unkempt. Judging from his picture, Turenne also never had his hair cut ; and another celebrated contemporary warrior, Count Schomberg, was notorious for his long, uneven, and flowing locks. In those times it seems to have been considered the mark of a valiant soldier to waste no time at the hairdresser's, in contrast to the custom at present prevailing among many officers of having their heads shorn like those of felons undergoing penal servitude.

This gratuitous piece of "cheek" addressed to military men of the present day must, we imagine, have given something of a shock to Brigadier-General Francis Lloyd, C.B., D.S.O., who supplies an interesting Introduction to this Life of the great French commander. It is on all-fours with the following passage from the author's Preface :

To the obvious retort, "Then why did you write the book ?" the author can only reply by saying, "Why do most of us do many things which we ought not to ?" and by expressing the hope that any ludicrous blunders to be found in the following pages may amuse his military readers as much as it has amused him to make them.

This is not very encouraging, though we presume it is very modern ; but, on the whole, the book is better than might have been expected from the above excerpts. A writer who thinks that there was anything singular in a French nobleman wearing his hair long at a period which began five years after the death of Shakespeare cannot be expected to give a recognisable picture of Turenne as a man and a courtier, in his social and political surroundings, for he evidently has not taken the pains to imagine life in France, or in any part of Europe, as it then was. But he relates the soldier career of Turenne clearly and fairly enough. It is a pity that an occasional lack of "high seriousness," without which the historian will always fail to convince, should have marred his work. He is quite right to blame Ramsay for denying imagination to Turenne :

Would it not (he says) be almost impossible for a successful commander-in-chief to be wanting in this quality ? Could the strategist succeed unless he vividly imagined every movement which his adversary would be likely to make, in a given locality, under given circumstances ?

That Turenne had the imaginative temperament necessary for a successful strategist, as for a successful chess-player, his campaigns amply prove, but nevertheless it was really as a tactician that he showed genius. General Lloyd says, very justly, in his Introduction :

Turenne's march to effect a junction with Wrangel at Friedburg is one that has rarely, if ever, been surpassed in the annals of war, be it taken either as an exemplification of endurance on the part of an army, organisation on the part of a staff, or moral courage on the part of a leader.

This march, however, belongs, strictly speaking, to the domain of tactics rather than of strategy, for, as General Lloyd himself admits a few sentences further on :

In the modern sense of the term Turenne's staff was non-existent.

And he adds :

What shall we say of the decision and moral power which enabled Turenne to make up his mind to enter upon so hazardous an undertaking ? Certain it is that, if the modern soldier learns nothing else from the study of the campaigns of Turenne, it will be borne in upon him more than ever that all practices and all principles may pass away from the conduct of war save one—the moral. Of this Turenne was as great an exponent as the Corsican himself. It won them both many a battle, as much later it enabled Lee, aided by his great lieutenant, to keep at bay for so long the concentrated might of the Federal cause, and as it will decide many an action of the future, be it fought with the quick-firing guns and far-reaching rifles of to-day or the boundless possibilities of the future, such as airships, armed with unknown weapons, of which we see only faint indications in the present.

It was certainly the tactics, rather than the strategy, of Turenne which earned the admiration of Napoleon.

The Mammoth-Hunters. By ALFRED E. CAREY. (Greening, 6s.)

MR. CAREY, doubtless, wrote this book for children, and doubtless also children will find it a storehouse of fascinating lore. But if they leave the book about, the grown-ups will certainly appropriate it, and will not render it up to its rightful owners till they have read it from cover to cover. Profound students of Stone Age man may, and will, find much with which to disagree, and Mr. Carey's views concerning Stonehenge would certainly arouse the wrath of Mr. Rice-Holmes, and we ourselves are rather irritated from time to time by such passages as the following :

Is it too wide a field for the mind's eye to traverse, to picture how, when the floods had begun to shrink and the seasons to grow more tolerable, and the little Neolith workmen were busy piling up Stonehenge, some hoary old mammoth may have come down, in the gloaming or at dawn, and wondered what it all meant, and pondered on the changes since he used to trot, as a calf, by his mother's side ?

But none the less there is a haunting fascination in the idea. And if the youngsters learn, as any intelligent youngster should, to think about the wonderful old days, from reading this book, the seed of a more scientific

interest will have been sown, and it will be time enough to weed out the romance when the crop is ripening.

The Epilogue, put into the mouth of a cockroach, is a delightful bit of writing, of the vivid, easy kind, that carries big ideas and tales of millennia as if they were feather-weight. And the language throughout is of a simplicity which might well be imitated by writers who appeal to a more mature public.

FICTION

The Virgin Widow. By RANDAL CHARLTON. (Methuen, 6s.)

IN many ways this is a remarkable book—in fact, so remarkable that it is with regret that we find ourselves unable to praise it unreservedly. But if it is necessary to point out its faults, it must also be understood that it stands on a higher plane than the majority of the books that are reviewed in this column. After reading but a little way into "The Virgin Widow," it becomes apparent that the method here is much the same as that of "The Master of Ballantrae;" there is the same sense of gloom that cannot be shaken off, and tragedy is in the air from the very first page. Here is a passage from the fourth chapter, which, even taken from its context, will show how Mr. Charlton is able to suggest the doom that is to come so swiftly and surely:

It was Friday evening, and so early that Francine, who had fallen asleep with her head on Ann's lap, had not yet gone to bed. Not a wind stirred, but the cold was like a blight. In this way it was without movement and intangible, yet severer than I can possibly describe. The air seemed to bite into my very bones when I crossed the garden in answer to the summons at the outer bell. A visitor at such a time was so unusual an event that for once I remembered Edward's injunctions, and peered through the grille, or peep-hole, before opening the door. I was speedily reassured. Looking through the grille, I beheld the rotund figure of a heavily-built man, who was bent half double over a stout wooden staff. A cumbersome pack, angular, and at first sight indescribable, was strapped upon his shoulders, and he appeared to be almost falling beneath its burden. Seen for that moment in the bleak darkness, silent and motionless, he first suggested to my mind an ancient pilgrim who had strayed from the direction of his shrine. I held my lantern up to the strange man's face and inquired his business.

The period of the story must be somewhere about the time of William IV., though it would be hard to give a date until p. 161 has been reached; and it professes to be told by one of the principal characters of the book, John Bulmer, a middle-aged man, "short in the left leg." To this defect is traced the aloofness from his neighbours of the narrator, which enables him to observe without himself being observed. He tells of his brother's death, and how Ann, his widow—she had been but a wife in name—falls in love with a young man, Bramwell Moore, and thinks that her love is reciprocated, while all the time it is Francine, her adopted daughter, who is the object of his affections; how Ann is blackmailed by an Italian named Garianni; how Garianni is murdered just outside their little farm, and how Moore is accused of the murder and tried; how Moore is acquitted through Ann coming into the court and swearing away her own honour, and then how she discovers that it is not she but Francine who is to reap the reward of her sacrifice; and then, finally, how Ann dies. Then, and then only, do we find out that John all the time had had a secret, passionate love for Ann, and that it was he who had murdered Garianni.

There are many wonderful scenes in the book, but perhaps the most impressive descriptions are those of the murder trial and of Ann's death, when the wretched narrator throws himself on the dead body of the woman whom he has always worshipped, and to whom he can only attain by her death:

Yet am I glad to have her dead,
Here in this wretched, wattle house,
Where I can kiss her eyes and head.

It is a very powerful story, but to us it seems to be marred by the deception of the narrator, who is deliberately misleading as to his actions on the night of the murder. In chapter xiv. there is a definite account of how he spent the night, which entirely precludes the possibility of his

having killed Garianni, and yet there is little room for doubt that in the last chapter of all he confesses that he did it. It is curious that so accomplished a craftsman as Mr. Randal Charlton shows himself to be should have allowed himself to be a party to such a fraud on the sympathetic and unsuspecting reader. Otherwise the characters are well-drawn. Ann especially is a very real creation, and one gets a very vivid impression of John, the narrator.

The writing for the most part is of a high order of merit, but it is extremely mannered, and perhaps to this the story owes a great deal of its charm and interest. At times, however, the author's desire to set down nothing that is commonplace runs away with him and leads to a certain preciosity, as in the following passage:

That Bramwell would so far forswear his passion for her as to house such a proposition as marriage with another woman in the tenement of a transitory thought, evidenced to her, in a moment charged with human tumult, that his former professions were of undurable quality.

And we cannot help thinking that "crops were demolished by the dozen" is not a very happy expression. Apart from these faults that we have pointed out, Mr. Charlton seems to us to have written a book which should appreciably raise the reputation he has already obtained with "Mave;" and we look forward to his next novel with a feeling of real interest and pleasure.

The Scourge. By WARRINGTON DAWSON. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. DAWSON belongs to that small but distinguished band of novelists who deal with the great problems that arise from distinctive social and national conditions. There is something more than mere fiction in what he writes. He has keen gifts of observation and analysis. He has a thesis. He is a prophet preaching from a text. And he talks of what he knows. He is a novelist with a purpose, as every novelist must in some measure be who is a conscientious student of life; and in "The Scourge" his purpose has been to show the effect upon life and character in the Southern parts of the United States caused by the clash of the old social elements with the new, of the invasion by the Yankee, the German, and the Jew of that once exclusive territory, which was the paradise of the old-world planter and slave-owner. This elder type of American had many first-class qualities, which are all the more noticeable when contrasted with the coarse-grained characteristics of certain modern types. It is the Southerner, the legendary Virginian, that the Englishman still has in mind when he figures to himself the ideal American gentleman. The Southerner, as painted by Mr. Dawson, has a pride of race and ancestry which his own cousins of the same stock in England would hardly share in like degree, or would certainly not express in the same way for fear of making themselves ridiculous. But in its native simplicity this is none the less an admirable trait. The Southerner was, and presumably is still, a fine specimen of manhood, and to his noble traditions of living and high example the United States undoubtedly owes a not-sufficiently-appreciated debt. This Mr. Dawson convincingly points out, but his task has also been to show that the South must modify its outlook upon life in face of the new state of affairs, or resign itself to subordination or ruin. It is the invasion of the South by the North which constitutes the scourge. The author has contrasted very cleverly the characters of Alfred Elkins, the pushing, self-made tobacco-manufacturer from the North, who revolutionises the Southern town of Paulsville, and Major Melville, the Southerner, his gentlemanly, refined factotum, whom Elkins both bullies and envies. Elkins' adopted son, "Bloke," is an exceedingly clever creation, even more in contrast with his surroundings, and, therefore, more of a psychological revelation than Elkins himself. The story is quite engrossing, but it is as a study of transitional national attributes that it has enduring value.

Beatrice of Clare. By JOHN REED SCOTT. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

THE hero of Mr. Scott's new novel is a young knight in the service of the Duke of Gloucester, and, consequently,

Richard III. is adorned with many virtues which the historians have not seen fit to allow him. Sir Aymer de Lacy, however, is his enthusiastic follower from the moment he is tended by Beatrix, Countess of Clare, to the end of a story which conveniently stops a short time before the battle of Bosworth Field. Historical novels are written very glibly nowadays, and it is seldom that a writer can avoid the use of the well-known ingredients. "*Beatrix of Clare*" begins with a highway robbery, Sir Aymer being the victim, and the scene is conducted with a chivalry that does credit to all concerned. Beatrix, the richest heiress in England, meets the wounded knight, and the result is love at first sight. Of course, there is the bold, bad rival; and when the heiress is kidnapped by the wicked Lord Darby, Sir Aymer proceeds to rescue her by a series of daring exploits. Space is found, however, for such historical incidents as the crowning of Richard, the executions of Hastings and the Duke of Buckingham, and the deaths of the Princes in the Tower. On the whole the book is interesting, mainly because it makes no great tax on the imagination; and Mr. Scott writes forcibly, and with an enthusiasm for the mediæval that suggests an American origin. In this connection the reviewer is tempted to point out the incongruity of a spelling which, though for the most part American, occasionally drops into the employment of the obsolete. Words like "traveler" and "favor" are followed by "gayety" and "gayly." This is a fault that will irritate the observant reader. However, "*Beatrix of Clare*" can be recommended to those in search of a readable novel. There is almost as much colour in the prose as there is in the illustrations of Mr. Clarence Underwood.

The Vision of the Foam. By JOHN MCENERY. (Greening, 6s.)

It can be said in favour of "*The Vision of the Foam*" that many worse books have been published; but that is about all. The story of Dr. Mowbray's romantic meeting with Edith Busch and the events following her tragic death are not told with any great skill. There is too much of the conventional phraseology of the melodramatic writer to please the critical taste, and the book bears internal evidence of having been originally intended for serial publication. The trial of Rial Greton, however, is described very well, and the examinations and cross-examinations of the various witnesses give one the impression that Mr. McEnery is thoroughly acquainted with criminal procedure. If the book had been written in the same manner throughout, one could award unstinted praise to the author. As it is, "*The Vision of the Foam*" is unlikely to give him an auspicious start as a novelist, because he puts all his poorest work into the first half of the book.

The Place Taker. By PETER EARLSTON. (Greening, 6s.)

THE "*Place Taker*" is Theodore Wright, alias Thomas Caldwell, who is acting as secretary to James Hickson, Australian millionaire, when his employer comes to an untimely end mountaineering in Switzerland. Caldwell trades on his likeness to the dead man, and impersonates him, using his fortune to carry on a scheme for the foundation of scholarships all over Europe, in which the millionaire has been deeply interested. The first half of the story deals with the efforts of two would-be murderers, a hired agent from America and an Italian workman bent on revenge to compass the death of the unfortunate Hickson. After several clumsy attempts the American agent, by dint of "doctoring" a rope, succeeds in precipitating his victim down a crevasse, and the rest of the story is given up to the career and ultimate discovery of the "*Place-Taker*" Caldwell. The details of the plot are ingenious, and Mr. Earlston makes good use of an evidently intimate acquaintance with the German University towns.

St. David of the Dust. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

MRS. REYNOLDS is an experienced writer, with a fondness for poetic description, which finds the fullest scope in the

subject of her latest book. The "*St. David*" of the somewhat fanciful title is a dreamy, visionary youth, living in a Welsh mountain village. Of unknown, nameless parentage, and adopted by a childless old quarryman and his wife, the lad's moody aloofness, passionate love of Nature, and habit of expressing strange thoughts earn for him among the country-people the name of "*St. David*." From half regarding him as moonstruck or an imbecile, the impressionable and yet keenly practical inhabitants of this Welsh village come to look upon him as one on whom the spirit of the bards had descended. There is thus much idealistic writing, dropping often into unconscious blank verse—pages devoted to the rhapsodies and day-dreams of this village mystic, who, despite all Mrs. Reynolds's efforts, remains an unreal and shadowy figure. She is more successful in her less-studied pictures of the life of the ordinary inhabitants of this quarry village. In particular she has caught that deep-rooted suspicion, if not hatred, which the Welsh peasant entertains for all things English. A too persistent sentimentalism however is the predominant note of the book.

MISS MAUD ALLAN'S SALOME DANCE

WE have the largest Eastern Empire the world has ever seen, and yet we not only neglect to study Eastern thought and custom, we even shrink with horror, which is instinctive, but which we like to believe virtuous, from anything Eastern. That is the real reason why such dancing as that now being exhibited by Miss Maud Allan at the Palace has never before been received with even lukewarm sentiment in England. Racial instinct, island prejudice, and national conceit have kept our eyes closed to a whole garden of beauties, and have condemned to flow in a narrow channel an art which should spread its beneficent charm over all the fields of life. Posture-dancing is not a Western growth. In the earliest days we may imagine that the men and maidens who danced at the coming of spring or the mid-winter feast were content to "foot it," clumsily enough no doubt. Long before Puritanism dawned on the world, even before Christianity came to hallow the common sacraments of life, we may believe that in the West the dancing was essentially "proper." Out of that coarse and scanty seed we have evolved the type of dancing of which Mdlle. Adeline Genée is the supreme exponent. In its strict conventions, its complicated laws of practice, its minute and delicately-finished beauties, it is as different as could be from its rude, bucolic origins. But meanwhile the East has been evolving its own type of dancing. Out of the mere provocative posturing of the body, upon which a more matter-of-fact moral code than ours has always looked as legitimate entertainment, there has grown, possibly under Western influence—the influence of the Roman pantomimist, for instance, who, though provocative enough, was provocative in a different way—the totally different art up to which Miss Allan is now educating the London public.

This art has rules less strict, and conventions fewer and less imperative, than the corresponding art of the West. In European dancing everything is wrapped in a cloud and done by implication. Certain movements of the fingers over and round the face, for instance, imply admiration for the beauty of the person at whom they are aimed. How does the Salome at the Palace express admiration for the head of St. John? By no conventional movements, by no movements at all that can be noted and written down. It is done by attitude, by the flow of rhythm in the moving limbs, by the expression of the face, by the transformation of the whole body into a musical instrument striking that one note. And so with other passions—the fear, the horror, the exultation which are so vividly expressed. The rudiments of the Western art can be mastered by any agile young body; such dancing as Miss Allan's is only possible to an imaginative artist, who can create, without

conventions or symbols to save trouble, the poetic impression desired. It is not possible to dance in the Western manner like Mdlle. Genée, unless, like Mdlle. Genée, you are a great artist. It is not possible to dance in the Eastern manner at all unless, like Miss Allan, you are a great artist. Your posturings may be pretty, but they will mean nothing; and the chances are that you will slip back into the old and gross appeal from which the flower sprang.

For the essence of this art—which is Eastern, though Miss Allen has never been to the East—is that it is dramatic. Much of Western dancing (we exclude from this term the peculiar Spanish dancing, which doubtless owes much to Moorish influence, and has never progressed far) is not dramatic; there is no drama in a pirouette, whatever pleasure may be gained from it when perfectly performed. Drama is the soul of the other art, and it cannot be doubted that it has been from very early ages dramatic. What was the "dance of the two armies" which the Shulamite danced in the "Song of Songs," and which led to the outburst of "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!" and the glowing imagery which follows? It was a dance, clearly, with some sort of story in it. All Miss Allan's dances that we have seen are dramatic; most of all the wonderful "Salome." We know now how Salome danced; not *loule nue*, as in some mediæval illustrations, nor "tumbling," standing on her head, as in others; but clothed in jewels and with these marvellously beautiful sinuous movements in which the dancer's will and emotions play upon the lovely instrument of her body to produce what music she will. The beauty of these movements there is no describing.

Did Miss Allan realise when she came to London how bold a thing she was doing? It was nothing less than beginning our education in a branch of art which we have persistently neglected, and mainly through our uncomfortable suspicion of its "propriety." Courage is usually rewarded, and Miss Allan has conquered. Night after night crowds flock to see this princess of the East first win the head of her victim and, having won it, go through a torrent of mingled passions over it, all sublimated by art into things of beauty. And so far, we believe, there has been no whisper of ribaldry or prudery. Not all the visitors to the Palace, we suspect, have read Browning's "The Lady and the Painter," but it looks as if all had realised its message—the "absolution," in Browning's mistaken phrase, won by artist's model and dancer alike.

J. C. F.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LIMIT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I must thank you for vindicating Magdalen, the most romantic if not the most distinguished College in Oxford. I have been appalled at reading Mr. Warren's verses. Their publication seem to me particularly sad and discouraging in regard to the future of my old College, which nurtured Prince Arthur, Prince Henry, Prince Rupert, Grocyn, John Colet, Reginald Pole, Wolsey, Hampden, Addison, Sacheverell, Gibbon, Oscar Wilde, and Charles Reade. Less known to the outside world was Dr. Routh, of whom some one significantly said, "He was a scholar, and what he published was good, but he published very little." His successor might have done worse than follow his example.

M. B.

March 18, 1908.

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When shall we learn to distrust the intellect and the reason? If Mr. Morant wishes me to surrender both, the assumption is that I shall be honest. Well, I shall try to retain both of these useful qualities, and trust I may not be considered dishonest in doing so.

What is magnificent art? According to your correspondent's estimate its effect is to carry one out of himself. Because certain of our critics have not been so affected, I suppose he would argue they are devoid of feeling. On the other hand, it is

possible he may regard them as persons so cultured that they have no passions left. Against that I can only point out that they have been strangely moved at times by various actors and actresses, as their testimony, printed and signed, witnesseth. Why they have not been moved by Aguglia and her comrades is because the passions they exhibit are so crude as to take them back to the childhood of the race. They are elemental because they pertain to the simple and elementary as exhibited, say, in the savage. I have seen in various East-end quarters certain little incidents in which crude passions—passions exhibited in this crude manner—such as joy, grief, fear, anger, hatred, jealousy, and love, have been exhibited, but I cannot say I have been moved, except by the fact that it was pitiable to realise how little removed these people were from the savage races. A love affair in a sordid street, with costers kicking and biting each other, is sheer animalism. "Sheer animalism" is the state of being actuated by sensual appetites only. The spectacle of Lazzaro grovelling on the floor of the cave before the cowering, gibbering form of Mila is sheer animalism.

When I say crude passion, I refer to the manner in which, to take a concrete example, a child will represent the passion of anger—by stamping the feet, by shaking the arms, or seizing the first object at hand, and venting its wrath upon that. That is an elemental passion. The average adult manifests his anger in another way: it is usually by the upraised chest, the erect head, and the passion is revealed by a torrent of words, accompanied by a flashing eye. Now, with an uneducated adult most of the earlier manifestations cease, and the mime of that type who wishes to represent anger reverts to the old-fashioned method of "ranting." The late Barry Sullivan used to play *Richard III.* in this "ranting" fashion, representing the mere externals of the character, and little of the soul of the man. The method Henry Irving employed was to represent the spirit of the man, the more intellectual way, therefore the more appreciated.

As to the matter of "realisation," let us revert to *La Figlia di Jorio*. How does D'Annunzio wish his characters to be realised? I venture to think that he desires the witch to suggest the weird mystery of her personality, the transforming power of love upon that personality changing her into part devil, part angel, and part child. What does Signora Aguglia do? In the first Act you see a poor hunted thing huddled in a heap by the fire, absolutely terror-stricken, and when Aligio attempts to lay hands upon her, the vision of an angel beside her stays his hand. But there is nothing in the acting of Aguglia to prepare you for this sudden revelation—no weird fascination to help you to understand why Aligio is haunted with the vision of Mila. In the love scene (second Act) she is adequate, but as for the horrible grossness of the Lazzaro scene, I find it difficult to believe the author intended this. As for the third Act, Aguglia's powers are mostly spent, and she can only "rant" in a diminished key. In spite of the fact that the author intends the *dénouement* to reach the heights of antique tragedy, and that Signora Balistrieri and Cav. Grasso make us believe this is the intention by their dignified attitude, Mila reduces her acting to the level of melodrama. There is nothing wonderful in that—our "third-rate" mimes do it every day.

As to these marvellously swift transitions from harshness to sweetness, if you possess a paucity of voice-tones it is very probable you change these very quickly—at least, it seems obvious. My complaint is that she has little versatility in her voice—it varies from a flute-like quality to a husky, sharp, staccato note—and her face is not sufficiently mobile to permit of a wide range of expression. Grasso's case is different. He has complete command over his *technique*, is able to reserve and abandon himself at will, and varies his expressions by infinite nuances and characteristic actions.

Now for the theory. It is very old, and it leads to the conclusion that crude natures are capable only of representing crude passions. Marcus Aurelius touched upon this subject when he regretted that the high lessons of comedy had sunk to mere mimic dexterity, to exhibitions of sheer animalism. St. Augustine was dealing with a similar theory when he claimed a distinction between the lower and the higher forms of the drama—between the lower and the higher passions. Schiller taught that the uncultivated taste embraces first the novel and surprising, the extravagant and *bizarre*, the vehement and wild, and avoids all calmness and simplicity. It delights in harsh transitions, dazzling contrasts, pathetic tones. That represents the Sicilians' position, contrasted with a supposedly refined audience, possessing a softness which has degenerated into effeminacy, and mistakes violence of desire for energy of feeling—the energy of feeling which would have arisen had they been treated to really intellectual acting. I think the cultured Frenchman whom Mr. Morant indicates will be in possession of those ideas, and, assuming that, cannot imagine the exclamation of wonder coming from him.

If acting were merely the art of imitation, then Diderot would be justified. But it is admitted that the possession of certain

mental powers are required as well. Mental action is the continuous differentiation and integration of states of consciousness. These mental powers are the re-representative feelings of the actor. A reference to Herbert Spencer will inform us that the minds that are most developed emotionally, like those which are most developed intellectually, are filled with imagination, in which the degree of re-representation reaches its extreme. In the most famous mimes you will find this gift of introspective feeling is great. Talma could remember his own personal emotions, and reproduce these when he wished to simulate them in certain characters. The primitive actor states and accentuates the elementary and physical attributes of a character, the modern devotes himself to the task of revealing mental states; he seeks to adumbrate the intellectual qualities more than the merely external passions. The Sicilians emphasise the latter, the elemental part of their characters; but I for one could not perceive anything of their *vie intime*. One wanted to understand *why* they did certain deeds, not *how* they did them. The audience were *moved* at the condition of the actors in certain pathetic situations, they were not *moved with* them—an important difference. Compare the effect produced upon an audience witnessing *Paolo and Francesca* with that produced on one witnessing *Malta*. Both deal with "the ennobling passion of love," yet one is concerned with the higher passions and the other with the lower. In *Paolo and Francesca* we know something of the state of the lover's souls; in *Malta* we only see the baser physical passions.

As for tears—real tears—any capable actress can give you the trick of them. Henry Siddons used to tell how the great Mrs. Siddons grew pathetic or tragic on a bottle of stout! *East Lynne* is a tear-provoking play, yet I have heard no one belaud the tear-stained actresses who produced that lachrymose effect.

Cav. Grasso is an artist because he is possessed of the two main qualifications for the actor's art—sensitivity and intelligence. In other words, his passions, save on one or two occasions when he is tempted to emulate his fellows, are tempered by intellect and reason. Most nearly of all his company he approaches the ideal of the actor as being the interpreter of the human heart. And now will Mr. Morant state what his objections are to this theory?

ROBB LAWSON.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I thank you for printing my letter. I did not intend to defend the French peasant only. I think Mr. Machen is too severe on human nature generally. Mathew Arnold, in "Essays in Criticism: Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment," quotes from a Roman Catholic source a terrible description of life and morality under paganism and the Cæsars, and observes:—

"The colours in this picture are laid on very thick, and I, for my part, cannot believe that any human societies, with a religion and practice such as those just described, could ever have endured as the societies of Greece and Rome endured, still less have done what the societies of Greece and Rome did."

In the same way, although I believe the French are now a decadent, or, at least, a very old, race, I do not think that Zola is a true portrait-painter of any portion of their social life: his mind has been compared to a distorting mirror in which objects, mostly phallic, are horribly exaggerated. Brunetière, in the essay in "Le Roman Naturaliste," to which I called attention, compares (page 352) the cruel, contemptuous treatment of the poor in the novels of the French realists, from Flaubert downwards, with the kindly touch of Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, Dickens, and George Eliot; and observes that the lack of *sympathy* in the observation of the French writers named is the cause of a barren superficiality which does not promise well for their permanence in the future.

If we take the poor in Great Britain as lovable and virtuous because Scott and Dickens have so depicted them, and the French poor as sordid and wicked because certain novelists have seen nothing else in them, I think every one must agree with me that we should make a serious mistake; for, assuredly, the Eternal Power does not favour us with *all* the good grain and our neighbours with *all* the tares! Any reader interested in the question will find another emphatic denial of the truth of "La Terre" as a veracious document in the first volume of Anatole France's "La Vie Littéraire."

In conclusion, though it is a purely personal matter, I can assure Mr. Machen that I am incapable of quoting Smollett (whom I detest) on any question of Art, or any politician on a question of Poetry. In either direction I should a thousand times prefer Mr. Machen as a guide, though I do sometimes think him a little intolerant!

H. M.

[Mr. Machen writes:—I have already given my reasons for

believing that Zola's report is to be trusted; I have said that it does not seem probable that the man who was ready to endure persecution and banishment in the cause of justice was likely to be the author of a malignant libel on his fellow-countrymen. Brunetière, I think, was a student of books rather than of men; and I see no grounds for giving such preponderating value to his opinions on the subject of the French peasantry. It may be pointed out, by the way, that it is not "immorality" (in the common sense) which constitutes the gravest accusation of "La Terre," but rather a mixture of ferocity and avarice. I disagree with the theory that "sympathy" is necessary to literature that would be immortal; there is, on the contrary, a remarkable lack of sympathy in Swift's account of the Yahoos. Finally, on the personal point, I would assure "H. M." that there is no intolerance involved in the statement that the result of two added to two is four.]

THE LATE SIR JAMES KNOWLES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—THE ACADEMY of the 22nd ult. mentions Professor Seeley as being one of the four survivors of the Metaphysical Society, founded by the late Sir J. Knowles. Seeley died in 1895, and the successor to his chair, Lord Acton, is dead also.

T. BOWMAN.

ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If it be not already too late, may I be allowed to express a view upon one of the questions that Messrs. Robert Lutz and Caleb Porter have been discussing in the columns of your interesting journal?

Even if isolated cases could be proved wherein tobacco and alcohol were found to have been deleterious or the reverse, even so, isolated cases in a matter such as this prove nothing. What, in Heaven's name, does Mr. Caleb Porter or Mr. Robert Lutz know of the inner workings of Fra Angelico's or Tennyson's brain when these artists were inspired? Who can analyse an inspiration? Flaubert said he could think best when in repose; Nietzsche said his mind was most active when he was walking.

It appears to me that the question should be approached from a totally different direction if we are to be at all clear about it. Tobacco and alcohol as "Dinge an und für sich" have no voice in the matter. Why have not Messrs. Caleb Porter and Robert Lutz asked themselves what it is that constitutes *genial* artistic work? I suppose no one will deny that genial artistic work is that work which is done while the artist is wholly possessed by his inspiration. It is work which the inspiration accomplishes through the subjected artist; it is work in which the artist's will surrenders to the will of the inspiration. But the will of an inspiration is so despotic that it abominates interruptions. What is it, let us ask, that causes interruptions in the expression of an inspiration? The answer is, that interruptions are the result of *self-criticism*. "That self-criticism can be exercised during the execution of a genial piece of artistic work," ought to be an impossible proposition—it is, in fact, a contradiction in terms. Once the work is done the artist may become a self-critic if he choose, and all conscientious artists do, at this period in their work, become self-critics; though, should they become so at an earlier period, their work is surely flattened.

A simple example of my meaning may be sought in the practice of reading aloud. Every one who is in the habit of reading aloud knows perfectly well that the excellence of his declamation depends to a great extent upon his remaining unconscious of *how* he is reading. So long as he remains unconscious the reading flows regularly and sweetly; but the moment he attempts to criticise himself—the moment he becomes self-conscious of the working of his muscles—the regular flow stops, his reading becomes halting and lame, and he finds himself stammering over a word, or forgetful of the correct intonation which the punctuation prescribes.

Now in Coleridge's decanter of laudanum and in Tennyson's pipe I see but the weapon which these artists instinctively sought in order to wield them against their inspiration's bitterest enemy—"self-criticism." The inspiration must be master at all costs. "But I am morbidly self-conscious," said Coleridge in his heart of hearts. "I am hard to please, and am most hard to please where my own work is concerned," said Tennyson to his artist's soul—; hence Coleridge's decanter of laudanum and Tennyson's pipe.

If a proof of this theory be required, let us ask ourselves why it is that technical errors so often creep into work which we are bound, in spite of all pedantic prejudices, to class as masterly. Musset's poems are genial; they *coulent de source*. Yet technical errors abound in Musset's poems, errors he would not have com-

mitted had he been constantly self-critical. But had he been constantly self-critical his poems would not have been genial.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

March 17, 1908.

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- Phythian, J. E. *Fifty Years of Modern Painting*. Grant Richards, 10s. 6d. net.
Handbooks of the Great Masters. *Perugino*, by George C. Williamson. *Piero della Francesca*, by W. G. Waters. *Pintoruchio*, by Evelyn March Philipps. *Velasquez*, by R. A. M. Stevenson. Bell, 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- Miligan, George. *St. Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians*. Macmillan, 12s.
The Westminster New Testament, Gospel of St. John. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Henry W. Clark. Melrose, 2s. net.
Notes on the Miracles of our Lord. By Archbishop Trench. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.
Henson, H. Hensley. *The National Church*. Macmillan, 6s.

POETRY

- Richardson, E. *Artist Songs*. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
Case, T. H. T. *Songs and Poems*. David Nutt, 1s.
Gerrard, Edith C. *Life's Seasons*. Digby Long, n.p.
Mason, Charlotte M. *The Saviour of the World: I. The Holy Infancy*. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 1s. 6d. net.
Abercrombie, Lancelles. *Interludes and Poems*. Lane, 5s. net.
A Hundred Great Poems. Selected and Annotated by Richard James Cross. New York: Henry Holt, \$1.25.
Gore-Booth, Eva. *The Egyptian Pillar*. Maunsell, 1s.
Titterton, W. R. *Love Poems*. The New Age Press, 1s. net.
Scollard, Clinton. *Blank Verse Pastels*. New York: Browning, \$1.25.
Macfie, Ronald Campbell. *Inauguration Ode*.
The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. Edited with notes by J. Logie Robertson. Frowde, 3s. 6d.
The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century. George Crabbe to Edmund B. V. Christian. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Routledge, 1s. 6d. net.
The Book of Elizabethan Verse. Chosen and edited by W. S. Braithwaite. Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.
Allen, Percy. *Songs of Old France*. Griffiths, 6s. net.
Wedmore, Margaret Tolson. *Pilgrim Songs*. Headley, 2s. net.
The Works of Tennyson. Poems II. Edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson.
Monro, Harold. *Judas*. The Samurai Press, 2s. net.
Gibson, Elizabeth. *The Day's Journey*. The Samurai Press, 5s. net.
Anthologie des Poètes Français du XIX^e Siècle. Par Georges Pellissier. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delagrave, 3fr. 50c.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Dickens, Charles. *Our Mutual Friend*. Nelson, 2s.
De La Pasture, Mrs. Henry. *The Man from America*. Nelson, 7d. net.
Hazlitt, William. *Lectures on the English Poets*. Routledge, 1s. net.
Coleridge, S. T. *Lectures on Shakespeare*. Routledge, 1s. net.
Ruskin, John. *The Ethics of the Dust*. Routledge, 1s. net.
Ecce Homo. Routledge, 1s. net.
The Storm of London. By F. Dickberry. Long, 6d.
Gulliver's Travels. By Dean Swift. *The Bible in Spain*. By George Borrow. Nelson, 6d. each net.
Martineau, James. *What is Christianity?* Allenson, 6d.
Marlowe's Tragical History of Dr. Faustus and Goethe's Faust. Part I. Translated by John Anster. Oxford University Press, 1s. net.
Chaucer, Geoffrey. *The Parliament of Birds*. Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net.
Sir William Temple upon the Gardens of Epicurus, with other XVIIth Century Garden Essays. Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net.

The Poets Royal of England and Scotland. Edited by William Bailey Kempling. Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net.

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Balzac, Honoré de. *Eugénie Grandet*. The Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.
The Works of Edmund Burke. Vols. V. and VI. *William Cowper's Letters. The Poetical Works of Robert Browning*. Vol. II. *Reynolds's Discourses. Emma*, by Jane Austen. Frowde, 1s. each net.
The Spectator. Vol. V. With introduction and notes by George A. Aitken. Routledge, 1s. net.
The Complete Poetical Works of George Darley. Edited by Ramsay Colles. Routledge, 1s. net.
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Forschungen zur Geschichte von Florenz. Von Robert Davidsohn. Berlin: Mittler, n.p.
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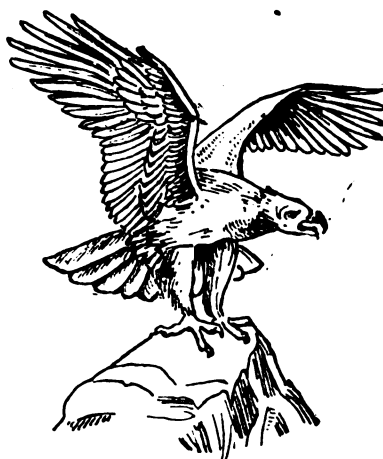
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LIFE AND LETTERS

The Archbishop of Canterbury's letter to Mr. G. M. Scott, secretary of the Diocesan branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, comes none too soon to save the face of the Bishops. Although couched in cautious language, it practically amounts to a counterblast to the Bishop of London's reckless and ill-considered remarks on the Licensing Bill. Dr. Ingram has a positive genius for doing and saying the wrong thing, and in his haste to bless Mr. Asquith's "temperance" Bill, he did not hesitate to make use of language which must have appeared, to the unfortunate sufferers whose property would be swept away if the Bill became law, either cynical or hypocritical. We give the Bishop of London every credit for the best possible intentions, but he has before now given evidence that the wisdom of the serpent is lacking to his character. It will not be forgotten that he was guilty of the profound and far-reaching error of publicly, in the pulpit, expressing his enthusiastic approval of a vulgar and blasphemous sensational novel, and thereby giving it an advertisement which its publishers were not slow to turn to their and the author's advantage.

The Bishop of London has no claim to speak for the Church of England, and his sentiments on the Licensing Bill represent the personal sentiments of Dr. Ingram, who thought "When It Was Dark" a fine and noble work, no more and no less. The Archbishop of Canterbury has pointed out that the Church of England Temperance Society is by no means committed to approval of the Bill:

So far (he says) as the financial details are concerned, the Society has deliberately expressed its readiness to await further discussion and elucidation before committing itself to the opinion that as they now stand they are just or fair.

Nobody wishes or expects Bishops to be trained actuaries, but in a matter so intimately connected with finance as Mr. Asquith's Licensing Bill we do expect them to listen to those who are competent to speak with knowledge before rushing into a position which can be made use of by unscrupulous party politicians for their own ends. This, according to the Archbishop of Canterbury—who speaks with authority and wisdom—is precisely what they intend to do, and we have no fear that they will ultimately be found willing to be parties to any proposals which

involve injustice and spoliation, or to consent to do wrong in order that possible good may come.

It is not necessary to "review" Mr. Upton Sinclair's new book, "The Metropolis" (Edward Arnold), in the pages of THE ACADEMY. We have dealt more than once in our columns with the horrible corruption that has penetrated into the veins and sinews and bones of the body politic of the United States; and we need only call attention to "The Metropolis" as the corroboration of all that we have said, as the justification of our most severe accusations. Of course no such justification was necessary; the daily paper gives almost day by day details sufficient to convince the most prejudiced reader; still, it is as well that Mr. Sinclair, who stirred the world with his account of the material poisons which America manufactures, should have drawn this vivid picture of the social and spiritual venoms which are being distilled by this body of death and corruption.

"The Metropolis" is by no means a great work of art, it is a vivid and impressive tract. Here is a passage which describes the city of New York:

It was a city ruled by mighty forces—money forces; great families and fortunes, which had held their sway for generations and regarded the place with all its swarming millions as their birthright. They possessed it utterly—they held it in the hollow of their hands. Railroads and telegraphs and telephones—banks and insurance and trust companies—all these they owned; and the political machines and the legislatures, the courts and the newspapers, the churches and the colleges. And their rule was for plunder; all the streams of profit ran into their coffers. . . . A great editor or Bishop was a man who taught their doctrines; a great statesman was a man who made the laws for them; a great lawyer was one who helped them to outwit the public.

Mr. Sinclair does not attempt to give the causes of this great *pourriture*; and his remedy, one judges, is a social revolution. Doubtless a revolution of some kind is inevitable, but we question its remedial effects. America may be roughly divided into the enormously rich and the wretchedly poor, but there is no reason to believe that the latter are possessed of more wisdom or of more virtue than the former. The United States are a commonwealth, or a congeries of commonwealths, which have been built up and welded together in direct defiance of every known principle of good—of such defiance "The Jungle" and "The Metropolis" are the natural and inevitable results. No more deadly punishment can be awarded to man under certain circumstances than to give him what he asks for. The child who cries to play with the fire is, now and then, so unhappy as to get the fire. The United States clamoured for hell and death—of course, under certain specious aliases—and they now possess the desire of their hearts.

It would be unfair to lay the offences of another American book in any special sense on America. "The Home Life of Poe," by Susan Archer Weiss (Broadway Publishing Company), is one of the most contemptible books that we have ever read; but one fears that its object—to vilify the memory and to enlarge on the weaknesses of splendid genius—illustrates a weakness, a malevolence rather, that is common to all races. The truth is that the profane vulgar (who are to be found amongst peers as well as amongst peasants) hate the great artist, and have always, perhaps, hated him. It is possible, no doubt, that here we have another facet of the jewel Equality; it may be that the mob resents the fact that John Smith, who looks like one of themselves, sees visions that they cannot see, hears voices that they cannot hear, speaks words that their lips cannot utter or understand. At any rate, the fact remains: John Smith is hated, secretly or openly, and the only relief is to discover that he sometimes took too much to drink. Susan Archer Weiss tells us—we knew it before—that the great Edgar Allan Poe, being poor, grief-tossed, neglected,

starved, occasionally got drunk. The greater part of this deplorable book is made up of idle gossip and hearsay; still there is no doubt that Poe, a man of an exceedingly nervous temperament, did now and then exceed, and the race that persecutes the prophets and throws filth on their graves will be rejoiced accordingly. John Smith was not such a wonderful man after all! It is a pity that Susan Archer Weiss did not inform herself that Poe never wrote a poem called "Ullalume," and that his life was never written by a person named "Ingraham." The man—or woman—with the muckrake should at least be accurate.

In the current volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature," to which we have already referred, is an interesting paper on Dante's British Allusions, by Mr. W. A. E. Axon. All are, of course, well known to students of Dante, who will, nevertheless, welcome this convenient collection. Some are familiar to all students of literature. Such are the allusions ("Inferno," 12, 118) to the heart of Henry of Cornwall, the nephew of Henry III., "which is still venerated on the Thames;" ("Inferno," 28, 118-142), to "the young King," more probably Henry, eldest son of Henry II., at enmity with his father by the incitement of Bertrand de Born; ("Purgatorio," 7, 131), to "the King of simple life, Henry [III.] of England." Another point—the question concerning the "Inferno," 30, 49-135, whether "Maestro Adamo," until recently called "Da Brescia," the counterfeit coiner, was not actually an Englishman—will be newer to most people. We protest in passing against the misuse of words evolved by the misplaced patriotism which includes Richard of St. Victor and Michael Scott under the term "British." We have no objection to the inclusion of St. Anselm, because he is one of the chief glories of an English See. The term "British," applied collectively to literature and the other arts in Scotland and Ireland in the thirteenth century, cannot be justified.

To one question, long debated among Dante scholars, we call the attention of our readers, and especially of collectors of curios and amateurs of mechanics, since they may be able to throw light upon it. In the *Paradiso*, 20, 139, &c., Dante likens the wheeling and antiphonal chanting of certain saints to a clock:

Che l'una parte e l'altra tira ed urge
Tin tin sonando con sì dolce nota.

It has been suggested by the late Dean Plumptre of Wells, and others, that Dante refers particularly to a clock at Glastonbury, made by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of that monastery, in the early part of the thirteenth century, and now extant in Wells Cathedral. The suggestion has been made on the analogy of the revolution of the figures of armed knights when the clock strikes with the circling of the saints described by Dante. Dean Plumptre could not find any trace of such a clock elsewhere before the middle of the fourteenth century.

From Dante's possible reference to such a clock the Dean drew the inference that Dante may possibly have visited Glastonbury. It appears to us and many commentators by no means certain that Dante refers either to any particular clock, or to any clock adorned with moving figures; his simile is equally just in the case of a clock without them. If the experts on clocks can cite the existence of another clock similar to Peter Lightfoot's as early as his, their discovery would weaken the possibility, which is all that Dean Plumptre claimed for his suggestion. Mr. Axon is careful to point out that the presence of Dante in England at all remains a desirable, but improbable possibility. No argument worthy of the name of evidence can be found in Dante's works. The genuineness of Boccaccio's *Epistola* to Petrarch is unproved, and even if it were certainly genuine the words:

Traxerit ut iuvenum Phoebus per extremosque Britannos

prove nothing as against Boccaccio's silence in his "*Vita di Dante*" and elsewhere. Nor, as Mr. Axon also points out, does Serravalle's unsupported statement in his book, written in 1417, prove more than a polite desire to gratify two of his patrons, the English Bishops of Bath and Salisbury.

The fragment of the uncanonical Gospel found at Oxyrhynchus in December, 1905, recently published for the Egypt Exploration Fund, edited and translated, with a commentary by Mr. Grenfell and Mr. Hunt, is not so interesting as the two former discoveries of Logia. It relates an altercation between Christ and a certain Pharisee, a chief priest, possibly named Levi, concerning ritual and moral purification, which arose because He walked with His disciples in a certain "place of purification" within the Temple and looked upon "holy vessels," contrary to the law. Christ retaliates by accusing the priests of performing their ablutions in "the pool of David," whereinto "dogs and swine were cast day and night," and by likening them to "harlots and flute-girls, who anoint and wash and wipe and beautify for the lust of men."

The teaching conveyed is but a weak expansion of passages in the Gospels concerning the cleansing of the cup and platter. The use of the term "the Saviour" as a simple designation of Christ strikes even the mere Bible-reader as strange. The editors confirm this impression by pointing out that "the Lord" was His common designation until Origen used "the Saviour." Its use may denote Gnostic influence. Apart from grammatical peculiarities, the chief points of scholarly interest are the use of the words ἀγνευτήριον in connection with the Temple; the correct reference to the white garments worn by officiating priests; and the use of red in the manuscript for the purposes of attracting attention or of correction. The chief questions raised are: Where were "the pool of David" and "the place of purification"? and To which of the holy vessels does the author refer? The chief importance of the MS. is its length. It contains forty-five lines written on the two sides of a single vellum leaf, on a written surface only just exceeding two square inches. The editors decide that a later date cannot be assigned to the fragments than the fifth century, and suggest that it is possibly of Egyptian origin.

Following close on the heels of "*Le Grand Guignol*," "the Play Actors" produced last Sunday night at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, four little plays, one of which, *The Masked Girl*, might have found a place in the exciting *répertoire* of the Parisian Company. The masked girl turns out to be the lost sister of the pierrot who has conducted her home from the fancy ball at which they had met, and the play ends by the pierrot stabbing the clown, who comes in to claim his rights. Perhaps it would be more just to describe the piece as theatrical rather than dramatic, but it produced something of the thrill which is so marked an object of "*Le Grand Guignol*" programme. The other three plays were not particularly exciting, though *Breaking it Gently* would make a very fair *lever de rideau*. To us the feature of the evening was the acting in the latter play of Mr. Edward Rigby as George, the unpleasant little clerk, who has made money in Canada, and who is afraid lest his sweetheart, whom he has known in less prosperous times, may disgrace him. It was an admirable performance, and redeemed what would otherwise have been a rather commonplace entertainment.

Even in the most advanced and militant Radical quarters it is now generally admitted that Mr. McKenna's Education Bill is dead. As we pointed out from the first, it never had any chance of passing into law, and, what is more, was probably never intended to pass. The *Westminster Gazette*, which professed a few weeks ago to be

astounded at the ungrateful attitude of Churchmen towards "the generous treatment" meted out to them in the Bill, has quite changed its tone, and now (March 25th, after Peckham) in a leading article we find it saying, "Let an effort be made, for instance, to see whether some middle term may not be found between Mr. McKenna's Bill and the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill." The *Westminster Gazette* may take it from us that no such Bill as that which it suggests will be accepted for a moment by Churchmen. The Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill will meet with as firm and uncompromising opposition as Mr. McKenna's, and it is, therefore, unthinkable that a middle course between the two will be accepted. In this connection we refer our readers to our correspondence columns, where they will find expressed the views as to the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill which are held by the Church Schools Emergency League. What the *Westminster Gazette* calls "the forces of reaction"—in other words, the conscience of the nation and its belief in the sanctity of the Eighth Commandment—have made it clear that the House of Lords has a plain mandate from the country to reject any Bill which is not purged of the principles of plunder and spoliation. The Church has no intention of surrendering her plain rights and her own property at the bidding either of Mr. McKenna or the Bishop of St. Asaph or any one else.

INSOMNIA

My sleepless eyes look forth upon the night,
And lo! the enchantress moon with silver wand
Makes of the winter world a new delight,
A solemn fairyland.

No sound at all, in air or earth or sea.
The little shrouded streams lie stiff and cold;
The dun flock huddle close for company
Within the frozen fold.

Yet large and healing peace hangs brooding there.
The weary Earth sleeps in the silver haze,
Sleeps, and is young again, and fresh, and fair,
For all her toilsome days.

Sleep, weary Earth! 'tis meet for thee to rest;
Thou'rt sport for biting frosts and parching suns,
And day by day thou openest thy breast
To feed thy little ones.

Yet not for naught, dear Earth, is thy distress.
Instant reward thou hast in all the brood
Of glorious sons and daughters who confess
Thy mighty motherhood.

But some, thy weaker babes, for whom thy love
Not all-sufficient is, who start apace
To search the Hell below, the Heaven above,
And find no resting-place;

We toil all day upon the fruitless deep,
But no day brings us further on our quest,
And every night we lay us down to sleep,
And never once to rest.

And what if Death should mock us with vain shows
Of sleep at last in his eternal night?
What if our trusting eyelids should but close
To wake to sorrier sight?

Oh! when my little life's expiring flare
Is quite burnt out, and all my room is dark,
I pray no Watcher may be waiting there
With kindling oil and spark.

H. C.

REVIEWS

THREE JAPANS

Present-day Japan. By AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s.)

Old and New Japan. By CLIVE HOLLAND. With Fifty Coloured Pictures by Montagu Smyth. (J. M. Dent and Co., 15s.)

The Japanese Nation in Evolution. By WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS, D.D., L.H.D. (George G. Harrap and Co., 6s.)

JAPAN is in serious danger of incurring the fate of Aristides, unless British readers, who already show symptoms of ostracism through sheer disgust at perpetual eulogy, be warned in time of what books may be regarded as transitory and what books preserved as valuable records of competent observation. In truth, historical, if not geographical, there are three Japans, as described by three classes of writers, whom it is most essential to distinguish. There is first the fairyland of *choses vues*. The writer, often possessing great skill and sensibility, records what he or she has seen, giving us only the evidence of the eye, for barriers of language prevent any but a superficial and inadequate picture. The archetype of this kind of book at its best is "Madame Chrysanthème," and M. Loti repels as much by obtuse ignorance as he charms by delicate appreciation. Then comes the fairy-tale about this fairyland, based chiefly on *choses lues*. The author has perhaps never set foot in the country he undertakes to expound. Judgment and ability may indeed save him from falling into gross errors, but since his information is at two removes from actuality, and cannot be adjusted by personal experience, his views, though wider, are not likely to be either fresh or independent. Lastly, we have the chronicler of *choses vécues*, rare enough, but a reliable witness, who has enjoyed opportunities of living the life under propitious conditions of the Japanese themselves. This is the man for our money, if he be but candid and competent.

Miss Davidson has yielded to "frequently-made suggestions" that a book based on copious letters to personal friends "might prove to be not without interest to a wider circle." Undoubtedly the original recipients of these confidences are to be congratulated on a fearless correspondent, who spared no pains to give her impressions in vivid and truthful shape. It is pleasant to travel in company with such an enthusiastic and fair-minded tourist. But she seldom crosses the border of that enchanted Japan which has been mapped out again and again. Her method of welding second thoughts to first impressions so as to combine freshness with accuracy is not always successful. It is thus a little disconcerting to read:

I have only as yet seen one of these performances, so I cannot tell you much about them from personal knowledge, more especially as I never made out from beginning to end what they were about. I understood, however,

Then follows a brief summary of the characteristics which she would have perceived if her education in such matters had been more advanced. It is to be feared that "a wider circle" knows all about Yokohama, Nikko, Danjuro, as they strike a Westerner on first acquaintance. Two chapters, however, in Miss Davidson's record, devoted to "The National Faith" and "Buddhist Rites and Sects," are admirably written. She starts with the felicitous idea that Shintoism is "rather a plain white wooden religion," and proceeds to analyse its hold on the race, comparing it not ineptly with the Italian cult of the "Penates" through all the vicissitudes of Rome. Still more edifying is her exposition of the various Buddhist rites and teachings to a rash and stay-at-home sectary, who dismissed Buddhism in a phrase as "childish idolatry." Miss Davidson had been present at the Goma "litany of fire" and had attended with an open mind many orgies of picnic and prayer. Her receptive and kindly intelligence has enabled her to present

this phase of Japanese life with peculiar force. One can only regret that so skilful a pen was denied access to less hackneyed material.

Mr. Clive Holland is at once more pretentious and less satisfying. Encouraged by the success of a hybrid love-story of the "Madame Butterfly" type, and thus associated by the general public in a vague fashion with the Far East, he undertakes to deal in less than three hundred pages with the religion, origin, customs, legends, language, arts, and commerce of "Old and New Japan." Needless to say, his "ambition o'erleaps itself," though provided by many unacknowledged predecessors with convenient jumping-boards. The amount of his indebtedness to Professor Chamberlain, Miss Bacon, the late Lafcadio Hearn, and many others need not be set down, but should have at least been indicated. Justice compels us to add that his subjects are adroitly handled. As a populariser of esoteric knowledge, reaping where the expert had sown, he is by no means unwelcome, particularly as his collaborator, Mr. Montagu Smyth, has contributed illustrations in colour which alone are worth the price of the volume. Less hard and photographic than Mr. Mortimer Menpes' similar series, they afford romantic and hazy peeps at Fairyland. While Mr. Holland is to be praised for his minute portraiture of definite places and customs—the chapters on gardens, temples, and games, for instance—one must deprecate his habit of sweeping assertion on points where first-hand authorities disagree. Is it certain that the Japanese have "*no trace of Aryan blood in their veins*"? Do facts warrant the assertion that "*Buddhism is now merely a formal religion, yearly more neglected, if not positively increasingly despised*"? It is plain that Buddhism suffered a temporary eclipse during the war, when Shinto ceremonies, so inextricably bound up with patriotic pride, were more in evidence; but in the last two years the Aryan faith has given proof of recuperative power. The insurance societies, whose funds are administered from Buddhist temples, and the new Buddhist seminary at Kyoto testify to reviving influence. Why, in conclusion, does Mr. Holland print as a couplet, and with erroneous punctuation, thereby ruining both sense and metre, the charming butterfly quatrain, which is given correctly on p. 158 of Hearn's "Japanese Miscellany"?

To serious seekers after truth Dr. Griffis' "The Japanese Nation in Evolution" cannot be too highly commended. Every page is packed with interesting matter; theories are based on wide knowledge and long experience. Its author was one of the first *yatoi* (foreign teachers) to take employment under the Lord of Echizen in 1870. Every step in the evolution from feudal to constitutional government has been followed and estimated by him both as critic and collaborator. Not only so, but the folklore and history of the country from the earliest times have found in his previous books their first introduction to the outside world. One greets, therefore, with peculiar pleasure this series of side-lights on Japanese growth, whereby hitherto obscure corners and doubtful crevices are brightly illuminated. By far the most striking chapters deal with the thesis that, after all, the Japanese *have* "Aryan blood in their veins," thus inheriting aptitude for Aryan ideals to a higher degree than the Malay and Mongolian races, to whom they are also more obviously indebted. These Aryan ancestors are no other than the aboriginal Ainu, whose former prowess and importance are very naturally ignored by Japanese native historians. Dr. Griffis from the first had remarked their physical unlikeness to the typical Nipponian in the colour of hair, eyes, and skin; had traced in the *Kojiki* beneath the mask of Chinese characters many Ainu names of places and heroes; finally, found full confirmation of his suspicion that the Ainu tongue must take rank with Aryan languages by the publication in 1905 of the Rev. John Batchelor's Ainu grammar and dictionary. For further evidence of shell-heaps and dolmens, and indications that the Ainu were largely absorbed and not finally quelled by the Japanese invaders until the sixteenth century we must refer readers to Dr. Griffis, who is scrupulous in citing authorities.

Many graceful superstitions, which adorn idealised Japan, are dispersed by this ruthless historian. You have heard, doubtless, of the Golden Age of Iyeyasu, when the Happy Islands were sealed to the outer world and the nation enjoyed perfect peace. It appears, nevertheless, that during this halcyon period population decreased and oppressive laws checked progress and prosperity. There was also a quiet but persistent trickling of European science through Dutch channels. The amiable assumption that religious persecution was unknown before Jesuits and Dominicans courted disaster by political interference is also refuted. Need it be added that this devotion to truth is consistent with the writer's whole-hearted admiration of the present policy and aspirations of the Mikado's Empire?

A word of protest may be directed to the abuse of analogy, which mars an otherwise attractive style. Japan, it seems, has had its Mazzini, its Jeroboam, its William Lloyd Garrison, its Napoleon (twice), its Thomas Jefferson, its Versailles, its Ireland. Koto had a "Shaksperian intellect," and Wang was the possessor of a "Washingtonian mind." So be it. But these labels are too frequent to be impressive. How many claimants would dispute Dr. Griffis' claim to be styled "the Japanese Columbus"?

SEALS

Seals. By W. DE GRAY BIRCH. "The Connoisseur's Library." (Methuen, 25s. net.)

THERE is a legend of a Western hotel, at which a visitor ordered a modest meal. Placing a steaming dish on the table, the host said, "Stranger, you are not going to have chicken, you are going to have hash, and, stranger"—covering him with his revolver—"you are going to like it." In the absence of some such incentive we protest that we do not like Dr. Birch's book, which is hash of the flavourless variety. The subject is a good one, seals are objects of intrinsic beauty, of historical value, and of sentimental interest, while the author of "A Catalogue of Seals in the British Museum" *si non scripsisset* is the man of all others whom any editor would have selected as a collaborator. Unfortunately, Dr. Birch has not taken advantage of the opportunity afforded him. The work before us contains nothing of any value that is not already in the "Catalogue," and the larger part of its illustrations are familiar to every student of the subject, either as plates in the "Catalogue" or as sheets in a collection of British Museum photographs made many years ago, and indexed by Dr. Birch himself. It is a little difficult to write with becoming moderation of the historical Introduction provided: if the author had decided to limit himself to summarising British Museum publications, he might at least have consulted the invaluable handbooks to the Babylonian and mediæval collections drawn up by his late colleagues, and spared his readers a rambling account of the history and development of seals, beginning with instances of Old Testament uses and ranging discursively over the Eastern world. Towards the end of the chapter we do, indeed, get a date for the Babylonian seals—"they begin to occur at a period of about two thousand two hundred years before the Christian era." The earliest is dated by every competent scholar at 4,000 B.C., one in the de Clercq collection at Paris is of 3,800 B.C., and examples of 2,500 B.C. are comparatively common. Dr. Birch's ignorance is not limited to ancient history. He was unaware when he wrote the "Catalogue" that the so-called "fourth" Great Seal of Charles I. was not a Royal Great Seal at all, but was the seal of the Parliament at war with him, made in pursuance of an ordinance of November 11th, 1643, its use being prohibited by Charles on the 24th of the same month; and, to all appearance, he is still ignorant of the fact. The "third" seal remained in use till the surrender of Oxford in June, 1646, after which it was solemnly broken with the other Royal seals in the presence of the Long Parliament. We cannot even assume in Dr. Birch a complete knowledge of the Museum

collection, for he omitted from his "Catalogue" what we believe to be the unique perfect example of the Great Seal of Ivan the Terrible, preserved in the oldest collection in the British Museum. It should have been figured here, as a very early example of the Russian arms.

The arrangement of this book follows generally that of the "Catalogue"—more convenient to the author than helpful to the collector. A classification by countries is all very well for a Museum Catalogue, but the general idea of a collection is thereby entirely obscured. Mediæval seals may be divided, first of all, into two great classes—those which render the document to which they are affixed *ipso facto* authentic, and those which do not. The seal of a private person, not lord of an independent jurisdiction, was of no more value on a legal document than a signature, and had to be proved by witnesses in the same way. On the other hand, certain seals by their mere presence prove the authenticity of a deed, amongst these being those of sovereigns, lords of high and low justice, bishops, cathedral chapters, great monasteries, communes, and corporations, these last on grants by the king, &c. As occasions for these authentications grew, municipal corporations often adopted a special seal for them as distinguished from their own affairs, the seal *ad causas*. In England these latter are comparatively rare, as grants of land were put on record by friendly actions at law, and other transactions were entered on the Close Rolls, or in town books.

Much might be written as to the history of seals. They become comparatively common from the tenth century, and their use is universal from the twelfth to the fifteenth. English seals are at their best at the close of the thirteenth and through the fourteenth centuries, and far excel any Continental ones in beauty and vigour, as shown by the famous Merton Priory seal, described but not illustrated by Dr. Birch. The colour of the wax seems to have been of no importance in England, but in France, for example, a Royal grant was only perpetual if sealed with green wax and affixed to the deed by green or red silk ties. Red wax was used for the affairs of Dauphiny, or Italy.

The romance of sigillography demands a chapter of its own. What collector would not desire to have a Great Seal of Oxford in 1643-6 in preference to one of Charles's earlier and happier years, or an example of his seal of the Court of Wards of the same period, with its "distinction of the Prince of Wales's feathers and coronet," apparently unknown to our author? Who would not wish for one of the seals which made a bale of English cloth current money all over the known world, or for an impression showing some Greek gem, converted to a talisman in the East, and brought home by a Crusader to be set in his seal, or for sets of the most important series of privy seals in Christendom, the *annuli piscatoris* of the Popes which authenticate the Papal briefs? The handling of objects like these bring us sensibly near to their original owner, whose seal was his most sacredly-guarded possession, so much so that a Chancellor of England has been drowned by the weight of the Great Seal carried in his bosom. Even as late as 1693 England was alarmed and astonished by a successful attempt to rob a Secretary of State of his seal, to facilitate the passage of Jacobite emissaries between England and France. And a writing sealed with an authentic seal could not be invalidated, even in such a case as that of the Chancellor of Henri IV., who retained the Great Seal for five years after the King's death, sealing innumerable false patents. Dr. Birch, when writing about seals for collectors, should surely have told them something about all this, and also about forged seals, ancient and modern.

It must not be concluded from our strictures that Dr. Birch has written a misleading or useless book. This would be less than just. Within his limitations he is an acknowledged authority. He does not write interestingly, he has little sense of the logical connection which must underlie any successful presentation of the facts with which his book is crowded, and he seems to know names and dates rather than actual living history. But, with all these

faults of omission and a few actual mistakes, his book will be of very great value to those students who have the opportunity of seeing the originals in London, and in a smaller measure (owing to the absence of an *index nominum*) to every one making a collection. It is unfortunate that such an opportunity of popularising the results of a lifetime's work has been lost by Dr. Birch. We cannot conceive of any one being induced to take an interest in seals by the perusal of this book.

POETRY

Music and Light, and other Verses. By A. W. BRAZIER. (Printed, illustrated, bound, and published by the Author in Melbourne, n.p.)

Blank Verse Pastels. By CLINTON SCOLLARD. (G. W. Browning, \$1.25.)

The Web of Life. By W. W. GIBSON. (Samurai Press, 10s. 6d. net.)

Poems. By the late Mrs. ARCHER GURNEY. (Longmans, Green and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

Verses, Fancies, and Facts. By HAROLD ROBBINS. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd., 2s. 6d. net.)

The Day's Journey. (Samurai Press, 5s. net.)

Wild Earth. By PADRAIC COLUM. (Maunsell and Co., Ltd., 1s.)

Nugae Latinae. By the late EDWARD CONOLLY. (Blackwell, 2s. net.)

It was a delightful notion of Mr. Brazier's to make a book, print, bind, and illustrate it all at home, and Stevenson's blessing would rest upon the attempt. The photographic blocks are less interesting than the woodcuts of native Australian plants, which are done with zest, and perhaps might be looked upon with more zest if the author-printer had remembered to number his pages. The reader's sympathy with the pleasant audacity of this home-industry will carry him cheerfully through the verse, and sometimes he will find passages to reward him, as in the lyric on "Evening," parts of the "Sweet Suicide of Eros," and particularly in the poem which names the book. Mr. Clinton Scollard, on the contrary, comes in all the glory of full-deckle Strathmore antique, is delightfully printed and precious, but his pastels, like pastels, do not travel well, perhaps. Did slender hyacinths really, at Tintern, sway around him "their peerless, purple bells," and was the wild-plum then in bloom? Blank-verse is the severest test a poet can have, and Mr. Scollard has hardly apprehended that fact. His mood of the "Marsh's Morning" is good, and so are the lines, "At Roxmor," but these are not enough to make up for a good many inferior pastels. The "Web of Life" is a strong volume of verse, and keeps a high level throughout:

Before me through the fleecy mist she went,
And ever and anon her body bent
To gather milk-white mushrooms, dew-besprent,
That huddled closely, waiting the noon heat,

Or:

For he who sings is lord of kings,
And song doth shake the golden throne,
And rend the walls and towers of stone,

are good, sound poetry, and "Helen in Rhodos" is something still better, in parts, and so is "Surrender," and also "Passion's Harvest." This is a volume worth re-reading. Mrs. Archer Gurney's little legacy of verse will be welcome to her friends, and not unwelcome to those who had not the honour of knowing her. The poems of "Annunciata" and "Lament" are the best in the volume, and are simple and sincere. In the former the lover's hate, expressed in the fiercest terms, melts immediately at the presence of the beloved, and in the latter the grief for the dead is tenderly set forth. Mr. Robbins, on the other hand, has not the gift of word-melody, nor any strong message to splutter through the unmanageable jangle of bumping syllables. The author

of the "Day's Journey," and of nine other books of verse, has many things to say, and sometimes manages to say them; but she does not possess a file nor yet a friend with a sense of humour, or she would prune her lines. Can a key be sane or mad? as she makes it in "Spending." She is peculiarly fond of similes from fox-hunting. The soul's hounds bring to bay the flesh, and the dull are defined as people who never harry "with hounds of keen thought" the "red foxes of woe and of shame," and the will is likened to a gold fox which man hunts with the black and white hounds of day and night:

The old, wary, gold fox, whose bright tail twinkles still
Through the gaps in the hedge of the universe bounds.

But, unfortunately, man, while chivvying the fox snatches fiercely and "eats his desire's bitter fruit." Really few huntsmen, if any, eat the fox. Foxhunting has been unkindly defined as "the unspeakable pursuing the uneatable."

Mr. Colum (why Padraic and not the baptism spelling?) wakes the reader's interest. Every one hopes that Ireland will give us a poet some day, and there does seem to be so much gold-dust about, that the miners any day might find the matrix. Lines like:

And O! the swallows forget many wonders
When walls with the nests rise up once more!

are imaginative lines, and:

Then the wet, winding roads,
Brown bogs with black water;
And my thoughts on white ships
And the King o' Spain's daughter

are musical. But there is not a single poem out of the twenty-five which will make men feel: this is an achievement: but enough is done to make the reader angry that he cannot say so:

And I who have lost her—the dear, the rare—
Well, I got me this ballad to sing at the fair,
'Twill bring enough money to drown my care
Over the hills and far away.

A man who can write that, deserves to be reviewed savagely for not working harder in the service of the muse whom he courts and loses.

Mr. Papillon has done well to edit the late Mr. Conolly's pleasant Latin verses. The desire to tag his favourite tit-bits into easy and melodious Latin verse is the mark of a man who has been taught classic literature, and not classic cram. To achieve that laudable desire is given to few, and only those who have tried their hands, say, at "Phyllis is my Only Joy" will understand how exquisitely Mr. Conolly has succeeded with that difficult young lady, in spite of her tricks:

Sin paulo precibus favet rogantis
Nil suetae memini protervitatis.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY

Birds of the Loch and Mountain. By SETON P. GORDON. (Cassell and Co., 7s. 6d.)

Some Nature Biographies. By JOHN J. WARD. (John Lane, 5s.)

THE part which mechanical inventions have played in fostering and developing a love for the study of natural history is a curiously interesting one. The production, for example, of good microscopes at a moderate cost brought forth an army of enthusiasts intent on the study of the infinitely little; wayside ditches and ponds were explored with tremendous zeal—mud and milk, fish-scales and feathers, fur and fleas were alike laboriously examined, and every possible device was adopted to bring new features thereof to light. While some, indeed, followed this pursuit rather with the object of collecting pretty objects than of unravelling the mysteries of Nature—that is to say, they found in the microscope an end in itself—others used

the microscope only as a means to an end. But both contributed immensely to add to the sum of human knowledge and to the improvement of the microscope.

More recently dry-plate photography and cheap cameras have turned the tide of Nature-study into other channels. The nearest ditch no longer suffices. In search of subjects for the camera men now risk their lives in climbing precipitous cliffs, or lying hid for hours in bitter cold or broiling heat, to secure some coveted picture of bird or beast. More or fewer of these hunters—for hunters they are, though killing is, happily, no part of their hunting—sooner or later try their hand at writing a book wherein the story of their adventures is duly set forth and suitably illustrated. Of many of these books but little can be said save that they contain pretty pictures. Some, however, as might be expected, breaking entirely new ground, make really valuable additions to our knowledge of animals and plants in their native haunts; while others, if of lesser mark, serve at least as most helpful and delightful guides to the wild places of Nature, or as fascinating companions to the less fortunate stay-at-home naturalists.

Of the many books of this kind which have recently appeared, a small volume by Mr. Seton P. Gordon may be taken as an excellent sample. He writes of the "Birds of Loch and Mountain" (Cassell & Co.), and in a way which shows that he is a good and accurate observer as well as a photographer of no mean skill. Some of the pictures which enliven these pages are, indeed, exquisite; while others, if less beautiful from a pictorial point of view, have a high scientific value.

We heartily sympathise with his strictures on the insane persecution to which many of our most beautiful and most useful birds are subjected, in the interest, mostly imaginary, of game-preservation. The way in which owls, hawks, and eagles have been shot down, and trapped, and in many cases wholly exterminated to provide increased targets for "sportsmen" is nothing less than diabolical. And among the most fiendish of these must be reckoned that most barbarous engine the pole-trap, which, though prohibited by law, is, as a matter of fact, still commonly used. What the "sportsman" leaves to us the mere egg-collector takes; so that, between the two, in a few years our avifauna will have become reduced to sparrows and "game-birds"!

The author of this book, however, lays himself open to a suspicion of insincerity, inasmuch as, though he professes to deplore the slaughter of the Golden Eagle, for example, he dilates on the "havoc" which this bird makes among the grouse, though he must know that the damage he speaks of is grossly exaggerated. Furthermore, he goes out of his way to afford instruction as to the best way in which the nestlings of this fine bird may be captured! Such information one would have imagined he would have withheld!

But the mountain and moor are Elysian fields which only a very few can hope to explore. Most of us must be content with more humble hunting, though this need be no less fascinating. What a world of wonders lies at our very door is revealed to us by Mr. John Ward, who, in a small volume on "Some Nature Biographies" (John Lane & Co.), describes the life histories of a number of butterflies and moths, the strange metamorphoses of jelly-fish, and some of the marvellously beautiful microscopic animals such as the radiolaria. Besides these, however, he gives us some interesting chapters on botany, such as that on the horse-chestnut bud and its development into leaf, fruit, and flower; "A Piece of Coal;" and the glassy skeletons of those microscopic plants known as diatoms, the skeletons of which, in their exquisite beauty of form, are to be reckoned among the greatest marvels in Nature. Though so minute as to require the highest powers of the microscope to make out their parts, these skeletons yet form a very considerable portion of the solid ground on which we tread!

Tastefully bound, and profusely illustrated by very beautiful photographs, this little book should prove a most valuable addition to the Children's Library of Natural History Books.

STORIES OF ENGLISH CARDINALS

Story of the English Cardinals. By the Rev. C. S. ISAACSON. (Elliot Stock, 6s. net.)

THERE always seems to be a demand for books that deal with Court life, more especially should they give promise of a spice of scandal; and of late years we have had a veritable flood of literature purporting to let us behind the scenes (more or less) of the brilliant entourage of the Grand Monarque, and so forth. In the same way there would appear to be a lurking curiosity to pierce the inner circle of the Papal Court; and the Rev. C. S. Isaacson, M.A., has followed up his "Story of the Later Popes" by a pleasantly-written "Story of the English Cardinals." The prospectus of the volume before us assures the expectant reader that "although this book is not written in a controversial spirit, many side-lights are thrown upon Roman Catholic methods and Jesuit intrigues." Here and there the author seems to hint that "he could and he would a fearsome tale unfold;" but those who, on the strength of the bait offered by the prospectus, get the book in the hope of revelations, are destined to be disappointed, for we learn nothing that we do not all know, or think we know, already. In fact, the volume can hardly be said to supply a want or to fill a void. It is merely a chatty, readable recasting of other men's work, without any pretence to original research or without any attempt to elucidate difficulties. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, judging by the list of books used by the author in its compilation, for this exhibits an extraordinary jumble of more or less useful, and some certainly valueless, works. Such being the case, it would be unfair to judge this volume by too high a standard, for the pervading slipshodness would tend to cast some doubt on the general accuracy of the author's methods. Thus, the "list of books used" starts with "The National History of Biography" (usually quoted by its own superior title of "Dictionary of National Biography"). John of Gaunt is said (p. 98) to have died in 1309. Wolsey's creation as Cardinal is put down to the year 1555, twenty years after his death. That is not a solitary slip, for on the same page (148) he is said to have received the Great Seal as Lord Chancellor in the same impossible year. The date of a letter from the Bishop of Rochester to Cromwell is given as December 22nd, 1554, some years after the death of both writer and recipient (p. 171); and Dr. Richard Smith is stated (p. 220) to have been Vicar-Apostolic of All England in 1555. He was not even born at that date, and died in 1655. Such errors may be due to inattentive proof-reading; they are nevertheless disquieting and destroy confidence. But the statement that Adam Easton became "a monk of the Benedictine Order at the Blackfriars convent at Norwich" (p. 66) is an item of information which needs explaining, for it is difficult to understand how a man could be prepared for the Benedictine mode of life in a Dominican house; it would be like saying that a cadet at Sandhurst was being trained for the Engineers or the Artillery.

Of course the earlier Cardinals are, on the whole, of less interest than the later ones, and the material for their biographies is necessarily in many cases very scanty; but when we approach modern times, when materials are abundant, it is trifling with the reader to be told, for instance (p. 259), that:

The details of [Cardinal Manning's] administration have been so fully and so recently described in Purcell's remarkable biography that it seems unnecessary to repeat them here.

It may be assumed that not all who read these pages have seen Purcell's "Life," or could have ready access to it, or would care to tackle the two bulky volumes which contain it.

On the whole, this volume gives a not unpleasant picture of remarkable, or prominent, or kindly men, of whom their countrymen may be justly proud, for they have upheld England's prestige in the battle of wits with the pick of

the ecclesiastical intellect of Europe during eight or nine hundred years. Nor will Roman Catholics, we fancy, have any reasonable cause to complain of this book, though here and there, possibly, exception might be taken to the personal opinions and *obiter dicta* that occur. Thus, it is averred that:

With Pole the Pope was first and his lawful Sovereign second (p. 181).

This would be countered by the *Distinguendum est* of the chopper of logic: as to spirituals, *transeat, conceditur*; as to temporals, *negatur*; and, it may be presumed, he would proceed to justify his distinction.

THREE GARDENING BOOKS

Flower Grouping. Sketches in Colour and Notes in English, Scotch, and Irish Gardens. With Fifty-six Sketches in Colour. By MARGARET WATERFIELD. (Dent, 21s. net.)

Gardening for Women. By the HON. FRANCES WOLSELEY. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., 5s. net.)

The Book of Garden Pests. By HOOPER PEARSON, F.R.H.S. (John Lane and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

MISS WATERFIELD'S book consists of a number of water-colour sketches from a variety of gardens in England, Scotland, and Ireland, supplemented by writings, more or less bearing on the pictures, by a variety of authors. These give information which may be divided under three heads—a good deal of vaguely suggestive matter; some lists which may prove valuable to gardeners who have not yet tried their hands at colour-grouping; and some more particular information about the culture of certain bulbs and plants, which any handbook of gardening gives, and which strikes us as superfluous in a book of this description.

We must not expect too much of letterpress so evidently written round pictures, but must rather look to these to justify the existence of the book. This, we think, they certainly do, though the sketches vary a good deal in quality, some being obviously more suited to the colour process employed than others. The more successful ones are those in which Miss Waterfield's feeling for an architectural point has been gratified by the presence of a sundial, a tazza, or an old tower showing above a wall. The value of both clipped and Irish yews, treated as architecture, has also gone to the composition of some of Miss Waterfield's most successful sketches. We find many of those in which this architectural touch is absent wanting in definition. The eye may wander over a tangle of flowers with pleasure and yet find it hard to recall the pleasure, when faced by some of Miss Waterfield's rather indefinite blotches, where all flower individuality has been lost, without any compensating gain in mass form.

The prints facing pp. 3, 52, and 126 are good examples of the avoidance of this error, and rise above the rather monotonous level of the majority. As far as can be judged without comparison with the original sketches, the colour reproduction is good, and the whole volume is attractively produced by Messrs. Dent. We should describe it as a very pleasing gift-book, for which, indeed, the author probably designed it, without claiming for it a permanent place in the literature of gardening.

In Miss Wolseley's book we have a collection of information which should prove very useful to women wishing to enter on a career as horticulturists. The author is careful to point out the drawbacks of gardening as a profession for women; but in spite of this care she leaves us with a distinct impression that the thing is well worth doing, and well within the powers of the average healthy woman, if she be provided with the two qualities—tact and taste. Miss Wolseley is firm in pointing out that, as physically, woman, however athletic, cannot compete with man, so it must be by bringing intellect to bear on matters often handed over to an uneducated male, that she must enter the market as competitor.

The book contains much useful information as to means of training, with syllabuses of work in some foreign as well as English training colleges, and many addresses of clubs and institutes formed by or in aid of women with professions.

The "worm i' the bud" we have taken on trust from poets and others, but the number and variety of worms, caterpillars, scales, &c., with their cures, as set forth in Mr. Hooper Pearson's handbook, suggest that the garden of the future may consist rather of chemicals for the exclusion of pests than of the flowers they are used to protect. That the book will prove invaluable to the practical gardener is undoubted, as in easily accessible form it places accurate drawings and a clear text within reach of all who need this kind of information.

THE JEWS IN ENGLAND

THE history of the Jews in England is, in the main, a history of money :

Whether Jews were settled in England before the Conquest or not, it is certain that a Jewish immigration into England took place early in the reign of William the Conqueror. The exact date of their settlement is again unknown, but they came from Rouen, and their advent was one of the direct consequences of the Conquest. England at the period of the Norman invasion was inhabited almost entirely by landholders of various grades, villeins, and Churchmen. A small proportion of the population was engaged in trades, but the commercial class was entirely unrepresented. The country was divided between the upper and lower classes, while of the middle there were as yet neither representatives nor substitutes. So long as the English were content to remain at home, either on their estates or in their villages, and took no practical interest in external affairs, the ordinary produce of the soil and district was sufficient to supply their wants, and the baron, his retainers and villeins lived at home in plenty, and found sufficient to enable them to visit their neighbours on either friendly or hostile errands. When, however, the desire to leave that somewhat narrow orbit arose other needs came. Payment in kind when attempted beyond the smallest limits became so cumbersome as to be hardly practicable, and the wider one's interests spread the more pressing became the necessity for a reliable and convenient means of exchange. To satisfy the requirements of the advance in the state of civilisation that marked the advent of the Normans to England, in the first place, coin and, in the second, the machinery of commerce were required. Both could be supplied by the Jews. Driven by persecution from almost all other callings in life, the Jews of Europe had perforce been compelled to devote themselves more and more to finance and trade. In these twin occupations, reinforced by their superior intelligence, due doubtless to the continual sharpening by persecution that Jewry had even then undergone, the Jews of the Middle Ages excelled. In the economy of Norman England the Jews were well fitted to take the place of the middle-class, then lacking, and in the natural course, whether at the special invitation of the King or at their own initiative, the Jews must inevitably have found their way into the country.

With this statement by Mr. Albert M. Hyamson in "A History of the Jews in England" (Chatto and Windus), there is no need in the main to quarrel. Exception, however, should be taken to two at least of the expressions which the author employs, which are shibboleths among the philo-Semites. "Driven by persecution from almost all other callings in life" does not fairly represent the condition of the Jews in Europe, or England, during the early and Middle Ages of Christian civilisation. In point of fact the Jew, and here is his singular force, has never allowed himself to be expelled from any situation in which he had discovered, or foreseen, the possibility of profit-making. This characteristic has given rise to the proverbial saying about the Jew, that "if he be thrown out of the door he will come back through the window." Pananti, the illustrious Italian poet, who in 1808, or thereabouts, was made prisoner in Algiers, and has left a picturesque account of his residence in the pirate citadel, put this question to an Algerine Jew named Durand: "How is it that the Jews, who are treated by the Algerines as the lowest of slaves, who are liable to be tortured and murdered on the smallest excuse, and without any redress, persist in remaining here?" "You forget," replied Durand, "the profits that we make!" Durand was at that time the so-called "King" of the Algerine Jews—that is to say, the chief of the free Jewish community in Algiers, but that did not prevent, shortly afterwards, a fanatical janissary from

striking his head from his shoulders for the simple reason that he was a Jew. A similar fate awaited Bacri, who succeeded him as King of the Algerine Jews, and whose descendants were the prime movers in the ultimate downfall of Algiers and its conquest by the French. Mr. Henry Nevinston, the distinguished correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, made the same remark as Pananti in connection with the massacre of the Jews in Russia, of which he was an eyewitness. A Jew might have had his whole family slaughtered in his presence, his house might have been burnt down, and his commerce destroyed. A few days later he would be selling cigarettes off a barrow in the street. He had declined to budge, and was once more in business on the ruins of his home. There is no lack of evidence, moreover, to show that even the wholesale expulsions of the Jews from England by Edward the First did not prevent many Jews from returning to this country. Antony Munday, in his additions to Stow, refers to "the unconscionable broking usurers, a base kind of vermin" that had crept into Houndsditch, "discredit of the age, and of the place where they were suffered to live," and this could have applied at that time only to the Jews. It is more than improbable that the Jew could have been successfully excluded from any trade which he had really wished to ply. It has not been, and is not possible, to prevent the Jew from becoming even a Catholic priest, with respect to which point Borrow supplies valuable details in the "Bible in Spain." If, then, he became a usurer, the common-sense conclusion is that this trade better suited his tastes and inclinations than most kinds of manual labour. For many years, however, the Jews have been instilling into the minds of the Christian Simple Simons, the unsophisticated Protestants of this country, that but for the action of the bigoted Church, which forbade usury to all but Jews, the Jew would willingly have been a tiller of the ground! Alas! persecution cut this same ground from beneath his feet! Thus we see how evil deeds come home to roost. Shylock was a usurer because the Christian Church willed it so. He was a morbid outcome of Christianity, a product of persecution, the ugly child of our own misguided beliefs and principles. This theory must indeed lay soothing unction to the soul of the Jew, supposing that for one minute he believes it. But like that blessed word "persecution," upon which the Jewish communities have been morally and physically thriving for centuries past, it does not bear the test of impartial historical research.

There is another phrase in the above lengthy quotation from Mr. Hyamson's "History of the Jews in England" which needs a note of interrogation. He speaks of the Jews who had come over in the wake of William the Conqueror's army as "being reinforced by their superior intelligence." The author is referring to finance and commerce more than to anything else, but none the less this pert theory that the Jew is more intelligent than the Gentile, which is so often brought forward with a general application by philo-Semites, should not be allowed to pass without protest. Clearly it cannot be maintained with any show of reason that the pickpocket is by the mere fact of his successful theft more intelligent than the man whose pocket he has picked. That the picking of pockets is a profession which requires audacity, skill, and intelligence is incontrovertible. A community of thieves would certainly number a larger number of intelligent persons with a higher average of brain-power and knowledge of the world than would be found in any ordinary English village. But that is where our estimation of their intelligence must stop. It is so with the Jews; though I am far from accusing all Jews of being dishonest. The brain of the Jew has never proved itself to be a superior brain except in the successful carrying out of the more or less shady money dealings which Mr. Hyamson calls, a little euphemistically, "finance." In all other departments of human work in which the mind has the largest share the Jewish intellect has reached a very high, but, at best, only second-rate level of accomplishment.

Mr. Hyamson explains clearly and, on the whole, fairly

the circumstances under which it fell to the Jews to establish money in England as the basis of commercial life and as the sinews of the future political life of the nation. For this work, which was, of course, anything but disinterested, England owed a debt of gratitude to the Jews, which has, however, been more than amply repaid.

ROWLAND STRONG.

"TOIL AND TROUBLE"

MANY efforts have been made to express in literature the life and mind of those who can only eat bread in the sweat of their faces. The object is excessively difficult of attainment, because toil has no artistic expression in itself, and literature requires in those who have undergone it the faculty of divesting themselves of the very mind which they are about to express. In the pastoral story, "Children's Children,"* Mrs. Muirhead Bone breaks new ground, the wrapping clay of rural life in its dearest English species. We know well that this clay can raise crops of armed men able to make empires both moral and material, but at the cost of what absorbing labour, and in literature by the criterion of what searching ordeals! I welcome Mrs. Bone's book as the most remarkable work of fiction which has appeared for a long time; or shall I call it rather, the most accurate study of life?

There is no more terrible picture in the "Comédie Humaine," than the incarnation, in "Les Paysans," of the surd struggle between the cunning retentiveness of the soil, and the more intelligent acquisitiveness which would extract its treasures. Here Balzac deals with generalities; he knows that the peasantry has little individual character expressible in words. He therefore avoids the characterisation, of which he was the greatest of masters. In "Les Paysans" he creates no Vautrin, Cambremer, Michu, Marche-à-terre, Taboreau, Goriot, Grandet, nor Rogron. With Dickens, those who toil are either vehicles of his inimitable irony, immortal puppets in the troupe of Punch; or mere solvents of the lachrymal glands. They end according to their deserts, in jail by the way of their own wits, or in comfortable circumstances by the way of their friends' assistance. In any case, they must rise or fall; Dickens's barometer cannot register their mean. George Eliot cannot approach the expression of toil nearer than Mrs. Poyser, Adam Bede, Hettie, Silas Marner. They are the exponents of her moral or religious theories. They echo her reminiscences of her own mind under those of her experiences which most resemble theirs, recorded after she had passed under other influences. Elizabeth Gaskell wrote a powerful story too much forgotten, "The Crooked Branch." Its appeal lies in the tragedy of sorrow, played by devoted parents, "paying in heart's care and heaviness of soul" for the crimes of their only child. Similarly in Monsieur René Bazan's story, "La Terre qui Meurt," toil is clothed in the pathos of disappointment in the fidelity of a son, and in surprise at the constancy of a hired servant. Juliana Horatio Ewing mitigates the dullness of toil, not itself very arduous, with her own gentle humour, and by treating of it in its relation to very kindly employers like herself. Lady Tennant now gives us charming sketches in a similar vein. In verse, Wordsworth idealises toil to such a degree, that every labourer becomes a philosopher in the employment of the Kosmos. His peasants, though expressed in totally different terms, are no more real than are the shepherdesses of Watteau. Barnes, an amalgam of toil and poetry, expresses truly exceptional classes only, such as grave-diggers, cobblers, and weavers—in fact, the "odd fishes" of rural life—whatever other sorts he may intend to pourtray. Crabbe, somewhat like George Eliot, writes of labour from memory, but in its severer forms. He observes it with a curious and much more human eye, and dissects it. But he translates its triviality by triviality of another sort.

When he is not trivial, he is terrible, because he is describing positive tragedies or crimes. He cannot recreate the trivialities of labour, as Jane Austen recreates those of the society which she knew, though his power of realism is as great as hers, and he has far profounder sympathies. As to the country lads of Mr. A. E. Housman's exquisite lyrics, they are all poets, pupils of the *palæstra* transported to Shropshire.

There sleeps in Shrewsbury jail to-night,
Or wakes, as may betide,
A better lad, if things went right,
Than most that sleep outside.

And sharp the link of life will snap,
And dead on air will stand
Heels that held up as straight a chap
As treads upon the land.

Even in their crimes they are much simpler, tenderer, and more pathetic creatures than those of any of the poets I have named, but therefore even further removed from any resemblance to the true English "yokel." Through a certain affinity between the authors, which I feel, but cannot stop to analyse, I pass to Lady Gregory's wonderful scenes, such as, "At the Jail Gate." Lady Gregory does recreate truly the Irish peasant, as did Ouida the Italian peasant. Alas! that we should have to speak of Ouida's work as finished. But both the Irish and the Italian peasant are much more amenable than the English to expression in Art, because both move in the atmosphere of a religion which, whether it be truer or more moral or no, is more human than any atmosphere which has surrounded the English peasant for a very long time. Catholicism, and nothing else in Europe, if it encourage superstition (I hope so) or retard progress (Toward which pole?) does give form and colour to country clay. Similarly in Scotland, a certain stern glare is cast on the poorest country life, by the amazing interest which the Scottish people take even in theology, not to say divinity, and especially in that side of eschatology which deals with hell-fire—in fact in all kinds of religious controversy. It is well known that the itinerant medicine-man in Scotland cannot sell a single pill at a fair, without a preliminary discourse on Saving Grace or Original Sin. And I am told that this lullaby is still crooned with unction over Scottish cradles:

The black-bull Popery he's broken oot,
And we'll all be murdered in our beds,
Of that there's n're a doot.

Scott himself centres all the interest in those who toil in Scotland, either in their feudal devotion to their masters, as in Caleb Balderston, or in the profession of such monstrous creeds as that of douse Davie Dean. Once only does he appeal to their purely human interest; in the hero of that curiously modern and despised story, "The Two Drovers." Even here the main interest of the story is, of course, its positive tragedy. The story seems to me to contain a germ of the later work of a great living writer, who throughout has more affinity with Scott than appears on the surface—Thomas Hardy. But "Jude the Obscure," Mr. Hardy's most elaborate study which approaches my subject, depends for its interest on the exceptional character of the hero among his fellows, and on such philosophic considerations as George Eliot uses to assist the course of her stories.

In great labour there is Titanic interest. The sweat of Vulcan in his workshop, the labours of Hercules, all the thews and sinews beloved by Michael Angelo, suggest the efforts and the triumphs of the human race. Recently Charles Read knew well the value of deadly violence as a setting to his study of labour in "Tis Never Too Late to Mend," and he used with effect the red glow of the furnaces and the flickering yellow flames of the glass-blowers' ovens, in the infernos of Sheffield or Wigan. As Hilda Wangel would say, "How thrilling!" I do not forget Burns. Though I am little troubled by dialect, and find Scotch ballads the most beautiful that exist, I must frankly confess "imperfect sympathy." I cannot read Burns. I must therefore admit that Burns may have achieved all that I claim for Mrs. Muirhead Bone, for I

*"Children's Children." By Gertrude Bone. With Drawings by Muirhead Bone. (Duckworth and Co., 6s. and 25s. net.)

cannot compare them. But I do compare her achievement with that of the writers whom I have mentioned, even of Balzac, Dickens, Scott, and Mr. Hardy. I have recalled them particularly because they all either decorate or impersonalise their subject. Mrs. Bone has no recourse to appeals to the imagination. She has personalised the sheer type of the hind under "the slavery of making an impossible livelihood," his toil, his trouble, and his very mind. Her theme is toil pure, the lifelong, unintelligent, scarcely productive toil of the very small English cultivator, hardly extracting his daily bread from the "cursed" ground, "in the sweat of his face," gradually sinking into the ground "from which he was taken," to feed in his turn its crop of "briars and thistles." It is such kind of toil that Mrs. Bone isolates absolutely and incarnates in Jacob Pyrah and his daughter Tamar. He works his own farm, he is neither master nor man, he has neither known nor shown fidelity. By his consuming, ill-directed toil he has supported himself, and for part of the time his wife and one daughter, until he is nearly eighty. He has been debarred the double blessing of corporal charity. He is not poor enough to receive, and he is too poor to give. When the story begins his wife is dead, and his daughter is just returning with her two small children, aged four and two, to live at the farm, tired of a husband who will not work. She has never known Love. She married as she will die, in the course of nature. She has never known hatred nor cruelty. Her husband was an unprofitable partner, and she dissolved partnership in the ordinary course of business. The children open a door to such marks of love as these two poor hinds are able to show. They soon fall into an unfenced pool and are drowned. Their mother dies of a common sickness, and the old man is again left quite alone, waiting to fall into the grave, without sign of knowledge whether he is seed or husk. This is Mrs. Bone's theme, and these two are her protagonists. She groups round them four other persons. An elderly brother of Pyrah represents rural levity—Mrs. Bone burdens us only with as much as is essential to her canvas. A weak-minded woman, who is badly treated by the cold cunning of another peasant, supplies in her history the element of misdemeanour necessary to truth. A "converted" mason, John Eglathorne, with the late Mrs. Pyrah, represents religious imagination, and all idea, even the most rudimentary, of any deity whatever; Pyrah and his daughter express none of any kind, not even of Providence. It may be assumed that, by reflexion from the pious Mrs. Pyrah, they perhaps exercise one supernatural virtue—patience; but, like their love, it is rather the instinct of those mild gregarious beasts which nourish their young, and low or bleat when one of their kind falls into a pit. In this restraint Mrs. Bone is absolutely realistic; her first and greatest achievement is in the re-creation of these two harmless human beasts, and her success in interesting her readers in them. She has expressed the inexpressible, which all former writers have found inexpressible. But it is impossible for any art to do this by other means than that of contrast. It is by means of religious imagination in the other *personae* that Mrs. Bone gives these two characters their salience.

The phenomenon of what is called "Conversion" has never been more simply or more sincerely treated than she treats it in the scene in the village meeting-house. I would willingly quote here the whole six pages which tell how a student had been sent trudging seven miles through the rain and mud to conduct the Sunday prayer-meeting, how he arrived wet and cold:

... depressed with the knowledge that he was always sent to these out-of-the-way congregations, which were invariably the same—two or three serious old people, a labourer or two, who would fall asleep in the indoor warmth, a handful of whispering boys and girls, and a woman with a baby which would wake up and cry when the hymn stopped. He hung his dripping coat on a nail behind the pulpit ... and doggedly began his service. A hymn rose feebly in several keys, but the boys and girls knew the chorus, and finished each verse with a run. It was lacking in dignity, and the words were solemn. At the end of the hymn they had to wait until an old deaf woman, who sung it at her own

time, had finished. A boy tittered, and his mother shook her head at him. . . . The student began to pray. He was feeble in prayer, and he knew it. An "Amen!" arose at regular intervals from an old man who sat among the children. . . . The weight of lifting this congregation heavenward pressed heavily on the student.

A feeling of compunction stole over him at his lack of interest, and he began the usual final pleading more earnestly:

"Is there one such soul in this house? One sinful soul that needs cleansing and pardon, one weak soul that needs guidance, one whom no man stretches out his hand to save?"

Suddenly, from the back of the drowsy congregation came a shuffling of feet, and a hoarse voice with a painful stutter called out:

"That's me!"

Every one turned, wide awake as though a peal of thunder had roared unexpectedly outside. The boys in front screwed themselves round and knelt on the bench, staring with open mouths at John Eglathorne, who was on his feet, looking at the preacher.

"That's me, Mester!" he repeated with the same stutter; "that's what I want!"

There was a dead silence. The student's pulses began to beat heavily, and he opened his mouth to speak, but no sound came. A young girl began to cry. It was as if one of the bulls from the meadow had entered the chapel and bellowed with articulate words. It might even be as dangerous. The old man who sat among the children rose from his seat in the other aisle, and made his way round the front of the pulpit to the back of the chapel, his white hair shining under each lamp in turn. Every one watched him. He caught John Eglathorne's attention also as he drew closer. John sat down heavily in his seat, once again repeating, "That's me!" this time a little sullenly.

"Yes, that's you, John!" said the old man, cheerfully.

The old man, keeping his hand still on John's arm, began a little timidly to pray, when John, without any warning, burst into sobs. He made no attempt to cover his face, which was at every violent cry distorted hideously, as if the muscles would be rent apart by this unwonted human feeling. Through his tears he still watched the old man, who, relieved of his timidity by this sudden human contact, went on with his prayer:

"O God! Thou knowest that we're all sinners in Thy sight, and this 'ere man has been a great sinner before Thee. I've knowed 'im ever sin he wur born, and he's been no good to man or beast, but a by-word for cadding and wickedness. But his hard heart's broken now, Lord, and he's crying like a child because of his wicked ways. He's feeling after Thee, Lord, same as a weaned child its mother. O God! Thou'st spoke peace to many a soul in this house of prayer. Give this poor penitent pardon for his sins as Thou hast many a one before, and let 'im rise up a new man in this very hour. Take 'im by the hand and lift 'im up on his feet as Thou didst that sinful man in days of old, and say to 'im, 'Go, and sin no more.' Lord, help this poor lad that's crying for 'is wicked ways. Thou didst overtake many a one of us in our sins, and now Thou's caught 'old of this lad that nobody else had a mind of. Bring 'im to the Cross, Lord Jesus, and let 'im have a sight of Thee suffering for 'im and dying for his soul. Wash 'im clean again from all his sins. 'Neither passion nor pride Thy love can abide, But melt in the fountain that flows from Thy side; Come then from above, Its hardness remove, And vanquish his heart By a sight of Thy love.' While he's crying here before Thee, speak peace to 'im. Come in this very hour, Lord Jesus, and save his soul in Thy love and mercy. Amen!"

The old man ceased, but his lips still moved. The woman in the front pew murmured at intervals, "Lord, save souls! Lord, save souls!" with a deep respiration. A baby who had been sleeping at the breast gave a querulous cry, followed by the hurried hushing of its mother.

[The lad] watched the old man with an obedient and attentive gaze. He, opening his eyes and meeting his look, smiled, and with confident simplicity said, as if speaking to a child:

"He wants you to be a good lad, John."

John nodded.

"Would you like to get up on your feet and tell 'em so?" asked the old man, giving his hand. John took it, and with another scuffle, holding tight to the bench, said, with a stutter of interminable length:

"I'm going to be a good lad for ever and ever. Amen."

"Amen!" echoed one or two voices, and then John shuffled in his old way out of the chapel.

What it portended no one knew. Old Summers believed that the Spirit of God had passed by and breathed on the outcast, but he was so old that no one took much notice of him.

"I hope he's not going to do anything like that again," said a young woman in a thick voice. "He did frighten me—my heart's beating yet."

"He shouted out 'That's me!' and I jumped up," said a man. "I didn't know wheer I was. 'That's me!' he shouts, as if somebody'd got hold of him."

This remarkable description is retrospective of the conversion of John Eglathorne, which resulted in a *melancholy*

of some five-and-thirty years of virtuous conversation. Later in the book (pp. 232 to 241) Mrs. Bone describes in passages on a still higher plane the exquisite sympathy which this same confirmed convert shows to Pyrah and his daughter overwhelmed by the drowning of the children. By doing violence to the most sacred secrets of his own heart, he seeks to relieve their dumb sorrow by giving it vent. He reveals his own spiritual experiences concerning the death of his wife, whom he had loved tenderly. It is a masterly picture which I shrink from spoiling by selection. Mrs. Bone achieves the almost dramatic realisation of practical piety.

In these passages, and generally throughout her story, Mrs. Bone shows a power of self-effacement very rarely combined with a power of personalisation such as hers. Throughout her whole book she keeps one end only in view—the expression of the mind of her characters. She gives no hint of any problem or theory. Her silence represents the dumbness of the peasant's mind, she makes his one mode of expression, the religious mode, her own. Does she find his hymns grotesque or devotional? She makes no sign. To him they are the outpourings of the Spirit; she records them as the response from the abyss of certain human hearts to the abyss of God, without seeking to measure relative human profundity. She deals with inanimate Nature similarly. She has much of Jefferies's feeling for Nature, but she will not allow herself to caress her as he does, less she should identify her with herself, as he does so completely. She sets aside the mood in which she begins her story, and schools herself to regard Nature as the subject of toil, the wilful creature from which the labourer extracts his life. She forces herself to regard the folding of the plains as "the land;" trees, as timber; the chequer of cloud and sunlight, as weather; the snowflakes and the raindrops, as manure; "the tender bowed locks of the corn," as crops. Nothing must divert attention from the dumb, cloaked persons of her drama. I have spoken of her intense realism in forcing expression out of them; she is so absorbed in that object that she sacrifices photographic accuracy in presenting their surroundings. Such would detract from their life. A branching elm overhanging a steep bank is not felled *en masse*, as she describes, but with much lopping of its great branches. She calls a hoe "antiquated;" I submit to her the emendation "worn out," for I much doubt whether the agricultural hoe has changed, except in material, since the days of Cain. She forgets that a sampler in a picture-frame could scarcely hold together for a year exposed to the English climate in an open churchyard. These trifles do not detract in the least from the vivid truth of the story. Mrs. Bone makes one, more serious mistake. The change of John Eglathorne from "a half-witted lad" to a self-supporting workman is a psychological impossibility. "Conversion" may possibly develop the moral faculties, but it cannot so entirely change the mental. Again, she is chronologically inexact. She places her story too late. This is of small importance; she has given enduring life to a type, whether it continues contemporary with us or not. But considering what I have said, it would be unjust to the spirit of progress not to acknowledge frankly that it is fast abolishing the type, if it has not already done so. It would be unjust to the men of the Oxford Movement not to point out that Mrs. Bone's village would now be hard to find in England. Apart from any religious consideration, the men of that movement realised, perhaps largely unconsciously, that the *Zeitgeist* close upon them was the Instinct of Expression. By providing for it in the only civilising influence which affects the hind, Religion, they imposed no education upon him; they provided for his demands. The movement was the precursor of the growing instinct, and we do not always realise how much we owe to it incidentally, for colouring and forming the clay, nor how widely it has spread, ritualising, as it has, the most puritanic deportment, and touching with wilful decoration the severest spiritual utility.

M. A.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

DURING the last few years the fame of Richard Jefferies appears to have passed under a cloud, and his works have been made the subject of much adverse criticism. There are not wanting, however, indications of a revival of interest, and it may be worth while to inquire whether the author of "Field and Hedgerow" and "The Gamekeeper at Home" may not, after all, be destined to occupy a permanent niche in the Pantheon of English literature.

It is obvious that his appeal must always be to a comparatively small number of readers. His form was at times faulty, and his sentences not infrequently bear the marks of hurried and careless composition. He was not, like Izaak Walton, a great artist. One need not be an ardent devotee of rod and line to enjoy the measured and stately prose of "The Compleat Angler;" but Jefferies demands from his reader an interest in his subject-matter almost as keen as his own. Without that interest he will infallibly prove dull, tedious, and uninspired.

His critics have accused him of declining into a mere compiler of catalogues, and Mr. Quiller-Couch, in an amusing essay, has pressed his charge home with considerable force. There is, it must be admitted, some truth in the indictment; but the offence is, at the worst, pardonable. I think it was Mr. E. V. Lucas who once wrote a paper on the poetry of a rose-grower's catalogue, and there must be quite a lot of people, beside myself, who experience an intense joy in the repetition of such words as "celandine," "violet," "woodspurge," or "primrose." The works of Richard Jefferies are full of this nomenclature of the fields and woodlands. They are fragrant with the breath of honeysuckle and wild thyme, and all the varied odours of a country lane. He could never have enough of Nature, and it is possible that he occasionally miscalculated the requirements of his reader. In "The Pageant of Summer," one of the finest of his essays, he has described, with an almost microscopic minuteness, the appearance of a country meadow on a day in June. There is nothing that escapes his attention, for there is nothing that he does not love.

His worst fault would appear to have been a false and distorted sentimentality. It is difficult to realise that he was a contemporary of Darwin. He was, indeed, hopelessly out of touch with current scientific thought and speculation. While Tennyson was writing of Nature, "red in tooth and claw with ravine," Jefferies was inditing panegyrics on the friendliness of the flowers. He affords a marked contrast in this respect to such a writer as Thomas Hardy, who discerns in external Nature the working of those pitiless and cruel laws which appear to direct and control the life of man. In one of the finest and most characteristic of his poems Hardy describes how, in a moment of weariness, he sought relief from the cares and vexations of City life in the sylvan peace of a wood, only, however, to be rapidly disillusioned:

Sycamore shoulders oak,
Bines the slim sapling yoke,
Ivy-spun halters choke
Elms stout and tall.

But in the ears of Richard Jefferies the pipes of Pan are never shrill. The gods above may be pitiless or impotent, but in the life of the fields there is love, and helpfulness, and warmth.

Jefferies had little of the scientific spirit. The dominant note in his writings is a sensuous enjoyment of the life of Nature, tempered by an intellectual pessimism which was probably the result of ill-health. He had a vivid appreciation of colour, and loved to describe the effects of light on flowers, or the blue shadows chasing each other across the downs. For the jargon of the laboratories he displayed the profoundest contempt, and he would gladly have burned all books of botany. "The books have yet to be written," he wrote; and, again, in a moment of genuine illumination, "I want the soul of the flowers."

It was through Nature that he looked for the ultimate and supreme revelation to man. He was never tired of

dreaming of a larger life, a life that should be free from commonplace duties and sordid cares, a life at one with the trees, the rivers, and the hills :

I hope (he writes) that at some time, by dint of bolder thought and freer action, the world shall see a race able to enjoy it without stint, a race able to enjoy the flowers with which the physical world is strewn, the colours of the garden of life. To look backwards with the swallow there is sadness, to-day with the fleck of cloud there is unrest ; but forward, with the broad sunlight, there is hope.

This conception possessed him to such an extent that it succeeded in crowding all other interests out of his mind. He could not find words with which to express the new emotions and ideals which clamoured for utterance, and in "The Story of my Heart" he attempted the impossible. He became sublimely inarticulate.

It is, I think, on his earlier works that his fame must ultimately rest, and particularly on such books as "The Gamekeeper at Home" and "The Amateur Poacher." His delineations of rural landscape are executed with a grace and delicacy which have never been surpassed in English descriptive literature. Something of the charm of a fast vanishing period is preserved in these records, the gracious and leisurely life of an English homestead in days when the countryside afforded an ample sustenance to the farmer and the agricultural labourer, the gossip of a village ale-house, the pleasant intercourse between squire and peasant. It is surely not too much to assert that Richard Jefferies will be read and loved when the life which he described so faithfully shall have disappeared before the advent of multitudinous factories and the tramping of great armies.

T. MICHAEL POPE.

THE FANATICS

THE human mind, as psychology reveals it to us, is a strange and wonderful organism. Thoughts, often wild and curiously disconnected, sometimes almost supernaturally clear and coherent in the rare inspiration of genius, flit through it from the dim and vast sub-consciousness that lies beyond the threshold of all conscious being, uplifting saint and poet to the Divine on the wings of Imagination, but driving the unimaginative materialist, if he cannot break free from them, into the frenzied fancies of heretical fanaticism. For the basis of all heresies and the motive-power of all fanaticisms is a mental obsession: the mind, by long dwelling upon a single isolated truth, gradually over-emphasises its importance and loses sight of its proper relation to the whole body of Catholic doctrine.

Frequently this religious obsession is associated with a morbid spiritual vanity that amounts to moral perversion.

It was Sunday evening and a grey fog hung over the city, saturating everything with its moisture and obscuring, as with a thick veil, the familiar landmarks. Groping my way through a network of narrow streets I reached the "Horsefair"—an open, railed-in triangle, the favourite haunt of loafers, out-of-works and itinerant evangelists. I paused for a moment, uncertain of my direction, when, from somewhere in the centre, came the sound of a man's voice—the voice of a raucous Boanerges, whose tongue of triple brass was denouncing the terrors of hell upon all and sundry who should refuse to accept the message of this self-appointed prophet. Guided by the hubbub—for there were frequent interruptions—I crossed over and joined the outskirts of a small crowd surrounding the central arc-lamp, which dimly illumined their upturned faces and the wet asphalt beyond. The preacher, a short, dark man, with a heavy moustache and a mass of tangled brown hair, the grime of many days upon his collar, and a tattered Bible in his hand, was gesticulating wildly, amid the scarcely-concealed mirth of the bystanders, as he thundered impartially against Society and Socialism, Churchmen and Nonconformists—in

short, everyone except a few like-minded fanatics, whose election to salvation had apparently set them above the moral standard exacted of publicans and sinners.

A tirade against Socialism, containing few facts, but much offensive mud-throwing, provoked one of the crowd to retaliate, and a duel of words ensued—the preacher, heated and abusive, aspersing his opponent's morals and consigning him to the bottomless pit; the Socialist, cool and argumentative, stolidly indifferent to the other's personalities, and cynically enquiring whether they might be taken as a fair sample of Christian charity.

Disgusted with the altercation, I was about to pass on, when physical exhaustion compelled the preacher to stop, and my attention was drawn to his comrade, who now took up his parable and prayed. A tall, gaunt man, with iron-grey hair, wearing a thread-bare overcoat that may once have been black, but had become a curious nondescript shade of green, on his head a round felt hat, much battered, which looked as if it might have been the cast-off head-gear of some Dissenting minister, and in his eyes the far-away glint that betokens a visionary, he might well have passed for a typical example of one of Cromwell's "Fifth Monarchy" men. In marked contrast to his predecessor, he spoke throughout in a quiet, even tone; volcanic fire and energy had given place to a glacier-like coldness; yet here, too, there was no attempt at argument, but crass ignorance and unqualified denunciation; for these men rely blindly on the fantastic promptings of a disordered sub-consciousness—and deem them direct inspirations from the Most High. They alone are the elect of God; the rest of us are marked with the sign of the Beast. A distinguished scientist, a prominent Dissenter, and a Socialist leader are linked together as a Trinity of Evil—representing severally No Bible, No Blood, and No God. And the unemployed are exhorted to pray for work and then—sit down on their hams and wait till it comes to their doors!

I recognised the man. A cobbler by trade, he preferred to loaf about the "Horsefair," babbling of the mysteries that are beyond the ken of him and all his kind, while his poor, suffering wife toiled all day as a charwoman, and his children lacked bread to eat. Only the other day I endeavoured to persuade her to go into the hospital for an operation; but it was impossible, she said. Who would look after her home and her children? Yes; she had tried remonstrances; she had begged him to stick to his last; she had told him that a man's wife and children should be his first care; but she had only been beaten for her pains. One night, when she had broken down and cried, he had clutched her by the throat and threatened to choke her if ever she interfered with him again. Since then she had not dared.

And this was the man who expounded the Scriptures in the "Horsefair" and exhorted sinners to wash them in the Blood of the Lamb and be clean! It is the old Antinomian heresy; an exclusive obsession of the doctrine of justification by faith—the elect can do no wrong. Like a noxious weed, it takes root and flourishes in the congenial soil of Puritanism, to bring forth its fruit in due season—hypocrisy and corruption and all manner of uncleanness. For it is to these that the Apostle applies the proverb: "The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

The preacher had finished, and the little crowd of human souls, filled, like the prodigal son, with "the husks that the swine did eat," was slowly swallowed up in the fog. And as I turned away there arose before mine eyes a vision of an England after Mr.

McKenna's own heart—an England of "simple Bible teaching," where every child was left to interpret the Divine Mysteries according to the darkness of his own ignorance, and false prophets thundered at every street-corner, blind leaders of the blind into the ditch of heresy and schism; where the "saints" multiplied and sinned exceedingly, and the gospel of hypocrisy and ugliness brooded over the land. And then—faint and low—came the rise and fall of a chant from a church hard by, as the choir sang the "*Clamavi in toto corde meo*." I stood beneath the chancel window and listened; the psalm had struck a sympathetic chord; its words were strangely in harmony with my mood. For they sang the concord of words and deeds, of faith and works, which makes the lives of those who have it a veritable symphony of celestial music, bringing to all who hearken to its strains the greatest of God's gifts—His peace.

ERNEST D. LEE.

SOTTO VOCE

WHEN time shall have adjusted the reputations of our Victorian writers, clipping a little here, and, perhaps, giving in some tribute of conscience-money there, it will, when all is done, remain true that the group was splendid, and numerous enough to be called a crowd. The age of the last Queen Regnant will bear, at least, comparison in literary importance with that of Elizabeth or Anne. The second Mary never reigned alone, or was in anything but name a Queen Regnant at all, as indeed there was no reason why she should have been even a Queen Consort: the first held too brief a page, and filled it too full of sombre event to leave room for literature upon it.

No doubt some unborn champion of the Victorian age will claim for it a literary eminence as great as that of the age of Elizabeth, and, if Shakespeare gives him trouble, he will urge that Shakespeare belongs to no age, as the Teutonic critic already refuses to acknowledge that he belongs to any country.

As for the present new-born era—no one seems about to be delivered of any immense literary reputation; a mountain or two may have announced itself in labour, but only mice have been, so far, brought forth. And now seven years of the new century are gone.

It may be a relief, perhaps, instead of scanning the horizon for a reputation to come, to cast a glance or two back on those that stand over from the late century and reign that ended so nearly together. If that is done, it will be inevitable that we should catch sight first of what seems least removed, so that our attention will be arrested by three great figures not really belonging to this new age, spluttering in its cradle, but leaning over into it, as trees may into a garden where they did not grow.

To speak of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Thomas Hardy as nineteenth-century survivals may seem odd when it is remembered that both are younger than Mr. Chamberlain; nevertheless, it is true that both they and Mr. George Meredith do belong to the great literary age which is finished, and not to that which we are quite ready to see begin.

Mr. Swinburne is destined to afford subject matter for much discussion and speculation by the historians of letters in a future generation. Why was he never Laureate? Who were supposed to have been his competitors, seeing that he long outlived the only two English poets of his time who could ever have been weighed against him as rivals?

No doubt it will be remembered who some of the Laureates have been, and the explanation of Swinburne's unlaurelled brow will be found in the wreathed

heads of Shadwell, Nahum Tait, Nicholas Rowe and Eusden, Colley Cibber and Henry James Pye. A chaplet that could fit them was scarcely to be crammed on Swinburne—yet Spenser had worn it big enough for Ben Jonson (though Samuel Daniel must have lost it many leaves): and his friends seem to have thought that it fell down loosely over Wordsworth's face, somewhat obscuring his cold radiance. Swinburne's radiance was, at all events, never cold; though we need not discuss now whether poetry must be "moral," or art either: it is enough to say here that, if all were removed that the chilliest criticism could disapprove, enough would remain to furnish forth a dozen such Laureates as we have named (if only it could have been shared among them) with bays to hide their baldness, and leave its owner a poet still. Not only is he immensely a poet, but he has the rarer distinction of being a poet only. Browning was in the first place a thinker, caring, as it seems, so much more for his thoughts than for his poetry that he thrust them on the latter's company over roughly, over copiously, so that the too tightly packed chariot of his muse had not always room enough for the muse herself, who got smothered in corners, and crammed away behind a plethora of ideas that might as well have walked. Tennyson was all for expounding, but he had not always quite so much to expound as he fancied: when he had anything to say it was always an even chance he would oversay it. If Browning had commonly too many ideas for his words, Tennyson had often too many words for his ideas, and he did not know how to leave off singing when he had got to the end of his tune. Both great poets have paid their penalty. Numbers of readers accuse Tennyson of being universally shallow because his profundity is not invariably alarming, and of being flatly verbose because he did sometimes write poetry when there was no particular occasion for him to write anything at all. Of Browning it is, on the other hand, glibly assumed that he is incomprehensible, malignantly involved, purposely difficult, and repulsively dry. The result is that many who are not really stupid are shy of the trouble of reading Browning; whereas Tennyson's punishment is that the stupid are the most ready to read him, out of a wrong idea that he is just the tuppenny-halfpenny poet for them, and they do not change their minds till they stumble into some of his better work; nor necessarily then, for they are always capable of mistaking it for his worse.

Swinburne does not lift his voice to preach, or to teach either, but because he *has* to sing, and cannot open his mouth without pouring music from it. It is the melody he fills the ear with, and it is for the song he cares. The words are enough and their beauty is their power. They could not be translated into prose any more than the throstle's song, or the nightingale's, could be rendered in score. Nevertheless the bird's lyric teaches, though he pours it forth in "unpremeditated art," with no care at all of teaching, and though we ourselves could never analyse his lesson, or dissect it into phrases, and dissolve it into themes. God's sublimest messages may be without speech; and he who wrote of Wisdom knew that the circle of the stars, the sun and moon and the great water were also among the prophets. Every teacher is not conscious of his own teaching, or master of it; it is often deeper than himself, and stronger, with significance he can only half divine. Yet God has sent him, as He sent Balaam.

The sea and the sun, the woods and meads of green and gold, the storm and summer shower, have more to tell of God than all the preachers have ever drawn from them: thus every song that is lovely sings of Him, whatever the theme be; every instalment of beauty a hint of the splendours that gem His gar-

ments; every sweet odour a reminder of the fragrance of His Feet.

A great poet cannot help being a great teacher, though he may strike no pose of instruction. Nor do we mean in saying that Swinburne's words are of themselves sufficient, in their vocal perfection, that they in fact voice nothing. One needs no knowledge of Italian to be swayed by the glorious, sublime sonance of Dante; and perhaps an Italian with little English would, if he had the ear for music, be moved by the Triumph of Time; language is Swinburne's pipe on which he plays to the heart, through the ear, of everyone who can listen. Words are his angels, and every syllable from his lips a feather in their wings. He gives colour to sound itself, and weaves pictures of arras out of harmony. Expression with him is not merely an acquired knack, but an innate, an inevitable function of life, like breathing. It carries him out, as on a tide, into the irresistible ocean of poetry, where his themes themselves are but islets, jewels in a greater sapphire sea, where one may land and linger, or just as well gaze upon, leaving their guessed beauties uninvaded. Swinburne, like Shelley and Keats, is a poet because he cannot help himself. Some are born great, some have achieved greatness, and some have had it thrust upon them: these three were born poets, had it thrust upon them by a fate that loved them, and achieved it.

No one would compare the other two great survivors, Meredith and Hardy, and only the factious must be forever contrasting. One is essentially English, though great English writers are not always massive, as Mr. Hardy is. He takes us out of doors, where Thackeray would have pulled us by the elbow upstairs (the back stairs, mostly), to sneer at the people in the drawing-room. Dickens was usually indoors, too, hanging about kitchens, and not always even knowing the difference between the kitchen and the housekeeper's room. Nor did he much care to know. He prefers parlours behind shops, or in mean lodgings, or in debtors' prisons. Hardy never wants to go near town houses at all; his folk would be out of drawing in them; they need wide-spaces, free air, and broad distances, large foregrounds, and deep backgrounds. He has not much to say of what people eat and drink, or of what they wear; the life to him is more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment. He has no great nose for a snob, and is no truffle-dog of subterranean vulgarities or piteously disguised meanesses. Even vulgarities on the surface do not cry out to him for castigation. His humour is the back-front of pathos. He is not comic like Dickens, or malignantly witty like Thackeray. He cannot be profane with humanity, or flippant with it. He does not love to see the image of God in plush, or care to watch it over-eating itself. He is not a burly Pope, as Thackeray aimed at being, or a slum-Congreve, as Dickens nearly was. Pope was of his own time, and Congreve of his; Hardy's is not the mere local cleverness of a period, for his men and women are of the eternal sort like Shakespeare's. They do not owe their interest to fashion, or their quaintness to the lack of it. No one pretends that Thackeray had not genius to portray human beings, but he did not care for the most human part of them; the adjective was dearer to him than the substantive; the spots on a man's face were more to him than the man, the false accents more than the voice, especially if it were mincing, or had a brogue in it; and he dressed mankind in their blemishes with a gusto none the less cruel because it was insufferably instinctive and successful. Blemishes were his stock-in-trade, and he dealt wholesale; while absurdities were Dickens's stock that he could retail almost *ad infinitum*.

Whether Dickens could draw real people or not his critics are not certain, but it is certain that he did draw chiefly caricatures, each character being chiefly differentiated by its absurdities and peculiarities. Of course, the absurdities are irresistible, and the world would be loath to be disinherited of their possession, and the peculiarities are revealed and inimitable. But one may end by trying to resist the former, and many have been drawn on to the weary attempt at imitation of the latter.

Great as both these masters were, each unapproachable in his sphere, it is their own fault if they leave us finally unsatisfied. Life is not really mean, or even wholly ridiculous.

These remarks are no impertinent effort to belittle greatness, or even a paltry attempt to measure it. Thomas Hardy is no more a rival of either of these colossi than he is their imitator. Nevertheless in his way he is larger than them, though less diffuse and admittedly less dazzling. He is more humane than Thackeray and more human than Dickens; for he is more sincere than the former, and more genuine than the latter. Mankind is not the point of his joke or the butt of his sneer. He is a creator, not a *costumier*, nor a devilish-sharp detector of sordid motives, or even a rollicking mimic of queer habits. Above all, he is a creator: he says of his characters "Let them be," and they are, with no dependence on after-thoughts and after-touches. Dickens never created off-hand, his people are mostly evolutions, at so many stages a month. Out of a bibulous, semi-imbecile little protoplasm evolved the amiable, almost respectable, Mr. Pickwick, and out of the merely priggish Mr. Pecksniff evolved a complete villain. Mr. Hardy's people are each as big as himself, and would mostly be far too big for the mincing pages of "Vanity Fair" or "Barry Lindon." They are not all respectable, but even the disreputable are not despicable, or (what is worse) made to appear so by the unscrupulous cruelty of their maker. In a sense, they are archaic, but they are much less obsolete than Thackeray's snobs or even Dickens's cads. It is not pretended for a moment that they are more amusing: though the pitiless wit of "Vanity Fair" draws tears from the heart of any decent reader, and the pathos of "Little Nell" is enough to make a cat laugh. Hardy is not perpetually in pursuit either of our sobs or our grins: life is not so jocular, according to him, or so sentimental or so *banale* as that comes to.

Of Mr. Meredith we must not speak in a postscript: and perhaps in speaking of him, if we are allowed space to do so in a further note, we may be permitted to allude to another lesser, but great, literary personage standing over from the late century.

JOHN AYS COUGH.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Ancient Italy. By ETTORE PAIS. Translated by C. DENSMORE CURTIS. (T. Fisher Unwin, 21s. net.)

WE are afraid that to the ordinary reader Signor Ettore Pais's work will rank with Browning's *Grammarians*, who

Settled *ſtri*'s business—let it be—

Properly based *oſi*

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *ſe* . . .

for the subjects of the majority of the monographs that compose the book are—highly specialised study apart—of quite minute or even exiguous interest. But as the specialisation of the reader increases, so also will his interest in the work and his gratitude to the author. We suppose that in no other branch of humaner letters has the system and method of study changed so much in so short a time as in history. Even the most elementary of

students is now no longer content to take as original authorities the unsupported statement of Pseudo-Scymnus on the one hand or even Thucydides or Aristotle on the other—to take the two extremes of reliability; and while our grandfathers were not above accepting even Lemprière and Herodotus as scientific authorities, their grandsons are trained to go behind even contemporary historians, and to try and piece together for themselves, either by actual spade-work or by the study of inscriptions, the history of the time. Such a method is naturally slower and more laboured, but the whole-hearted devotion of the various schools of archæology working side by side throughout Egypt, Greece, the Islands, and Italy, has accomplished much—far more, indeed, than might have been expected, considering how shamefully starved some of them are financially.

There are twenty-six monographs in the present work, all dealing with separate, definite points in the early history of Italy, Sicily, and the neighbouring islands. The importance of these points varies considerably. In two of the chapters Professor Pais discusses at considerable length the Siceliot, Italiot, Samnite, and Campanian elements in the earliest history of Rome. In another he considers two Greek inscriptions found in Sardinia, the longer of which consists of three words and the shorter of four letters. The former of these are, perhaps, the most generally interesting chapters in the book, for Professor Pais traces the debt owed by Rome to Greece both in custom, religion, and political machinery. His case is put with great cogency and clearness, and we realise that long before the physical subjection of Greece by Rome the moral conquest of Rome by Greece, of which Horace speaks, had begun. With the easy adaptability of an unimaginative and uncreative people, the early Romans adopted deity after deity; and, more wonderful still, even such "essentially Roman" institutions as the Tribune are early traceable, according to Professor Pais, to the *προστάτης τοῦ δήμου*, whom readers of Thucydides will remember at Syracuse. This latter city, and its position among its sister cities in Sicily and Magna Græcia, naturally recurs continually in the various chapters, and by his research and careful weighing of evidence Professor Pais has done much to settle many points of political and topographical discussion which up to now have remained vexed.

The price and matter of the book will undoubtedly limit the number of its readers, as its author admits in his Preface; but if those who read it are few, they will at least be appreciative—a quality beyond all others in value when serious work is to be judged.

Discoveries: a Volume of Essays. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. (Dun-Emer Press.)

THERE are many obscure and some very fine things in this beautifully-printed little volume. The following is, perhaps, the best of all:

I am orthodox, and pray for a resurrection of the body, and am certain that a man should find his Holy Land where he first crept upon the floor, and that familiar woods and rivers should fade into symbol with so gradual a change that he never discovered—no, not even in ecstasy itself—that he is beyond space, and that time alone keeps him from *Primum Mobile*, the Supernal Eden, and the White Rose over all.

There is here somewhat of the grave music of Jeremy Taylor, and the thought is as beautiful as the expression. Excellent, also, is the observation that "of all artistic forms that have had a large share of the world's attention the worst is the play about modern educated people." Nothing can be more true, but one questions (so far as England is concerned, at all events) the propriety of naming this form "artistic." The modern "serious" play to which Mr. Yeats is referring has nothing to do with art; it is an entertainment, and sometimes a very clever one. As Mr. Yeats says, educated and well-bred people do not storm and rave; "when they are deeply moved they look silently into the fireplace"—or, it might be suggested, they may mutter a few commonplace and broken sentences. Dr. Traill once remarked to a friend

that, as modern conversation is largely a series of grunts, a play in good and forcible English is necessarily an artificial product; and the "Thesis" drama, which Mr. Yeats mentions with some approval, has the disadvantage of being undramatic. The pity is that our playwrights have not recognised the unfitness of their medium for high tragical and emotional effects. They will go on making would-be "serious" plays out of stuff that could be moulded into excellent farce. If the very unwise second marriage of Mr. Tanqueray had been handled in the right spirit we might have had a farce of permanent value, better even than *Dandy Dick*. But, indeed, our "seriousness" (it is wholly a sham seriousness, by the way) renders us incapable of enjoying the old masterpieces as they are meant to be enjoyed. There is a story of a certain revival of the *School for Scandal*. Joseph was plying Lady Teazle with his cajoleries, and a lady was heard to murmur to her friend, "Ah! poor thing! I hope she won't give way to him." It is curious that the right understanding of comedy had departed from players and audience in the 'twenties of the nineteenth century, for Lamb notes that the intention, the atmosphere of the piece were quite corrupted by that time. And as for high emotion in a drama of modern life, well, the result is either tinsel and red fire—melodrama—or else an exhibition which is more degrading and offensive than any bull-fight in Spain.

Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany, with Genoa. By EDWARD HUTTON. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. HUTTON is a writer with a temperament. He reveals his sympathies and his prejudices on every page of this strangest of guide-books. The modern spirit, the Reformation, and Protestantism are anathema to him. He betrays a very definite dislike for Genoa and the Genoese. He contrives to do something less than justice to Savonarola, in whom he sees merely a pleasure-hating fanatic. He is a lover of joy and of the sunshine, a hater of austerity. The book is one that should be read by every lover of Italy. It is full of a generous ardour, a passionate enthusiasm for the beauty and traditions of that lovely land. Mr. Hutton's style, however, is sadly lacking in restraint. He is addicted to a too sedulous cultivation of the purple patch, nor is he always careful to observe that line of demarcation which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. He tells us, for instance, of a walk from Florence to Vallombrosa:

There were trees full of cherries, too, so full that in the sunshine they seemed to dance for joy, clothed all in scarlet, so red, so ripe was the fruit. Presently I came across an old man high up in a tree gathering them in a great basket, and since I was thirsty I asked him for drink, and since I was hungry I asked him for food.

Here, surely, is a great pother over a small business; but it is characteristic of Mr. Hutton's method. With all its defects, however—and they are the defects of youth, of immaturity, and of an unregulated enthusiasm—the book cannot be neglected. The chapters on the Florentine art-galleries and the Casentino are especially admirable, and a word of praise is certainly due to Mr. William Parkinson's excellent illustrations. Unfortunately, there is a profusion of printer's errors.

Embroidery; or, the Craft of the Needle. By W. G. PAULSON TOWNSEND. (Truslove and Hanson, 3s. 6d.)

WITH the authority and knowledge gained by long experience of practical designing for embroidery, Mr. Townsend has addressed this handbook to students of the art of the needle; and, beside the illuminating diagrams of complicated stitches and appliances, there are many excellent illustrated descriptions of old and modern examples of this charming and delicate art that should recommend the book to those who are interested in the beauty of decorative needlework, as well as to students who wish to work for their own profit and pleasure. For these latter there is nothing of the technique of embroidery that cannot be learnt from Mr. Townsend's book. Embroidery, from its remote beginnings, through the years when it flourished as a vital art, until now in the attenuation of survival, has

been a woman's art exclusively. It seems probable that the idea first sprang from the brain of a woman, inspired by the worship of some strange god—Ashtaroah, perhaps, or Baal, or some grotesque and impassive Egyptian deity—and that her devotion found expression in the first tentative efforts to beautify by her needle the garments of the priests or of the god itself.

There is at this moment a great revival of interest in everything connected with the art of the needle, largely due in England to the exertions of the late William Morris. If the hurry of the present day does not allow ladies to spend the enormous time on needlework that they devoted to it in the Middle Ages and later, there are nowadays few cultivated persons who do not wish to know sufficient about the art to distinguish between the genuine old work and its modern imitation. From all these points of view and many others Mr. Townsend's book will be of the utmost service to amateurs.

My Life in the Open. By WILL H. OGILVIE. (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.)

MR. OGILVIE is a poet who writes very practical prose. Eleven years' experience of Australian farm and bush life have had this effect upon a writer who is evidently a strong believer in hard work. "My life in the Open" is a collection of short essays descriptive of life in Scotland, America, South Africa, and Australia. They are, of course, well written, if undistinguished in an age when there are so many who can write "fairly well." Mr. Ogilvie is a better poet than his prose would suggest. He is never strikingly original in this book, though anybody who can appreciate thoughtful essays on open-air life will find it very soothing. The most characteristic chapter is that entitled "The River-roads." The great highways have fascinated writers for many years, and a large library could be formed consisting of road-books alone. Mr. Ogilvie's description of the river-roads of Australia is the best piece of writing in the book, and it is easy to see that his temperament is essentially Australian, for as soon as he deserts that Continent his prose falls away in quality. The various phases of farm life are treated by the author very sympathetically, and at times enthusiastically; indeed, so much geniality and suavity have seldom been found within the covers of a single book. Mr. Ogilvie, we are informed by the writer of the Introduction, has a great following in Australia, where thousands enjoy his poetry. Doubtless this volume of prose is intended as an epic of the open-air life, but it contains too much information to be anything like a sentimental analysis. However, there is some criticism of American methods as applied to the advertising of farms and farmers, and the ten essays on Scottish life contain a few pointed remarks on the local men and their methods which redeem the volume from monotony. Poets are notoriously proud of their prose, and that Mr. Ogilvie had a serious object in giving us this book is the obvious inference of the Introduction. He has gained a reputation that is quite deserved, and the share he has taken in establishing the Australian school of writers entitles his efforts to careful consideration. "My Life in the Open," if it is advanced as a specimen of the writer's style, can be summed up as a good piece of work, though it scarcely merits the implied compliments of the author of the Introduction. Mr. Ogilvie is not of the school of Stevenson, and "My Life in the Open" has no kinship with "Across the Plains."

Northanger Abbey. By JANE AUSTEN. With Twenty-four Coloured Illustrations by C. E. BROCK. (J. M. Dent and Co., English Idylls, 5s. net; in vellum, 8s. 6d. net.)

Les Maîtres Sonneurs. Par GEORGE SAND. Preface d'ÉMILE FAGUET, de l'Académie Française. Illustrations de M. V. WHEELHOUSE.

La Mare au Diable. Par GEORGE SAND. Notice Analytique de SAINTE-BEUVE. Illustrations de GERTRUDE LEESE. (Bell and Sons, les Classiques Français Illustrés, publiés sous la direction de Daniel O'Connor, 5s. net.)

THESE books are examples of two attractive collections

which will fit almost exactly into the same shelf. All three are of an idyllic nature. The chance which brings the two collections together here suggests that Messrs. Dent's Idylls would make as charming reading for French girls as Messrs. Bell's two tales by George Sand would make for English girls. "Northanger Abbey" is not the best example of Jane Austen's work, but the fact that the scene is mostly laid in Bath, one of the few towns in England which retain their proper character, makes it particularly attractive to foreigners. It has also a stronger romantic element than is usual with Jane Austen, which adds interest for young people. Mr. C. E. Brock interprets the period prettily; he is best in his portraiture of Mr. Allen, in which he shows good drawing, and in that of the heroine, when treated in his statelier style, since he does not keep her physiognomy quite sufficiently uniform for drawings intended really to illustrate a story.

Miss Wheelhouse and Miss Gertrude Leese also supply pretty illustrations to George Sand, and have succeeded very fairly in imitating French colour-tones. But this is exceedingly difficult for foreigners, and without in any way criticising the artists' capacities as English illustrators, Messrs. Bell would render their attractive series more self-consistent if they entrusted the illustrations to French artists. The black-and-white illustrations are not so nearly French, though often very pretty in their own way. Since George Sand's other reputation is more widely spread in England, it is fair to insist, as Monsieur Émile Faguet points out in his Preface, that "Les Maîtres Sonneurs" and "La Mare au Diable" belongs to her early romantic period. It is hazardous to give a positive opinion, considering the diversity of views on the subject, but, from a cursory glance, these two stories seem as irreproachable *pour les jeunes filles*, as "Northanger Abbey." All three books should be useful as presents or prizes, to entice French and English girls to learn each other's language. It must be admitted that English girls will have the advantage in George Sand's superior precision of style, for "the immortal Jane" is often very careless. They will also have the further advantage of Sainte-Beuve's and Monsieur Émile Faguet's Introductions. On the other hand, Jane Austen's vivid sincerity places her on a far higher level than George Sand, especially as an historian of contemporary manners.

FICTION

The Death Man. By BENJAMIN SWIFT. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

THE position of the common hangman in social life is an extraordinary one. From no point of view can it be said to be a desirable one, and we have no doubt this book will set many people thinking and wondering on the subject. Mr. Benjamin Swift has dealt with the question in a very vivid and interesting manner, and has described the daily life and feelings not only of the hangman himself, but of his neighbours in the East Coast town in which he lived. When the story opens Martin Sheldrake had held his office for several years, and the cloud of dislike with which he was surrounded had become thicker and thicker; and now dislike had grown into active hatred and hostility, for it had been his duty to execute the sentence of the law on Ned Wilks, the most popular man in Eastwold, where they both lived. The story is cleverly contrived and the little society of the place is presented with a sympathy that is reminiscent of George Eliot. So many of the inhabitants play a natural and important part in the tale, and before long one seems to know quite intimately the miller and his daughter Phoebe, and Aubrey Singleton, the chemist's son, and Mr. Peckney, the draper and undertaker; and then there are Mrs. Sheldrake and her son by her former marriage, Harry Rodrum. It would be doing but poor justice to Mr. Swift's novel to try and sketch the plot at all fully and tell how gradually Sheldrake becomes more and more isolated until even his wife and stepson abandon him, and then how

nearly the executioner comes to having to hang his own stepson. Looked upon simply as a story, it is most absorbing; but to many the most interesting part of the book will be the way in which the different characters develop. Sheldrake's own character is of peculiar interest, but perhaps the personage who will attract most attention is Father Harling, the Roman Catholic priest, who learns the innocence of Ned Wilks and the name of the real murderer in the confessional-box. His struggles with his conscience and his sense of duty are most ably depicted, and if his attitude in the end be displeasing to some readers, none can deny that his behaviour is at any rate plausible. It is a long time since we have reviewed a book in this column which combines so excellent a story with such strongly-drawn characters. The atmosphere of the Suffolk fishing-town with its summer visitors is admirably suggested, and the whole book abounds in signs of the author's knowledge of the various—and they are very varied—subjects with which it deals. Mr. Benjamin Swift's reputation, high as it has always been, should be appreciably raised by this his latest work.

Vincenzo's Vendetta. By JOSEPH PRAGUE. (Greening, 6s.)

THE title of this book is unhappy. In the first place, Vincenzo and the other characters are all Italian, and not Corsican, and in the second place, his pursuit of his betrayer does not begin until two-thirds of the book are done. Nor, in our opinion, does the main interest of the book lie either in the betrayal or its consequences, so much as in the careful study of the life and characters of the dwellers in Little Italy. It is a strange life, quite out of harmony with the surroundings, as those of us who know "the Lane" know by observation. For those to whom it is unexplored country Mr. Prague will prove a faithful guide. Here, if nowhere else, *caelum non animum* is proved to the hilt. Light-hearted, and careless in spite of the grey skies and wretched poverty; hot and passionate in their loves and hates in spite of the chilly, depressing atmosphere, these strangers in a strange land live just as they did at home—gossiping and playing *mora* in the open-air, smoking and quarrelling at the wine-shop. When trouble comes it is settled by the stiletto, not the fist, and forgiveness is unknown.

Mr. Prague has chosen a theme suitable in its eternal simplicity to his characters. It is the old story of the marriage of convenience, the worthless lover, and the inevitable tragedy. Vincenzo and Raffaele are well contrasted. The one—simple, inexperienced with women, who loses everything because he will take nothing which is not given as freely as he himself gives, is no match for the practised squire of dames—idle, dissolute, unprincipled—who takes all, and never even thinks of giving anything in return. Peppina, the woman of debate, is also admirably conceived. She is no wanton, but a woman who loves passionately, but is compelled by tradition of race to submit to her parents' barter of herself to the man who wants her. Even then, had Vincenzo been less chivalrous or less ignorant of women, the tragedy might have been prevented. But as he respected his wife too much, so did he lose any chance he might have had of gaining either her affection or respect. Mr. Prague shows this primitive characteristic in his heroine quite cleverly. Civilisation has, of course, modified if not destroyed the truth of the adage; but civilisation apart, the gospel of "a woman, a spaniel, and a walnut-tree" would appear to be founded on fact.

Julian Winterson. By CHARLES GLEIG. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

WE have always been of opinion that an excellent novel might be written round an analysis of physical cowardice, and, in spite of certain crudities in style and method, "Julian Winterson" confirms that opinion. Concerning cowardice many opinions may be held, and some of his readers will probably be inclined to disagree with Mr. Gleig's premises. For he unquestionably

places it in the category of congenital defects as a kind of moral deformity for which there is no cure.

Julian Winterson is by family tradition destined for the Navy. His father had won the V.C. for conspicuous bravery, and all his ancestors had been fighting men. Julian himself, however, is, for the Winterson stock, a freak. He is sensitive, artistic in temperament, and physically a coward. This cowardice does not extend to his moral character, however, and so long as physical pain is not threatened he can face any danger. He is strong, clever, honourable—but bodily pain he fears. Mr. Gleig is at great pains to insist on this distinction, and shows his hero's character quite clearly in both aspects. But he gives no explanation, either by heredity or early shock, of this weakness. Julian is, as we have said, a "freak."

The book, naturally enough on these lines, is a tragedy. Julian funks a fight on the Britannia, and earns his father's title of V.C. as a nickname of disgrace. He passes his exams. brilliantly, and only fails to pass out as a midshipman owing to a piece of moral bravery. Once in the Navy he rises quickly, thanks to his brains; but when his chance of active service comes on the West Coast, he is guilty of cowardice in the field and his career is ruined.

As a contrast to Julian, Mr. Gleig places the ignorant son of an earl, whose intellect is bucolic, but whose bull-dog courage is only equalled by his back-stairs influence. He, of course, succeeds where Julian fails, and that in spite of his stupidity and not too high sense of honour. Mr. Gleig, we think, makes a mistake in choosing so inferior a foil to his hero. His purpose could have been achieved quite as well had he chosen a less detestable type as a contrast. But perhaps he wished to show that the physical courage of the brute is the only virtue in the Navy, and painted his picture accordingly.

Mr. Gleig evidently knows his Navy well, and writes as one with authority. At times his book reminds us of those of Herr Bilse, so evident is the iron in the soul. If this supposition is correct, there is, at least, this consolation to be gained—that, unalluring as the picture is, it is on every count cleaner and healthier than either "The Little Garrison" or "Dear Fatherland."

Clementina's Highwayman. By ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS and GEORGE HEMBERT WESTLEY. Illustrated by Adelaide Everhart. (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd., 6s.)

Page 1.—Late on a fine afternoon in 1742 a young man strolled musingly along the narrow streets of London. To any observer who noted his moody brow, &c.

Page 320.—She smiled, but made no reply. She was ready to go to the end of the world with him. . . . In a few moments it was all over, and Clementina Melwood, wooed and won in this strange fashion, passed with her highwayman lover out into the night.

THESE sentences, which respectively open and close the story of "Clementina's Highwayman," leave small necessity for any further description or criticism of Messrs. Stephens's and Westley's work. Of course, the highwayman was not really a highwayman, but the young and gallant Lord Eastcourt in disguise. So character after character, incident after incident, chapter after chapter, is reproduced true to the scale and pattern of the rapier and "he-rapped-out-an-oath" school of fiction. One cannot but admire, indeed, the thoroughness with which these two American authors have learned their lesson and the deftness with which they have told an old, old story in the old, old way. That the book was originally written as a play is apparent, and that this comedy, with its puppets shedding sawdust at every pore, will sooner or later grace a London stage is probable, if deplorable.

The Cable-Man. By WEATHERBY CHESNEY. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

THERE is an ingenuous little note on the cover of this book, in which the publishers point out that Mr. Weatherby Chesney is probably the first novelist to lay his scenes in

the Azores and to choose his hero from the men in the submarine cable service. They also call the book "very remarkable," which it certainly is not, being merely a pleasant piece of sensationalism, only redeemed from the commonplace by a certain freshness of characterisation. As we have remarked in a good many books of this character recently, the author, though lavish with improbabilities, does not succeed in making his story proportionately exciting; but he has drawn the character of Val B. Montague, the proprietor of an American circus touring in the islands, with admirable humour and restraint, and some of the other characters are very good. We need hardly say that there is no particular reason why the hero should have been a cable-man, nor has the book left us with any very definite impression of the Azores.

CORRESPONDENCE

GEORGIANA FARRER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Ross's article on Georgiana Farrer is a signal example of the superficial methods of modern journalism. I consider that I have as private a property in Georgiana as Mr. Sydney Lee in Shakespeare or Mr. Shorter in the Brontës. For consider the facts. I discovered her almost in my boyhood. Mr. Ross tells us that he came across her by accident in the library at Thelema. He owes that accident to me, for I introduced her to Thelema. I am generally acknowledged to be a specialist in Georgiana. Though I may know nothing about the subjects on which I write, I do know her, and, therefore, I have never ventured to write about her. But Mr. Ross comes "poaching in the library at Thelema," has the luck to pitch upon Georgiana, glances through her book, is not struck with awe as a real student would be, but at once proceeds to make copy out of it. It never occurs to him to consider the relations of Georgiana to the Zeitgeist, or the condition of her text (so obviously corrupt that it calls for the attention of the editors of Blake), or the true nature of her message, or the essentials of her philosophy. He gauges her social position from "internal evidence." Is this what modern scholarship and research have come to? He proceeds to reconstruct her home, and yet he does not even know where she lived, and I venture to assume that he has never investigated her poems line by line for evidence on that difficult point. He discovers that she has been in Paris, but never asks himself whether she had ever been to Rome, or even whether she had actually seen that Niagara which she compares to sin. He is content with the information that Nellarina was a forced exotic and, to Mrs. Farrer, a narcotic. He never considers the question of her relationship to the poet, or whether she may not have been the same person as Harriet; for both died young. He attempts no explanation of the problems suggested by the difficult poem which begins:

Alabama—Alabama,
Who can say beneath the sky?
Alabama—Alabama,
Sing the saints of God on high.

He does not mention the light thrown on the poet's early years by the verse:

In twilight once I groped along,
Delighting in a thoughtless throng;
With others, called rash deeds a lark,
Not caring that my mind was dark.

Or the evidences in her work of classical and mythological study

Adonis, by heathens uncovered,
And Venus, immodestly shown,
Quite clearly declared their defilement—
Jehovah's pure love was unknown.

Or this hint at a dark experience:

Hear men swearing.
Oh, how daring!
From their curses swiftly flee.
Their caressing, far from blessing,
Shall destruction bring on thee.

Or this of another even more mysterious:

While you sit still debating
What best is to be done,
Your foes go on inflating
Themselves with foulest fun.

He omits all mention of the poem called "Jonah," and of this verse in particular:

For three long days, beneath the deep,
In fish's belly dark laid he;
How horrible, methinks, his state.
May no such terror fall on me.

But I need not labour the point that Mr. Ross has chosen to write on a subject of which he knows very little. He is qualified, no doubt, to produce a Georgiana Farrer birthday book or calendar (uniform, I suggest, with the G. B. S. Calendar), or to write on her for the new series of the English Men of Letters. But when I produce my definitive edition of her works I shall not come to him for assistance.

A. CLUTTON BROCK.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read with a good deal of interest Mr. Ross's article in this week's ACADEMY upon the poetical works of Georgiana Farrer—a genius, as he says, who somehow managed to elude the vigilant eye of our genius-discoverer from Vigo Street.

Turning this evening to one of my more remote shelves, I disinterred a little volume of verse by another singer of the fair sex, whose technique and depth of expression almost rival Mrs. Farrer's. She is an Australian writer, and the book, entitled "Poems," is dated 1900, and bears the following modest preface:

My reason for publishing these poems is to satisfy the wishes of my many friends, and it is to them I dedicate this little volume.

From one of the first poems, entitled "England's Sympathising Queen," you will, perhaps, allow me to quote two verses:

Who is this that rides along
On Balmoral estate?
It is the Queen of England,
Victoria, good and great.
Our gracious Queen, she comes in haste
To one whose heart is full
Of grief because his own dear wife
Is killed by an angry bull.

Browning, we remember, immortalised Alfred Domett in "Waring" and "The Guardian Angel;" "In Memoriam" is Tennyson's tribute to his friend; Mrs. Fry has endeavoured to do as much by those she loves. Here is the beginning of a poem "To the Rev. Allan Webb":

A call has come from Melbourne
To Reverend Allan Webb.
'Tis from our Baptist brethren
In this their time of need.
For this we must excuse them
As once we did the same;
We therefore think our Sister Church
Is not so much to blame."

Can Mr. Ross find anything superior to this, in tolerance and technique, in the verse of Mrs. Farrer?

AUSTRALIS.

March 21, 1908.

METRICAL EXPERIMENTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—[The longest real line of serious English verse known to me is that which appears in Tennyson's "To Virgil" and "God and the Universe." It is termed nine-stress trochaic metre. Further extension is attempted in the following quatrains, which do not pretend to be poetry, only metrifaction. The difficulty, of course, is to make true single lines, not merely several separate lines printed as one. It would be easy to prolong these lines much further, but would any sense of unity survive? Does it survive as they stand?]

I

Ocean's hollow deeps resounding thunder back the tortured
surges' rage and foam;
All the rocky shore is beaten white with league on league of
desolating spray.
High above the noise and fury shine serene afar the guiding lights
of home;
Shall the tempest-tossed, bewildered bark attain its peaceful
haven in the bay?

II

With a rush and a roar from the crest of the mountain adown to
the valley the hurricane sweeps in his frenzy of wrath.
The forests are shattered, their Dryads and Oreads tremble and
shriek to the inmost recesses of sylvan abode.
As the sea with its wrecks, with destruction, and ruin of all that
was peerless in beauty is strewn his demoniac path;
Over pasture and cornland and vineyard and hamlet effaced
and abolished his terrible chariot urges its road.

III

In toil of hand and feet we slowly clamber heights that endless
rise and rise immense above.

Still unsubdued, though seamed and scarred by cruel crag and
boulder, inch o'er painful inch we rise.

At length, at once, what sudden-bursting, far-extending dream of
glory greets our dazzled eyes?

The heights are vanquished; all around is one refulgent heaven
of light and peace and warmth and love.

T. S. O.

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I fancy I detect in Mr. Lawson's letter something more than a little wavering. I flatter myself that latent therein is a surrender of much which in Mr. Lawson's former letter aroused my best passion—namely, anger. Who would suppose in the light of his second letter that Mr. Lawson had called Cav. Grasso a mere tiro of a "really great artist," and had said of Aguglia, "She is an exceptionally clever mime, capable of representing certain crude passions"? Still, it is due to Mr. Lawson that I should consider his second letter.

Well, in nearly all the instances which Mr. Lawson adduces to support his argument I can only categorically say that his opinions are by no means universally held. Mr. Lawson makes the second part of the Third Act of *La Figlia di Forio* do too much duty. One example out of so many that offered themselves to him proves nothing. Mr. Lawson calls this scene a "scene of horrible grossness." Really that is a matter of taste. And, if I so desired, I could quite well maintain that this scene is one of the most beautiful scenes in the whole play, and quite rightly from one point of view. At any rate this is certain, that the scene is the pivot round which the whole play turns. And indeed throughout I might charge Mr. Lawson with blaming the players for that for which the plays (if anything) are responsible.

However, *revenons à nos moulons*. I cannot but think Mr. Lawson has not understood D'Annunzio's play. D'Annunzio, as I think, has purposely made the wunch in the personality of Mila latent. That element is just there; we are just conscious of its presence all the time, though it never obtrudes itself. I for one think that Aguglia's art was very manifest in the wonderful and intelligent way in which she realised this. I, contrary to what Mr. Lawson thinks, felt when I saw the play, and still feel, that Aguglia made the "magic element" neither too obtrusive nor too unobtrusive, but that she realised it enough to make us all just conscious of its presence. It was a fine piece of art, and to my mind showed conclusively that Aguglia has got that "control" which, from some points of view, is perhaps the most valuable element in art. And here Mr. Lawson will be pleased to learn that I am inclined to the belief that such control is largely the sphere of the intellect.

On the other hand, take such a play as *Russida*. It is truly unfortunate that Aguglia has no part in this very admirable little play. Here, at any rate, there is no "sheer animalism which is sensual appetite." Here I can safely admit Mr. Lawson's argument as to the necessity of the eliminating intellect, and yet maintain that Grasso and Balistreri showed themselves great artists. And I ask Mr. Lawson once more whether in the light of his play—of *Feudalismo*—he is prepared to maintain that the acting of Grasso is that of a tiro of a "really great artist." It was against this and the above-quoted judgment on Aguglia that I wrote my letter. It is, apparently, "artistic restraint" that Mr. Lawson believes to be lacking to Aguglia. Well, I appeal to the First and Second Acts of *Feudalismo*.

Then, again, Mr. Lawson denies to Aguglia sufficient "mobility of face to admit of a wide range of expression." Well, has Mr. Lawson ever seen the Second Act of *Malia*, the Third Act of *La Figlia di Forio*, the *Juan José*, and the First and Second Acts of *Feudalismo*? Unlike Mr. Lawson, I appeal to more than one play. As for myself, in the Second Act of *Malia* she exercises the most superb mobility of face, such that I never hope to see any one better in this respect.

Again, Mr. Lawson should, instead of trying to disprove—what no one has maintained—that the Sicilian players are *universally* the greatest of actors, have proved that they were third-rate actors in that class of play which forms their repertoire. Instead of this, he judges them from the point of view of "universal" art, and even compares Paolo and Francesca with *Malia*, although, as all the world knows, there can be no manner of comparison between them, *Malia* being simply, as it were, a page taken out of the book of life. *Malia* is essentially a drama of ordinary human peasant life. Without maintaining that the art of the Sicilians is necessarily the highest art, I do maintain that in their own province of art they are extraordinarily good. But Mr. Lawson has seen fit to desert the points at issue in our former letters.

However, Mr. Lawson has shown a desire, leaving the shell, to get at the kernel of the matter. Now I think his letter is a perfect example of the dangers into which our excessive trust in and worship of the intellect is leading us. It is responsible for the essentially modern drama of Ibsen and Shaw, and Mr. Lawson seems to think that all drama has got to be intellectual drama. So much are we the prey of our intellects that Mr. Lawson has judged the Sicilians by the same measure by which he would judge this intellectual drama of Ibsen. He seems to think that love is merely affection, whereas I assure him that not only is love not yet "eliminated" by our superior culture and superior intellect, of which Mr. Lawson is so proud, but that it is even nearly if not quite as common as ever it has been. And I assure him, further, that love is still, "not to speak it profanely," affection and desire. And, again, the veneer of culture, on the contrary, is so superficial that any man in a fit of anger or jealousy does knock the chairs out of the way, just as is done in the plays in question. The fact is, I deny that there is any such distinction between the passions as Mr. Lawson would have us believe. And I deny that a man possessed of jealousy, love, hate, or any other of the "crude passions," cares one jot for the cold dictates of his reason. It is not to the point what your blue-blooded gentleman, cultured to effeminacy, does. On the other hand, Mr. Lawson may have heard of a poet called Wordsworth, who grasped the fact that it is in the moments of love and hate and jealousy that men of the peasant class truly live, and say beautiful things, and do beautiful things—"That's the true pathos—sublime of human life." Of this the plays acted at the Shaftesbury have afforded notable instances.

Finally, there are two ways of acting. Those who excel in either are equally to be called artists. One way is to retain one's consciousness while one acts, the other is to surrender one's own personality completely in that of the *rôle* one impersonates. Whichever way one chooses to adopt, one has got first to be capable of emotion, of sympathy. All I wanted to show was that Aguglia, by virtue of this genius for intense sympathy, is entitled to be considered a great artist, whether *in posse* or *in esse*. Art is emotion, a heightening, a "holding of the mirror up to Nature."

An actor, if he is to be an artist, must bear the same relation to the play as the critic, for they are both the interpreters through the intellect of psychology. Such, put briefly, is, I take it, Mr. Lawson's position. It is a position I cannot understand. As I say, it puts the intellect in the wrong place—in the first instead of the second place. I agree with Mr. Lawson as much as another that the "reason" should temper the "sensitivity," but I do not think Mr. Lawson has made good his point that Signora Aguglia is without this intelligence. It is a little ungracious in him and in others to deny the existence in Signora Aguglia of greatness *in posse*, and, as I think, to no small extent *in esse*. Artistic restraint is notoriously absent in youthful work. Keats and Ruskin, where so many instances suggest themselves, were great, though without this valuable restraint from the beginning of things. Accepting Mr. Lawson's argument, the one thing the Sicilians do is to reveal mental states by expression of emotion. A mental or psychological state must give rise to outward acts and external appearances, or, to all intents and purposes, such state is non-existent. Personally I found *Malia* rendered quite intelligible, which, if I understand Mr. Lawson aright, is what constitutes art in acting. And an actor is an artist when besides intelligence there is the more important projection of himself, which projection of personality is, perhaps, "creation." Myself I do get this projection most pronouncedly in Cav. Grasso and Signora Aguglia.

A friend of mine once very wittily said, "How can any one feel in a stiff shirt-front?" I must still maintain that the Sicilians have been judged from a wrong point of view. One did not go to the Shaftesbury for Ibsen.

I must apologise for the space I have already taken; much, however, still remains unsaid.

W. H. M.

March 24, 1908.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I congratulate Mr. Machen on having two British qualities in an eminent degree (prejudice and obstinacy). He reminds me of what a French general said of some British square at Waterloo, "One might kill the beggars, but their corpses remained rigid in the unbroken square!"

Mr. Machen, like the Holy Inquisition, has no intention of believing in the innocence and virtue of any heretics, whatever evidence may be forthcoming in their favour; like Jonah, he hungers for the destruction of Nineveh, and forgets the more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand who are always with us. Let me recall the beautiful story of Abraham who interceded again and again even for the Cities of the Plain.

If he will read the account of the artist's parents in Sensier's

"Life of Millet," he will see how morally beautiful French peasants often are; and again in the "Life of the Curé d'Ars," from which I extract a story that should find grace in his eyes. An old peasant who often went into a little wayside chapel to kneel by the crucifix was asked what he said to the Lord, and replied, "I say nothing. I contemplate Him, and He me."

Zola, I believe, never records outside the priesthood, if even there, any example of the religious type, because he did not believe in the spiritual side of man. He often observed with a sigh that ~~a good dinner was the only real pleasure in life~~. "Il n'y a que ça!" To this poor man, to quote Carlyle's pungent phrase, the belly and its adjuncts were emphatically the grand realities. Even his death in a vitiated atmosphere was purely symbolic, and was exactly shown (as was pointed out at the time by a well-known astrologer) by a direction of the Ascendant to a vitiated Venus afflicted at birth.

When Laplace, who was called an atheist, was dying, his favourite pupil brought him word that Bessel, in Germany, had discovered something which confirmed one of his pet theories. He received the news with a chilly indifference, and murmured: "Tout ça c'est une blague! L'homme ne poursuit que des chimères. Il n'y a de vrai que l'amour." Here the last word of Science was a repetition, perhaps unconscious, of the last lovely line of Dante's great poem:—

L'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle.
"All great Art is Praise," which is another word for Love. "Intellect without love," said Walt Whitman, "is a fiend; Satan the most perfect expression thereof." "All great thoughts come from the heart," wrote Vauvenargues. Their lack of love is probably a considerable element in the fact that Swift and Nietzsche both died insane.

H. M.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "SEA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—To primitive man the sea must have seemed more shiny, open, and seeable than the land, which is blocked with hills, and covered with a hull of woods and forests. Whether *ᾠη* and *silua*, *sylua* are connected with Old-English *hulen*, Icelandic *hylja*, Gothic *huljan*, is for philologists like Dr. W. W. Skeat to say. But may it not be that, just as Latin *mare* appears to come from a root meaning *to shine, to gleam*, so the Gothic *saiws* = *the sea*, is akin to Gothic *saihwān* = *to see*? In the Carpathian Mountains there are lakes known as "eyes of the sea;" and in Baskish a spring of water is called *ur-begi*, literally *water-eye*. The Greek is *ὠκεανός*, and is thought by some to come from *ὠκός* = *swift*, but is it not possible that its *etymon* is the same as the Latin *oculus*, and other Indo-European words meaning *eye*?

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

Wolsey House, Oxford, March 23rd, 1908.

THE ST. ASAPH SURRENDER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Bishop of St. Asaph has dealt a grievous blow to Voluntary Schools in the Bill which has been printed by order of the House of Lords. Will you permit me to point out some of the reasons why this Bill should be repudiated by all Church-people as strongly as they oppose that of Mr. McKenna?

1. The scheme has never been submitted to the judgment of the Church, and has no authority but that of the Bishop himself. It is directly subversive of the National Society's policy. There can be no settlement of this education question until the views and necessities of all considerable sections of Church-people are considered and met.

2. It involves the abolition of all the Voluntary Schools, which number two-thirds of the schools of the country, and educate one-half the children. The past history and present services of these schools are worthy of a very different reward.

3. It proposes the destruction of Church trust-deeds, and the complete reversal of the religious purposes for which the schools are held. Only the slightest extension of the trusts would be needed to remove all legitimate Nonconformist grievances, without any violation of the principles of those trusts.

4. Trustees are to have power to "transfer" their schools, which means in plain English to betray their trust. Parliament may sanction such trucking with trust property, but it can never be made to square with the Eighth Commandment.

5. This Bill gives unequal treatment as between trust-deed religious teaching and Cowper-Templeism, between Nonconformists and Church-people. Cowper-Temple religion is to be established in the place of Church teaching in Church Schools, and is to be paid for out of the rates: Church teaching is to be extra and exceptional, and is to be paid for out of the pockets of Churchmen. Nonconformists are to have everything they require

at the public cost. Churchmen must pay three times over for the education of their children. They have provided and maintained the premises of over eleven thousand schools, they must pay rates and taxes for education, and, in addition, pay again for their own religious teaching in their own schools.

6. This Bill would destroy all security for any religious teaching whatsoever. No teacher need profess any religious belief, nor belong to any religious denomination, nor attend any place of worship, nor be required to give any religious instruction. Here the figment "no religious test" runs wild.

7. The Bishop's Bill makes no provision for Roman Catholic schools. Is he prepared to give them "special treatment" while he destroys the schools of his own Church?

"Peace at any price" is the only motive which can be alleged for this gratuitous and wholesale surrender of our rights, principles, and property. But such surrender is never the way of peace. The grievance of Nonconformity which it is sought to remove is as dust in the balance to the burden of wrong and injustice which would be imposed upon the Church, and the strife of the past would be as nothing compared with the conflict which must be waged in defence of our schools, our children, and our faith.

T. E. CLEWORTH, Hon. Secretary,
Church Schools' Emergency League.

March 23.

ROYAL AMATEUR SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—His Majesty the King has graciously lent five drawings of Old Westminster, from the Royal Collection at Windsor, to the Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society, which will be held this year, by permission of the Speaker and Mrs. Lowther, at Speaker's House, Palace of Westminster, from April 2nd to 5th. President, her Majesty the Queen. It will include a collection of old engravings of Westminster, and a selection of work by members of the "Société Artistique des Amateurs" of Paris. The charities to be benefited are the Parochial Mission Women's Fund, the East London Nursing Association, and the Westminster Hospital.

F. M. LYTE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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Calvert, Albert F. *Murillo*. Siegle, Hill, 2s. 6d. net.
Perkins, F. Mason. *Giotto*. Bell, 3s. 6d. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Public Schools' Year-Book, 1908. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.
The Schoolmaster's Year-Book and Directory, 1908. Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d. net.
Newspaper Press Directory, 1908. Mitchell, 2s.

THEOLOGY

Deane, Anthony. *The Society of Christ*. S.P.C.K., 6d.
Wordsworth, John. *The Law of the Church and Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister*. S.P.C.K.
Hall, The Rev. E. Vine. *Clerical Reading, Preaching, and Choir Training*. S.P.C.K., 6d.
Turton, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. *The Resurrection of Christ*. S.P.C.K., 6d.

POETRY

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Grey, Dulcibella Ethel. *Poems*. Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net.
Ralli, Augustus. *The Morning of Life*. Routledge, 5s. net.

FICTION.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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Sir Hubert Herkomer, the distinguished artist, writing from Bushey to the Editor of "Public Opinion," says, on February 11th, 1908:—

Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to tell you how your paper, PUBLIC OPINION, answers a purpose in my life. Although I read a great deal, I find it impossible to keep abreast of the trend of higher thought that is going on around me, which can only be gathered from various articles and letters in newspapers, and articles in magazines. But your paper gives me the assurance that I miss nothing which would be of use to me in the train of thought upon which I may just be engaged, and seldom does a weekly issue of PUBLIC OPINION appear from which I cannot cull some useful suggestion. As a lecturer on art, I need all the suggestions on life that I can get into my hands, for I treat art in all its phases popularly. From PUBLIC OPINION I get to know certain modern authors with whose methods of thinking I am in sympathy, and those I follow up further. Your paper does me the service to point to them.

Your selection of current thought is worthy of all praise, for it gives one the wholesome feeling that the world is, after all, not going to the devil, but contains thinkers and good men and women.

I wish you, with all my heart, continuous success with your paper.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THERE has been a pitiable surrender in a portion of the Unionist press to the principles of the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill. As we have already explained, the Bill is almost, if not quite, as objectionable and unjust as Mr. McKenna's, and it passes our comprehension how a paper like *The Standard*, which has done good work in resisting Mr. McKenna's Bill, can reconcile its views with acceptance of the new Bill. *The Times* has adopted an equally abject attitude on this question. We can only console ourselves by the reflection that nowadays these so-called great papers have ceased to exercise any appreciable influence. The mass of people have discovered by bitter experience that the daily papers are absolutely unreliable as guides. Instead of educating the public, or making an honest effort to do so, they advance and recede, take up and drop again this position or that in obedience to some process of secret wire-pulling, the ultimate aim and end of which is always increased circulation and larger dividends. The word "compromise" is elevated by them into an idol before which they bow down and worship. The result is that while they may be successful in their efforts to capture the shekels (though we deny that such tortuous ways are necessary even for that object), they have ceased to have any influence.

Nothing was more striking at the time of the introduction of the Tariff Reform cry than the complete failure of the newspapers—which were almost unanimously in its favour—to make the slightest impression on the electors. If these latter have come round, or are coming round, to that policy, which certainly seems incontestible, it is because they have thought the matter out for themselves, taking nothing on trust from the newspapers, and caring absolutely nothing what the *Times* or the *Standard* or the *Daily Mail* or the *Daily News* had to say about it. We hope and believe that the same process will take place in the present case. As soon as the *Times* and the *Standard* and the *Daily Mail* and the rest of them begin to find out that the cause of the

Church is, after all, likely to be the winning one, they may be depended upon to come round to it again with striking promptitude and unanimity.

Quite apart from moral considerations, and considered as a pure matter of tactics, what could be more senseless than this Bill of the Bishop of St. Asaph, which is hailed as a happy compromise by the *Standard* and the *Times*? The *Westminster Gazette* of March 30th published an interview with "Dr." Clifford with regard to the Bill. This is what this person is reported to have said :

In the first place, it comes from the House of Lords, and I find it difficult to expect that any beneficent result will ensue from that quarter. Secondly, it is the product of an individual Bishop—and a Welsh Bishop—who probably does not understand educational matters in all their details as affecting England. . . . At present I have not felt inclined to pay any serious attention to the Bishop's Bill.

So that all the Bishop of St. Asaph gets, in return for his well-meaning offer to sacrifice the interests of the Church in the hope of conciliating the Nonconformists, is contemptuous rudeness on the part of the leaders of that body. What, in the name of common sense, is to be gained by attempting to compromise with Nonconformists when this is the way they receive these proposals of compromise? We repeat that, considered on the ground of tactics alone, it is obvious to an intelligent man that the only thing is to fight them to a finish. When they are conquered the time will have come to treat them with every possible generosity and kindness.

On Monday, in the House of Lords, the Bishop of St. Asaph moved the second reading of his Bill. In the result the debate was adjourned *sine die*. Lord Lansdowne struck a vigorous note of warning, the Bishop of Birmingham protested forcibly and ably against the Bill, and the Archbishop of Canterbury made one of his characteristically cautious and non-committal speeches which may mean everything or nothing. The blessed word "compromise," of course, figured largely in the debate, and altogether it is impossible to say what was the general effect produced. The real battle will, as before, be waged not in Parliament, but in the country. On the same day, at a meeting of the Church Schools Emergency League in the Church House, Westminster, Lord Robert Cecil is thus reported in the *Standard* :

It [the St. Asaph Bill] was a Bill which would be conceivable when they had been routed and driven from the field of battle, and they might then submit to it if they could get no better terms; but to put it forward at the beginning of the battle as what they proposed for themselves seemed to him to be but very little short of insanity.

To which we cordially say, "Hear, hear."

The *Mercur de France* for the 1st and 16th of March contains a notice by M. Albert de Bersaucourt of Balzac's periodical *La Revue Parisienne*, which appeared in three numbers only on the 25th of July, August, and September, 1840. This was the fourth short-lived periodical founded by Balzac alone, or as a predominant associate. With the exception of one unimportant notice and two copies of verses, to one of which Balzac added a long note descriptive of the *sextine*, the whole *Revue* was written by him, and what was not included in the *édition définitive* of his works has been already reprinted by M. de Louvenjoul. There was, therefore, nothing new left for M. de Bersaucourt to reprint. He has made a serviceable collection of quotations from other writers on the subject, and recalls literary controversies of the period, many of which remain very interesting. Gozlan, of course, is much in evidence, especially concerning the wonderful sketch "Z. Marcas," which Balzac first published in the July number of the *Revue*. Gozlan's lively gossip is, we fancy, fairly well

known in England, and requires no further comment. It is more interesting to recall the curious prophetic resemblance of Z. Marcas, Balzac's own creation, with Gambetta, which was first noticed at length by Anatole de la Forge.

Both Z. Marcas and Gambetta were of obscure origin, were beset by enormous difficulties, were born orators, and acute and far-sighted politicians. Even Balzac's description of the physiognomy of Marcas resembles Gambetta. Both died in middle life of the same internal disease, worn out with work. Of this disease and its moral correspondence, Balzac writes of Marcas with his amazing and characteristic power of realisation much as follows (one cannot wait to disentangle his exact words): "Semblable à Pitt . . . qui s'était donné à l'Angleterre pour femme, Marcas portait la France dans son cœur, il en était idolâtre. . . . La France au troisième rang! Ce cri revenait toujours dans ses conversations. La maladie intestinale du fraye avait passé dans ses entrailles. Marcas devait mourir de cette maladie-là." The combination of coincidences is really remarkable. Anatole de la Forge added to them the reminder that Gambetta died at Les Jardies, where Balzac wrote "Z. Marcas."

The conclusions which have been drawn from the tone of this story, that Balzac's opinions were undergoing a change at the time he wrote it, are totally unwarranted. The more so, because, as Monsieur de Bersaucourt points out, Balzac reiterates for the hundredth time his Catholic and Royalist sentiments in the *Revue* itself. The disinclination to accept the fact that such were his views, or the incapacity to understand their combination with his liberty of expression, may partly account for the futility of English criticism, even the best, on Balzac and his works. More light is thrown upon them, and more just appreciation of their essential qualities, in Monsieur de Bersaucourt's short and quite unpretentious notice, than by the whole body of English criticism, including that of Mr. Henry James and Mr. George Moore, which is the nearest approach that we have yet made to the real Balzac.

It is with real pleasure that we record our sincere approval and appreciation of Mr. Birrell's Irish Universities Bill. To find anything to admire in the present Government is a luxury as delightful as it is unusual. Mr. Birrell is himself so deservedly popular with people of every shade of opinion, and is, moreover, so honourably connected with literature, that the successful launching of his measure becomes a matter of widespread personal gratification to a very large number of people. THE ACADEMY is not a party journal, and it is bound to rejoice when, at last, an opportunity of heartily endorsing the policy of the present Government presents itself.

The Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall last Saturday was altogether delightful. The programme was very nearly an ideal one, and, if Wagner's Overture to *Rienzi* was hardly able to hold its own as a representative of its composer's genius with the Concerto for two pianofortes and orchestra (No. 17, in E flat) of Mozart and the great Concerto in C major, for two pianofortes and orchestra, of Bach, we, at any rate, can find nothing to complain of in that. Time and the fluctuating waves of superficial opinion make no real impression of the supremacy of the great classical composers. Madame Sandra Droucker and Mr. Gottfried Galston gave an exquisite interpretation of these two masterpieces; if we were asked to decide we should give the palm rather to their rendering of the Bach Concerto than that of Mozart. If Time makes no impression on the supremacy of Bach and Mozart and the other great classical composers, it may almost as truly be said

that he makes none of the power of Sir Charles Santley. His renderings of "Non più andrā" and "O Ruddier than the Cherry" were astonishing manifestations of his superb artistic method. Any one closing his eyes would surely have refused to believe that the voice that filled the Queen's Hall proceeded from a man of his age, and, even if one saw him quite plainly, it would be hard to believe, judging from his appearance, that he was much over fifty.

We note with satisfaction the bare fact that a book by Mr. W. J. Gordon, *Round the North Pole*, published by Messrs. Murray, is partly illustrated by woodcuts. Some of them are by Mr. Edward Whymper. Whether some of the illustrations are *clichés* or no, we welcome them because they are woodcuts, quite irrespective of their merits, which we have not even examined. As we have before lamented, it is now rare for any book not published *ad hoc* to contain woodcuts. Cheap—and, we cannot but think, ugly—photographic reproduction has driven out that charming and expressive art. It is not long ago that a highly-qualified hereditary wood-engraver, thoroughly approved by such learned artists in all kinds of engraving as Mr. Frederick Shields and Mr. William Strang, was forced to give up the practice of his art in order to earn a living by producing water-colour drawings, for which he had little capacity. We wish that some measures could be taken to enable such artists to continue their proper art to some profit.

Mdlle. Scialtiel gave the last of a series of interesting *causeries* on "La Femme et la Poésie" at the Salle Erard on Thursday, March 26th. Her programme was even more varied than on the previous occasions. Two of the items had not only piano, but also violin accompaniments, specially written for Mdlle. Scialtiel by Monsieur Francis Thomé. As a composer of musical adaptations Monsieur Thomé has few rivals, for he thoroughly realises, especially in his "Elfes" and "Rappelle-toi," that the accompaniment should interpret the poem and not, as is frequently the case, obscure it. In Paillerai's "La Poupée" and Vicaire's "La Fée" Mdlle. Scialtiel was particularly happy, delivering them with much charm and delicacy, and her versatility was conspicuous, for, in the intensely dramatic poem "La Feu," of Richepin, she showed a command of emotion quite unexpected in a recital of this nature.

The "Oxford Book of French Verse," published by the Clarendon Press, consists of an anthology of French poetry from the twelfth century to Paul Verlaine. The selection has been made by Mr. St. John Lucas, with whose admirable work readers of THE ACADEMY will be acquainted. Mr. Lucas is himself a poet of great distinction, and his selection is made with taste and discrimination. The book is further enriched by an introduction which reveals Mr. Lucas as a subtle and learned critic of French poetry. This book is exactly what is wanted by those who wish to acquire a general acquaintance with French poetry which can form the basis of more special knowledge. We can heartily recommend it.

We referred last week to the advertisement given by a Bishop from the pulpit to a very bad novel. Why is it, we wonder, that Bishops and other exalted persons whose commendation is, for some extraordinary reason, so valuable an advertisement, almost invariably bestow their approval on bad work? We can remember no case in which really fine work has been publicly praised from the pulpit or from other exalted quarters. The latest exhibition of this sort of criticism *ex cathedra* has occurred in the case of a tenth-rate publication, emanating from Harmsworthian quarters, called the "Children's Encyclopædia." We intend in a future issue to deal with this shoddy, catchpenny work, which is "ornamented" by a Preface by Mr. Harold Begbie.

A SONG AGAINST CARE

O Care !

Thou art a cloak too heavy to be borne,
 Glittering with tears, and gay with painted lies
 (For seldom—seldom art thou stained and torn,
 Showing a tattered lining, and the bare
 Bruised body of thy wearer) ; thou art fair
 To look at, O thou garment of our pride !
 A net of colours, thou dost catch the wise ;
 He lays aside his wisdom for thy sake
 And Beauty hides her loveliness in thee
 And after when men know the agony
 Of thy great weight of splendour, and would shake
 Thee swiftly from their shoulders, cast aside
 The burden of thy jewelled bands that break
 Their very hearts often it is too late.
 They fear that foes will meet them and deride
 When they are stripped of all their golden state.
 But some are brave but some among us dare
 Cry out against thy torment and be free !
 And I would rather a gay beggar be,
 And go in rags for all eternity,
 Than that thy clanking pomp should cover me,
 O Care !

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

SWINBURNE

In the most tender morning of the world,
 When the old gods had speech with common men,
 They took a wandering mist upon the fen,
 Soft music, where the earliest fountain swirled,
 And the first lovely look from eyes dew-pearled
 When Aphrodite waked ; the young soul then
 Singing, they hushed asleep within a glen
 Where evermore the sea's white waters hurled.
 The soul hath wakened, and the song may be.
 The strong, sweet notes of passion played, and woe,
 Thrill to the radiant laughter of a child—
 Make answer to the crying of the sea—
 Beating to music that none else may know
 A song like fire, half-tamed and wholly wild.

ETHEL TALBOT.

REVIEWS

ROMANCE, REALISM, AND
SYMBOL

Types of Tragic Drama. By C. E. VAUGHAN. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

The Symbolist Movement in Literature. By ARTHUR SYMONS. Second Edition, Revised. (Constable, 5s. net.)

MR. VAUGHAN'S book is composed of lectures delivered in the University of Leeds, where he fills the chair of Professor of English Literature ; and each chapter bears on its face some of the characteristics of a lecture as distinguished from an essay. There is much that is rhetorical and repetitive in form ; there are horrible old *clichés* like "hung trembling in the balance." On the other hand, there is much of the merit of a good lecture : its brightness, its vivacity, its broad and simple structure ; and the book is able, sound and interesting. Its object is to trace the development of tragedy on its passage from Æschylus to Ibsen, from the classical form through the romantic to the symbolic, taking account of its throw-backs in France and Germany to the classical type. And his thesis is this :

The more we study the history of the drama, the stronger in all probability will be our conviction that the general line of development has been from exclusion to inclusion, from a less to a more complete idealisation of the material offered by human life, from a narrower to a wider rendering of all that the heart of man presents for our observation. . . . It has been, on the whole, a change from the presentation of action to the presentation of character, a gradual shifting of the scene from that which is without to that which is within.

The change from classical to romantic is thus a change from clearly defined issues, sharply cut problems, broadly conceived character and rigidly confined action to something at once wider and deeper. It is far more than a mere change of treatment or relaxing of convention. It implies a determination to bring into the realm of drama much more of the many-coloured, quickly-changing phantasmagoria of life as we know it, in which motives are not always clear, issues are often confused, and characters are capable of infinitely more subtle gradation and intermixture than the strictly classical tragedy permitted. At the same time it must be remembered that from the earliest days of tragedy the romantic element—like cheerfulness into the mind of the man in Boswell who wanted to be a philosopher—"keeps breaking in." Euripides can be romantic enough—especially if we take into consideration the other meaning which Mr. Vaughan gives to the word, the searching of the inner recesses of the human consciousness ; and as to Seneca, the tragedian whom our early Elizabethan playwrights, in common with all the Renaissance, took as the model of the classical drama, his form may be classical, his spirit is often completely romantic. The development, as Mr. Vaughan traces it, was an inevitable development. The classical form might give a more finished and exalted beauty. The ever-increasing curiosity of the human mind demanded a form of drama which the classical mould could not contain ; and so we have the loosely-knit, all-embracing tragedies of Shakespeare, due partly, no doubt, to the very nature of the stage on which those tragedies were written to be played, but still more to the increased content they were compelled to hold. And that content went on increasing, as Mr. Vaughan traces the story (and he traces it fairly and judiciously, with no Procrustean fitting of the facts to his thesis), until it embraced the "mysticism" of Maeterlinck, the "symbolism" of Ibsen, in which curiosity has plunged so deep into the hidden waters of the human soul that speech cannot express its discoveries, and symbol must be employed to make them plain to those who are able to understand. There have been few books on the drama so suggestive, so stimulating, or so interesting as Mr. Vaughan's, which shows a width of outlook, and a subtle strength in the handling of detail which are too often absent from discussions of that much-discussed subject.

On laying down Mr. Vaughan's book we took up the new edition of Mr. Arthur Symons's book on the Symbolists. There is a wide difference between the two critics; but that is not our business for the moment. Few living writers are so competent to deal with the Symbolists as Mr. Symons, for few have either so sensitive a perception or a style at once so delicate and so penetrating. The interesting point for the moment in this symbolism of which he writes is that he carries on for us the story told down to a certain point by Mr. Vaughan. We have seen the change from the classical tragedy, with its clear outline of a statue seen in full daylight, to the half-lights, the vague outlines, the shifting, changing life of the romantic, and have passed through that stage to the threshold of symbolism. Mr. Symons's book admits us to the *arcana* of the Symbolists. Theirs is "a literature in which the visible world is no longer a reality, and the unseen world no longer a dream." The epoch, he points out, of the Symbolists, of Gerard de Nerval, of Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, and the others, was also the epoch which included Baudelaire, Flaubert, Zola, and Leconte de Lisle. We can, in fact, see this insatiable human curiosity working in two totally opposite directions. On one side the Realists, like the Symbolists the heirs of romanticism. Their aim is, roughly expressed, to catch and pin down, to petrify, to *documenter* for all time the variegated life which the romantics had only half expressed. They want to drag it into full daylight, to see it all, and put it all on record. And beyond that life they do not pierce. It is enough for them, as it were, to make sure of what they can see clearly. On the other hand, the Symbolists feel that this daily life has been, as it were, worked out. What men do and say is, after all, but a small part of them. Even what they think is but a shadow of the truth. The real truth lies behind all that, in a world that is not this world, a world whose laws are different and very often the exact contrary of the laws of the visible world. And in that world, though they may not know it or deserve it, all human minds have part. Behind and beneath their conscious life is the great unexplored ocean of half-conscious or all-unconscious life; and it is here that the truth is to be found.

But how is the truth to be expressed? The Realist's task is easy enough by comparison. He has only to catch and record the exact words in which men say this or that, the exact things they do or think in such and such circumstances. The Symbolist is only anxious to escape from the exact words and the exact description of the deed, for such things are only superficial truth, or not truth at all. Words, then, when used in the ordinary way, cannot express the real truth; for it is precisely words which are the common coin of the unreal, the visible and audible world. The result is all sorts of devices. We might use as instances the "second dialogue" of Ibsen; beneath the realistic spoken dialogue, which, as Mr. Symons remarks with some justice, is "degraded below the touch of the characters whom it attempts to express," there moves the spirit-dialogue, as it were, in which soul speaks to soul, and one deep calleth another. And here, surely, in this extraordinary combination of the Realist and the Symbolist, lies the deep significance of Ibsen's work. Or, again, there is the remote, formal dialogue used by Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose people talk primly and strangely, not because he cannot, but because he does not want to make them talk naturally, when his object is to dive beneath the natural to the spiritual. Or again, there is the haughty language of Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, with its patrician scorn of common speech; the incoherence of Gerald de Nerval, gasping in the dizzy air of the unseen world; the aristocratic obscurities of Mallarmé. One thing unites all these—including even Ibsen—and many others; the effort to make words more than counters for exchange in the market. To the average writer, words are coins; to the Symbolist they are medals. To the average man they are units of exchange, merely acquired in order to be given away for something else. To the Symbolist they are things of beauty, which will buy nothing, but which, pondered

over and absorbed, will open the dream-world to the souls that have the right of entry to it. It is, after all, the old story, that of all art feeling its way towards the conditions of music. Human curiosity, as existing in these rarer spirits, has exhausted the common life, has even acquired a kind of nausea for it. It takes perilous and lonely journeys into the unknown, and finding itself unable to recount its adventures, it creates anew by symbols a spiritual atmosphere in which we may apprehend what cannot be heard or spoken.

IN THE BEGINNING

Adam Cast Forth. By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. (Duckworth, 4s. 6d. net.)

It is a joy—difficult, perhaps, but indubitable—for a reviewer to discover a book which he feels is, ultimately, past description as it is past mere praise. Sometimes, even in these oft-impeached days of denial, we find a book which stands for more than it expresses, which is, indeed, much like a finger-post pointing to an unknown pleasaunce. Is there not, in the best, the familiar books, something rare, uncapturable, indefinable, perhaps involuntary, which is yet as the perfume of a flower, lodged you know not precisely where, but expressing the three beauties—the beauty past, the beauty present, the beauty to come? And is there not, more rarely still, a solemnity in some books, a rich, slow, strange choral movement, which swells and fills all the listening chapels of the soul, waking even humblest thoughts to a low, noble music? We know not how to describe, save in some such indirect fashion as this last fancy, the grave beauty, the strangeness, the fulness of this echoing poem.

It is short, and oddly called "A Sacred Drama in Five Songs;" properly, there are no songs, though there is a chorus. No one but Mr. Doughty could have written it, and fools will say that no one but Mr. Doughty can read it. Assuredly, those who shrank from "The Dawn in Britain"—from the verse as well as the size of that epic—will not care to attempt even the few pages of this book. The poet's manner is more singular and irregular than ever; his vocabulary is still rich and recondite, his rhythms still sometimes harsh, though more often buoyant and sweet; his whole expression is tense, masculine, perplexing. It is but a week or two since THE ACADEMY was noticing Mr. Doughty's wonderful "Wanderings in Arabia," which affords a memorable example of a fine harmony of prose. Yet more lofty, individual, unconceding is the verse in this volume than the prose of those travels. The style is one no man in his senses would imitate, and no man could soberly devise. Reading it impatiently, or wonderingly, you decide that the only conceivable reason for writing such verse, the only conceivable excuse, is that the style is simply inevitable—is the man. Else inexcusable. But how fit and cherishable it is. This verse has the sound of the great Biblical tongue—its musing gravity, its solemn clearness, as of great waves breaking on the western shore; its deep sincerity. Yet, all this said, there remains another thing to say: you cannot properly estimate Mr. Doughty's manner of verse, apart from his subject and attitude. It is his profoundly religious habit of mind, his religious acceptance of the world, and his religious conception of the immensities of life that are expressed in the strange music of this poetic speech.

Of course, we duly regret Mr. Doughty's choice of mere tradition for subject; how much finer, how much more "modern," would have been a Poem of Protoplasm! Surely, the only chance for poetry is that it should embody "scientific truth," since science alone has any future; and a poem which should be touched with the Tennysonian hankering after science, which should describe the first authentic wriggling of matter into consciousness, were certain at least of a five years' fame. What Mr. Doughty, in his singular conservatism, has written is a poem "founded on a Judæo-Arabian Legend of Adam and

Eve," in which—type of the world's wanderers—Adam and Eve, cast out from the Garden's bliss, and separated, are re-united, restored in strength, tried and purged as by fire, and led, through nakedness of earth and spirit, into a new land of mortal habitation. Frankly, to ourselves the benefit of his poem has been by no means small. The author has humanised for us characters so remote and vague as to be almost unreal, owing, no doubt, to defective apprehension in childish years. Persons of the primal drama, containing all potentialities, containing Moses and Socrates, David and Shakespeare; parents of a vast incomprehensible humanity, with promise in their eyes of unimaginable destiny and memory in their hearts of lost bliss unspeakable—they have yet been to us almost as shadowy and mythical as any modern-idea'd man would like them to be. But in this "Sacred Drama" Mr. Doughty, acting on "mere legend," has made more clear, human, vital the august figures standing lonely between an unforgettable past and an inscrutable future.

Had a less religious mind pondered and brought forth a poem on this subject, the result would have been intolerable. Imagine so lofty a theme subjected to the purple and fury of Mr. Stephen Phillips, or the windiness of Mr. Noyes! We do not want to depreciate the talents of these poets, but—if we may be permitted to say it—we are thankful the theme has escaped them, and that it has become the secure inspiration of Mr. Doughty. For he has treated it with the austerity, the simplicity, the weighty grandeur of sincerity, which alone could justify any man in his choice of it. Take the following for proof, the opening of the second "song":

BLIND ADAM

I wake from sleep, and Sarsar rageth not!
How fallen is a great stillness on earth's dust!
I dreamed was Adama with me, my loved wife,
Whose voice was in the Garden mine heart's peace.
Ah! now my vision fadeth!

ADAMA

Dayspring is:
Hearest not thou, O Adam father, birds' glad voice?
Feel'st not thou this new wafted from the earth,
Which in the Eden was, fresh morning breath?

ADAM

No dream is this; but my loved Adama's voice!
Her arms be these, ah! about my neck embraced.

ADAMA

I do behold new greenness of the ground,
Whereon white dew of heaven is fallen this night.
I have not His pearly dew seen since we driven
Were from the Eden!

ADAM

I, to-night, in vision,
Beheld with these dark eyes both field and grove;
Wherein, with God's new blessing, shall we live.
How cometh unto my sense such flowery breath
As in the Garden was!

ADAMA

We have found Grace.
Could thy dark eyeballs see, it is the breath
Of lilies, which the Lord hath caused this night
To spring up and to blow round our bed-place.

ADAM

I lilies do remember of the Garden,
For beauty as the sunbeams, that wont spring
Up in the footprints of God's holy Angels.
Reach of this dew down to me, on the branch,
Beloved, that I therewith might wash my face;
Likewise these palms; and lift them and my voice
To Him Who formed me.

Or this, of Adam's renewal:

How even now is allayed the long disease,
And quickened the old languor of my being!
How, whiles I in the bubbling rindels wash,
Confirmed be these loose joints! In this warm wave
My pithless loins recover former force;
Aye! and wonder of the Lord, these pupils dim
Receive, now O I plainly see, their light!

From these extracts, perhaps unduly long for a short book and short review, will be seen, we hope, at once the singular strength and sweetness which Mr. Doughty seems almost to have at command. We do not say the poem is faultless; there are a score of poets who can write faultless

lines, but can we seek and find in their work aught of the religious earnestness, the grave beauty, with which "Adam Cast Forth" is endued?

Here is music of a master.

FIFTY YEARS OF MODERN PAINTING

Fifty Years of Modern Painting: Corot to Sargent. By J. G. PHYTHIAN. (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS book has considerable merit. Those who disagree with some of Mr. Phythian's opinions or feel that he has not touched some part of his subject which seems to them very important should consider the difficulty of treating the subject at all. To write the history of modern painting is like writing the history of Germany before it became an Empire. There are as many different tendencies in it as there were States in Old Germany. But whereas the States of Germany had some permanence, the tendencies of modern painting are always changing before our eyes, and it is almost impossible for us to decide which of them are mere fashions and which are part of a natural process of growth. We may feel some certainty about the merits or defects of particular painters. We may be pretty sure that Monet's pictures will be admired by posterity and that Leighton's will not. But we cannot be sure that Monet has founded a school for posterity, any more than the Pre-Raphaelites founded one. In these days schools rush so quickly into extravagance that they produce a reaction against themselves in their moment of triumph. Fashions in painting change so rapidly and violently that they obscure the deeper tendencies that underlie them.

Mr. Phythian has done his best to distinguish between fashions and the movements which, so far as we can tell, do express the purpose and tendency of the age in paint. But the mere sub-title of his book, "Corot to Sargent," proves how difficult his task has been. What clear purpose or tendency can we find in an age which begins with Corot and ends with Sargent, with intermediate episodes like those of the Pre-Raphaelites and Puvis de Chavannes and Gustave Moreau and Whistler? It would be impossible to make a consecutive narrative of French painting alone through all these changes, even if it only dealt with great painters. But Mr. Phythian has had to say something about painting in all the countries of Europe where painting is of any account, and in America. He has also thought it necessary to speak of a great many painters who are of no importance whatever. Here, we think, he has made a mistake. A book of this kind will be most useful if it teaches the reader who are the really important artists of modern times; and it can do this most easily by saying nothing about those who are not important. Mr. Phythian seldom speaks of a small painter as if he were great, but he uses up too much of his space in explaining that small painters are not great. He gives, for instance, about six pages to Leighton, and though most of them are taken up with a statement of his deficiencies, they would surely be better occupied with a statement of the excellences of some great man. But since the book is intended to be a popular one, no doubt it was considered necessary that popular painters should be fully treated in it, even if they were not treated very kindly. The consequence is that it lacks even the amount of coherence which it might have possessed. Worthless painters are not in any movement; they only express fashions, and there is no more logical development in the fashions of modern painting than in the fashions of modern dress.

Yet, hampered as he is, Mr. Phythian makes a brave effort to discover the real movement of modern art. He begins with what is only an episode in it, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. He then proceeds to speak of its main current in a long chapter with the title "The Impressionists and their Allies." Impressionism is a word

vaguely used by some and narrowly by others. Mr. Phythian tries to use it neither vaguely nor narrowly. The most determined and the most fruitful effort of modern painting has been to escape from the predominance of the Old Masters, both in subject and in treatment. Except for one or two forerunners, the eighteenth century is overshadowed by the art of the past. It was the end of the Renaissance in painting. In the nineteenth century there was a rebellion—indeed, many rebellions—against the Renaissance. Mr. Phythian would call nearly all the great rebels impressionists, to distinguish them from painters like Ingres, who merely developed certain tendencies of the Renaissance painting and from those also who, like the Pre-Raphaelites, went back behind the Renaissance for their tradition. He has nowhere, we think, clearly expressed this distinction, but he implies it in many places; and it is the main distinction between the two classes of modern painters who are of any account. There are many individual painters who cannot be put absolutely in one class or the other. Corot, for instance, though Mr. Phythian would call him an impressionist, was half a follower of Claude. Watts, though he followed the traditions of the Renaissance, was half an impressionist. But still the distinction holds good; and the movement of revolt from the Renaissance has grown stronger and more extreme with time, especially in landscape painting. There is a great deal of the Renaissance in Corot. There is nothing of it in Monet. He observes the old traditions neither in treatment nor in subject. He has been developed out of what was most new in the art of Constable and Turner and the Barbizon painters.

It is in France that the revolt against the Renaissance has been most extreme, and the reason is that France was more subjected to the tyranny of the Renaissance than other countries. Most of the later English painters have a tendency to Italianise, just because they are further away from Italy than the French. But since Corot and Millet few good French painters have Italianised at all. Even Puvis de Chavannes has far less of the Renaissance in his design than Burne-Jones or Watts. He is more of a mediævalist than the most consciously mediæval of English painters; and it may be that a great new art of painting, if it ever arises, will combine mediæval simplicity of design with the impressionist passion for light. There is no doubt that impressionism cannot be combined with the elaborate design and complex sentiment of the Renaissance. That design and sentiment have already been combined with a fulness of illusion perfectly appropriate to them in the works of Raphael and Titian and Tintoret and Michelangelo. What they did cannot be done over again with a different kind of illusion. The art of painting, if it is to have another prime, must simplify itself in one direction to compensate for its greater elaboration in another. And it will only have the strength to do this if it becomes once again decorative, if it turns from the artificial problems of the frame to the real problems of the wall-space. It is inevitable that Mr. Phythian in his book should say scarcely anything of decorative painting, for he deals with a period in which decorative painting was only practised by a few great men and a multitude of tradesmen. Shall we see a change in the next fifty years, and the beginnings of a new school of mural painters? If not, there will be no new Renaissance, but only a more feeble continuation of the struggle to imitate or escape from the old one.

TWO TRAVELLERS

The Pulse of Asia. By ELSWORTH HUNTINGTON. (Constable, 14s.)

In the Footsteps of Marco Polo. By MAJOR C. DALRYMPLE BRUCE. (Blackwood, 21s. net.)

DAVID said in his haste "All men are liars," and this sweeping statement has received the endorsement of hundreds of generations. More especially has the compliment been lavished upon travellers in distant lands, whose tales of

things seen have been drunk in to the accompaniment of lavish helpings of salt, with the usual result of an insatiable thirst for more. *In vino veritas*, and the proverb is true of stories of travel as of the juice of the grape. With the imbibing of stories told not twice, but many times over, comes an appreciation of the fact that "there is much in what they say." It is also true that the crude flavour of some vintages of travel has given even to the finer sorts an evil reputation, which it is hard to forget. But modern travel, to abandon a metaphor which threatens to get out of hand, rests on a different basis to that of five centuries ago. To Marco Polo, who, of mediæval travellers, most concerns us in relation to the two books under review, travel was merely a means of getting from one place to another, and his story is a genial collection of memories, compiled rather for entertainment than with any scientific object in view. The Venetian was a merchant first, an adventurer secondly and by the way, and an author by accident. Nowadays we travel into the uttermost ends of the earth for the sake of travel, or rather for the sake of what we may learn and teach thereby, and the book that results was, given a safe return, a foregone conclusion before ever we packed our bags and set out for Charing Cross. And in consequence, our books of travel, though they may hold the advantage in accuracy of observation and in co-ordination of facts, though, in short, they may prove something that called for proof, lose sadly in spontaneity and in that inexpressible joy of life that is the portion of the traveller who observes *en amateur*.

There clings to the serious American traveller, however, scientific though his object be, something of the childhood state of his nation. He sees with young, and sometimes with strangely discerning eyes, not merely the things that he set out to see, but the little unimportant details that fill in the picture, just as a schoolboy notes with feverish delight the peregrinations of the fly that crawls across the very figures that he is engaged in copying from the blackboard. The American traveller will interrupt himself in the midst of a really valuable account of a geological formation in a remote corner of the world to tell of tea-parties and ceremonious hospitality, or to chat about the engaging characteristics of his interpreter. It is utterly unconscious, this inconsequence, and not without its charm.

Mr. Huntington, however he may stray into by-paths of the picturesque, nevertheless sticks very consistently to the main object, both of his journey and of the book he has written concerning it. The proposition that physical geography exercises a preponderating influence upon the history of man seems too obvious to need support; but the amplification of that proposition which puts forward the claim of climatic changes to a similar part in history has not been accorded the welcome which is undoubtedly its due. The theory is, indeed, very generally accepted, but the extent and importance of climatic change within the compass of our era has probably been underestimated by the historian, if not by the geographer. Nor is it to the earthquake, or the volcanic eruption, or to any of the sudden and cataclysmal changes in the conformation of a region that the most permanent changes in the course of history are due; but rather to those slow and scarcely perceptible modifications of climate which give man time to act, and opportunity to adapt himself almost unconsciously to changing conditions.

The desiccation of great tracts of the earth's surface is a phenomenon which is not confined to Central Asia; but it is in Central Asia that it has left the most unmistakable traces, and, in all probability, it is to a long-gone phase of the process that the civilisation of modern Europe is indirectly due. The sand-buried cities and waterless, deserted settlements of the Lop-Nor Basin, hard by the empty watercourses and dry wells, are eloquent testimony to the enormous world-power of thirst. By no other means can Nature conquer man more certainly than by drying up her living waters. And the great tamarisk-mounds of gnarled and dead trunks and roots, wind-gnawed below and wind-piled above, that lie around the sand-buried ruins of Chira, are Nature's tally-sticks of her work; and Mr. Huntington

gives a sufficiently vivid picture, both of that work and of its effects upon the human beings who come within its influence. We are tempted to quote largely from his extremely clear account of the formation of the Lop Basin, but still more, from his shrewd, careful, and kindly estimate of the Chantos, the typical oasis-dwelling agriculturists of the world. Mr. Huntington's contentions are more effectually strengthened by this description than by many of his more elaborate and more fanciful arguments.

Major Younghusband describes the Chantos as "the essence of imperturbable mediocrity," and his estimate of their moral qualities is not flattering. Mr. Huntington admits the force of his remarks, but supplements them by a careful analysis of the leading features of the Chanto character, and an investigation of their climatic causes; and he arrives at the conclusion, which appears irresistible, that this character, with its weak amiability, is the immediate and inevitable result of environment, and further, that the same climatic and social conditions will induce a like result in the case of other peoples whose natural tendencies under more invigorating conditions lie rather in the direction of excessive activity. The weakest go to the wall it is true; but if the wall is sunny and sheltering, and life is easy, they are very well content to stay there and vegetate, outside the push and bustle of a more strenuous existence.

That climate is ultimately the deciding factor in the determination of national character seems pretty widely acknowledged. And the special conditions obtaining in this dying land are such, and so placed, as to influence not merely their immediate surroundings but the whole history of the world. Mr. Huntington appears to have established, on good data, his theory that such basins as those of Lop-Nor and Turfan have been subject to fluctuations in the desiccative process, and he appeals both to Marco Polo and to the Chinese historians of the second century of our era to bear him out. He has travelled over deserts which, for Marco Polo, were peopled with devils, and which the Chinese describe as seas of unfathomable slime; he has used his eyes and his brain to some purpose on the spot; and his account of his purposeful wanderings leaves nothing to be desired as a storehouse of data for future investigators. The risks he has run have not been small, and he never fails to pay his tribute to the pluck and devotion of those who shared his dangers, while a quaint sense of humour pervades the whole of his story. His English is at times slovenly to a degree—he slips into such phrases as "Nor were they far from wrong," and "he was out of his head." Still, as we have said before, we deem it beside the mark to quarrel with the language of the United States, which grows less and less like English every day. But his book was worth the writing, and we cannot help thinking that the personality of the author has stood him in good stead in his dealings with the people whom he describes so sympathetically. And ever he holds before his eyes the idea with which he set out, an idea not new, not even obscure, but to which he gives a greater value and importance than has hitherto been its portion, by the dramatic suddenness with which he uses it as the moral of some tale of adventure which of itself was all enough to claim the attention and fascinate the imagination. The story of Handum Bai and the lost camels is worthy of a high place among tales of adventure, and it concludes thus:

Judging by what I later saw of the topography, the man must have travelled twenty-five miles each way in his chase after the camels—fifty miles in twenty hours without food or water. The experience was to me a revelation of the inexorableness of the desert. It was still more remarkable as an illustration of the intensity and endurance which lifelong contact with the desert in the care of his camels had developed in Handum Bai, a man of the mild Chanto race. None of my other men would have done so hardy a deed—only Handum, who from early childhood had endured heat and cold and fatigue in the desert, far from the enervating influence of the easy agricultural life of the oases. Such intensity is often supposed to be a result of Mohamedan fanaticism and fatalism. More probably it is the result of life in the desert. There none succeed except those who, though often lazy and dilatory, are capable at times of becoming almost monomaniacs, fanatics, animated by the will to do some deed in spite of heaven or hell.

The two supplementary essays at the end of the book, on "The Caspian Sea and its Neighbours" and "The Geographic Basis of History," are equal in interest, but, we cannot help thinking, very unequal in value. Mr. Huntington is led to believe by his observation of the great fluctuation of the level of humidity in the Central Asiatic basins that the level of the Caspian may have varied to an extent almost if not quite great enough to account rationally for the continual variations in the accounts of ancient geographers, from Herodotus to Ptolemy, concerning the supposed inlets and outlets of this fickle stretch of inland sea. Adding to these ancient variants the mediæval accounts of the Persian and Arab writers, we have a pretty series of contradictions, which can only be reconciled or accounted for on some such hypothesis as that of Mr. Huntington.

But when we come to the last chapter we are sorry, for it seems to us to go just beyond those bounds of probability within which the author had kept so far. The extravagance, panic, hysteria, and crime of the great cities of America—all the crises in political, social, and financial history, are fathered upon the weather, and we think that the burden is greater than it can bear. The less rain and the more wind, the more crime; a hypothesis which, while it might account for the "immorality" of the Chantos aforesaid, could not account also for their amiability, for that is a quality not conspicuous in the midst of a Western financial scare; and surely on such a hypothesis the English character should be even more a mass of contradictions than it is.

After this book, written with a mission, albeit most readably written, it is interesting to turn to another equally interesting, for totally different reasons. Major Bruce owns at the outset that he wandered for the love of it, and he is troubled by no speculations concerning vast issues. But he justifies the title of his work by careful reference to the statements of Marco Polo as to topography and customs, with the result which no longer surprises us, that the Venetian is nearly always corroborated. And he marks each step of his route by reference to the great travellers of old time, among whom not the least interesting is he who first introduced the news of Buddhism into China, Chang C'hien, who passed over this very Khotan-Lop-Nor route 140 years before our era.

Very delightful it is to read these two books—that of the American scientist and that of the English soldier—side by side. For the two men passed over practically the same main route, with their eyes wide open, and seeing everything from two totally different points of view:

Being unable to devote ourselves (says Major Bruce), much to our regret, to the study of buried cities, we decided instead to accept the offer made by the Beg (of Niya) to hawk and hunt boar with him on the following day.

We venture to think that the difference is not merely individual, but national. And by the side of Mr. Huntington's appreciation of Handum Bai we would place this description of the Beg of Niya:

There . . . he left us, but I can see his tall, upright figure now. Built in a larger mould than is usual among his compatriots, he was a man of silent, reserved character. Possessing in addition a tireless frame, a keen love of the open, and a very warm heart, our friend was as good a specimen of one of nature's gentlemen as could be found.

It is the man that matters to Major Bruce, not his environment nor his scientific significance. And a characteristic touch is conveyed in the sentence:

I have said that the site of Lou-lan lies north-east of Lopnor, and have *unintentionally* [the italics are our own] introduced what is known as the Lopnor controversy.

Indeed the charm of this book, which is undeniable, lies in its racy characterisation, its unfailing good humour, and its sportsmanlike enjoyment of life in many varying aspects. We must conclude an already over-long notice by quoting a delightful passage concerning the ceremonial visit of an Amban:—

Before the visit was concluded he began to complain of a cough, besides detailing the symptoms from which a brother who lived with him, he said, was suffering. A few minutes previously we had been unwise enough to allow him to see the small medicine-case we carried,

which we ought to have known would be quite sufficient to inoculate him with all the diseases it was designed to cure. . . . We promptly recommended, and handed to his head factotum for the old gentleman's use, four Dover powder tabloids. When it came to prescribing for the absent brother . . . Dover powders, our own favourite medicine, we did not like to prescribe; as in the East, etiquette forbids an inferior even to suffer from the same form of malady as a superior, and the Amban was already booked for Dover powders. There seemed nothing for it but to strike out a new line and hope for the best; so to ensure the absent brother receiving every chance we fell back on that ever-popular remedy, quinine. . . . We eventually helped the Amban into his Peking cart, triumphantly bidding him what, in spite of prescriptions, we hoped was only a temporary farewell.

We do not wish to imply that this book is no contribution to the literature of Central Asiatic exploration, for that would be a totally false impression. But it is a book that may be read as well in an idle hour as for the purpose of gleaning the valuable information that it contains.

ECONOMICS FROM NORWAY

Production: a Study in Economics. By P. H. CASTBERG. (Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d.)

THE great merit of Mr. Castberg's book is its concreteness. This is probably due to the fact that he is not a professor of economics, but a business man who has studied the economics of industry in direct contact with its actualities. Economics has, it is well known, lost much of its abstract and pedantic character in recent years. In this respect Mr. Castberg is extremely modern. One looks, fortunately, in vain, for those theoretical discussions often merely about words and figments of the economic imagination which ruled so largely in the days when economic formulæ figured as unalterable laws of Nature. Assumptions *a priori* have disappeared, and instead we have an analysis of the actual process of production, distribution, and exchange in contemporary industrial society. It is not philosophy nor science, but an explanation of a practical empirical system such as we know it at present, plastic, and which has nothing final about it any more than have a nation's laws. Economics loses its literary and academic prestige, but gains in usefulness. We learn more thoroughly the mechanism of industry, but it would be impossible to say of Mr. Castberg's pages that they tend to culture. They set out and explain a very complex set of facts which are very useful and necessary to be known by business men or other men of affairs, but are quite *dehors* of any scheme of liberal education. Men used to read a text-book of economics as they would read logic or mathematics. Adam Smith taught them to consider it as a branch of ethics. Economics in this sense has been exposed and deposed, and now it has about as much of philosophy as the tables of weights and measures.

We see this very clearly in Mr. Castberg's treatment of Protection and Free Trade. He is a Norwegian, and Norway is a Free Trade country with a tendency, as we gather, towards trying the method of Protection. Norway is, like the United Kingdom, one of the few relics of the system which, in the days of the economists of doctrine, prevailed generally over Europe. Turn up our own economists of to-day, and it will be found that they are sitting on the rail and are dubitative whether to get down on one side or the other. Dogmatism has disappeared, and they give up their own so-called science declaring that it is not competent to settle the issue between Protection and Free Trade—a curious conclusion when we remember that all the economic text-books, from the "Wealth of Nations" downwards, had Free Trade as their fundamental axiom. When the sweet simplicity of a theory vanishes nothing remains but to wrestle with the hard facts; and judged by their text-books, the economists have found them too stubborn to be reduced to any definite conclusion. Mr. Castberg is no exception. He balances and balances one fact against another, and the upshot of it all is very undetermined. In the case of small nations he appears to be rather decided that they will not gain by Protection. As to the greater nations, we

think it may be fairly inferred that he believes they benefit by Protective duties. This book, then, like all recent text-books on economics, may be eliminated as far as the controversy between Free Trade and Protection is concerned. They none of them speak authoritatively; and they have dropped all pretensions to do so. It is a desirable change from the time when they lorded it over us with dogmatic doctrines that have done incalculable harm. Mr. Castberg recognises the limits which separate economics from sociology and politics, and, we may almost say, from metaphysics; for discussions on wealth and value are generally too remote and abstract to have any relation to ordinary usage and practice. We may mention that the book was originally intended for Norwegian students, but this is really an irrelevant consideration.

FRANÇOIS VILLON

THE political propagandist in search of telling "election literature" has before now owed much to the poet. The supporters of Mr. Asquith's "temperance" proposals might do worse than to borrow from François Villon's "Ballade Joyeuse des Taverniers." By slightly altering the last line, which forms the refrain, they could turn it into a very telling denunciation of those wicked and detestable persons who indulge in the pernicious habit of selling alcoholic liquor. It is true that Villon himself, being a poet, was so far from being an enemy to the vendor of good wine that his "Ballade" is directed exclusively against the adulterator; but this little detail need not, and surely would not, trouble a "temperance reformer."

Prince, de Dieux soyent mauditz leur boyaulx,
Et crever puissent par force de venin
Ces faulx larrons, mauditz et desloyaux,
Les taverniers qui brouillent nostre vin.

So runs the *envoi* to Villon's "Ballade," and the whole poem is made up of a vivid and genial denunciation of these erring *taverniers*, on whose heads he calls down a list of pains and penalties which would warm the heart and satisfy the "sense of justice" of the most advanced disciple of the cold-water school. It is a delightful poem, full to the brim of high spirits and geniality, though to read it casually one might suppose that Villon, who in reality was incapable of being unkind to a fly, was a terrible sort of person. Poor Villon has never been given the credit due to him for the beautiful qualities of human love, of sweet humility, of warm-hearted kindness that distinguished him all through his miserable life. Even Stevenson, in the sympathetic essay he has left us on this great and splendid poet, has not been able to resist the temptation of giving an impression of Villon which amounts to a caricature of the real man. Théophile Gautier, in his essay on Villon, has this fine and touching thought. He says:—

Je trouve un singulier plaisir à déterrer un beau vers dans un poète méconnu; il me semble que sa pauvre ombre doit être consolée, et se réjouir de voir sa pensée enfin comprise; c'est une réhabilitation que je fais, c'est une justice que je rends; et si quelquefois mes éloges pour quelques poètes obscurs peuvent paraître exagérés à certains de mes lecteurs, qu'ils se souviennent que je les loue pour tous ceux qui les ont injuriés outre mesure, et que les mépris immérités provoquent et justifient les panégyriques excessifs.

I feel the same about Villon's character. His poetry is secure in the opinion of all lovers and judges of good poetry. He is incontestably one of the very greatest poets that France has produced, and modern French poetry owes to him an inestimable debt. But his character is in sad need of rehabilitation. It is quite true that Villon was an outcast and vagabond, sometimes a thief, that he consorted with scoundrels and cut-throats and harlots, and that he narrowly escaped being hanged; but to assume that therefore he was necessarily a wicked man, to be execrated by all honest people, is to adopt the attitude of the Scribes and Pharisees. In the pit of all filth and impurity, and wickedness and despair, and horror that Villon lived we see enshrined this miracle which justifies the ways of God to men, that he preserved a beautiful and serene splendour

of soul, a divine and constant light of better things. He sinned and suffered, and bore imprisonment and starvation; he was condemned to, and received, the punishment of the lash; he was sentenced to be hanged, and reprieved at the last moment; he lay for nearly a year in the noisome dungeon of Thibault d'Aussigny, fed on bread and water, and brought to the verge of death by starvation (for some trifling ecclesiastical offence), and yet he never cursed God or even, altogether, man. This is how he speaks of the Bishop who meted out to him this inhuman treatment:

Peu m'a d'une petite miche,
Et de froide eau, tout ung esté.
Large ou estroit, moult me fut chiche.
Tel luy soit Dieu qu'il m'a esté.

Voycy tout le mal que j'en dys :
S'il m'a esté misericors,
Jésus, le roy de paradis,
Tel luy soit à l'ame et au corps !
S'il m'a esté dur et cruel
Trop plus que cy ne le racomple,
Je vüeil que le Dieu éternel . . .
Luy soit doncq 'semblable, à ce compte !
Mais l'Eglise nous dit et compte
Que prions pour nos ennemis ;
Je vous dis que j'ay tort et honte :
Tous ses faicts soient à Dieu remis !

Even in the case of this his deadly and cruel enemy he cannot bring himself to curse outright; his bitter sense of injustice and persecution breaks out into a cry of resentment and anger, but the words are hardly out of his mouth before he repents of his outburst and reproaches himself for his very natural expression of resentment. It seems to me that it is a pretty fine thing for a man to be able to undergo the most cruel and brutal persecution, the most unmerited torture and agony of mind and body, and yet to be able to keep from bitterness of thought or word.

That in the actual facts of life Villon sounded at times the lowest depths of degradation there can be, unfortunately, no doubt; the brilliant, ruthless, and appalling "Ballade de la Grosse Margot," which is so terrible a poem that it leaves the reader physically sick and shaking, is evidence enough of this without the corroboration of contemporary history. I cannot do better than quote Gautier again on this subject. He says:

Ce qui sanctifie ce tableau impur, ce sont les deux vers sombres et désespérés qui en sont comme la dernière touche:

Ordures avons, et ordures nous suyt;
Nous defuyons l'honneur, et il nous fuyt.

Incidentally I will ask my readers to pause and reflect on the splendour of the French language. *Sombres et désespérés*. What heights and depths of imaginative horror are contained in those three words.

There was through all Villon's life one element of purity and beauty which never left him—it was his love for his mother and his mother's love for him. Often as I have read his "Ballade à la Vierge," which he made for his mother I have never read it without tears:

Femme jè suis povrette et ancienne,
Ne rien ne sçay; oncques lettre ne leuz;
Au moustier voy dont suis paroissienne
Paradis painct, où sont harpes et luz,
Et ung enfer où damnez sont boulluz:
L'ung me faict paour, l'autre joye et liesse,
La joye avoir faict moi haulte deesse,
A qui pecheurs doivent tous recourir,
Comblez de foy, sans faincte ne paresse.
En ceste foy je vüeil vivre et mourir.

Elsewhere he has this touching reference to her:

ma bonne mère
Qui pour moi eut douleur amère,
(Dieu le Scait) et mainte tristesse.

And this love for his mother sanctifies and defends his whole life; he took it with him down into the depths, and I for one will never believe that it did not raise him up again into the heights at last:

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if

a man would give the whole substance of his house for love it would utterly be contemned.

Even for that lower love for a mistress who died he could find this beautiful phrase:

Deux estions et n'avions q'un cœur—

a phrase surely which it would be difficult to match for the simplicity of perfect art in any literature of any age.

Villon has been found fault with by certain critics because he was untouched by the beauties of Nature; it seems to me that one might as well blame a child born and bred in one of the most hideous slums of one of our great cities because it preferred the melody of the barrel-organ to the voice of the nightingale. Beauty in art is "that which cometh out of a man," and it is the glory of a great poet like Villon that he turned the common, and often hideous, things of his own life into phases and images of beauty. As has been said of another more recent man of genius, who, in the tragedy of his life, had no small affinity with Villon, he found:

Under the common thing the hidden grace,
And conjured wonder out of emptiness,
Till mean things put on Beauty like a dress.

This is the glory of the poet's art, and such lives as Villon's, for all their seeming sordid failure, yet blossoming as they have done into the glorious flowers of perfect poetry, are more than equal in the Scale of Eternity to thousands of lives of outward respectability and unctuous rectitude. As Gautier remarks:

Les bons poètes sont encore plus rares que les honnêtes gens quoique ceux-ci ne soient guère communs.

A. D.

N.B.—For the benefit of those who are not familiar with fifteenth-century French I have compiled a Glossary of words used by Villon, and quoted by me in this article, with their modern French equivalents. The first quotation is plain sailing. In the second, the lines on Thibault d'Aussigny, *Peu*=nourri; *miche*=pain; *moult*, of course, is *beaucoup*; *misericors*=*miséricordieux*; *cy*=*ici*. In the "Ballade à la Vierge," *ne*=*ni*; *luz*=*luths*; *paour*=*peur*; *La joye avoir faict moi*=*fais moi avoir la joie*; *doib-vent*=*doivent*; *fainctes*=*momeries ou mascarades*.

SIMPLE BIBLE TEACHING

HE was a very old-fashioned country parson. He told me that he was the ninth in succession of his family to hold the benefice of Llanfihangel Ystrad, and a good many of the books in his study looked as if they had descended to him from the first Rector of his name. He was a thorough Churchman, rather of the antique Caroline than of the modern "ritualistic" type, and the parish was so remote, so lost in a maze of mountains, that the church had remained as it had been in times past. It had only been necessary to set up a rood with St. Mary and St. John on the otherwise perfect rood-screen, to drape the two stone altars on each side of the chancel-door with carpets of decent stuff, and, in the way of defence, to withstand a High Church squire who wanted the fifteenth-century oak benches to give way to pitch-pine horrors; there was nothing more to be done. And so it was with more than astonishment that I heard old Mr. Meyrick, holding up a measure of old port in an old wineglass, drink a fervent toast to the health of Mr. McKenna.

"Joking?" he said to me. "Certainly not; why should you think so? Is not this new Bill of Mr. McKenna's going to secure Simple Bible Teaching in every school in England and Wales?"

"Yes, I know," I replied; "but you don't understand."

"Understand? What is there to understand? The phrase is a perfectly clear one. Simple Bible Teaching is what we've wanted for the last three hundred years; it's the lack of it that has brought us to the verge of ruin; the omission to give such teaching has been the shame and scandal of the English Church, and I, at all events, have

always considered that the enormous exodus from the Catholic Church into Anabaptism, Wesleyanism, Congregationalism, and such fraudulent folds is amply explained by our gross neglect of our plain and obvious duty. Depend upon it, if men can't get the real article they will do the best—or the worst—that they can with the adulterated and, maybe, poisonous substitute. If you refuse to give people the Word of God, they will provide themselves with the word of Calvin or the word of Blavatsky. No, we have been terribly blameworthy; but now everything is going to be set right. So I drink again to Mr. McKenna and Simple Bible Teaching."

"Do you really imagine that the Nonconformists mean to . . . ?"

"My good man, you seem to treat Nonconformists with an utter lack of charity, to ascribe to them motives and methods which would disgrace the worst Jesuit in popular Protestant fiction. I confess that I have had fault to find with them now and again. John Williams, for example, of this parish, was an enthusiast for the Sunday Closing Act; and I am afraid that there is no doubt that he has been keeping a 'shebeen' ever since. Still, let us be fair; we must not condemn the whole body of Dissenters for the faults of a few of them; and I must say that their attitude to the new Education Bill does them honour. Of course, the teaching of the schools will have to be supplemented on Sundays by the parson; still, when the State gives us Simple Bible Teaching, it will be giving us Churchmen a boon that we ought to have provided for ourselves a very long time ago."

He looked happy and contented; his face was what is called "straight;" he really did not seem to be joking. I asked him, after a bewildered pause, how he defined Simple Bible Teaching. "How do you define simple arithmetical teaching? The teaching of the contents of the arithmetic book, surely? The pupils of such a course would be expected, I suppose, to make themselves acquainted with certain facts and rules and processes as contained in their text-book, whatever it might be. The teacher would *not* be expected to enter into any explanation of the Pythagorean theory of numbers, nor would he be allowed to quote from the 'Philosophe Inconnu,' nor to explain a problem by Algebra. Surely it is all very simple—simple in every sense."

"But would you mind going to the point: What is Simple Bible Teaching?"

"I am really afraid that you are an example of the Church's neglect; you will have to go through a course in good Mr. McKenna's schools when they are established. Well, let us take the first chapters of Genesis. Without going into needless and excessive detail, you have in those chapters the story of how the whole human race was ruined by disobedience to what appears to us to be a purely technical and material regulation. The teacher, of course, need not deduce from this fact the evident conclusion that in the Bible material channels, material actions may, and do bring both grace and disgrace; he is at his desk to impart the simple contents of the book. Then, to pass on to the next great event—the giving of the law; the children will learn the bare and simple outlines of the ritual and ceremonial law of Israel, will be taught that this immense scheme of ceremony was inspired by the Most High, that the chosen religion given from heaven to the chosen race of heaven was by no means a system of vague piety, of good feeling all round, of social endeavour, of philanthropic effort, but rather the combination of a strict moral code with a vast and minute ritual process by which the unseen world of Reality and Divinity was to be brought to men. The master will read out such texts as these:

"And of the blue, and purple, and scarlet, they made cloths of service, to do service in the holy place, and made the holy garments for Aaron; as the Lord commanded Moses."

"And he made the ephod of gold, blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen."

"And the curious girdle of his ephod, that was upon it, was . . . of gold, blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen; as the Lord commanded Moses."

"From such passages pupils of moderate intelligence

will deduce the natural conclusion that neither ceremony nor even attention to the smallest *minutiae* of ceremony can be pronounced foolish, trifling, or displeasing to Heaven. Further, the Simple Bible teacher will show that this Divine religion was also a sacrificial system, and a system that was to be administered by priests; and, again, children in quite low standards will see for themselves that sacerdotalism (or a priestly Church) cannot be repugnant to the Divine Mind. Passing on through Jewish history, the description of Solomon's Temple will, as naturally, enforce the lesson that extreme splendour and magnificence in the earthly temple, which is the dim image of the heavenly, are pleasing to the Most High; and if some of the little boys and girls are moved to make odd comparisons—well, that cannot be helped. On Friday they may have read:

"So Solomon overlaid the house within with pure gold; and he made a partition by the chains of gold before the oracle; and he overlaid it with gold. And the whole house he overlaid with gold, until he had finished all the house; also the whole altar that was by the oracle he overlaid with gold."

"They may have read, I say, many such glowing and golden descriptions, while they will also have been instructed that Solomon, who caused all these glories to be made, was by no means of the fetish-worshippers' order of intelligence, as appears from his exclamation:

"But will God indeed dwell on the earth? behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded?"

"Well; if some of the children, after all these splendours and majesties, are a little disappointed on Sunday with the architecture and decoration—say, of Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel, or of 'Dr.' Clifford's meeting-house, or of the City Temple—that will not be the fault of Simple Bible Teaching. We cannot corrupt the Bible; we cannot make Solomon inlay his temple with stucco within and without; we cannot say that with the cheapest grey bricks did he build it in a cheap and nasty parody of a foreign cathedral; nor can we affirm that the front thereof was exceeding showy, and the architectural ornament thereof maniacal; but the back parts thereof were as it were in the similitude of a disused warehouse. We cannot, I say, venture so to tamper with the Sacred Text, for if we did so we should not be giving Simple Bible Teaching. And if some tiny tot should ask his teacher why there were no Pleasant Sunday Afternoons or political meetings (with 'cheers' and 'No, no's') in Solomon's Temple—well the master must remind the child that his question is sectarian and denominational."

"There will be, of course, more general lessons; the children will be shown that the whole Bible, from the first chapter to the last, is full of wonderful and supernatural events; they will be more particularly instructed in such occurrences as the Incarnation and Resurrection and Ascension; they will be thus placed on their guard against a state of mind which, I am afraid, is prevalent in certain quarters—a state of mind which may be condensed into the sentence, 'I have lived for twenty years in Westbourne Park, and have sat under Dr. Clifford during the whole of his pastorate, and I have never seen anything remotely resembling the Glory of the Lord; therefore there can be no such thing.'"

"Then will come the great question of all. The children will naturally wish to understand the relation between the Old Testament system and the New. They will ask whether the Christ in theory and in practice did not reprobate and condemn the whole legal system, both in morals and ceremonial; whether He did not point out the folly of sacerdotalism, the vanity of elaborate services, the futility of material splendour as applied to the Temple of the Most High. The task of answering this question will be simple enough; the master will be forced to instruct his pupils that the Christ gave the most express and solemn approbation to the entire Jewish Order. It is true that He dispensed His disciples, on occasion, from certain ceremonies of daily life (such as the washing of hands), but, on the other hand, He bade them in general terms carry

out all the directions of the Scribes and Pharisees, because they sat in Moses' seat. He was obedient in His own Person to the ritual requirements of the law, He ordered the lepers that had been cleansed to fulfil their obligation to the sacerdotal order, and so far from reproaching external observance, He pointed out the hideousness of the contrast between the outward splendour and the inward corruption. For the Temple He had the greatest reverence, not only frequenting it daily, but purging it of those who treated it as a place of business. Once and for all the Simple Bible scholars must be instructed that, so far as the Jewish Regulations have been repealed, this is the work of the Church and not of the Christ, and that there is no warrant from the Christ for the abolition of the Sabbath and the institution of that totally different festival, the *Dies Dominica*. Indeed, the pupils must be taught that there is not so much as a Biblical warrant for this particular change, for the statement of St. John that he was in the Spirit on 'the Lord's Day' cannot be made to mean that the Sabbath had been abolished and that the Lord's Day had taken its place. They must be specially warned against the vulgar belief that our Sunday stands in any conceivable relation to the Jewish Sabbath—so far as the Bible is concerned—and if they make further inquiries on this point they must be referred to their respective pastors.

"The result, then, of the question as to whether the Christ reprobated Jewish ceremonialism and sacerdotalism is a decided negative; and the intelligent child will be prepared to be told that not only did the Christ applaud and approve the old ritual and the old ceremonial, but that He Himself gave the highest of all sanctions to the sacramental system by the foundation of the two great sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper; that He ordered His disciples to use oil as a sacrament for the cure of the sick; that He made use of the sacrament of clay when He gave sight to a blind man; that there is no foundation whatever for the belief that the Christian religion as taught by Christ is solely a matter of good nature and social kindness. It will appear, on the other hand, from a study of the New Testament, that, while the literal morality of Judaism has been ineffably exalted into a transcendent morality, that while the Rite of Initiation is now Baptism and not circumcision, the great and palmary distinction between old and new is to be sought in the Eucharist which propounds an object which Jewry had never dared to dream of—the actual union of God and men, by means of a sacramental, mystic, and sacrificial feast. The Jew was ordered to do this or that that his "days might be long in the land," in that land which was to be his earthly paradise. The Christian hears the words:

"He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me and I in him."

The teacher will call the attention of his pupils to this passage; he will cause them to compare it with the account of the institution of the Lord's Supper in the three other Evangelists, and also with St. Paul's admonition to the Corinthians on the same matter. He will not fail to point out that the Jews who were present when this great doctrine was first uttered by the Christ seemed unable to understand or believe it.

"Well, of course, there are many other topics that will suggest themselves. Simple Bible Teaching will naturally include the foundation of the Church as a visible, ordered society, with its recognised heads, the Apostles, with its sacraments as before mentioned, with its ritual observances, with a Divine promise that the powers given should be perpetually continued. Further, it will be shown that the Apostles, to whom these promises were made, really believed in them and acted on them; that they believed themselves, for example, to have the power of conferring the Holy Ghost by the imposition of hands and by breathing, and that the Simple Bible actually informs us in many places that the Holy Ghost was really and veritably given in this ritual and sacramental manner. It will also appear that the Apostles assumed that they possessed the power of continuing their own Order, just as a Master in Free-

masonry possesses the power of making another Master, and that this power was exercised in the case of Mathias, chosen and consecrated in the place of Judas, who, it may be stated by the way, was the determined foe of ritual observance. And, again, there will be no avoiding of the phrase, 'it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us,' used by the Apostles; nor will the master forget to record the Apostolic warning against the dangers of the private interpretation of the Bible; nor, again, the Apostolic admonition to reverence tradition and to be guided by it. Finally, a year's course of Simple Bible Teaching will fitly conclude with some simple lessons from the Apocalypse, showing that as on earth in the Old Dispensation there was ordained an elaborate ceremonial, so in Heaven for the New Dispensation there is also ordained an elaborate ceremonial, with incense, lamps, vestments, and prostrations.

"You see, then, don't you, the immense debt of gratitude that the Catholic Church will owe to Mr. McKenna and to Simple Bible Teaching?"

"Do you imagine for a moment," I said, "that the scheme you have outlined is what McKenna and the Dissenters mean by the phrase that they are always using?"

"Yes, I do," he replied. "I am compelled to believe it."

"Why?"

"Because if I did not believe it, if I thought that when they talked of simply teaching the Bible they really meant simply teaching the opinions of 'Dr.' Clifford, or of Mr. Campbell, or of Mr. Hocking, about the Bible—well, then I should have to believe that they were a pack of the most impudent liars and hypocrites that the earth has ever seen. And I should be sorry to have to adopt such a conclusion."

ARTHUR MACHEN.

ENGLISH FOLK-SONG

THE collection of English folk-song is work which will not wait. Those who are devoting themselves to it tell us that a pure melody is never obtained from a singer under the age of sixty years, and that those who have a large store of songs stowed away in their memories are generally nearer to eighty than sixty. Obviously, then, in another decade it will be impossible to record the vast majority of the songs which the old people of to-day treasure, but which the last two generations have discarded in favour of more fashionable town-made music. If the enthusiastic musicians who have taken up the matter were to spend all their efforts at present in garnering the harvest while still there is time, no one could blame them, in spite of the fact that the actual collection of the songs is a very small part of the work which has to be done. Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, however, has realised that it is better to carry on the important work of discrimination and classification of material concurrently with that of collecting, and while it is still possible to test theories and form conclusions from actual practice. He has, therefore, given us a valuable contribution to what may be called the theory of folk-music in a volume called "English Folk-song—Some Conclusions." These conclusions, drawn with the utmost directness, go to the root of the matter. The chapters on the definition of folk-song, its origin and evolution, are admirable, and must help to clear away the mists which still surround the subject. The distinction between folk-song and popular songs cannot be too much insisted upon, and in explaining what is meant by the evolution of a tune Mr. Sharp lays the ghost of an old controversy once and for all:

Every note, every phrase of a folk-tune proceeded originally from the mouth of a solitary singer. Corporate action has originated nothing and can originate nothing. Communal composition is unthinkable. The community plays a part, it is true. Its part is then to weigh, sift, and select from the mass of individual suggestions those which most accurately express the popular taste and the popular ideal; to reject the rest.

The analogy of the flight of a flock of starlings illustrates the process very happily:

Many thousands of these birds will fly together in a compact mass; they will wheel about in the air and describe orderly evolutions without hesitancy and with a precision which argues complete unanimity of purpose. If attention be concentrated upon the bounding lines of the moving and living mass, it will be noticed that these are not so clearly defined as, when casually observed, they appear to be. The edges, instead of being smooth and even, are rough and jagged. Further observation will show that these irregularities are due to the aberrations of flight on the part of individual birds, who are constantly separating themselves from their fellows, darting out at acute angles to the line of flight and then swiftly returning to the flock. Every now and again, however, it will be seen that one of these birds is followed by all the rest, and the course of flight of the whole mass is immediately changed.

So with the folk-tune; variations are continually suggested by individual singers; but only when the suggestion happens to appeal to the taste of the community does it make a permanent addition to their melodic store. Mr. Sharp gives plenty of illustrations of tunes and their variants, and shows how—as, for instance, in the case of “Come all ye faithful Christians”—a combination of many causes will sometimes transform a tune out of all knowledge. Chapters on the “modes” and their treatment by English folk-singers follow. Whatever he tells of his personal experience among folk-singers, of their preference for certain modes, and their way of treating them, is of great value, and will be of still greater interest if it leads other collectors to give us their experiences of a similar kind for purposes of comparison. When, however, Mr. Sharp leaves this personal side of the question and begins to lay down rules for the harmonising of modal melodies he does not carry his readers with him unreservedly. He only gives one positive rule, that the harmoniser should:

Confine himself—at first, at any rate—exclusively to the notes of the mode, and seek to realise and to feel the relative values and specific qualities of its seven diatonic common chords.

But that is where the difficulty comes in. What are these “relative values”? They have never been defined with any clearness for harmonic purposes, except as regards the modern major and minor modes. Take, for instance, the Aeolian mode, in which Mr. Sharp gives an example of Brahms’s misuse of modal harmony to the tune of “Der Reiter.” He says:

The G natural, which occurs in the melody six times, is throughout treated not as the seventh note of the Aeolian scale of A, but as the fifth degree of the major scale of C.

As a matter of fact the six G’s only make three harmonic progressions, and out of those three Mr. Sharp harmonises one, just as Brahms does, as a part of the triad of G leading to that of C. But, apart from the mere failure in his example, by what authority should the chord of E minor take a more prominent place in the scale than the chords of C or G, which will harmonise the seventh note of the scale equally well? Surely Mr. Sharp gives it prominence because as a modern musician he still has in mind the idea of E as an harmonic dominant of A minor even when deprived of its leading note; but it was not so felt originally in modal music, and it was only when the leading note became raised in *musica ficta*, and so could only be harmonised as part of the chord of E that its position became assured.

As the book makes no pretensions of being a treatise on modal harmony, and the subject is compressed into a few short pages, it is only necessary to emphasise it as a point demanding special attention. More important is the chapter on “Rhythmic Forms and Melodic Figures,” which examines the melodic structure of English folk-song. The result is a little disappointing. Though Mr. Sharp brings forward many melodies in which the phrases are arranged in distinct patterns, with repetitions of phrases at stated intervals to produce balance of form, yet, on the whole, the shapes are of the obvious kind, and scarcely an instance shows a highly-organised melody. The rhythms, too, are rarely striking or forcible, and in the frequent instances of what are called irregular rhythms there is evidence to show that often they result rather from an imperfect sense of rhythm in the singer than from a highly-developed one. Mr. Sharp admits that the English folk-tunes “will more often squander their ideas than husband

them;” and his evidence in the shape of examples goes to prove that they excel in a wealth of expressive melody which has very few leading characteristics.

This fact has to be remembered in judging of the value of what evidently is Mr. Sharp’s fondest dream—that ultimately a new English school of music will arise founded upon our national folk-song. The question of whether English folk-song can form the foundation for such a school is a wider one than whether the folk-song is in itself beautiful and worthy of preservation. Any dozen tunes chosen at random from any trustworthy collection will prove the latter point conclusively, but it would require a close scrutiny of the whole field to discover the germ of a new school underlying it. The mere fact that Russia and Norway have built up a distinctive style from their folk-music proves nothing for England until we can take a more comprehensive view of our folk-song than can be done at present. These last pages, “The Future of English Folk-song,” are entertaining reading, partly because of the author’s delightful enthusiasm and partly because he throws off the judicial attitude of the investigator and frankly revels in speculation. In the former at least we can join him heartily, and there can be no doubt that his book will do much to bring recruits to his cause. It may, perhaps, induce some to make pilgrimages into the country in search of folk-tunes, and to beginners in this quest Mr. Sharp gives some practical hints. It will certainly arouse the interest of many who can take no practical share in the work and give them more accurate knowledge of the subject; and, lastly, it forms the starting-point for a critical and scientific literature on English folk-song, and by clearing the ground of preliminary questions prepares the way for the writer and others to arrive at more authoritative conclusions, and to place them before the public.

H. C. C.

THE THEOLOGY OF NEWTON HALL

THE first course, called the “Creed of a Layman,” instructed the neophytes of Newton Hall in what they were to believe—and there was a good deal of it, and it took a lot of believing. Now the student is to account for and defend his creed if called upon to do so, and, consequently, he has an enchiridion * here put into his hands by one of the generals of what we must still call (*pace* Mr. Harrison) the atheistic Salvation Army. Of course, theology is an unkind term, for the brethren have abolished all such; so when they explain their creed they call it philosophy. But why common sense? There is no communal sense about it. The three hairdressers, the milkman, the milliner, the four professors, and the two housemaids who form the congregation do not profess to represent the community, or to body forth the humanity they worship. Nor is their sense common—meaning usual or vulgar—for they are a most chosen people; and when they picnic at Shakespeare’s grave, or sing in chorus the “Marseillaise” or “Ring out wild bells,” there is nothing common about their senses, no ordinary humour, and when they hawk Harrisonian creeds “at cost price” they are most uncommon persons. But there is in this book some tentative overture to the man in the street, some wistful glancing towards a general consciousness, and it may be in this hope that it is entitled common sense. The hope is but a sporting chance, for however much you scratch and re-scratch the ordinary man you will not find a Positivist in him until you plant it there, and even then it usually gets lost. You can find much that belongs to Mr. Harrison, but nothing that is peculiar to him. The ordinary man hates “metaphysic” and its jargon. His head aches with the terms. He feels he is blindfold among possible horse-thieves, and he does

* *The Philosophy of Common Sense*. By FREDERIC HARRISON. (Macmillan and Co., 7s. 6d.)

not want to think what he knows already. He is with Mr. Harrison in this and also in his respect for religion in the abstract, as the one force which is stronger than lust and selfishness; but when he is told that questions such as Who made the world? What is the chief end of man? Do folk live after they are dead? and so on, are frivolous questions and should never be asked, then he sees that he is in a philosophy of the rarer sense or nonsense. When he is further invited to ascribe a ritual reverence to humanity, then he is so far from feeling that this was his real but unexpressed notion always that he laughs. Now it is very naughty to laugh. Mr. Huxley laughed heartily and boisterously, and spoke of eviscerated Popery and bowing down to a wilderness of apes. It has saddened Mr. Harrison for all that Huxley has been dead these thirteen years, and he gravely explains that he does not adore anything or anybody, not even Newton, and that he is not an undiluted humbug like Jos. Smith the Mormon, and feels very hurt indeed when called such things, and indeed he does not worship Mrs. and the Misses Harrison, as Comte told him, and he implies that he does not even touch reverently the several organs of his body every day—a practice which was recommended, as more scientific than private prayers. He does not see why Agnostics should be so hard on other Agnostics, just because he says that Agnosticism cannot be a permanent resting-place, for even the three hairdressers get tired of "I do not know, I am sure" for an answer and go off sneakingly to their parish churches. We must have something to love and revere, explains Mr. Harrison, and the Unknowable, even if spelt in capitals, will not do, and that something must be known to us by science, or else gentlemen with scalpels and microscopes will scorn us. Consequently we suggest "humanity." And what is that? says the delighted reader. Do you mean all the garlic-breathing, red-nosed, gin-drinking, forked radishes I see about me? or am I to see Robespierre's grisette, *la belle Raison*, on a dais in Newton Hall and ogle her with erotic hymns? No! replies the general. I mean the "permanent and collective power of the human organism;" for that you must feel gratitude, love, and reverence. Permanent bolts out the flatulent catarrhal element, collective the anti-Social roguery in us all, and organism—well, organism is a fine word, and may refer to civil society, law, the commercial system (which the prophet Comte so dearly loved), or to the synthesis of bones and muscles in the frame of man as required. Why not the permanent and collective power of the canine, stellar, or angelic organism? you ask. Not dogs, says the Positivist, for men have "infinite capacities of intellectual, moral, and practical life" which other animals have not. Surely this is most provincial and a grievous falling away for an Agnostic and an Evolutionist? Passing the trifle of the infinite, here (p. 147) recognised and affirmed, surely there lurks in the dog—in Ponto and Toby—all the capacities of evolution which reared Newton from the amoeba? Stars, of course, are different. The relativity of knowledge shows that if telescopes were smashed and eyes put out the stars would fall from their courses. Besides, if not, the heavens declare the glory of Tycho Brahé, and the firmament showeth the handiwork of Sir William Christie and the Magi, consequently the collective power of stars is quite human after all. As to angels, they cannot be allowed in Newton Hall, where *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* is ruled out of order compared to the "Marsellaise." Dr. Bridges, too, has shooed all nine orders of them most effectually, leaving humanity—i.e., Smith, Brown, Jones and Co.—free to form a permanent and collective organism, if they can; and even if they cannot, they may each enjoy an exhilarating form of immortality, the immortality of a stone flung into a pond, which sinks immediately into the mud, but sends ripples all over the surface, rocking the baby gnats and tossing the duckweed and the potamagons for several seconds still to come. Humanity, too, is to be known by science. That is puzzling. Most of us know what we do of it by rocking-craddles, milk, kisses, fisticuffs, tears, winks, becks, nods, whistles, frowns, and such like, not by science, unless

every experiment is science, and not only ordered things tied up in trusses. Still, in case humanity is too elusive for worship, Mr. Harrison tells us that there are two more gods (of course, he does not call them gods, only dominant objects of human regard) whom we can cultivate. These are Earth and Space. Humanity is apt to dive into fobs, to put its hand into placket-holes, to get old and deaf and theological and less positive than it ought. It must be most refreshing to have earth and space in reserve in the background. Thus, like Antæus, Mr. Harrison draws in new power from the wormy mother, and although he is decidedly fearful lest some priestly Hercules strangle him in mid-air, yet at the last resort there is still space, and plenty of it; a little cold, perhaps, but quantity rather than quality is no mean asset in a god. It seems unkind to suggest that "science" has not yet told us what humanity means, or what ether means, or what elements mean, or what protoplasm means, or what sensation is; and that Mr. Harrison belongs to a generation which was cocksure about very doubtful thesis. He falls foul of Mr. Balfour, who first doubts everything, and inclines to doubt the Catholic Faith less than most things. That may be, and is, a weak conclusion, but the philosophy of common sense cripples the robustest credulities. It is not common, not philosophy, and not sense. Yet Mr. Harrison lives by his salt, and there is no little of that in his book. Here is some of it:

The profound instinct of all healthy spirits recognises that a state of no-religion, of deliberate acquiescence in negation, of non-interest on principle in these dominant questions is weak, unworthy, even immoral. It is in vain that the man of science and the man of affairs ask to be left alone to do their own work in their own way, to leave these ultimate problems to those whom they concern, or to those who care for them. The instinct of all good men and women feels that a man without a genuine religion—a man to whom the relation of Man to the World, Man to his fellow *Man*, is a mere academic question, a question to be put aside—is a source of danger and corruption to his neighbours and the society in which he lives.

C. L. MARSON.

"NAPHTHA"

THE usual account of *naphtha* is that which derives the Greek word from an Arabic form; but, as is pointed out in the "New English Dictionary," the latter seems to be merely the Greek name with an Arabic spelling, which represents the Greek *th* by the sixteenth letter of the Arabic alphabet. There is, however, another form, *naft* or *nift*, spelt with the common *t*, which is the third letter of the alphabet. Both forms are given in Palmer's Persian Dictionary; the first in col. 658, and the second in col. 657. The distinction seems to be that, whilst the first form is borrowed from Greek, as said above, the simpler second form seems to be a real Persian word, and may be taken as the ultimate origin of the Greek and Arabic forms.

I take this statement from Horn's Etymological Persian Dictionary, Section 1035. He says that the Pers. *neft* (as he spells it), meaning "naphtha," is to be compared with the Zend *napta-*, meaning "moist." If this be right, the word is Persian, and its origin becomes known.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "SEA"

I AM afraid that hardly any of the conclusions suggested in Mr. Dodgson's letter are likely to be accepted by the best authorities.

The Gothic *huljan* is allied to the Latin *celare*, and cannot be connected with *silua*.

The connection of the Latin *mare* with a root meaning "to gleam" is just a possible guess, but cannot be said to be convincing.

The Greek for "ocean" is spelt with a *kappa*, and cannot be connected with the Latin *oculus*, the root of which appears in Greek with a *pi*, as in our borrowed word *opht*, and is therefore not *ok-*, but *og-*.

The connection of the Gothic *saiws*, sea, with *saihwān*,

to see, is impossible. It is unlucky that Gothic uses the symbol *ai* in two different and unconnected ways; but such is the fact. In *saihwan* the *ai* represents short *e*, and the root takes the form *seq*. But in *saiws* the *ai* is really a diphthong, and the Germanic type is either *saiwiz*, or else, as Uhlenbeck writes it, *saigwiz*, on the strength of a possible connection with the O.H.G. *gi-sig*, a lake or pool. In other words, the forms *saihwan* and *saiws* have nothing in common except the initials.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Leaves from a Life. (Eveleigh Nash, 10s. net.)

THE author of this work has been pretty soundly castigated by reviewers on the score of ill-taste. It is, of course, only right that reviewers should point out a fault, and yet there seems to be something ungrateful in doing so in the present instance, for if they were at all human they cannot have helped being amused by the passages to which they take exception. Most people's recollections are so sugary and insipid when they speak of their friends and acquaintances, that this lady's trenchant frankness is really refreshing, however much to be deplored. "Another eccentric couple, whom I, at any rate, hated," is a refreshing change, say what you will, from the "Another celebrity, whom, with his charming wife, we were privileged to know," which an ordinary memoir-writer would have said. One is indignant, no doubt, at being told that the mother of somebody still living was not "a pleasant inmate of any young household," that a famous person—it would be imitating the indiscretion to give names—made himself ridiculous by—well, it doesn't matter—and that various other people did silly or painful things; still, if indignant, one is interested. The book cannot be agreeable reading for the children of those people, and they have a right to complain. It is to be said, however, that the indiscretions are by no means all the book, and that otherwise it is a very bright and vivid chronicle of the artistic and literary world in the 'sixties and 'seventies.

The anonymous author is obviously a daughter of Mr. Frith, R.A., and it is fair to say that if she is frank about the weaknesses of other families, her own does not altogether escape. Charming children they must have been. They were staying with friends in the country, and:

Monsieur Lombinet painted beautiful little landscapes, and one of our duties was to take him his luncheon. . . . Much as we liked him, we could not refrain from playing him a trick. He had to cross a plank over one of the ditches on his return home, and he was always curiously nervous over this simple performance. We bided our time, got a shorter plank, and placed it so that it looked quite all right, but so nicely balanced that the moment the unfortunate artist stepped on it, it went up in the air, and he and all his paraphernalia went headlong into the ditch, from which he emerged one mass of mud, and speechless with rage and fright.

One can imagine the joyous laughter of the little darlings. At another time they played a trick on their grandmother which made the old lady think she had a paralytic stroke, and:

We found great joy in furtively watching her pinch herself now and then to be quite sure that feeling had not left her arms and legs.

It is not surprising, perhaps, that this angel child has grown into a woman not very careful of other people's sensitiveness. All the same, it is an extremely amusing book.

War Songs of the Greeks, and other Poems. By D. R. FOTHERINGHAM. (Deighton Bell, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. FOTHERINGHAM is well remembered as having done good service in his capacity of Chaplain to the Philhellenic Legion in the disastrous Greco-Turkish War of 1897, and his enthusiasm for the Greek and for the Greek cause, though it was not always shared by those who followed the course of events, none the less calls for admiration, in that it took so practical a turn. Indeed, that war is an everlasting puzzle to many of those who, like the present

reviewer, know the Greeks and have good reason to appreciate their many high and lovable qualities; but the influences which brought about the series of painful incidents that figured as a war were far less traceable to the weakness of the individual Greek character in the face of danger than to the weakness of organisation and the instability of central authority, which were in ancient times, as in 1897, the danger of the Greek States. That there were steadfast souls in the Greek Army no one who remembers Malonna and isolated incidents at Domoko will be likely to deny. And in the light of such knowledge it is possible, if not to excuse, at least to explain the wide difference between the fighting of '25 and '97. Mr. Fotheringham is able to claim that knowledge in a special degree, and in publishing these excellent renderings of some of the Klepht songs he brings forward not only the inextinguishable poetic genius of the Greeks, but also the fighting spirit, which is their true though tarnished inheritance.

The translations themselves are, on the whole, good, though not distinguished. Seeing that the Greek metres are so easily adaptable to English verse, it is sometimes a pity that the translation has not preserved the metre of the original, especially when the metre actually adopted differs only in the matter of a syllable or so:

Προσκύνα Λιάμο' τὸν Πασᾶν, προσκύνα τὸν βεζίρη.

is not strictly translated by

Now, yield thee to the Sultan, and kneel to his command,
either in sense or metre; and in

Oh! this is not Janina, where soft the fountains play
the accent of the place-name is violently misplaced:

Δὲν εἶν' ἐδῶ τὰ 'Ιάννινα τὰ φιλίσης σαράβνια

But the poems are well selected, and the enthusiasm of the translator, to say nothing of his personal part in the scenes on which these songs are so melancholy a comment, renders the book an acceptable one to lovers of Greece of to-day.

The Old Venetian Palaces and Old Venetian Folk. By THOMAS OKEY. (J. M. Dent and Co., 21s. net.)

"I NEVER saw palaces anywhere but at Venice," wrote Hazlitt; "those at Rome are dungeons to them." Mr. Okey's beautiful book is an eloquent tribute to the departed glories of the great Republic. It must be said at the outset that Mr. Okey demands from his reader a sufficient acquaintance with the main facts of Venetian history and more than a casual knowledge of the topography and architecture of Venice. Happily, Mr. Trevor Haddon has come to his aid, and, with the help of his delightful illustrations, it is possible for even the untravelled student to wander at will through the streets and byways of the city on the lagoons and view the wonders of the Grand Canal.

It is of the golden age of Venice that Mr. Okey writes for the most part—that resplendent period when the Queen of the Adriatic flaunted her magnificence before the gaze of an astonished world. One wonders what ghosts still haunt the corridors of those great patrician palaces which remain in this twentieth century as the eternal witnesses to a time when life loomed large and opulent for a gay and pleasure-loving people, a time when neither sumptuary laws nor conventual regulations availed to check the extravagance or the vice of men who claimed to have found the *segredo per esse felice*, and who assuredly were no half-hearted votaries in the pursuit of their pleasures:

Here on earth they bore their fruitage; mirth and folly were the crop:
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

Mr. Okey has had frequent recourse to the diaries of that indefatigable writer Marin Sanudo, and from those *chroniques scandaleuses*—a little too frank, maybe, for modern taste—he has rescued many a piquant story of Renaissance life and manners. Those eight volumes of local gossip have, indeed, proved of inestimable value to the modern writer on Venice. No incident is too trifling for the garrulous old writer to chronicle. He shares to the

full the scepticism of his time, and is impatiently contemptuous of those signs and portents which imposed on the credulity of a superstitious populace. Here is a characteristic story, not without interest at the present moment, in view of certain controversies with regard to the so-called "Modernist" movement :

On August 26th, 1520, the Patriarch's Vicar presented a Papal Bull to the Council damning the *scienza* and the works of Fra "Marin" Luther, the German. None is to read or possess his books under pain of excommunication. Licence was given to the Vicar to repair to the shop of the bookseller, Zordan Tedesco, at S. Maurizio, together with the Secretary of the Ten, and seize and confiscate all his stock. "Yet," chuckles Sanudo, "I have one, and it is still in my library."

So does history repeat itself !

To lovers of Venice—and who that has known her can fail to love her?—this book will prove a most welcome acquisition. Mr. Okey writes with all the fervour of the genuine enthusiast of this city of splendid palaces and slow-gliding gondolas :

A fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water columns from the sea ;

and he has succeeded in communicating something, at least, of his enthusiasm to the reader, while the more dispassionate student of history will be grateful for a work so truly illuminative of the Renaissance period, and written with such evident care.

The Bible Beautiful. A History of Biblical Art. By ESTELLE M. HURLL. (Sisley's, Limited, 7s. 6d. net.)

Christmas Faith and Fact. Readings on the Incarnation. Illustrated by Painter and Poet. Arranged by AGNES L. ILLINGWORTH. (Mowbray and Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

The Resurrection and the Life. Readings for the Great Forty Days and Whitsuntide. Arranged by AGNES L. ILLINGWORTH. With Twenty-six Full-page Illustrations. (Mowbray and Co.)

THE writers of these three books are interested from different points of view with the same great subject—the service of Art to Religion. Mrs. Hurll follows the history of that service, and Mrs. Illingworth directly contributes to its restoration. In order to obtain for Mrs. Hurll's book the attention which it deserves, it is unfortunately necessary to advertise at the outset that its very unprepossessing cover is no indication of its merits. The title is not a very happy one, for Mrs. Hurll does not treat of beautiful copies of the Bible, but of scenes from the Old and New Testament, used as subjects for decorations, and later for easel-pictures. In the space of some two hundred and fifty pages Mrs. Hurll can, of course, do no more than sketch her comprehensive theme. This she does with care and judgment, so far as she follows established criticism faithfully, but she has not enough independent critical faculty to judge of later artists, and her last two chapters "The Bible in Modern Art" would have been better omitted. Her comparison between the Nazarenes and the Pre-Raphaelites, for instance, and her estimate of the latter, are not at all to the point. In the first eight chapters she gives a clear sketch of Biblical subjects to be found in the catacombs, in mediæval decorated books, in the sculptures, mosaics, frescoes, and oil-pictures of Italy, the Netherlands, and Germany, up to and including the Renaissance, not forgetting the German engravers. She adds indices of the artists, places, and subjects mentioned in her book, and two very useful appendices—one giving an outline of the subjects in the "Biblia Pauperum," and another selections from the "Byzantine Guide to Painting." She shows a real love of pictorial art and great interest in Biblical history, also her fairly broad-minded but frankly Protestant principles, which she satisfies occasionally by protests against preference of scenes from the legends of the saints over those from the Bible narratives. Her book contains over forty rather good and distinctly well-chosen half-tone illustrations.

Mrs. Illingworth has collected passages from writings on the Incarnation, ranging from "The Shepherd of Hermas"

and St. Ignatius's "Epistles" to the present day. Her object (as she tells us plainly in her preface) is "for the 'more confirming of the Faith.'" To this end she adds some forty reproductions of pictures representing the Nativity or the Adoration of the Magi, by painters ranging from a decorator of the catacombs to Rossetti. She introduces them aptly by a passage from Faber, beginning, "Christian art, rightly considered, is at once a theology and a worship." Mrs. Illingworth's list of authors is comprehensive. The great names are there, of course: the saints, from St. John and St. Paul to St. Teresa; Aristides, Origen, Tertullian, Thomas à Kempis, Tauler; the great Anglicans—Hooker, Law, Jeremy Taylor, Liddon, Pusey, Isaac Williams, and (still living) Dr. Illingworth and Bishop Gore. But the book contains some surprises :

I cannot think that any estimate of our Lord's work and Person which starts from the ethical aspect can be other than fatally deceptive. This was not that which the Apostles preached, and this could not have conquered the world.

It is the positive vigour of the late Bishop Westcott that we find surprising in this passage, not his orthodoxy; also the definite orthodoxy of the passage from Frederick Denison Maurice. We are still more surprised to find Bunyan "so orderly led" thither :

In the midst of the throne, thought I, there is the Godhead; in the midst of the elders, there is His Manhood.

But we have been most curious to see what Mrs. Illingworth could deduce from Lafcadio Hearn on the subject. It was not until the last line of the passage that we divined her meaning. Hearn tells how he saw a hardened Japanese criminal brought to contrition by the influence of personal love; Dr. Illingworth's book, "Personality Human and Divine," supplies the appositeness of the quotation. Mrs. Illingworth has chosen her illustrations with very great taste, and shows her knowledge of pictures by including so many more rarely reproduced. This makes her book much more attractive to less actively pious readers, and carries out her object, enticing them to make themselves acquainted with the written dogmas which the pictures figure. She has not been so successful in her selection of poetry. Some of her quotations are mere reverent expressions of piety in verse, and do not approach the same level of art as her pictures; of course, Milton's four stanzas, and in another genre, the exquisite carol, "Lullay, by by, lullay," are on that level at least.

Mrs. Illingworth's former book has already obtained its own public. We draw attention to it here because it is arranged on the same plan as the present one, our remarks apply generally to it, and it is particularly suitable to the coming festival.

The Life and Voyages of Joseph Wiggins, F.R.G.S., Modern Discoverer of the Kara Sea Route to Siberia. Based on his Journals and Letters. By HENRY JOHNSON. (John Murray, 15s. net.)

I HAVE a prejudice about book-writing, for I think a man has no occasion to write of his deeds and doings until he is on the point of finishing his work. Then, when he has nothing else to do, he may sit down and detail the labours of his life.

These are the words of a strong man who set out to do certain things—and did them; a man of action, determination, initiative, and resource. He knew that the Sea of Kara was to be conquered, and he conquered it. He knew that the opening (or reopening to the punctilious) of the Yenesei route to Siberia was feasible, and he proved it. The tale of his life, set forth with much care and loving kindness by Mr. Johnson, is an inspiring and inspiring one; he had to fight heavy odds, to assert himself, to further his scheme in different ways and against strenuous opposition. He has been compared to Hawkins and Frobisher. Sir Robert Morier called him "a great historical man." He was above all a pioneer, for Wiggins was practical from the top of his head to the soles of his feet; he did not work for honour and glory alone, although a due meed of these were surely his, but he had a definite commercial object in view, and this was his goal throughout the long winters of his discontent. The

book is well done, sufficiently illustrated, and fully indexed—a worthy record of a noble man.

FICTION

The Kiss of Helen. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

THIS is no ordinary novel. The reviewer, conscious of the triteness of the phrase, is impelled to its use by sheer necessity. Mr. Marriott, we might add, is no ordinary novelist. He is accustomed to bring a critical and questioning intelligence to bear upon the myriad problems of life—a little scornful, it would seem, of the facile solutions and frank evasions of the man in the street or the student in the library.

In subtlety of characterisation and trenchancy of dialogue "*The Kiss of Helen*" registers the high-water mark of Mr. Marriott's art. His hero, Paul Trecarell, is very much the ordinary man. We find him an aspirant for the priesthood, we know him, for the most part, as an architect, and we leave him a public orator. He appears in the first chapter as a somewhat colourless though distinctly impressionable boy of seventeen. For the development of a mere male into a man a woman is generally required, and in the case of Paul Trecarell it needed two. The first—her name is Joan Keverne—he had met and kissed in Cornwall, where she had been spending a short holiday. The morning after she had left suddenly, leaving no trace; maddened with disappointment, Paul hurries to London and institutes inquiries. He discovers, to his horror, that the virgin goddess of his adoration had been living under the "protection" of a man named Colmore, a sort of bloodless statistician, and that she had recently left him. In the revulsion of feeling that followed, he determined to dismiss her from his thoughts:

She had been merely the occasion of a passion which he now knew to be guilty. It was impossible, he thought, to love innocently an immoral woman.

Some years afterwards he meets Ierne Pixell, proposes, and is accepted. At this stage of the narrative Joan reappears. Paul finds her the keeper of a tea-shop for artists somewhere in Chelsea. The old passion reasserts itself, and a holiday in Cornwall with the Pixell family reveals to Paul many things, among them the fact that the most deep-rooted passion of his life is in no way connected with Ierne. Ierne is domesticated, but perceptive. She releases Paul from his engagement, not without a certain generosity and grace of manner. Shortly afterwards the tea-shop is raided by the police under a misapprehension, and, in the trial that follows, the Colmore incident leaps to light. Joan's distress appeals to Paul as his opportunity, and he asks her to marry him. She refuses, regretfully, but very definitely. For them, she gives him to understand, there can be no marriage, as the world uses the term. She had never forgotten, it appeared, the kiss given in Cornwall many years ago, and since that time she had lived for a certain ideal. So she offers Paul love, without "confectionery."

There was, after all, a free love that was neither the ludicrous complication of marriage generally understood by the term, nor a foolish denial or cowardly evasion of sex.

That is Mr. Marriott's solution of the problem. We may congratulate him, in conclusion, on a great artistic achievement. Furthermore, "*The Kiss of Helen*" is a book that sets one thinking.

Many Junes. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. (Methuen and Co., 6s.)

THERE is always a certain distinction about Mr. Archibald Marshall's novels, though few novelists so persistently elude any attempt at classification. He excels in that quality vaguely but conveniently known as "atmosphere." "*Many Junes*" is full of atmosphere. It is the atmosphere of the English country-side—a little melancholy, as when

the twilight is stealing over the landscape, and the first pale stars appear—an atmosphere that subtly suggests the buried hopes of forgotten days.

Mr. Marshall has taken as his hero a man whose life is dominated throughout by disappointment, who somehow always contrives to miss the prizes that life holds for the more fortunate. So slight is the theme that in the hands of a less experienced artist it would have inevitably courted disaster, but Mr. Marshall is sure of his ground, and it has to be said that he has given us a novel of vivid and, indeed, entrancing human interest. We are first introduced to Hugh Lalacheur as a shy and somewhat sensitive boy, whose affection centres round his sister. This sister is removed by marriage, and, later, more irretrievably by death. His father, a naval officer of an obstinate and irascible temperament, dies while Hugh is still young, leaving his son to face the world as best he may. There follow some years of loneliness, relieved only by a solitary friendship. At last, in sheer despair, as it would seem, Hugh seeks relief from the aching monotony of life in marriage. But Mabilia Churton is a heartless vulgarian, and Hugh is scarcely engaged before he realises the hopelessness of his position. At about this time the death of a cousin in Norfolk leaves him the possessor of some considerable estates and a baronetcy of ancient origin. He goes down to Norfolk to survey his new property, and there he meets Margaret Paston. For a few days life becomes an idyll, but it is only for a few days. The ugly truth, which could not well be suppressed, leaks out, and Margaret, horrified but still faithful, yields her lover to the other woman. So the years pass by, each laden with disappointment and disillusion, and we leave Hugh, a grey-haired and silent man, feeding vainly on dreams and fond regrets for a happiness that might have been. "I was always a little afraid of happiness," he said on one occasion. But the story is something more than a tragedy of temperament, for we cannot resist the conclusion that the Fates themselves had been a little unkind to this hero.

Isle Raven. By OWEN VAUGHAN ("Owen Rhoscomyl"). (Duckworth and Co., 6s.)

A TALE full of thrilling incident. Too much incident and too thrilling, perhaps, for the year of which it is written—Coronation year of this our twentieth century. It begins with a motor-car mishap—a motor upset by a harrow driven across the road to stop it—and in the incident four out of the six principal characters are involved. It ends with all six in a cave below ground, approached only by a shaft fifteen feet high, and with bloodhounds baying at the mouth of the shaft.

Isle Raven is possessed of a population with primordial passions—with a love of the soil surpassing that of Western Irishmen—relics of a seventeenth-century buccaneer and his followers. It was granted by Prince Rupert to Michael Poynz (Black Michael) for his services to King Charles at sea.

There are several claimants to Isle Raven—firstly, the islanders who are in possession when the tale begins and ends; then the owner of the upset car, Rossiter Armitage, who, with his lawyer Yale, comes to assert his right to succeed his uncle, Armitage Rossiter, who nearly perished in his yacht off the island, which he finally bought; thirdly, Elen Walwyn, who, with her lame sailor-lover, saved Rossiter from shipwreck, and whose devotion he repaid one day, sitting above a cliff over the sea, by a deed conveying to her the possession of the island—but at the cost of her own undoing. She flung the silver case with the deed enclosed over the cliff, and it fell on the Stack rock—a pinnacle which rises from the sea quite close to where the shameful offer was made. Kate Silifant is another of Black Michael's would-be heirs, and buys from Armitage his reversion; and Watkin, Elen Walwyn's foster-brother, represents the wild islanders. It is a triangular duel. The islanders are against all claimants—Armitage, represented by his lawyer, Yale; Elen Walwyn, backed by Lawyer John Mathias, with the spitfire Kate Silifant in reserve. Mathias is her devoted lover. Yale

falls a victim to Elen Walwyn's charms with great good judgment, for she is the one real lovable character in the book. By a curious chain of emotions Mathias is led to scale the Stack rock to rescue the silver case containing Elen's title-deeds, and so to annul the title bought by Kate from Armitage, and jumps from the top of the Stack into the sea to save Kate from drowning at the hands of Watkin, the island champion, and for the moment her ally.

Then Watkin catches all the other actors (literally) in his net and lowers them into the cave, with the exception of Mathias, who finishes a series of Titanic combats with Watkin by falling, hugged in his grip, to the bottom of the shaft, where he dies, after handing to Elen Walwyn her title-deeds. The tale is marred by the use of twentieth-century slang whenever Armitage appears; otherwise he is rather a nice young man. And really we recommend that in a new edition Mr. Rhoscomyl should put back the clock two hundred years or so. The wonderful adventures contained in these 301 pages are rather hard to digest, told of these modern times. There is much pretty appreciation of scenery and the writing is generally graphic. But it is hardly artistic to end a romance with an epithet hurled at a lady indescribably thus—"You ———."

A Comedy of Moods. By GREVILLE H. TEMPANY. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. TEMPANY'S "Comedy of Moods" has many defects—and one outstanding virtue. It is too short, too slight, too careless in some respects, too careful on one particular occasion, and it is undeniably clever. If it be, as from its amateurish *technique* we judge that it is, its author's first essay in fiction, it is rich in promise. It contains, indeed, one portrait—that of Sir Cullingham—that is masterly: a study in egoism that comes very close to Mr. Meredith's work. To Sir Cullingham the man "who would be hero" all the other characters are subordinated, and Mr. Tempany's perspective is faulty. We consider, too, the apparent lack of observation (the impression may be due to the author's lack of interest) displayed in some of his pages inexcusable in the creator of Sir Cullingham. With the exception we have noted, only Lady Hexley stands out clearly and distinctly—a sympathetic sketch of a charming, vivacious, clever woman. For these two characters—more particularly, of course, for the first—we could forgive our author more serious faults than we find in his book. Some of his dialogue reaches a level that is seldom touched by the best of our modern novelists. We confess that Mr. Tempany has not only delighted us—he has piqued our curiosity. We shall look forward with a keen anticipation to his next book. There should be a big future for a man who can write as he can at his best.

She Loved Much. By ALFRED BUCHANAN. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THE title of Mr. Buchanan's book evidently refers to Elsie Lorraine, who lives with Norman Blair, a Manchester journalist, for two years, and then deserts him for some unaccountable reason. The author thinks it is because she has a delicate feeling that her association with the "coming man" is not for his good, but, as analysed by Mr. Buchanan, her emotions are somewhat superficial, not to say false. As it is, Norman goes to London alone, though he has, while in Manchester, made the acquaintance of Genevieve Jay, "the great London actress," and she is interested in him. Of course, the journalist has to struggle towards the height of fame *viâ* poverty, humiliation, and the rest of the difficulties encountered on the conventional pathway to Parnassus. Equally conventional are the persons Blair meets, beginning with the all-powerful and cynical critic, Wilfred Storer—a very familiar type by now—the Hon. Walter Courtney, the lover of Miss Jay, Mrs. Wintersmith, the modern seeker after budding genius for her drawing-room, and Lieutenant Hale, who wishes to marry Elsie Lorraine, despite the two-year episode at Manchester.

Courtney is the fairy godfather of the piece. He sends Elsie to his country house, orders Wilfred Storer to make Norman Blair famous, and behaves with generosity towards the struggling author, though anybody else would have noticed that his fiancée, Miss Jay, was really in love with Blair. She proposes to him, and is refused, and when later Norman writes a farewell letter from "the banks of the Yalu"—he is by now a war correspondent—she casts aside her passion and accepts the Honourable Walter. Throughout the book we get a few glimpses of Elsie, and all her actions tend to mystify the reader as to what the author meant by the title of his book. The reason is, of course, that Mr. Buchanan is not equal to the task he set himself, and the death of Elsie comes as a relief to his pen, for he writes better when the girl is out of the scene. It would be unfair to him, however, not to admit that his book bears evidence here and there that he can write with some distinction, and, if "She Loved Much" cannot be described as a success, the author should improve with experience.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND THE LICENSING BILL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sure that a great many laymen of the Diocese of London will have read your remarks respecting this matter with sincere approval. If the Bishop of London only knew what some of the best laymen in his Diocese are saying of his performance at the teetotal, Dissenting Memorial Hall gathering last Saturday he would be a little more careful. That meeting was called a "conference," but, judging by the reports, it was a rabid teetotal meeting of the ordinary type. The Bishop of London only a week or two before declined to enter into any argument about the Bill with Mr. Boulter, who had sent him a reasoned statement of the case from the brewers' point of view. He also said that he would reserve himself for the House of Lords when the Bill reached that assembly. Had his lordship made the promise to go to that Dissenting flare-up when he wrote that letter to Mr. Boulter, or did he forget, when urged to take part in the affair, what he had said to Mr. Boulter? The letters were published in most of the newspapers. It is surely not surprising that diocesan funds are suffering, and that the hat has had to be sent round with such persistence for the Portrait Fund, which still lacks some hundreds of the sum required.

A LONDON LAYMAN.

London, S.W., March 28.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—*Il n'y a de vrai que l'amour.* Are the opening words in this week's ACADEMY quite in harmony with those quoted by your correspondent "H. M." on p. 626? For you denounce the Bishop of London as having no claim to speak for the Church of England merely on the ground that some years ago he recommended an ephemeral book written for a special purpose, and declare him to have a positive genius for doing and saying the wrong thing. This will hardly be the note struck in the Egyptian Hall to-morrow (March 30th), at the presentation of the Bishop's portrait by the Lord Chancellor—but this is by the way. However, the reason for your sweeping reproof is not hard to discover: you dislike his brave support of the Licensing Bill! It seems to me that you give the Bishop no credit at all for his noble motive in either case, and that is to be guilty of a breach of charity. For when he publicly mentioned the said book it was at a time when the fact, the great cardinal fact, of the Resurrection of Christ was being made the *common* topic, and he saw the necessity of counteracting it on its own level in *popular* style, and he would probably allow that parts of the book are as you describe them; and now that he is advocating the cause of temperance his motive is nothing less than the salvation of thousands from the deadly grip of drink, that noisome demon which has desolated so many of the homes of this fair land, and robbed the nation of its choicest asset in the honour and self-respect of men and maidens. Sir, in the course of a longish life I have learned enough of the countryside to be sure that if it were not for the multitudinous taverns and their low associations England would not be having to deplore, far and wide, the beggary and shame,

the falls from virtue, the stupid barbarities and vile passions, the ruined homes and forsaken altars, that bear witness to the cruel spite of "Legion," the drink-demon, and its sister Lust.

A. W. H.

March 29, 1908.

[We were careful in our note to say that we gave "the Bishop of London every credit for the best possible intentions." But people with the very best intentions very frequently do the most unwise things. A. W. H. describes the Bishop's support of the Bill as "brave" and "noble." There is nothing brave or noble in supporting a measure which one approves. It is simply what one expects from any ordinary decent man. And why is it any more brave and noble for the Bishop of London to support the Bill than for the Bishop of Chester to oppose it? All this foolish talk about bravery and nobility in connection with a matter of politics and economics should be relegated to its right place—the stump of the demagogue. It is what one expects from the mouth of Mr. Lloyd-George and the rest of his class of politicians. We have no place for it in THE ACADEMY.—ED.]

"THE METROPOLIS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—While I agree with your allegations regarding the extent of the corruption which exists in the American cities, especially New York, I hardly think it fair to assume or suggest that American society, as a whole, is rotten with it. The population of all the big cities of the United States is practically of the same character and racial origin as that which pollutes with its presence the Whitechapel, Soho, and other districts of London, Manchester, and Leeds. To expect this Yiddish, Italian, and Slavonic rubbish to breed anything but vice, ignorance, crime, and corruption is as unreasonable as it would be to expect pigs to produce anything but filth. The freak-dinner society Mr. Sinclair describes is composed of this imported carrion grown rich. Like our own smart society, which Father Vaughan arraigns in his sermons, and Messrs. Sutro, Pinero, and Shaw depict in their "society plays," it is Semitic rather than Anglo-Saxon, and, therefore, the decent Anglo-Saxon society of the United States should not be held responsible for its acts. It is as absurd for the reader of Sinclair's book to assume that all American society is corrupt as it would be for the American witness of our Jewish or Irish written society dramas to imagine therefrom that all English society is corrupt. Sinclair describes only that portion of American society he has become personally acquainted with, just as Pinero, Sutro, and Shaw depict only that portion of English society which they have become acquainted with.

The success of Sinclair's "Jungle," to which you refer, was due to his extraordinary good fortune in publishing it about the same time the Chicago packers decided to stop advertising in the American and English newspapers. Previous to then many unsuccessful attempts had been made to expose the methods of the Chicago packers, as these methods were well-known in Chicago. When in that city I wrote to several London newspapers on the subject, but, as the packers were then advertising very generously in the London dailies, my letters appeared only in the waste-baskets. The decision of the packers, however, to stop advertising had the same effect on the Press of both countries as did the decision of Messrs. Lever Bros. to curtail their advertising expenditure. Until, therefore, the packers saw the error of their ways, and restarted advertising, the "Jungle" was boomed very extensively in the American and English Press, and the methods of the packers exposed.

It is possible that if all the Jewish sovereign-cure mongers, and free-watch philanthropists of this country were to stop advertising, the alien and Celtic crooks who have captured the London daily Press would be moved to boom a certain little book I am publishing, called "England under the Jews."

JOSEPH BANISTER.

89, Farringdon Street, E.C., March 28, 1908.

[The whole question of American corruption (which is by no means confined to New York, or even to the big cities of the Union) has been dealt with so extensively in our columns that we do not care to reopen the subject. *Occidit miseris*, and the readers of THE ACADEMY are probably tired of America and its unpleasant ways. But, at the same time, we cannot think that Mr. Banister is justified in assuming that the abominations of America are to be attributed chiefly or solely to the Jewish, Italian, and Slavonic "rubbish." It must be remembered that if the scum rises freely it is boiling in an Anglo-Saxon pot; in other words, that the whole framework of the United States *cosmos* is of Anglo-Saxon origin. The Slav and the Italian are by no means bad fellows in their own countries; at all events, they show no inclination for the frantic follies which are one of the chief marks of social life in the States, and, if we are not mistaken, the names which appear

in the often-recurring American "scandals" are not often of Slavonic or Italian colour. And, again, we believe that the Irishman in America is distinguished chiefly as a successful keeper of "corner-saloons" and as a potent influence, both of hand and brain, in what are called "politics" in American and general scoundrelism in English. Now, the Irishman of the Galway coast and of the Connemara bogs has doubtless fruits (like the rest of us), but it is the great Anglo-Saxon democracy which transmutes him into a noxious and dangerous Yahoo.

We are afraid that there is a good deal to be said for the "advertisement" theory as advanced by Mr. Banister. The question is delicate enough, but those who have some pride in the English Press must be grieved when they see a whole column in a paper of repute devoted to the praise of some new powders which "cure cancer."—ED.]

COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a student of comparative philology for more than forty years, and as a sincere friend of THE ACADEMY, I most earnestly entreat you, as you value the representation of THE ACADEMY as a literary and scientific weekly review, not to admit letters from Mr. E. S. Dodgson on the subject of comparative philology. In the letter which appears in this week's ACADEMY on the etymology of "Sea," there is scarcely a line which does not contain a gross blunder. The letter clearly shows that the writer is absolutely ignorant of the elements of old English or of Gothic-scholarship. There is not a single etymology which is suggested in this astounding letter that would not be laughed out of court by any competent scholar.

I am quite sure that if you had only been told how bad the communication was you would never have given it the hospitality of your columns. I tell you now so that you may be warned in future.

You listened to my advice on philological letters in the case of the late Mr. Hall; I think that it will be to the interest of THE ACADEMY if you listen to me now, or at any rate take the advice on the matter of some competent scholar.

A. L. MAYHEW.

18, Bradmore Road, Oxford, March 28, 1908.

[We do not editorially profess to be authorities on comparative philology and we decline responsibility for views expressed in our correspondence columns. We constantly admit to its hospitality correspondents with whom we are in profound disagreement, and the responsibility for any mistakes and blunders they may make must rest on their own heads. Admitting that Mr. E. S. Dodgson's etymology is at fault, of which there appears to be little doubt, the value of his letter lies in the fact that it has drawn from Professor Skeat an authoritative pronouncement. Regarded from this point of view, correspondents who write and make inaccurate statements in the columns of THE ACADEMY are really often conferring a benefit on our readers, since they afford the means for the exposure of error.—ED.]

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If Mr. Morant detects any wavering in my attitude, that is purely a matter of fancy on his part. I have looked in vain in my first letter for any indication of having called Cav. Grasso "a mere tyro of a really great artist." The description in itself is absurd. I did say something about "the initial efforts, in England, of a really great artist," which is quite a different thing. I still hold to that statement, that he is a great artist. I said Signora Aguglia was an "exceptionally clever mime." There are many English actresses in melodrama to whom I would apply the same description. The late M. Lauri, the animal impersonator, was an exceptionally clever mime.

My contention was that the Sicilians' art did not rank very high, and I expressed my regret that some people should have vastly overrated it. And Mr. Morant, who formerly spoke of their "magnificent" and "wonderful" acting, now says:

Without maintaining that the art of the Sicilians is necessarily the highest art, I do maintain that *in their own province of Art* they are *extraordinarily good*.

Well, I have endeavoured to locate that "province," and it seems that in doing so, in company with several other critics, I am to be labelled effeminate, in addition to having Ibsen and Shaw thrown at my head. Why drag Ibsen and Shaw into the controversy?

If Mr. Morant seriously contends that a man possessed of any of the passions he names does not care a single jot for the cold dictates of reason, then I can only say that my knowledge of human nature leads me to a different conclusion.

I maintain that the mental states supposed to be present in *Malta* were not, in certain instances, perfectly presented—notably by Signora Aguglia in the second Act—although I went to the Shaftesbury Theatre minus “the stiff shirt-front,” and therefore fully prepared to give vent to my feelings. In fact, it was because I was disappointed of my emotional feast that I have penned these complaints.

If Mr. Morant cannot accept the theory adduced, which has the weight of historical evidence with it, I am sorry I cannot invent any other. As he says that, in his case, it is a matter of taste, and he makes certain definite statements regarding Signora Aguglia's acting which I have already denied, I do not think any useful purpose will be served by my continuing the argument.

ROBB LAWSON.

March 30.

THE STIBBERT ART COLLECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—THE ACADEMY published a letter of mine so long ago as October 18th, 1906, denouncing “*il gran rifiuto*,” as it may be appropriately termed, of the British Government to assume the care and protectorate of Mr. Stibbert's vast art-legacy to the English folk residing in Florence.

Up to the 26th inst., according to the *Florence Herald*, the Museum remains severely left alone, and only a solitary curator bars the threshold.

A board of control has not yet decided to whom and when the English or other visitors can be allowed to enter, nor is it likely to decide, as it is said “*never to meet*,” and only a few of the members have united in “a picnic” eighteen months ago for the purpose of considering if £32,000 bequeathed to endow and maintain the villa is a sufficient maintenance.

Between the lethargy of our Government and the accustomed torpor of the Florentine Municipality the gift horse seems condemned “to eat its head off.”

This “scandalous affair” has ended so far that, quoting the *Florence Herald*, “literally nothing has been done in two years, and there is no sign of the Museum ever being opened.”

Is Sir Edward Grey so busy caring for the past negligence of the Foreign Office that he has no wish or time to cultivate the fine arts since his accession to office? “*Glance and pass on*” is the worn-out motto of an establishment which obeys to the letter any formula which saves trouble and expense.

I speak from knowledge and sad experience.

WILLIAM MERCER.

8, Stevehage Road, Bishop's Park, Fulham, S.W.,
March 30, 1908.

TOLSTOY'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In September of this year Count Leo Tolstoy completes his eightieth year, and it is proposed to celebrate his birthday as an event of international importance. The peoples of all civilised countries are asked to join in doing him honour, both as the greatest representative of Russian literature and as a social reformer who has set a high ideal of life before the world.

A central committee has been formed in Russia with the intention of inviting representatives of literature and social progress and of the learned societies from all parts of the world to unite for the occasion in St. Petersburg or Moscow. Besides the international address which it is proposed to present to Count Tolstoy at that time, two further schemes in his honour have been suggested—first, to issue a cheap edition of his principal works in the leading languages of Europe; and, secondly, to secure his home as a public possession, to which pilgrimages may be made in future times, as to Stratford-on-Avon.

To assist in these objects a committee has already been formed in Paris, including such well-known members of the “Institut” as M. Anatole France, M. Leroy Beaulieu, and M. le Marquis Melchior de Vogué.

The British committee is now in process of formation. The following have already consented to give their support to the proposal:—George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, Mr. Henry James, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. J. Galsworthy, Prof. G. Murray, Hon. Maurice Baring, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Laurence Irving, Sir Donald Wallace, Mr. Aylmer Maude, Prof. P. Vinogradoff, Mrs. Garnett, Mr. H. W. Nevinson. Mr. Edmund Gosse has kindly consented to act as president of the committee.

It is hoped that our country's share in the proceedings will be worthy of the high service we have received from this great artist and teacher, and of the wide admiration with which he is regarded among us.

The British committee proposes to work in co-operation with

the Russian, the secretary of which (M. Michel Stakhovitch, Marshal of Nobility for the province of Toula, in which Count Tolstoy resides) has lately visited London.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT (Hon. Sec.), Reform Club,
London Library, S.W.

P.S.—Contributions may be sent to Messrs. Barclay and Co., Ltd., 1, Pall Mall East, S.W. Cheques to be made payable to “Tolstoy Fund.”

ALCOHOLISM AND INSANITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Harold Spender's article in the *Daily Chronicle* on the new Licensing Bill is a typical production of the extreme temperance (so-called) advocates. On the question as to whether alcohol is one of the most frequent causes of insanity, there is good reason to believe that they confound cause and effect. Dr. F. W. Mott, F.R.S., Physician to Charing Cross Hospital, and Pathologist to the County Asylum, holds a brief for neither side. That gentleman read a paper at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Exeter entitled “A Discussion on Alcohol and Insanity.”

In this paper Dr. Mott made a general attack on the statistics relating to insanity that are usually quoted, giving details showing the nature of the investigations upon which the assertion is based and arrived at the conclusion that alcohol as an efficient cause of insanity is not so great as the published reports of the Lunacy Commission indicates; the Doctor goes on further to show that alcohol does not *per se* produce a permanent mental derangement such as constitutes our definition of insanity. In short, alcohol only produces insanity when it is associated with some other cause, either a latent, congenital, or acquired defect.

P. W.

March 26.

THE VEDRENNE-BARKER MANAGEMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you let me express a little regretful surprise that a recent lamentable event should have passed without notice in your columns? It is to the closing of the Vedrenne-Barker management at the “Savoy” that I refer.

For two or three years we have had an almost continuous series of plays which, though liable to various adverse criticism, at least have stood for an advance in the work of humanising and intellectualising the stage. True, there was perhaps too much of Mr. Shaw, but when it is remembered that, apart from Mr. Shaw, plays by Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. St. John Hankin, and Mr. Granville Barker himself (to name merely those that occur to me at the moment) were produced, you will, no doubt, agree that there was a serious and honourable attempt to offer “the public” something more worthy than is to be found in the Haymarket or Strand.

Well, the attempt has failed. From whatever immediate cause the failure has proceeded, I think there can be only one ultimate cause—that is, “the public” simply do not want good and thoughtful plays. I am not asserting that only at the “Court” or “Savoy” have good plays been presented, but it is perfectly well-known that only at these theatres, and only under the Vedrenne-Barker management have we been given a succession of serious and valuable plays, adequately produced, and represented with a uniform excellence that is quite impossible under the present “star” system obtaining elsewhere.

Well, again, the courageous attempt has failed, after a fairly prolonged fight. There is not, apparently, a sufficient public among London's six millions to support a theatre where drama is produced for drama's sake. Why, then, should we lament any longer the enormous and humiliating disparity between the intellectuality of the modern play and the intellectuality, say, of the modern novel? Why not recognise frankly that we have precisely the drama we want? It is only a few weeks since you yourself, Sir, were reminding us that we have the journalism we deserve; it is equally clear that we have the plays we deserve.

Is it not a little singular that the month which has seen the Shakespeare Memorial controversy fanned into some faint degree of warmth should also see the extinction of almost our last claim to possess drama worthy of the inheritors of Shakespeare? Remembering your recent remarks about journalism, one is tempted to think that it would be as ridiculous to erect a Shakespeare Memorial—theatre or statue—as it would be superfluous to erect a Harmsworth memorial—statue or madhouse.

J. F.

March 30.

THE PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I ask whether you will direct public attention to the April issue of *Representation*, and particularly to Sir Richard Cartwright's advocacy of Proportional Representation as the remedy for the evils arising in Canada from defective electoral methods?

Will you also kindly announce the meeting to be held in Caxton Hall on April 10th, under the auspices of this Society? In France Proportional Representation meetings are being addressed by members of all the Parliamentary groups, and the Caxton Hall meeting will, in like manner, be addressed by representatives of different parties.

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THEOLOGY

- Brillon, R. W. *Angels: Their Nature and Service*. Mowbray, 1s. net.
 Bullock, The late Rev. G. F. *The Prodigal Son*. Mowbray, 1s. net.
The Hymn of Praise of the Incarnation. Mowbray, 1s. 6d. net.
 Moule, H. C. G. *Meditations for the Church's Year*. Allenson, 3s. 6d.
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"After all, the dates did not much matter. They can be got from a dictionary, and what people should be taught to understand is that history is not a mere record of events, of isolated facts, but that it is a great continuous chronicle of personalities. History goes, not from date to date, but from man to man, from people to people, from the man and people of one age to the man and people of another age. It narrates the movements of peoples and of nations, as well as of individuals, and if history is well written the story of a reign or of an epoch should be as interesting, as human, as fascinating, as the life-story of a single great character. For, after all, government is the executive act of a people, as anything done by one man is the executive act of an individual; and just as the human being grows from childhood to manhood, from weakness to strength, from ignorance to knowledge, so a nation has its evolution, its growth, and its decay.

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"Historians above all things need imagination and human sympathy. Take Froude—inaccurate certainly, sometimes in detail, and, therefore, appalling to the expert who finds a button on the coat missing, as it were; but Froude had the power of painting vivid, revealing pictures which make a lasting impression upon the imagination, of getting to the heart of a character and of a people, and so making them life-like and real; of seeing men and women, mobs and armies, homes and workshops throbbing with life, behind great national movements; of putting upon the stage the drama of history.

"Accuracy, of course, is important—vastly important. It is bad if the historian is loose in detail and careless in research, but the merely accurate man goes often just as wrong, errs more, indeed, than the historian who is sometimes inaccurate but has imagination and humanity. History can only be truly accurate when it is written with human sympathy. Unless a historian has the power of placing

their accoutrements and the loud laughter of the gallant pioneers. I can feel the atmosphere of a virgin land throbbing with life, burning with hope, thrilling with energy. That is the way to write history, that is how it makes an irresistible appeal to the imagination."

Since granting this interview, Sir Gilbert Parker has examined, over the period of a fortnight, *The Historians' History of the World*. In a later interview with our representative he thus expressed the result of his examination:

"For a work on so vast a scheme I think the result is remarkably good. On dipping into every volume the interest was seized and held, the imagination stimulated, and the mind fortified by essential facts and elements in the long tale of universal History.

"These volumes adequately and effectively meet the challenge of my previous words. The distinguished authors have risen to a great opportunity, and the world of thought and reading is richer for their expert and vivid work."

The opinion here printed comes with great force from Sir Gilbert Parker. To the sound comprehension of the ideal of good history which is expressed in this interview he adds that wide and varied knowledge of human nature which equips the successful novelist, and that instinct for practical problems which marks the serious politician. Can you afford to neglect a work which such a man praises so highly? Would you not be wise at least to acquaint yourself with its scope and object by sending for the free Descriptive Booklet—and by doing so to-day?

The Free Booklet

You will find full details of *The Historians' History in the Descriptive Booklet*, which the annexed coupon enables you to obtain gratis and post free. In this interesting Booklet we give you an adequate, though necessarily brief, account of the nature, scheme, and method of the work.

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himself in the position of the people and the characters and the events he is describing, of understanding emotions, of realizing forces, of seeing the meaning and trend of movements no accuracy of fact will save him; because his deductions from the facts will be false. Macaulay, of course, had the supreme gift of throwing himself into an epoch and living, as it were, in the characters of history. Froude, as I have said, had the same gift, and Freeman, and Green, and Lecky.

The Vivid Appeal of History

"Then take a historical writer from the other side of the water—Francis Parkman, author of 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' 'The Oregon Trail,' &c. Some of his scenes have made an indelible effect on my imagination. Even as I speak I can see, vividly and strongly, some of his pictures in prose. I can see the new-made, red-sanded streets of Richmond, Virginia, with their low-pillared 'Colonial' houses. I can see the Cavaliers galloping through them in the bold costume of the period, the surf of dust rising behind. I can hear the clatter of

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LIFE AND LETTERS

It was a curious coincidence that the resignation of the late Prime Minister was announced on the very day on which the Licensing Bill was set down for its Second Reading. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's retirement has postponed the Bill in question—not exactly to the Greek Calends or to Nevermas, but still for some weeks—and one wonders whether during this interval the voice of common sense will succeed in making itself heard. And it may be remarked that by the voice of common sense we do not mean the voice of the great brewing companies. The brewers have been vilified in the silliest fashion; it has been impossible to read some of the teetotal speeches without being reminded of that famous animal which was *méchant*—"when you attack him he defends himself." Still the brewers are shopkeepers, and the interests of the shopkeeper are not necessarily those of the lieges. The problem to be solved is not so complicated that a Dupin should be called into consultation; it is, we take it, something like this: "There is an enormous deal of drunkenness in England, and therefore an enormous deal of misery; how is this evil state of things to be bettered?"

Not, surely, by any such plan as that propounded by the Government. A witty journalist has pointed out that the habitual drunkard is a fellow of diabolical ingenuity and infinite sagacity: you close his favourite haunt, the Red Lion, at No. 20, and he is by no means at the end of his resources; he simply walks up the street and goes on getting drunk at the Blue Bull, No. 40. Such misapplied ingenuity seems incredible, but we are assured that it is so. And even if you shut up every tavern within his reach for a whole Sunday his tortuous brain rises to the height of this new emergency, and he actually "gets the stuff in" on Saturday night. Those who have been in Glasgow on a Sunday night are aware that the drunkenness of that city is of the most hideous and disgusting sort; and dwellers in South Wales are said to have strange tales to tell as to the Sabbath revelries of the pious Cymri. And, by the way, it is curious to note in a Sabbatarian country how in quite small Scotch towns the chemists' shops are open all Sunday. No; if experience goes for anything, it is clearly enough proven that by halving the licences you do not halve the drunkenness.

It is odd how often the obvious solution of a difficulty seems to elude the eye. There are certain puzzle-pictures

in which you are required "to find the tiger," and after gazing for a quarter of an hour or so you will see the tiger positively leaping at you out of the picture. There was once on a time a firm of brewers whose business went down by leaps and bounds year by year. Meetings were called, the matter was argued, the most elaborate financial reasons for the downfall were given; but no one even hinted that the taste of the beer might conceivably have something to do with the trouble. And, in the same way, no one seems to have speculated on the possibility that the drink mania—the drink disease—is very largely to be accounted for by the infamous and abominable poisons which, in the words of Hardy, disgrace the name of "stimilient." There have always been drunkards, there always will be, just as there will always be scattered cases of plague and leprosy; but it is to be noted that drunkenness—the disease, the mania, the national evil—is a thing of modern growth, coincident with the free vending of every kind of venomous liquor under specious designations such as beer and whiskey. Let all this poisoning of the populace be absolutely and entirely forbidden; let beer be solely made of malt and hops; let whiskey be the product of malted barley, distilled in a pot still, with a Government guarantee of sufficient age; let it be as easy (on payment of a licence) to open a tavern as to open a sweet-shop—well, neither the brewers nor the teetotalers would be pleased, but the benefit to the public would be immense. And the solution of the problem would be advanced still more if the duty on beer were very much diminished, and the duty on spirits were largely increased. Whiskey is a Highlander's necessity, perhaps; but it is an Englishman's luxury, and they who desire luxuries may fairly be called upon to pay for them. Here, then, are the outlines of THE ACADEMY's Licensing Bill, which will, no doubt, become law when honesty and common sense prove stronger than the dividend-hunters and the furies of an insensate Manicheism—in other words, *à la venue des Cocqigruës*.

The most interesting article in the March number of *The New Quarterly* is a study by Mr. Clutton-Brock on the causes of failure and success in "Prometheus Unbound." We cannot subscribe to his conclusions unreservedly, but he has much to say of a thoughtful and suggestive order (and naturally avoids the obstructive flood of parallel passages from other poets which characterises the writing of critics of another school). Mr. Clutton-Brock's thesis is that the poet's form is imposed upon him by his public, and that this constitutes the life of his form. He gives Keats's appreciation of the fact that the form of "Hyperion" had ceased to interest his contemporaries as the reason why he gave up writing that poem. Mr. Clutton-Brock judges that Shelley never arrived at a full consciousness of these difficulties. As he observes justly, it was impossible for "Prometheus Unbound" to be wholly successful as a drama, because there are no characters in it, "but only forces and voices," and again, because though his "intellect could concern itself with political processes, . . . his imagination could not be fired by them." Shelley, indeed, recognised that the "essence" of this poem "was not action . . . but the expression of emotions caused by certain events that were left obscure."

Returning to the question generally propounded by Edgar Allen Poe, Mr. Clutton-Brock proceeds to consider "whether 'Prometheus Unbound' has any real form at all, or whether the plot is only a pretext for a number of separate poems." "The great value of form in a work of art is," says Mr. Clutton-Brock, "that it gives a cumulative power to all the parts of that work." He well compares the form of Shelley's poem rather to that of a symphony than of a drama, also calling it "one extended and diversified lyric," and expressing his doubt "whether any poet except Shelley ever experienced an emotion so comprehensive and persistent." Expressing what we take to be Mr. Clutton-Brock's meaning, we would slightly alter his expression, for the purposes of this note, and describe the

emotion of the poem as progressing by accumulation rather than by development; for he refers in one passage to a "development of emotion." There is a good deal more of sensitive criticism in Mr. Clutton-Brock's article, but we have said enough to indicate his line of vision.

We have received two very attractive "Winchester Charts of Italian Painters," compiled by M. J. R.—the first, "Schools of Florence, Umbria, and Siena," lithographed by Messrs. Warren, of Winchester, and the second, "Painters of North Italy," published by Messrs. Mansell. They present at a glance, in a species of genealogical tree, distinctly printed in different colours, and mounted on thin canvas, the main body of Italian painting, with the influences which formed each painter. Tables of contemporaneous events and of painters of foreign schools help to fix the dates on the memory. The trees and the short notes are added in convenient corners, based on the criticism of Mr. Berenson. A feature of the charts is their attractive covers, which consist of well-printed chromo-lithograph facsimiles of two celebrated bindings. The first represents the exquisite twelfth-century Byzantine ivory covers of a Psalter, which were probably executed for Melisenda, Queen-consort of Jerusalem (1131). The second is a copy of the tooled-leather Venetian binding to the "Hynerotomachia" of Polyphilus, now in the British Museum. The latter especially does Messrs. Mansell much credit. It is very cunningly reproduced, even to the extent of a suggestion of a slight "tack" belonging to old leather. We fully endorse the opinion of a writer in these pages on the value of ocular demonstration in impressing information on the memory, and if these charts are as correctly drawn up as they are attractively produced they ought to be very serviceable to all amateurs of Italian painting. As the compiler points out, plenty of space is left for the insertion of the names of painters which have been omitted, an arrangement which will make the charts all the more useful.

We have loyally supported the Stage Society, which, now that the Court management has practically ceased to exist, is the chief cradle of the drama in England. But the production at the Haymarket last Sunday evening strained the loyalty of ourselves and a great many members of the Society to the breaking-point. The Stage Society was not founded for the production of half-witted plays about half-witted people, which could only be represented by half-witted actors. Though Mr. John Hare and Mr. France did their best to conceal their intelligence, all the artists naturally failed to be intelligible; and this is, of course, greatly to their credit. The Committee of Management made a very great mistake in producing the play, thereby laying itself open to the charge of having done so purely because it was prohibited by Mr. Redford. It is impossible to suggest any other reason for its production, and it would be interesting to learn what merits that able body found in it.

In response to a somewhat jejune note on woodcuts in our issue of April 4th, we have received a copy of a new magazine, *The Mask*, which appeared for the first time in March, and had escaped our notice. *The Mask* describes itself as "a Monthly Journal of the Art of the Theatre: illustrated with wood-engravings, lithographs, etchings, &c." Its publishing office is in Florence, where it can be obtained for one shilling a month, also apparently from the London agent, Mr. D. J. Rider, 36 St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross, who informs us that "It is the intention of the editor to have the paper illustrated principally with woodcuts." The first number is mainly devoted to Mr. Gordon Craig. Most of the articles are either written or illustrated with woodcuts by him or are about him. The best of the woodcuts is on the cover. We confess that we are more interested in Mr. Craig as an artist of stage *décor*. An article by Mr. Edward Hutton on "The Real Drama in Spain," and "A Note on Masks" by Mr. John Balance are of interest. Of greater value is an extract from a

learned letter by Mr. Herbert Horne on the provenance of the wonderful and well-known figure of a geometrised man, which is reproduced on the first page of the number.

Mr. Horne points out that the reproduction is made from the "Vitruvio, in volgar lingua reportato" (printed in Perugia in 1531), by Caporali, who took it from Caesariano's translation of Vitruvius, printed at Como in 1525. Mr. Horne's judgment is: "That the design is Lionardesque (that indirectly it was derived from Lionardo) there can be no doubt." He also supplies the description of the figure inscribed on Caesariano's version: "Humani corporis mensura et ab eo omnes symmetrias enrythmias et proportionis geometrico schemate invenire ut adest figura." As to Caesariano's explanation of the cut, even Mr. Horne admits that it is "terribly abstruse." The figure is so striking that it alone would make the magazine worth its shilling.

There is also an attractive article, with reproductions, consisting of a treatise "upon the construction of a theatre in wood: upon scenery and the different contrivances for lighting the scene," extracted from Sebastiano Serlio's book on architecture, published at Bologna in 1560. It is well translated, and contains copious extracts in the original Italian. The two plates of designs for the comic and the tragic scene are particularly interesting. The tragic scene especially marks the purpose for which the bizarre pen and water-colour designs of certain rather obscure Italian artists were executed. These are not often met with in England.

These two articles mark the object of *The Mask*, which is floridly announced thus:

Not assist in the so-called reform of the modern Theatre (for reform is now too late), not to advance theories which have not been already tested, but to announce the existence of a vitality which already begins to reveal itself in a beautiful and definite form based upon an ancient and noble tradition. *The Mask* represents the Theatre of the Future [which] necessarily embraces all that has to do with the Theatre of the Past. The hope of the Theatre of the Future is rooted deep in the fulfilment of the Theatre of the Past.

The type in which the magazine is printed is agreeable in form, but trying to the eyes. If many of the intending contributors are able to exercise any measure of the charm of one of them—Miss Ellen Terry—the success of the undertaking should be indeed assured.

Mr. Robert Blackie has been writing to the papers indignantly protesting against a statement which has been publicly made that the National Liberal Club is one of the biggest drinking-places in the world. He says:

I beg to give this statement an unqualified denial, and unhesitatingly state we have in this club a large percentage of abstainers, and less alcoholic drink consumed per head per member than any similar club. We regret to have to contradict Mr. Blackie quite flatly and categorically. It is perfectly true that the National Liberal Club is one of the largest drinking-places in the world. And if, as Mr. Blackie says, there is a large percentage of abstainers—and we don't doubt it for a moment—that only proves that the other members who are not abstainers make up for the abstainers. Unlike Mr. Blackie, we do not make statements of this kind without supporting them by proofs. In the year 1905 the National Liberal Club made a clear profit of £390. The receipts from the sale of provisions, wines, spirits, beer, stouts, cigars, and cards amounted to £33,183. The cost was £24,480, so the profit in this department was £8,703. By analysing the item "stock in hand," £10,048, and finding that wines, spirits, beers, and mineral waters made £9,701 of that amount, it may be concluded that nine-tenths of the profit of £8,703 comes from this source. This means, of course, that the National Liberal Club subsists on the profit which it makes out of the trade in liquor. We are indebted for these figures to Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's wise, witty, and valuable book, "The Beautiful Teetotaler," but we have also taken care to verify their accuracy. The figures were given in public by a Member of Parliament. We challenge Mr. Blackie to repeat his statement in face of these figures.

THE JOURNEY

All day he drowzes by the sail
 With dreams of her, and all night long
 The broken waters are at song
 Of how she lingers, wild and pale,
 When all the temple lights are dumb,
 And weaves her spells to make him come.

The wide sea traversed, he will stand
 With straining eyes, until the shoul
 Green water from the prow shall roll
 Upon the yellow strip of sand—
 Searching some fern-bid tangled way
 Into the forest old and grey.

Then he will leap upon the shore,
 And cast one look up at the sun,
 Over his loosened locks will run
 The dawn breeze, and a bird will pour
 Its rapture out to make life seem
 Too sweet to leave for such a dream.

But all the swifter will he go
 Through the pale, scattered asphodels,
 Down mote-hung dusk of olive dells,
 To where the ancient basins throw
 Fleet threads of blue and trembling zones
 Of gold upon the temple stones.

There noon keeps just a twilight trace ;
 'Twixt love and hate, and death and birth,
 No man may choose ; nor sobs nor mirth
 May enter in that haunted place.
 All day the fountain sphinx lets drip
 Slow drops of silence from her lip.

To hold the porch-roof slender girls
 Of milk-white marble stand arow ;
 Doubt never blurs a single brow,
 And never the noon's faintness curls
 From their expectant hush of pride
 The lips the god has glorified.

But these things he will barely view,
 Or if he stay to heed them, still
 But as the lark the lights that spill
 From out the sun it soars unto,
 Where, past the splendours and the heats,
 The sun's heart's self for ever beats.

For wide the brazen doors will swing
 Soon as his sandals touch the pave ;
 The anxious light inside will wave
 And tremble to a lunar ring
 About the form that lieth prone
 Before the dreadful altar-stone.

She will not look, or speak, or stir,
 But with drowned lips and cheeks death-white
 Will lie amid the pool of light,
 Until, grown faint with thirst of her,
 He shall bow down his face and sink
 Breathless beneath the eddying brink.

Then a swift music will begin,
 And as the brazen doors shut slow,
 There will be hurrying to and fro,
 And lights and calls and silver din,
 While through the star-freaked swirl of air
 The god's sweet cruel eyes will stare.

REVIEWS

SOME RECENT SHAKESPEARE BOOKS

"The Shakespeare Library." *Robert Laneham's Letters.* Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL. *The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth.* Edited by EDWARD VILES and F. J. FURNIVALL. *Greene's "Pandosto."* Edited by P. G. THOMAS. *Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet."* Edited by J. J. MUNRO. (Chatto and Windus, each 5s. net.)

"The Elizabethan Shakespeare." *Loves Labour's Lost. The Merchant of Venice.* Edited by WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON. (Harrap, each 2s. 6d. net.)

Shakespeare's Legal Maxims. By WILLIAM LOWES RUSHTON. (Liverpool: Young.)

Shakespeare's Use of the Supernatural. By J. PAUL S. R. GIBSON. (Cambridge: Deighton Bell; London: George Bell, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE first four volumes on our list are items in an admirably-planned Shakespeare Library recently undertaken by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, a scheme which includes an "old spelling Shakespeare," the "Shakespeare's England," to which "Laneham's Letter" and the "Rogues and Vagabonds" belong; and the "Shakespeare Classics," among them the works of Greene and Arthur Brooke in the list above. The general editor is Dr. Gollancz; but the moving spirit at present is evidently Dr. Furnivall, that noble old scholar who touches nothing without making it surprisingly interesting, and whose boisterous enthusiasm for English literature gives him a pleasure even in "The Historians' History of the World," and is more infectious than the schoolboy's joy in cricket or the woman's in new hats. Look at him over Laneham's Letters! What are the facts? Robert Laneham was a London mercer, and (like his editor) "a most amusing, rollicking chap." He went to Kenilworth to see the great entertainment given by Leicester to Elizabeth in the summer of 1575. On one of the nineteen days the men of Coventry revived their "old storiall sheaw," the Hock-Tuesday play; and at the head of them marched a friend of Laneham's—one Captain Cox. Now Captain Cox enjoyed the rare distinction in those days of owning a library; and Laneham, being, as we have said, something of a Furnivall himself, dashes off from the Hock-Tuesday play to give some account of Captain Cox's library. It was, indeed, a most interesting library, containing many things that modern students would give one eye to have a look at. At any rate, it is Dr. Furnivall's chance. And as Appendix to Laneham's little letter we have three times as many pages, and more, of right Furnivallesque comment, description, criticism, and detail about Captain Cox's books and ballads, written in a style that varies between Carlyle, the British

Museum Catalogue, and the cricket reports in the *Sportsman*. And a great treat it all is for the student of old literature, the bibliographer, and the mere man. Crammed with learning, bubbling over with enthusiasm, and deliciously fresh in style and spirit, it is a pure delight:

Mr. ——— doesn't know much about Early English, but his book may be handy to many who can't get at the original.

Our pity for Mr. ——— (who is probably dead, for that note on his work was originally published nearly forty years ago) cannot blind us to the advantages of Dr. Furnivall's style.

Laneham's letter has been for many years inseparable from Dr. Furnivall and Captain Cox, but there is one other thing which has kept it alive. It is the *locus classicus* for the Hock-Tuesday play in which Captain Cox took part. The play was, even in Elizabeth's days, not a survival, but a revival. It had been "woont too bee plaid in oor Citee yeerely," but was "noow of late laid dooun . . . by the zeal of certain theyr Preacherz, men . . . sumwhat too sour in preaching away theyr pastime"—interfering Puritans, of course, who hated all innocent merriment. Tradition had it that the play was instituted to commemorate the massacre of the Danes by King Ethelred on St. Brice's Night (November 13th), 1002, or the national deliverance from the Danish usurpation by the sudden death of Hardicanute at the accession of St. Edward the Confessor. The game consisted in a fight, with many evolutions, between the Danish "launsknights on horsbak" and the English, with alder-poles in their hands. At the end the Danes were defeated, and led away captive by the English women. Tradition is probably wrong. Folklorists see in the Hock-Tuesday game the same origin as they see in hockey and football, and the Haxey Hood in Lincolnshire, and such children's games as "Oranges and Lemons"—the attempt to win from rivals some part (in the case of hockey and football, the head) of the sacrificial victim, which, buried in the fields, may bring fertility during the coming year. That was what the men of Coventry did—though they knew it not and supposed their game to date from the fifteenth century—on Hock Tuesday, the Tuesday following the second Sunday after Easter. And there might be some excuse for the "sour Preacherz" too, if only we could suppose them aware that it was a pagan custom they put down. Another point of interest is that the revival before Elizabeth was one of the last flickers of the amateur dramatic performer, who was finally snuffed out by the victorious professional in the great days of the English drama.

"Rogues and Vagabonds" is another delightful, Furnivallian book, which the editor produced originally in 1869. It consists of Awdeley's "Fraternitie of Vagabondes" (1561), Harman's "Caueat" (1566), and certain plagiarisms of both works; and one of Dr. Furnivall's bibliographical achievements is to show that Awdeley was the first, not the second, in the field. Both Awdeley and Harman describe the rogues and vagabonds, male and female, the "rowsey, ragged rabblement of rakehells," which the dissolution of the monasteries and the economic conditions of the time, and, let us add, a truly English love of not being bothered or "mothered," let loose on the country-side and in the streets. Good company they are. The account of them inspires us with a longing to make the acquaintance of some of these "roges"—Mr. Waren, say, or Humfrey Warde—whose names are perpetuated by Harman, and of their attendant "mortes," "doxies," and other female companions, graduates in the thieves' strict orders of precedence. Harman in particular is worth studying. He is an admirable teller of stories, and he has one which would not disgrace a Nuremberg *Schembartlaufen*, a French *puy*, or the Wife of Bath. It is, indeed, one of the drollest fescennine stories in print. And the whole picture of the villainous, gay, free crew is vastly refreshing in these days of public or municipal interference with private liberty—when they want to send the gypsy children to school.

In the "Shakespeare Classics" we are on more serious, though not perhaps more important ground. Shakespeare—

as all but critics of the Coleridge-Bradley order have come to realise—was the master-plagiarist. He took his materials where he found them, and showed himself Shakespeare in the way he used them. *Nihil teligit*—but we need not continue the misquotation which has forced its false Latin on the unscholarly world of Fleet Street. Read Arthur Brooke's lumbering, wobbling (we feel sure that Dr. Furnivall has used that word somewhere, though we cannot now trace the passage) poem of "Romeus and Juliet," and compare it with *Romeo and Juliet*. Even if some one discovered the other lost poem or play which Mr. de Wulf Fuller recently established as the original of the Dutch play on the subject, and in part of Shakespeare's play as well, the comparison would only help to prove all over again that Shakespeare could borrow, and borrow and be a creator. Greene's "Pandosto" we are glad to have for its own sake, no less than for that of "The Winter's Tale," for Greene, among those earlier University men who came to transform our literature, is one of the most interesting and delightful. Both volumes are ably edited, especially the "Romeus and Juliet," which has a model introduction.

Messrs. Harrap have conceived the happy thought of issuing their admirable reprint of the First Folio (edited two years ago by Charlotte Porter and H. A. Clarke) in separate volumes, with new introduction, notes, and so forth by Professor W. H. Hudson. Mr. Hudson is one of the best of our popular lecturers on literature. He adopts a very sensible view of Shakespeare, which appears clearly, for instance, in his remarks on the pedagogic theory in "Loves Labour's Lost," and the little volumes are thoroughly attractive and sound.

We are glad also to welcome a reprint of Mr. Rushton's valuable little illustration of Shakespeare's knowledge of the law by the quotation of legal maxims, together with the passages clearly founded on them. There are some annoying misprints in the Latin, and Mr. Rushton has not made as clear as he doubtless wished the exact story of the misprision and confusion which have given his book a rather strange history; but its substance is of great service. Finally, Mr. Gibson publishes the essay on Shakespeare's Use of the Supernatural, which won the Harness Prize at Cambridge last year. He would not wish it to be taken, no doubt, as a piece of profound criticism; but it usefully collects and arranges all the passages in which Shakespeare deals with fairies, ghosts, witches, and so forth. He should not have omitted such important ghost-plays as Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois* and *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* from his comparison of Shakespeare's ghosts and devils with those of other contemporary dramatists; but that part of the work is, on the whole, well done, and the book shows sense as well as care.

THE FATHERS OF OIL-PAINTING AND THEIR CHRONICLER

Hubert and John Van Eyck: their Life and Work. By W. H. JAMES WEALE. With Photogravure Plates and other Illustrations, many Reproduced for the first time. (John Lane, £5 5s.)

THE great altar-piece of Ghent, representing the Adoration of the Lamb, with its twenty-three attendant pictures is, if the words be strictly understood, the most amazing monument of oil-painting that exists. It is, perhaps, of all the great pictures of the world the best known to the general public in England, both by reason of the proximity of Ghent, and also through the colour reproductions of the old Arundel Society and a host of others. The knowledge that it was the work of two brothers, Hubert and John Van Eyck, whose united lives lasted from about 1365 to 1441, that they invented oil-painting, and that this was their first and most important work, is quite sufficiently accurate for the purposes of the public. It merely needs reminding when it visits Ghent, that the four central

panels only of those which it sees in the little chapel in the Cathedral are the actual work of the Van Eycks; all the rest are inferior copies. The originals of these now hang in the Royal Gallery of Berlin, with the exception of the Adam and the Eve, which hang in that of Brussels. The work of the two brothers cannot therefore be seen at once in its entirety. The portrait of John Arnolfini and his wife attracts, by its brilliancy, its minuteness of detail and its lifelikeness, the least observant visitor to the National Gallery. Every one knows that it was painted by the younger brother John. Nearly as well known to every student of art is the name of Mr. W. H. James Weale. Since before 1859, when he published an archæological guide-book, he has devoted his life to the elucidation of the fifteenth-century art of the Netherlands. No one has brought more patience, enthusiasm, and critical acumen to bear upon that difficult subject. Even now, at the age of seventy-five, with his characteristic courage, he bids us hope in the "Foreword" to his handsome book, that :

He may yet issue similar volumes on Petrus Christus, Hugh Van der Goes, and Roger De la Pasture [Roger Van der Weyden].

But we must for the moment regard his present volume as, at least in form, the *magnum opus* of his life. Critics approach to write of it reluctantly. We should like to express our congratulations to Mr. Weale in a chorus of praise. But he asks in his "Foreword" for criticism, not panegyric, and he, if any writer, is entitled to judgment in accordance with his avowed object :

Should any . . . omission be remarked, he will feel greatly obliged by his attention being called to it. He particularly wishes those who may consult this work to remember that it has no pretensions to literary merit, the author's aim being simply to provide those who, in the future, may attempt to write the history of the school of painting in the Low Countries in the fifteenth century with as complete a guide as possible to all that has been published concerning its founders up to the present date.

The late exhibition at Bruges stimulated valuable criticism on the whole subject. In England alone, that safest and most comprehensive of critics Mr. Claude Phillips has written on the Van Eycks particularly, with Mr. Roger Fry, who has now, alas ! to "voice" America, and another writer always conspicuous for fine natural taste—Sir Martin Conway. This raises for us another difficulty ; and there is a third. Youth is knocking at Mr. Weale's door, very critical, very learned, and as appreciative of Mr. Weale's immense services as the rest of us. Elisha's shoulders are already broad enough to wear the master's mantle. Our third difficulty has been the question whether we should wait and risk the duty of disloyalty to the succession, or deal with Mr. Weale's book in haste and risk being torn in pieces afterwards. We personally chose the first course, and are now cast on another dilemma. We must either skirt the subject, as we have been doing, or echo Mr. Eric Maclagan's admirable and exhaustive article in the February number of the *Burlington Magazine*, as we now intend doing to some extent, without further acknowledgment.

After the "Foreword," from which we have quoted, Mr. Weale gives a "Chronology," comprising the years 1422 to 1441, the year of John Van Eyck's death, noting the ascertained events in the lives of both brothers, and public events closely connected with John's. The Documents on which this list is based follow, mainly transcribed *in extenso*. These are so collected, and one, Mr. Weale tells us, is here printed, for the first time. Next comes a Bibliography, first, of Manuscripts and Early Printed Books from about 1430 to 1795 ; secondly, of Later Books on the Biography and Art of the Van Eycks, from 1753 to 1907 ; and thirdly, of books on their Discoveries and Technique, from 1678 to 1907. Next comes a Biography, necessarily very short, of Hubert, and a separate one, much longer, of John. The main section of the book, "Paintings," is divided into chapters on The Adoration of the Lamb ; on paintings by John ; on those attributed to either brother or both ; on those that have been lost ; and General Observations. Some six pages of Addenda, and a general Index close the book.

The main question concerning the Van Eycks is the discrimination between their works, and the main ground of dispute is, of course, the great altar-piece at Ghent. Until the almost simultaneous discovery in 1823 of a manuscript containing four lines said to have been inscribed on the frame, and of those lines themselves which state that Hubert "inceptit" and John "perfecit" the picture, it may be roughly stated that the whole body of their paintings were ascribed to John. Since then the claims of Hubert have been constantly growing. The more enthusiastic Hubertines are represented in England by Mr. Claude Phillips, and in perhaps a rather less degree by Mr. Roger Fry. Mr. Weale has expressed himself equally strongly in former works, in the same sense, assigning in the altar-piece the Adam and the Eve only to John. He now reaffirms this decision. There is no reason to suppose that he has changed his opinion as regards other works, but in the present volume, in accordance with his design, he expresses himself guardedly, generally merely placing references to his own works with those of other writers in the list which he prints after his description of each picture. On the other side, Mr. Eric Maclagan is a pronounced Johannist. As regards the altar-piece, the question seems to us, in company with so great an authority as Dr. Bode, to be at present irresoluble ; and since the altar-piece is the only work in which the participation of Hubert is proved by extrinsic evidence, his authorship of other works cannot be ascertained until we know more surely what the essentials of his peculiar style were. At present there is much arguing in a circle. Intrinsically, the differences in style now visible in the altar-piece seem to us equally compatible with the development in the work of one man during the years in which it was in progress, as with the work of two men in such intimate association as were the two brothers. For it must be remembered that Hubert was considerably older than John and must, until his death at least, in 1426, have exercised a direct influence over John's development. Nevertheless there are diverse elements to be found in the body of painting recognised as Van Eyckian, which may be called Hubertan and Johannine, and the Hubertan element seems to us most absent from the majority, but not from quite all of the eleven works included by Mr. Weale in the chapter of his book entitled "Paintings by John Van Eyck." On the other hand, we do not find the Johannine elements sufficiently pronounced in any part of the altar-piece to attribute it mainly to John, unless it be in the portraits of the donors and the Adam and Eve. Among the works ascribed to one or the other of the brothers, we cannot suppose that any of the versions of The Vision of St. Francis were painted by either of them. Of the other works included under this category, The Portrait of a Goldsmith, The Portrait of an Esquire of St. Anthony, the Dresden Madonna and Child Enthroned, the Staedel Madonna and Child, and the portraits of Arnolfini, and of Sir Baldwin de Lannoy, seem to us to exhibit the Johannine elements most, in varying degrees.

We have little reluctance in expressing these general opinions, and let us assure our readers who have most reverence for authority that they may do likewise with safety, because highly competent critics have confidently assigned nearly every panel of the Ghent altar-piece to both brothers exclusively. As to the other works, the voice of authority is still more polyphonous. The famous Fountain of Living Water at Madrid, of which the original disappeared before 1815, is nevertheless attributed by Madrazo to John ; Kaemmerer thinks that it may have been painted by Christus ; Bode states that it was not, but agrees with Seeck that it is probably a copy of a picture by Hubert ; while Hymans says that Van Eyck can have had nothing to do with either its composition or execution.

Not the least valuable part of Mr. Weale's book for purposes of identification is its numerous illustrations, over forty in photogravure and nearly one hundred in half-tone. We would say one word on the form of the book. It is evident that the number of books such as this, so valuable to students, must decrease unless they can be made to pay.

We therefore make the following suggestion, distinctly subject to that requirement. We would ask publishers to consider whether the text could not be issued in a more portable form, with sufficient margin for annotation, accompanied by the illustrations loose in a separate portfolio. If necessary, such an addition might be issued concurrently with the present volumes, even at the same price. At present, in order that the illustrations may be on a sufficient scale to show detail, the volumes become so bulky that they can neither be carried nor read conveniently. Since the pictures which these books collect are scattered throughout Europe and even in America, students are deprived of the use of their copy precisely when they most require it for reference.

HELLAS IN A HURRY

Greece and the Aegean Islands. By PHILIP S. MARDEN. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

OF all the light-hearted yet solemn, merry yet conscientious people in the world, the American in Greek lands is the most lavishly endowed with these contradictory qualities. His eyes are everywhere, his reminiscences of classical story are ever ready to bubble forth, his inaccuracy is as alarming as his sentimentality. And, in the representative person of Mr. Marden, he writes a book which brings back, almost poignantly, the light and the life, the humour and the pathos of Greek travel, to those for whom Hellenic days are, for the time, out of reach. How well we remember that American enthusiast, endowed as he was with a buoyant persistency which more than made up for a total lack of the speech of modern Greece: the kind of American, who, though a grave, grey-bearded professor in some strangely-named Transatlantic University, could find it in his child-like heart to weep aloud with joy at the sight of the home of Odysseus; who, in the guise of a business man ordinarily shrewd, could allow himself to be outrageously swindled by some peripatetic vendor of sham antiquities, for the sheer joy of carrying off to "my country" some shameless forgery of an "Attic vase;" the young schoolmaster, who, covering half the world in a honeymoon that was a very debauch of sentimentality, could, with his no less sentimental bride, find his eyes dim with sympathy for those long-gone brides of death who still toy with their jewels in the Kerameikos. He is an engaging type whatever form he may take, and there is ever a schoolmaster and a Professor among his number. We have met many Americans in many lands, but in Greece they are nearly all alike in this one trait of overflowing, slipshod sentimentality.

We love them for it, and we welcome Mr. Marden's book for its revival of many pleasant hours and days spent in their company amid the scenes that he describes. There is not, we think, a single new fact in the book; it cannot be relied upon in matters of history and archaeology; it lays no claim to profundity of learning; even its observation of modern things is of the most slapdash order. For example, the prison at Athens, near the monastic station, is labelled "Old Church in Turkish Quarters, Athens." True, the prison was once a mosque, and that, no doubt, is good enough. The Kapnikarea Church, one of the most striking churches in Athens, is robbed of its name, and the fact that the making of a new road was not enough to cause the uprooting of an old church seems to afford much amusement to the child of a new world.

He is sweeping in his epithets throughout, and, perhaps, limited in his opportunities for observation: for the trail of hasty travel is over all his writing. Otherwise we should resent such a collocation of words as "treeless Attica." Are the olive groves that surround Athens nothing? Have we not wandered for the best part of a day through the woods of Elatias, or the green thickets of Tatoï?

A little investigation, too, would soon have satisfied this hasty maker of a delightful book, that the fustanella is not "the old-time garb of the Greek." The loot of Epirus and the fancy of King Otho made it the "national

costume" of Greece after the revolution, and that was not the day of "old-time Greece." Imagine Pericles in a petticoat, or Plato in pappoutzia!

But never mind. The flowering meads of the Branchidae have lingered in Mr. Marden's memory: woody Samos was a delight to him: and, most of all, scarred Santorini found its way into his heart. For that we can thank him: for to us Thera will always stand out as Nature's great paradox—a paradise upon the very lips of hell. And despite the shortcomings, stylistic or material, in which our hasty traveller's book abounds, we can honestly say that it reproduces the atmosphere and the scene of Greece and the Isles far more truly than many graver records of travel and observation in the same historic corner of the world.

AN EPOCH-MAKING BOOK

Discoveries in Hebrew, Gaelic, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Basque, and other Caucasian Languages. By A. E. DRAKE, Sc.M., M.D., Ph.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.)

It cannot be disguised that this is a most ambitious work, and claims, in fact, to be an "epoch-making" book. The author takes up once more the old question as to the possible relationship between Semitic and Aryan, with the express object of "showing fundamental kinship of the Aryan tongues and of Basque with the Semitic tongues." The net result, however, is not so much that there is a cognate relationship between them, as to show, for all practical purposes, that the Hebrew is really the original whence a great part of the Aryan languages was borrowed. This is more clearly expressed in the postscript, where it is said that especial attention should be paid to "Gaelic, Anglo-Saxon, and Gothic," because:

These languages have changed least of the Aryan tongues since separating from ancestral Semitic.

The book contains, in fact, a list of 803 Hebrew roots; and a good idea as to the relative values of the various Aryan tongues can be obtained from the results. It appears that of all these the most valuable is Anglo-Saxon, which exhibits nearly 600 derivatives; next comes Gaelic, with over 450; next Gothic, with about 425 (only it must be remembered that the remains of Gothic are but scanty, or it would loom more largely); next Latin and Basque; and lastly Greek and Sanskrit. The Sanskrit derivatives are only 173, showing that it is the poorest and most corrupt of the whole set; in opposition to the preconceived notions of many.

The arrangement of the work is admirable. The system of transliteration adopted involves mathematical symbols that cannot easily be here introduced; but it is very simple and precise. Thus there are four letters denoted by *h*, but differently numbered—viz., *alpha*, *he*, *cheth*, and *ain*, and so on. It is perfectly easy to refer from these to Gesenius's Dictionary. As each root is numbered, we here refer in each case to the number where results will be found.

The author has no doubts, or but very few. He makes it clear that he is wholly opposed to the "etymologists," and that he looks upon the modern system of comparative philology as being quite inadequate. His new evidence will be "found to be abundant, unquestionable, and unequivocal."

Seeing that the results are "unquestionable," it is not for us to question them; we are humbly content to present them for consideration.

The leading idea of "etymologists" has certainly been to frame exact and rigid laws of phonetic change; and especially to exhibit the perfect harmony of the system of vowel-gradation which is so admirably preserved, for example, in the seven strong conjugations of Germanic. But all this is but lost labour, and may safely be neglected, because the system of triliteral roots practically assumes that the vowels are of no account at all. Neither do the consonants matter much; for the table on p. 34 shows at

once that a Hebrew *p* appears in Anglo-Saxon as *p*, *b*, or *f*; and the same is true of the Hebrew *b* and *v*. All labials are, in fact, equivalent. Among the gutturals the range is still wider. The Hebrew *h₂* and *h₃* (*he* and *cheth*) appear in Anglo-Saxon as *h*, *hw*, *w*, *c*, or *g*; while *kaph* also appears as *h*, *hw*, *w*, *c*, *g*, or even as *cw*. The range of *koph* is precisely the same.

There was no original distinction between *w* and *hw*, nor between *w* on the one hand and *c* (*k*) on the other. The knowledge of these fundamental facts is obviously all clear gain. The liquids are nearly all interchangeable; at any rate, *l* appears in Anglo-Saxon as either *l* or *r*, and *m* and *n* both become *m*, *n*, or *r* indifferently.

Grimm's Law, as it is called, is really of no value. Just as the schoolboy, when asked whether the sun went round the earth, or the earth round the sun, impartially said that it was sometimes one and sometimes the other; so it is with this famous "sound-shifting." Sometimes the Lat. *g* became Eng. *c*, as in comparing L. *ager* with E. *acre*; but it might easily be the other way about, as in comparing L. *capere* with E. *give*, both being from the "Heb. *qabal*, to take, receive, accept" (647). Or the *g* may remain unaltered, as in comparing L. *ager*, sick, with A.-S. *eglian*, to ail, both being from the "Heb. *h-l-h* (*cheth-l-he*), to be weak, sick" (No. 246). An A.-S. *b* answers either to L. *f*, as in L. *forare*, E. *bore* (80), or to L. *v*, as in E. *bread*, L. *vorare*, to devour, from "Heb. *barah*, to eat," where *h* means *he* (112). The author further includes, under the last number, the Gk. *bora*, food; the Welsh *bara*, bread, seems to have escaped him. Brugmann and others are thus seen to be absurdly wrong in their treatment of the *b* in the Gk. *bora* as if it were a labialised velar *g*. They are equally wrong in connecting the Gk. *bous*, Lat. *bos*, and Gaelic *bo* with the E. *cow*; for they are all three from the "Heb. *baqar*, cattle, oxen;" No. 106. The E. *cow*, on the other hand, is from "Heb. *gahah* (*gimel-ain-he*), to low;" whence also "A.-S. *cu*, cow; L. *ceva*, a kind of small cow; L. *vacca*, a cow; Gaelic *eigh*, to cry, shout; L. *voco*, to call, *vox*, voice; Gk. *iacho*, to cry, shout." So that the cow is "the shouter;" No. 142. It is well explained that "the radical *g* has become *c* in L. *ceva* and *v* in L. *vacca*; radical *ain* has become *v* in L. *ceva* and *cc* in L. *vacca*." Two notes are appended; one is that "etymologists have not considered L. *ceva* cognate with L. *vacca*;" and the other is to the effect that "I do not feel certain that Gael. *eigh*, L. *voco*, belong to this entry." Neither do we.

Space fails us to give even a slight indication of the vast number of wholly new results given in this remarkable work. The merest statement of a few must suffice. Actual reference to the numbers given will supply the proof in each case.

The A.-S. *gat*, shortened from Goth. *gailin*, a kid, is closely allied to L. *gutta*, a drop; because both the kid and the drop are little (664). The *c* in L. *creo*, I create, and the *g* in Goth. *aigan*, to own, are identical in origin; though "etymologists have not considered Goth. *aigan* cognate with L. *creo*" (674). The A.-S. *beon*, "to be," only differs from A.-S. *habban*, "to have," in having lost radical *h* (*he*); and the same is true of L. *fui* in comparison with *habeo* (176). The E. *tree* explains the *-ler* in *raf-ler* and the *-trum* in L. *ara-trum*, a plough (236). The original sense of E. *less*, as the comparative of *little*, is given by the L. *lassus*, faint, tired (252). The E. *hasel* is far older in form than the L. *corylus*; it preserves the original *h*—i.e., *chelh* (263); and "etymologists consider the *r* in *corylus* to be from earlier *s*." For once, they are right. The L. *vago*, I wander, and *quaero*, I seek, are mere variants (273). *Tree* is the same word as *with-y*, all but the suffix; compare also L. *vitis*, the Basque *adar*, a branch, and the Basque *ola*, a pole of a hen-roost (236). *Wolf* is a variant of *whelp* (352). *Naked* is closely allied to *night*, from "Heb. *nagad*, to tell, declare, to exhibit, to show openly." So that *night* means "the revealer" (445). *London* appears in Gaelic as *Lunnainn*; from the Heb. *lwn*, to pass the night, lodge; it is a place where you can get lodgings for the night (384). We doubt whether justice has been done to the root *qatal*,

to kill, slay (663). All that is obtained from it is the Gael. *Gaidhcal*, a Gael, which is entered here "in query, of course, as the real meaning of the word has long been forgotten." But we would remark that it is exactly preserved in the E. word *kettle*, with an obvious reference to 2 Kings iv. 40, "there is death in the pot."

We regret that want of space forbids us from doing justice to this great work. It is quite certain that it must be estimated in one or other of the only two possible ways—either it is the most important book on philology that has appeared of late years, or it is the most worthless. The author's methods are so clear and explicit that no moderate opinion is possible. The reader must decide for himself.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE COMING STRUGGLE IN EASTERN ASIA

The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia. By B. L. PUTNAM WEALE. (Macmillan and Co., 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS comprehensive volume is a warning to the world to prevent a Yellow Peril becoming a reality. It is admirably written and illustrated, and by consecutive evidence and closely-reasoned argument lays before us the economic and political conditions now existing as the result of the war which ended with the Peace of Portsmouth, and it contains a careful revaluation of the old forces in the Far Eastern situation.

The book is divided into three parts. Part I. deals with the Russian Empire in Asia, with a useful study of military conditions during and after the war; Part II.—the New Problem of Eastern Asia—deals with Russia's great rival, Japan; and in Part III. the wonderful and growing change in China receives careful examination, and certain aspects of the position in the Pacific—notably, the attitude of the United States—are clearly outlined. In Part I. Mr. Putnam Weale takes the reader on long journeys in Russian Asia, and they are full of interest and of picturesque backing. First we go to Vladivostok, Queen of the Far East, then up the Ussuri Valley Railway to Khabarovsk, the seat of government of the Pacific provinces, and so, by water, the great River Amur, to Nicolaievsk, where at the mouth of the river and on the sea of Okhotsk (ice-bound half of the year) the Russian population exceeds the English population of any town in Asia. Two thousand miles of steaming up the Amur brings us to Stretensk, and so inhospitable are its banks that probably the Amur can never be more than a chain 2,000 miles long connecting Lake Baikal with the sea.

West of Lake Baikal a wonderful development is sketched from 1643, when the first Cossack expedition reached the Amur, until to-day. Here in the country ranged by Girghis Khan and his Tartars a Europe has sprung up in Asia, and it is urged that the true Eastern boundary of Russia is now Lake Baikal, and not the Ural.

Before leaving Russian spheres of interest the city of Harbin is passed, where two pioneers encamped in 1897 on bare veldt, and where now are 80,000 Russians and twice as many Chinese and Koreans. Harbin stands in the fertile valley of the Sungari, which can provide over three million pounds of flour a day—enough when the Peace of Portsmouth was signed to have rationed two million men with bread.

We are assured that the war has not lowered Russia's prestige with her Chinese neighbours, with whom Russians are on much better terms than are the Japanese, to whose sphere in Manchuria we now pass. Chang-tufu, the most northern Japanese station, is 113 miles south of Harbin. There we are in a new world, a world of Japanese activity, an activity which seeks to banish that of all other nations and to create a monopoly in everything. The open door, the equal opportunity, has not yet appeared to appeal to the busy occupiers.

Part II. opens with an admirable digest of the two

prevailing lines of thought about Japan and her people—an optimistic idealism, or suspicious pessimism. The author seems to suspect that this gifted people:

Hide in secret depths an ardent desire for the hegemony of Asia, and to this end are quietly and steadily planning the downfall of the Caucasian in the Far East (p. 325).

We are given a sketch of the dynastic and political history of the country from the restoration of the power of the Mikado in 1868 to the grant of a Constitution in 1889—but a Constitution which leaves to the Emperor such Imperial powers that he can govern the country for months without the aid of Parliament. Three chapters are devoted to Finance, Industry and Commerce, and the Army and Navy, and Japan is represented to be working up to the next climax of her history—1915—when her treaty with England will expire. Ample tables analyse details of revenue and expenditure, of trade and commerce. The progress of trade is great, but, with greatly-increasing expenditure on armament and with a huge debt-charge, Mr. Putnam Weale estimates that the development of Japan's export trade is of paramount importance for the ultimate security of the interest on the money she has borrowed.

The history of the Japanese Army, from the introduction of conscription in 1871 to the hour of its trial in 1904, is very interesting. When war with Russia began there were actually available 750,000 men. So elastic and progressive is the military system that in a few years Japan will dispose of double that number, and in 1915 of more than two million men. Half a chapter is devoted to the Japanese Navy, which this year will be three times as strong as it was in 1904, and for which in the 1907 Budget there has been provided an immense building programme. The first two battleships designed and built in Japanese yards will be, when completed, the two most powerful warships in the world. And others have been laid down still larger and more formidable. Mr. Putnam Weale insists that such a Navy is not needed for defence. The Russian Pacific squadron has disappeared. Japan must, then, be preparing to meet some new flag in Far Eastern waters. He concludes that it is the flag of the United States.

Then follows a chapter on Greater Japan:

The possible Japan of to-morrow—which is only as unlikely to arise as would the British Empire of to-day have appeared to people living in the eighteenth century (p. 500).

In Korea, Manchuria, and Formosa this Greater Japan is in the making, and an overspill of population is encouraged into all adjacent lands, fostering the growth of Japanese interests and spreading this one idea—the restriction of all development work inspired by Europeans, because all such influences (in China, for instance) will have to be overcome by a Power which aims at substituting in the future its own culture, its own interests, its own system.

Part III. deals with the later development of China. At last a real attempt is being made to prepare China for a Constitution—to educate the people to rule themselves. And as the basis of a reformed Empire there seems some prospect now of an efficient Army being called into being. Funds have been provided for a cadet school where 1,000 boys will be trained, and military education for 4,000 cadets will soon be provided. Arsenals are being organised (a fair field for British enterprise). As for the Navy, China's present effort is limited to policing her great rivers, but she has many cadets (officer and seaman) on board British warships who may form the nucleus of a Navy of the future. Railways need vast development. China has 5,000 miles of railway made or in the making—20,000 miles are wanting. But for a constructive policy revenue is required, and Mr. Putnam Weale urges the Powers to follow England, and to sign the new Chinese commercial treaties which will secure to Peking a revenue independent of the Provincial Viceroy.

The Chinese are the most honourable of all commercial people, and England's name is good with them and our trade position is fairly upheld. But again our allies, the Japanese, are competing very actively, and are doing their

utmost to supplant us in the richest of all fields—the Yangtse Valley—our own special sphere of influence. In railway construction and mining the Chinese are stubborn and exclusive. And this Chinese stubbornness is welcomed by Mr. Putnam Weale, whose fear of the immediate future is a collision between the United States and Japan. With Russia profiting by the opportunity thus offered of taking her revenge, and the consequent summons which England would get to go to the help of her ally, he welcomes the American fleet to their Pacific seaboard; for the two only barriers to the domination of Japan which he trusts are (1) Chinese stubbornness and Chinese rivalry ("which may suffice until the completion of the Panama Canal"), and (2) a naval combination of all Anglo-Saxondom. We hope that the friendly invitation proffered by Japan to Admiral Evans's squadron to visit Yokohama may bring to Mr. Putnam Weale some measure of calm.

MRS. DEARMER'S NEW BOOK

To call Mrs. Dearmer's latest book ("The Alien Sisters," Smith Elder) a very good novel would be to give a very inadequate and, indeed, a misleading idea of it. It certainly is a good novel, in my humble opinion the best novel that has appeared for a very long time, but the word novel covers such a very large sphere of writing that it has a great vagueness. A novel may be a piece of comedy-writing with a dash of tragedy, or a tragedy with a dash of comedy. It may be a story of imaginary people going through certain adventures because the author chooses that they should. He tells you that A fell in love with B, and you are bound to believe it, it is the thing postulated. Being unused to reviewing novels, I feel that I am failing to make clear my meaning, and the only thing is to put it in another way. There are novels which never give you the opportunity of forgetting that you are reading a novel as you turn over their pages: they may be good or bad; if they are bad, there is nothing more to be said about them; if they are good, it is because there is pleasure to be got from the art of the writer and not from the novel itself. Such, for example, are the delightful novels of Jane Austen. They are really comedies of manners, the people who move in them are actors, puppets, and they have no real existence. However highly one may rate the art of this sort of novel-writing, it is not, I think, the highest.

It is very difficult in dealing with contemporary art in any of its branches to be absolutely certain that it is really great. Living in the midst of the whirl of artistic and inartistic production, it is surely almost impossible to see contemporary work in its absolute value. How can one view such work in its true proportion, and how measure it accurately? If Mrs. Dearmer were a poet I would venture with greater certainty (or, as my enemies would say, cocksureness) to make a definite assertion, for I happen to flatter myself (perhaps quite mistakenly) that I am an exceptionally good judge of poetry. When it comes to novels I don't flatter myself at all. I am reduced to that lamentable state of mind which finds voice in the time-honoured words of the typical philistine: "I know what I like." (All this, by the way, is sheer modesty, and does not proceed from a desire to "hedge.") I consider then that "The Alien Sisters" incontestably belongs to the sphere of the higher form of novel-writing, and even in that sphere I should place it very high. The strength of the book is that it is not a mere story, it is not a comedy of manners, though there are some very pretty comedy scenes in it; it is a book in which events happen and people do certain things because it is inevitable that they should. One feels instinctively and immediately after reading a few chapters that Mrs. Dearmer is one of those who realise in an exceptionally strong degree that all material life is controlled ceaselessly by spiritual forces, by forces of good and evil, by principalities and powers, by angels of light and darkness. In many senses it is a terrible book, terrible

in its calm relentlessness. Mrs. Dearmer understands what so many writers of fiction forget, that tragedies in real life do not often happen in tragic scenes and settings. Life goes on to an accompaniment of laughter, of conversation, of trivialities, of breakfast, luncheon, and dinner; and under it all, unseen and slow, tragedy, splendid or sordid, winds to its inevitable catastrophe.

"The Alien Sisters" are two daughters of Sir Raymond Templeton: Rose, the daughter of his mistress, Rosalie de Winton, whom on his marriage he pensions off, and Ruth, the daughter of his beautiful and saintly wife, Elizabeth. Fate throws Hugh Templeton, the nephew and heir of Sir Raymond, into Rose's way. He is a fascinating, brilliant young man, extraordinarily good-looking and clever, absolutely unscrupulous (I don't think a man would have had the heart to make him quite such a scoundrel), and an epicure in vice, to the extent that in its sphere excess of any kind would never commend itself to him. He takes Rose away to live with him in a cottage in Cornwall, and then, going away on a visit to Templeton Manor, he meets his cousin Ruth, the other sister; the relationship between the sisters is, of course, at this stage, quite unknown to them or to any one else, except to Rosalie, Rose's mother, and her father. At Templeton, Hugh falls in love with and becomes engaged to Ruth, abandoning Rose as cynically as he had taken her. The story of the development of this simple but poignant situation must be left to the reader. I am not to spoil their pleasure in reading the book by "giving it away." I will only say that it is worked with tremendous power and emotional force, and with admirable artistic restraint. There are some wonderful studies of character in the book: Rosalie de Winton, Rose's mother, is a gem. Never have I read a more faithful and telling portrait of the worst type of lady who, to take refuge in French, is a leading light in *la haute prostitution*; it is both witty and terrible, and for sheer realistic comedy it would be difficult to beat the scene in the third chapter, when Rosalie tackles the servant girl who has announced her intention of leaving, and whom she blackmails into giving back her week's wages by threatening to give her in charge for stealing two lamb-cutlets. Mrs. Dearmer explains in the Preface that Rosalie is studied from life:

Perhaps it is as well (she writes) to state that Rosalie alone of my personages is drawn not from general, but particular, observation; her cruelties and meannesses merely reproduce the real actions of a woman whom chance once brought in my way. I witnessed myself the death of the over-affectionate dachshund, which is casually recounted by her to Lord Berkhamstead.

(Rosalie throws it out of a third-floor window into the street.) The fact that the character is studied from life does not detract from the extremely brilliant art of portraiture that Mrs. Dearmer has brought to bear on it. Rosalie will stand for a very long time in English literature as the supreme *cocotte* of modern fiction. I should not like to be misunderstood or to be suspected of the pharisaism of condemning or libelling a whole class. She is only typical of one sort of *cocotte*, and she is exactly that type of which it cannot be said that "she is what men have made her." The drawing of the character of Rose, the daughter of this horrible woman—a sweet, beautiful, tender drawing of a girl, who, cruelly wronged and afterwards degraded, is yet through it all lovely and lovable—is a masterpiece; she is necessarily so much the more interesting of the two sisters that Mrs. Dearmer has perhaps been more successful with her than with Ruth. At any rate, I must confess that I find it hard to imagine that any man of taste would have left her—at any rate so soon. The average man of the world's criticism of the character-drawing of Hugh Templeton would, I suppose, be that no man of his birth and breeding would be such a scoundrel as to leave a girl like Rose practically without money. "We may be immoral, but we pay," he might justly say. The answer is that Hugh Templeton is not necessarily to be regarded as typical of the whole of his class of sensualist any more than Rosalie is of hers. He is an exceptional scoundrel, that is all. But exceptional or not he is a convincing

portrait. "The Alien Sisters" is a very great book, containing a very great moral purpose.

A. D.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SECRET TRIAL

BY ONE WHO KNOWS

[On Friday morning the Oxford crew rowed a secret trial. Nothing is known of their performance.—*Daily Paper*.]

"Old Blue" ought to have been able to take the joke in better part than he has done, even if they did invent a little ruse to get rid of him.—*Daily Telegraph*.]

A FEW days before last Saturday's race an event took place which we think it right to lay before our readers without further comment. The Government will, no doubt, know what to do when the facts narrated by THE ACADEMY come to their notice. We have never shrunk from revealing the shortcomings of other people, at any cost to ourselves; and it is not for us to estimate, on this occasion, the gratitude felt for our self-sacrificing candour by our astonished but determined readers.

Though a large number of the general public were on the towpath at the time, Mr. Muttletbury and Mr. Escombe, the well-known Cambridge coaches, threw discretion to the winds and bade the Light Blue Eight come out into the open where they could be seen. The boat was launched in broad daylight amid the murmurs of the bewildered Oxonians; and after a little natural hesitation the men came forward beneath all the blinding light that beats upon a University Crew. Among the first to surmount this pardonable timidity was Stuart, whose clarion tones of encouragement re-echoed from the Concrete Wall as he called on his gallant comrades to dash her through the foam.

The click of a hundred cameras rose above the roar of lead-pencils hurrying over cream-laid paper, as one reporter after another spied his helpless prey; and the peaceful atmosphere of that pleasant space of Putney waterside was rent by the remorseless ticking of a score of chronographs. Still Stuart stuck gamely to his task. Pale, but determined, Mr. Muttletbury held the launch upon her course, until both he and Mr. Escombe began to breathe a little freely in the more secluded waters near the milepost. The crew were eased.

A face once well known at Tattersall's rose from the rushes near the Craven Steps, and quickly disappeared, its features blanched with terror. The whirr of a powerful motor was heard soon afterwards, evidently making its way with all speed to the City. The Cambridge Eight moved slowly on.

Behind the wall of Harrod's the eagle eye of the junior mentor on the launch detected the flutter of some dark blue cloth. A low word, hissed from between Mr. Escombe's clenched teeth, was enough. The faithful Bill East knew his duty, and he did it. Swiftly the quiet ripples of the reach were cloven by the strong shoulders of the Royal Bargemaster, who had slipped silently and grimly into the stream. A short struggle on the bank ended in a stifled cry, and all was over. "No one shall know the dreadful secrets of the Cambridge style," muttered Mr. Muttletbury, as the launch swept on her way. "What?" said a cool but determined voice behind him: "No one? Ha! ha! you are observed." Beneath the rough but serviceable habiliments of Bossy Phelps a form stood motionless behind the startled coach. He might have remained unrecognised but for the instinctive twirl he just then gave the stiff moustachio which bristled upwards to his dauntless cheek-bones. "Your Majesty," said Mr. Muttletbury, with his usual ready tact, "Fear nothing, dread nought aboard this gallant ship. The torpedoes in her hold are not, believe me, for a Friendly Power." "'Tis well," replied his Imperial interlocutor; I have but one simple question, and I will land at Thornycroft's. Tweedmarch has offered to bet me three to one on Oxford.

Shall I take him?" For once the celebrated Cambridge heavyweight was speechless. His manly features, suffused with a dull purple, were turned away; his tongue refused its office. The launch drew up near the Doves, and the mysterious visitor landed, with the one cryptic farewell: "You shall see Berlin at Henley."

"At last," breathed Mr. Escombe, with very evident relief, as the Cambridge crew, followed by their devoted adherents on the towpath, armed to the teeth, paddled on with slow determination down the Devonshire meadows. As they neared Barnes Bridge a shadowy form might have been detected on the girders of that uncomely but indispensable structure. Around its neck were hung three phosphorescent stop-watches, a fourth was on the right foot, two more were firmly clenched in each hand; the strap of a pair of Zeiss glasses encircled its short but burly frame, and from a breast-pocket protruded the brass eye-piece of a nautical telescope. "You cannot escape me, gentlemen," said the shadow, merrily. "Oxford were out before you, and I have their time. Between friends, I may tell you it was 28 minutes 30 seconds, and the speed at which the timbers were immersed on passing Ashlone Road was 59. I had a cyclist concealed upon the balcony of the Thames Rowing Club, another in the swamps of Chiswick Eyot, a third astride upon the Stone at Mortlake. Each stopped his watch as the Crew went by, my own was started as they vanished in the distance. It was a simple task to re-unite my happy band of toilers in yon railway-wagon, add up their various totals, subtract the full strength of the tide at Greenwich, and arrive at the infallible conclusion I have just imparted to you. Sir, there are no flies on Oxford—or on me." He spoke and vanished. It was the ghost of old Ed. Plummer, who had left his daily task of clocking Charon on the Styx and visited our upper earth again as soon as tidings reached him that the Dark Blues were to do a secret trial.

The gloom of evening had fallen over Putney. The racing ship apparently reposed in peace upon her usual stools within the London boathouse. The oars apparently were rested in their usual place close by. The launch apparently was waiting at her usual station off the Hard. Suddenly the click of buttons upon thowls, the hoarse whisper of a coach's voice, the swish of blades through wind-swept water, broke on the silence of the coming night. A stranger paced the towpath anxiously, for he had lost his sense of humour and was looking for it everywhere. His ear was attracted by these unwonted sounds. He asked for information from a waterman. "Is that a foreign crew?" "No." "Americans?" "No." "Professionals?" "No." "Then what are they?" "A University crew, with dark blue on their blades." "Oh, rubbish!" said the stranger. "You can't take me in with a silly little joke like that."

T. A. C.

THE ART OF DICKENS

DOES one admire the "Odyssey" chiefly (or even at all) because of the clever and consistent character-drawing it contains? Do we read it because Ulysses is so admirably depicted; an individuality and yet typically Greek, adventurous and yet cautious, a lover of the Sirens' Song and yet wise enough to stop the ears of the crew and to get himself tied to the mast, brave enough when bravery is necessary but never foolhardy? Well, I doubt very much whether we admire the "Odyssey" for any such reason; and so I should like to quarrel—quite mildly—with Mr. John Ayscough over his pleasant article called "Sotto Voce" in THE ACADEMY of two week's ago.

For Mr. Ayscough, in instituting his comparisons between Dickens, Thackeray, and Hardy, adopts in the main this matter of character-drawing as his great test and touchstone, and I think that he is unsound in his choice of a criterion; while, by the way, he does injustice to all the three great men that he names. To take the least important question first, is it just to say that the spots on

a man's face were dearer to Thackeray than the man himself? Nay; let us go gently, but surely this will never pass? I have no extravagant admiration for Thackeray, but surely the performance of the task that he set himself is worthy of heartier commendation than this. The task in question seems to me by no means of the loftiest; it was simply the observation of the society about him with the keenest eyesight, the nicest accuracy, and then it was the task of combining all the mass of facts that had been gathered into some sort of a cosmos—say, into "Vanity Fair," into "The Newcomes," into "Pendennis." One admits, quite readily, that this task is by no means of the highest, that no message from the eternities ever reached Thackeray's ears, that he was never inspired to sing the inexpressive song, that neither dawn nor dusk made for him any sacrament of mystery, that the voice of the fairy birds never penetrated to his cosy and well-arranged study. But how well he did the work that he found at his hands, with what keenness, with what admirable talent, with what excellent good humour! I daresay Georgiana Farrer thought Mr. Thackeray a cynic; but Georgiana, with all respect to Mr. Ross and to Mr. Brock, who have the natural pride of discoverers, was an old fool. No; Thackeray was always good-humoured; he set his noble patient up with Spr. lavend. comp. and Spr. menth. pip., when the Dean would have put the irons in the fire to grow white-hot; and it cannot be maintained that he was a man who thought more of the pimples than of the face, more of the mincing accent than of the voice, while Dobbin, and Warrington, and Colonel Newcome remain to us. There were assuredly many better things than blemishes amongst his stock-in-trade; even Sedley, foolish old failure that he was, did not lack the dignity of repentance on his deathbed.

And, again, I think that Mr. Ayscough, while he lauds Thomas Hardy, does not really appreciate the true matter of the master's greatness. He stakes everything on character-drawing, and I will say boldly that I believe that in the greatest books and in the last resort character-drawing does not matter two pins; or, in other words, that the charm of the "Odyssey" does not depend upon the "character" of Ulysses. The "Odyssey" is a great mystery and enchantment book, it is a mirror of the world's wonder and beauty, it is a chart of fairy seas and of the shores of dreamland, and Ulysses is but the peg on which these marvels hang. And I claim for Mr. Hardy a place, though a lower place, in the hall where Homer is enthroned, and I am afraid I say "Bother!" to Mr. Ayscough's talk about the "bigness" of his characters. They are very good indeed, many of them, especially those admirable Dorset peasants; but their goodness is not the main point, and it is not the main point in the finest literature to draw people so well that the reader begins to think that they must be "real" people, and that the author is a sort of journalist with supernatural means of finding out all the "facts" about them. This would be a merit of a sort—the sort of merit that one would expect from first-rate waxworks, the merit of the Greek painter who depicted grapes so cleverly that the birds came and pecked the picture. But this is not the merit of the high art of letters, which, like all the high arts, is an art of enchantment, the passage into a region which is earth, and yet earth translated, seen in a light neither of the sun nor of the moon. If we want to go to Margate, it would be idle to take a fairy barque, and *simili modo* it would be but faint praise of a Gothic Cathedral to say that it was quite weather-proof. The face of a dyed saint in a stained-glass window may remind a man of his Aunt Jane, but that signifies nothing.

And it seems to me that Thomas Hardy holds so high a place in literature that his character-drawing is quite unimportant, though good and pleasant in its place. His true praise is that he has made the Great Projection, that in his crucible the dull matter of earth has assumed the glory of the great dream that has always troubled or rejoiced the heart of man. There is a certain story of a rather thankless and heartless young countryman who studied astronomy and got on in the world; also the story

tells of an affectionate and rather indiscreet woman, belonging to a county family, who afterwards married the Bishop. I protest that I have said enough of these people as people—as characters; that their sayings as sayings, and their actions as actions are, in themselves, of no particular interest; that in mere logical analysis the story about them might be described as “painful” and “unpleasant,” as good material for one of our “serious” dramatists; and no worse word can I utter than that. What? Great ladies are sometimes indiscreet; a peasant “on the make” has no doubt been hard and graceless; Bishops, for all I know, have been evilly entreated and (if I may borrow an expressive phrase from Mr. Edgar Jepson), “choused.” I protest again that I take no particular interest in these people, and I protest more earnestly that I should quite despair of doing justice to that wonderful and supreme romance called “Two on a Tower.” Long ago in a book which no one has read I wrote:—

The old tower, standing in the midst of lonely, red ploughlands far from the highway, is at first only the convenient place where the young peasant studies astronomy; but as you read you feel the change coming; the tower is transmuted, glorified; every stone of it is aglow with mystic light; it is made the abode of the Lover and the Beloved; it is seen to be a symbol of Love, of an ecstasy remote, and passionate, and eternal, dwelling far from the ways of men.

Of such sort it still appears to me are the merits of Thomas Hardy, and these are surely *the* merits, the great enchantments, the supremest magistracy of true literature, the revelation of the inner mysteries of life. I care nothing for the “character” of that Jude who was obscure; frankly, he strikes me as a feeble and foolish though pitiable personality, and his story *qua* story seems to me as insignificant and tiresome in the main. But who can forget that vision of Oxford that Jude once beheld—when, gazing from the verge of a lonely field, he saw the wet roofs and towers and spires suddenly glitter and shine golden in the flaming sunset, so that for a moment the material dream of the boy was unconsciously assumed and taken up into the great dream of the world’s heart? For ever since man was man he has longed for that city of vision, for that golden and blessed place where all doles shall be healed, where all desires shall be fulfilled, where all delight shall be afforded, and the thirst of his soul shall be quenched fully at springs and fountains of quickening water. Man has called this city Syon, and Avalon, and the Glassy Isle, and the Fortunate Islands, and the Earthly Paradise, and also Mandalay; and his dreams and visions of this place and his desire for it are named art. It is this city that Jude saw for an instant at the sunset; and he who can speak of these things seems to me artist in the highest degree. He is the true “realist” who shows us realities that are eternal. To draw a major in Piccadilly who is just like a major in Piccadilly, a Dorsetshire peasant who is true to type, an old lady whom one fancies that one must have known years ago in Market Ditchwater—these are minor and unimportant, though amusing and interesting adventures.

And so one quite understands Mr. Ayscough’s heresies about Dickens:

Dickens was usually indoors, too, hanging about kitchens, and not always even knowing the difference between the kitchen and the house-keeper’s room. Nor did he much care to know. He prefers parlours behind shops, or in mean lodgings, or in debtors’ prisons. . . . Whether Dickens could draw real people or not his critics are not certain; but it is certain that he did draw chiefly caricatures, each character being chiefly differentiated by its absurdities and peculiarities. . . . Dickens never created off-hand—his people are mostly evolutions, at so many stages a month. Out of a bibulous, semi-imbecile little protoplasm evolved the amiable, almost respectable Mr. Pickwick, and out of the merely priggish Mr. Pecksniff evolved a complete villain.

Now, judged merely by the standard of the letter, this indictment may not pass. Dickens was not usually indoors; he was often on the great coach-roads, in the streets of old country towns, on the downs between Bristol and Marlborough, on the way from Dijon to Paris, on the Mississippi steamer, on the salt marshes, by highway and byway, by little villages and manufacturing towns, with Codlin, Short, and Mrs. Jarley, lingering by ancient,

mouldering shrines, snowbound on the wild Yorkshire moor, floating down the dark Thames at midnight. As for the evolution of Mr. Pickwick, Dickens is in good company, as any may ascertain by looking into Rabelais or Cervantes. The “note” of the early chapters of Gargantua is a very different one from that of the last chapters of Pantagruel, and the Don Quixote of the first pages is but a shadow in comparison with the figure which gradually emerges as one goes on that great pilgrimage of errantry. And then Mr. Pecksniff was never “merely priggish.” He was never priggish at all; he was unctuous from first to last, and his essential scoundrelism is indicated within seven pages of his entrance on the scene.

Still, these be trifles. It is probable, again, that the theory of Dickens the caricaturist has been pushed much too far; that a great deal that seems strange, uncouth, impossible to us, is faithful representation enough—only the society that Dickens knew has passed away and the fashion of it, and we, who may be well-instructed as to the social life of Athens 400 B.C., or of mediæval Paris in the fourteenth century, are so ignorant of the *petite bourgeoisie* of eighty years ago in England that its manners and customs seem to us the odd inventions of a whimsical and fantastic writer. The social structure of the eighteenth century persisted for some years of the nineteenth, and Dr. Johnson’s visiting-list in the year 1752 gives us a glimpse of a state of things for which there is now, perhaps, no parallel. Mrs. Micawber was, no doubt, quite a possible person socially, and her “Family” can be readily envisaged by those who are familiar with the time. It is quite likely that one of her brothers kept a large grocer’s shop at Plymouth, another may have been a captain in the Navy, a third—it is quite possible—founded a famous firm in the City, while a fourth may have been a general in the Company’s service. And the opening scene of “Pickwick,” which is very bad indeed, is most likely a literal transcript, so far as the *mise-en-scène* and the social status of the members of the club are concerned, of an actual club that Dickens had frequented. Retired English tradesmen did once like to meet each other over a “social glass” in a tavern-parlour, and the discussion of literary and “philosophical” questions (after an odd fashion, doubtless) would be a quite usual proceeding.

But this is not the point. The true point is that Mr. Ayscough, considering Dickens, has fallen into an error similar to that of a Mr. Tilley, whose book on Rabelais was reviewed in THE ACADEMY some months ago. The reviewer, so far as I remember, showed that the vital (and fatal) error in Mr. Tilley’s book lay in the author’s regarding Gargantua, Pantagruel, Panurge, and Brother John as “characters in a novel.” In the criticism of Rabelais the result of such a point of view appeared to be the most fatal nonsense, error, and confusion; in the criticism of Dickens similar premisses lead to similar disasters. It is the horrible fallacy in each case of regarding Pantagruel and Pickwick as “people one might have met,” as possible acquaintances in some literal Touraine and literal London; it is precisely the same fallacy which has induced certain persons to regard Galahad as “a very odd man” with the most strained and *unpractical* ideas on certain subjects. And then there is another great example to which reference has been already made—does Mr. Ayscough regard Don Quixote as a possible person, inhibiting a material La Mancha in the early years of the seventeenth century? Surely not; but is Don Quixote then to be dismissed as a caricature? For heaven’s sake let us rid ourselves of this notion that literature is a sort of glass in which we may behold our friends, or some people like our friends, whether of South Kensington or Little Pedlington.

Dickens, then, was a symbolist. Let it be said quite frankly, without shame, that no such persons as Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Micawber, or Mr. Pecksniff ever walked this earth. They are creatures of the world of vision, of that other world which is beside us always, which transcends the sight of unpurged eyes. I think it is Mr. G. K. Chesterton that has pointed out that somewhere in

the heavens there is an immortal tavern where there sits an immortal company. Pantagruel, who is ever athirst, is there enthroned, Falstaff there renews his abjuration of thin potations, and Mr. Pickwick, having cast off the dust of Goswell Street, drinks a brandy that was vinted and distilled in Sirius. Here is the true doctrine of the high mysteries—the doctrine that this doited, envenomed age can never understand. Not for the common critics of these days is there any parting of the veil: it is thick before their eyes; Mr. Pickwick can only summon to their vision the image of the Licensing Bill; they read of Falstaff, and wonder how the County Council would have dealt with such a case; and as for Pantagruel he would manifestly have been scheduled as an habitual drinker.

But Dickens will long be a refuge to those who refuse all assent to these follies, who care not twopence for all the "problems" of the "serious" drama. For Dickens is, as I have said, the true realist—the man who symbolises, by means of phenomena, eternal verities. One has never seen anybody like Mr. Pickwick, like Mr. Micawber. Precisely; and for that very reason one knows that the creator of these immortals is of the greatest. Have we ever seen any one like Galahad, like Don Quixote, like Pantagruel? Do the gargoyles of the mediæval cathedral browse in our meadows or run in our backyards? Do we receive the saints in dyed vestments with golden aureoles on the first and third Wednesdays in our comfortable villas? Are we to suppose that the nymphs and fauns went into the best Athenian society? Alas! what foolish talk is this about character-drawing—about characters who are "big," and "life-like," and the rest of it? What does it profit a painter to delineate a tree which is very like a tree, unless it is something much more—unless it is also the symbol and the revelation of some great secret of Nature? If this were not so, then the camera would be the superior of Turner, and the shorthand-writer would look down from his desk on poor blind Homer, who talks of gods and goddesses, and fairy isles, and giants with one eye in their foreheads.

The great world of Homer is not to be reborn in these days; the greater world of mediæval romance, of the Sangraal, is a far vision of holy, splendid, and glorious mysteries. We have eaten too long of the accursed fruit, we have drunk too much poisonous doctrine to be worthy of such high things as these. Let us be thankful, therefore, that in the nineteenth century, while we worked every abomination, every madness, there was a certain Charles Dickens who caught a glimpse of the enchanted land, who retold, under grotesque cockney disguises, the old tale of wonder, who showed us once more, in ugly costume enough, the mystery-play of this our mortal life.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE CARMELITE WOLF

THE wolf knocked at the door, and the grandmother's voice called out: "Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up." He pushed open the door, and, going straight up to where the old lady lay in bed, opened his mouth and devoured her. Then he put on her nightdress and cap, jumped into the bed, and cuddled down amongst the clothes. Presently came a tap at the door.

"Pull down the bobbin, and the latch will go up," called out the wolf in a voice like the grandmother's.

Little Red Riding Hood walked in.

And later, as we all know, Little Red Riding Hood remarked:

- "What great ears you've got, grandmamma!"
- "All the better to hear you with," said the wolf.
- "What great eyes you have, grandmamma!"
- "All the better to see you with."
- "And, oh! what great teeth you have, grandmamma!"
- "All the better to eat you with," cried the wolf.

Whereupon, of course, Little Red Riding Hood "ran screaming to the door." This is the old child's fable, which you may read in Part II. of the "Children's Encyclopædia," a publication issued from Carmelite House at sevenpence per part. It is a fable which we shall

venture to apply briskly. The Carmelite Wolf devoured Grannie long ago. Now he lies in bed and invites Little Red Riding Hood to pull down the bobbin. In "a voice like grandmother's" he has told us all about this precious "Children's Encyclopædia." Says he:

We should lead the children into the paths of happiness; we should teach them that happiness lies not merely in the knowledge of how to get a living, but in the knowledge of how to live. They should find joy in the best stories, thought in the best books, beauty in the best pictures, passion in the best music, poetry in all things. They should find reverence in Nature and wonder in their own lives. They should find about them the means to brighten life and kindle thought. They should live, in a word, in the kingdom where enduring happiness is found. The "Children's Encyclopædia" has come to guide them to this kingdom, to be the companion and inspirer of childhood. It will not make them little encyclopædias; it seeks to make them gentlemen and gentlewomen, reasoning and reasonable members of the human family.

Which is the voice of Grandmamma with a vengeance.

Part I. of the "Children's Encyclopædia" has duly appeared, and the bookstalls groan accordingly. And only a few days back the front page of the *Daily Mail* was filled with the testimonials of Royalty, the Peerage, Parliament, the Church, the Universities, and the Schools—united in "enthusiastic approval of the Children's Book." "Each one of the children of the Princess of Wales is delighted with it and glad to possess it"! This from Marlborough House. The Bishop of Winchester wrote: "I consider the children of this generation very fortunate in being supplied with it." According to the Dean of Norwich, "the engravings are admirable, the colour is light and living, the letterpress quite perfect." And in his usual bright, brief, and brotherly way Dr. Clifford ejaculates, "A capital idea, admirably worked out. How fortunate are the children of to-day!" Equally enthusiastic—on the front page of the *Daily Mail*—are Lord Avebury, Sir Edward Clarke, Professor Sedgwick, Sir Norman Lockyer, Sir James Crichton-Browne, Professor Dowden, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Llandaff, Dr. Fairbairn, Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Professor Osler, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. W. T. Stead, and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. In the face of such a chorus the boldest might well tremble. You can figure to yourself the Carmelite Wolf licking its chops and "clapping its little hands with glee," as it were, at the notion of it all. Marlborough House approves, the Bishops approve, the Lords approve, the Universities approve, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton approves, Dr. Clifford approves. Bring in your Little Red Riding Hood "right now." Look to it that she is provided with her sevenpence, for I am an hungered and I still lack sevenpence! The good Lord Avebury, and the stout Bishop of Winchester, and the learned Professor Sedgwick, and the breezy Dr. Clifford, and the critical Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton will assist free of charge at the sacrifice. Little Red Riding Hood must be shoved up to that vulpine bedside willy-nilly. She, poor child, out of a prescience that appears to have been denied the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Norwich, Dr. Clifford, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and the rest of them, will cry, "Oh, Grandmamma, what long ears you've got!" And the Carmelite Wolf shall make answer and say: "My child, it is because I have long ears that I have arranged with Dr. C. W. Saleeby to 'make plain' for you 'the great wonder of human life.' I am aware that Dr. Saleeby is quite unable to do it, but that is neither here nor there. It is because I have long ears, too, that I appoint Mr. Harold Begbie to 'retell' for you 'the beautiful stories of the Bible,' to go bald-headed for that wicked man the Pope, and to supply you with good counsel and little talks on serious subjects." And in the innocence of her heart little Red Riding Hood will cry: "Oh, Grandmamma, what great eyes you've got!" And the Carmelite Wolf will say: "It is because I have great eyes that you will find on page 22 of Part II.: 'Nations live and die and pass away like you and me;' and on page 45 you will read: 'The old moon laughed and sung a song;' and that on page 11 you will read further: 'When you look at inscriptions on monuments and buildings you

find that the date is always followed by two capital letters. These letters are either B.C. or A.D. The first means the time Before Christ; the second of these means Anno Domini, *the time After Christ*. And it is because I have great eyes and long ears that you will find that the blessed word 'clever' bestars pretty well every page of my beautiful Part I.—'clever poet,' 'clever scientist,' 'clever artist,' 'clever writer,' 'clever painter,' and so on *ad nauseam*. And when Little Red Riding Hood cries, as she inevitably must cry, "Oh, Grandmamma, what large teeth you've got!" the Carmelite Wolf will reply, "You were made to be devoured. Hand over your sevenpence."

To have done with parable, it seems to us entirely amazing that persons of culture and parts, not to say eminence, should consider it consonant with their dignity to bestow ill-considered encomiums upon a work whose antecedents are clearly suspicious, and whose cornerstones are clearly speciousness, pretentiousness, clap-trap, and commercialism. In view of the many exacting duties of her exalted position we cannot expect her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales to vex herself with a minute examination of the books that find their way into the royal nursery. But we are unfeignedly sorry that such a piece of shoddy as Part I. of the "Children's Encyclopædia" should have "delighted each" of her Royal Highness's children. We do not discover that Marlborough House indulges in the habit of issuing useful testimonials to poets or novelists or improving writers for the adult. That an exception should be made in the particular instance before us is simply woeful. For persons like the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Norwich, Mr. W. T. Stead, and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton we can conceive of no possible excuse. Either these gentlemen have read Part I. of the "Children's Encyclopædia" or they have not; if they did read it, they must know just as much about it as we know about it, and they must be aware that they had no business to recommend it. If, on the other hand, they failed of their reading, their praise is doubly regrettable. We should like to see Mr. Watts-Dunton reviewing Part I. of the "Children's Encyclopædia" over his name in the *Athenæum*. Meanwhile, despite the united voices of authority, we shall advise the people of England to keep the "Children's Encyclopædia" out of their houses.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Growth of Modern Nations. By HENRI DE TOURVILLE.
(Edward Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)

IN view of the extraordinary interest in Socialism which is being manifested at the present time, the student and earnest inquirer into the problems of social evolution will do well to give close consideration to Mr. M. G. Lock's translation of the late M. de Tourville's engrossing history of the growth of the particularist form of society. The work first appeared in the *Science Sociale* as a series of articles, headed "Histoire de la Formation particulariste," extending over a period of six years. It would be impossible within the limits of a review to give even a summary of the matter treated, for the author goes back even beyond the authentic historical period, drawing some very pertinent conclusions from the Eddas and Sagas of Iceland and the Scandinavian traditions, while at the other end his subject is brought up to the present day. It is indeed a remarkable feat to have condensed such an immense subject into one volume of 500 pages, exclusive of the Index, for when the enormous mass of material treated is considered it is evident that we have here, in brief, an entire history of European civilisation from barbarism to modern times.

The earlier part of the work, treating of the settlement of races in Europe and the topographical forces which determined their allocation to a particular country, is, perhaps, hardly to be accepted in its entirety without further consideration. The theories propounded are

backed by weighty arguments, but they still remain theories and must not be accepted as coming within the realm of acknowledged fact, more especially as the author laid especial stress on the necessity for a scientific exposition of social laws, by scientific inquiry into the forces which have produced that form of society which now subsists. As an instance of this the ingenious theory as to the character of the earlier Norwegian fishermen may be cited—a theory which depends mainly upon our acceptance of the fact that the Gulf Stream brings a constant current of warm water to the western shores of the Norwegian peninsula. With the introduction of the Frank we come to surer ground, and the origin and development of serfdom is treated in full, and M. de Tourville gives a most interesting and explicit account of the manner in which the principle came to be acknowledged—a principle, let it be remembered, that shaped the whole course of European history.

In the later portion of the work a large amount of space, as may naturally be expected, is allotted to France, but M. de Tourville's insight into the causes of social development in England and his just appreciation of the national character illustrate his scientific detachment and the scrupulous exactitude he has aimed at in the production of his work. In this connection we may quote a somewhat illuminating passage on the English people which deserves attention in view of present-day problems. It runs as follows:

What is remarkable is the way in which, from the commencement of this epoch [the fourteenth century], when rapid and far-reaching transformations take place in economic development, the English have continued to invent practical means, shifts of all sorts, in order that the land, whatever the actual system of legislation in regard to land might be, might serve above all for the education of the race. That was the essential basis of their history from the beginning, although then it was less influenced by sudden turns of fortune and by great changes in labour; and their history still continues on these lines. Without making humanitarian or philosophic theories for the better distribution of the land among all, or for the definition of the rights of property, the Anglo-Saxons have from century to century stirred their practical intelligence to find a way by which the land can really be divided in a manner most advantageous for the vigorous exercise of their powers of personal initiative.

There is food for thought here both for the Social and the Tariff Reformer.

The last chapter, dealing with the United States, shows signs of less careful consideration than the rest of the work. This may have been due to the author's failing health, as he died a few days after completing his work.

The translation is adequate upon the whole, though fault may be found with the frequent lapses into colloquialisms which are out of character in a work of this kind.

King Edward VI. An Appreciation attempted by Sir CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, K.C.B. (Smith, Elder, and Co., 9s. net.)

SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM has written in quite his own manner an enthusiastic appreciation of Edward VI.—sometimes imaginative, sometimes rather sentimental. We cannot see any reasonable ground for his complaint that "the reign of Edward VI. in our histories is the reign of Somerset and the reign of Northumberland." It is inevitable that a child should be overshadowed in political history, as Edward VI. was, in fact, by the Protectorate, the measure of so young a Sovereign's influence being the strength or weakness of his ruling advisers. Sir Clements is distressed at the unkindness of historians, who have called the boy "precocious in a depreciatory sense." Had Edward VI. lived, no doubt the Tudor cleverness and penetration already shown in his childhood would have developed.

However, Sir Clements has given us a very interesting picture of the period and of the principal characters in the short drama. We have been a little amused at certain of his judgments. But the "hardihood" of Sir Clements's opinions and of his statements of "fact" has been already summed up in the *English Historical Review*, by a well-known and learned critic ("A. F. P."), who observes with quiet humour that Sir Clements's "effort is biased through-

out by that grudge against the enemies of Richard III. which he pursues like a vendetta."

Suppressed Plates. By G. S. LAYARD. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN his introduction to what is on the whole an interesting, if not quite satisfying volume, the author says—"My purpose is to gather together, correct, and amplify the floating details concerning a legitimate class of rarities and to put the collector on his guard, where necessary, against imposition," and the full title of the book is "Suppressed Plates, Wood Engravings, etc., together with other Curiosities germane thereto, being an Account of Certain Matters peculiarly alluring to the Collector." This is a mighty fine sentence, which whets the bibliographic appetite; for whether one be especially interested in Suppressed Plates or not, there is the implied promise of those "certain matters" which it is difficult to resist. Mr. Layard, as befits every sound collector, is an enthusiast, and he certainly attempts to fulfil all that he sets out to accomplish; for, besides elaborate details, reproductions, and histories of most of the more famous Suppressed Plates, from Thackeray's "Marquis of Steyne" to Henry Alken's (the younger) "John Jorrock," he gives many quaint, curious, and out-of-the-way stories of the ways of engravers, artists, and those most indispensable of all nuisances—art-dealers. He tells a tale of a firm of publishers of family Bibles who called to consult R. H. Cromek, the engraver, about an engraving representing M. Buffon, seated, contemplating various groups of animals surrounding him:

He merely wished (he said) to be informed whether by engaging my services to unclothe the naturalist and giving him a rather more sedate look, the plate could not, at a trifling expense, be made to do duty for "Daniel in the Lion's Den."

The chapter on the cancelled designs for *Punch* and *Once a Week*, principally by Charles Keene the inimitable, and Frederick Sandys, who is only now, so many years after his death, coming by his own, is probably the most valuable in the book, or, at any rate, the one which might give rise to most controversy. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Sholto Percy's (Joseph Clinton Robinson) "Death in London," which was never issued, because the book which it was to illustrate was never written. Why should not some aspiring author supply the deficiency? The subject is rich in possibilities, and, doubtless, Mr. Layard would lend the frontispiece. It is a chance not to be missed.

India Impressions. By WALTER CRANE, R.W.S. (Methuen and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

WERE it not for a few score nimble sketches of Indian life and character, drawn with the ready knowledge of a clever black-and-white draughtsman, and a few full-page illustrations which are as good as need be, there is no earthly justification for the existence of this book. Mr. Crane made a tour of India, saw many—to him—strange sights, and noted them carefully in his pocket-book. He has a humorous pencil, and he made many bright little sketches of people, things, and scenes. Why, in the holy name of Padgett, M.P., he should wish to throw his entirely conventional impressions and experiences into print is one of those mysteries which are inexplicable. He saw nothing, absolutely nothing, that a thousand—nay, ten thousand—tourists have not seen before him, and his method of relating his travels is bald and crude. As a frame for his drawings, which are, in their way, delightful, ten pages of letterpress would have been ample. He has given us three hundred!

The Stories of the Trees. By MRS. J. MILLER MAXWELL. (David Douglas, 3s. 6d. net.)

"THE Weeping Birch is as truly native and partakes in most ways of the preferences and good qualities of its sister tree, yet may sometimes rouse in the gentle breast of that sister a passing feeling of sorrowful envy, for, with both trees in view, the admiration accorded to the Weeping Birch is much more general and enthusiastic."

We admit that this quotation is a fair sample of Mrs.

Maxwell's style of writing and manner of presenting her subject, that too many pages of her book are devoted to such writing, and that it cannot claim any literary, scientific, or historical value. But Mrs. Maxwell does not advance any such claims, and many intelligent readers who do not require any of these qualities will derive much pleasure and information from her diligent study of a charming subject. They will find apt references to books not readily accessible to them, such as Turner, Gerarde, Stone, Evelyn, and Leland; dramatic legends connected with famous trees in Scotland which have already interested the reviewer and enlarged his omniscience; and the explanation of the names and origins of many old and familiar varieties of fruits, such as the Abbot's, Bergamot, Bon Chrétien, Catherine, and Warden pear, and the Permain, Costard, Pippin, and Nonpareil apple. They will learn several wise customs founded on a careful and continuous observation of Nature. They will forbid their gardeners to "plant out" until the mulberry-tree has come into leaf, as do all old owners of mulberry-trees, who believe that their coming into leaf is a signal that the last late frost is over. They will also never plant anything under beech-trees except hollies, for nothing else will grow, though Mrs. Maxwell might have told us, in her own vein, that the beech is a *gourmet* and cultivates excellent truffles here in England as elsewhere. Her best chapters are those most adorned with anecdote, such as "The Sycamore," "The Pear Tree," "The Mulberry," and "The Sweet Chestnut." Why did she omit all mention of poplars and the noblest of pines, called in England the Scotch fir?

FICTION

Richard Langhorne. The Story of a Socialist. By ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT. (William Blackwood and Sons, 6s.)

THIS is Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's first venture in the regions of romance, though he has gained laurels in other fields of literature—notably as a war correspondent. On the cover we see the title explained "The Story of a Socialist." Open the volume and we find "The Romance of a Socialist," which does greater justice to this charming narrative. But perhaps we have hardly yet begun to connect Socialism with romance.

The tale opens with a procession of unemployed through Piccadilly to the Park, and we are introduced to the hero as the speaker of the people. An impassioned tirade against Individualism and Capital sends the mob surging towards Park-lane. Richard Langhorne drifts away to Belgrave-square, and many of the mob too. Lady Pellinore and Cynthia, her daughter, motor up to the door of their house, the mob threaten to molest them, Langhorne intervenes and is invited into the house with them. While receiving their thanks, a warrant for his arrest is presented and he leaves again a prisoner. Two months' imprisonment confirm him a popular hero, and he is soon in Parliament, the leader of a strong Socialist party. A Socialist Peeress (who has sold her jewels for the cause) makes Langhorne known to Lord Pellinore, Harry, Lady Pellinore's son, who is playing with Socialism, and in natural sequence he visits again the house in Belgrave-square and goes to the old family house in Kent—Brinsmead. Association with the best of landowners and with their happy tenants leads Langhorne's open mind to a revision of the principles which he had adopted as unalterable, and all leads up to a great scene in the Socialist committee-room in the House of Commons and to a great speech—Richard Langhorne's renunciation of Socialism. Ruin stares him in the face, and his hand is on the trigger of his pistol when a letter reaches him from Lady Falconbridge (Harry and Cynthia's aunt, and the fairy godmother of Brinsmead) asking him to come and see her. He accepts, "forgetting his appointment with Eternity." She sends him to Canada to manage vast estates. But earlier Lady Falconbridge, in welcoming Langhorne among them,

had set Cynthia the task to win him over from Socialism. She succeeded too well, for in winning him she lost her own heart, and their formal betrothal beside Lady Falconbridge's dying bed is a pretty and pathetic scene in the last chapter.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett introduces us to attractive people and to some great characters. He inspires them with delightful thoughts, and gives them the power of expressing them. Lady Falconbridge is a true *grande dame*. When Harry and Cynthia begin life her counsels to both are a pattern for all time. Her death scene, which ends the book, is really fine. Richard Langhorne's rival, Henderson, is a grim exponent of militant Socialism—not pleasing, but forcible and realistic.

Richard Langhorne, self-educated, is of a noble frame of mind. As the Socialist his reasoning is clear, his speech incisive, and not more tinged with melodrama than are the utterances of most Socialists. Now that Cynthia's work is done he will doubtless do the State much service. Harry marries Dora Adams, daughter of an American railway king. His interview with Mr. Adams and his shameless desertion of Socialism as the price of Dora's hand provides material for a very amusing chapter (xxvi.).

The story is told with much humour, and is very pleasant reading.

Captain Spink. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS'S sea comedies are well known, and the seven that go to make up the present volume will probably be as popular as their predecessors. There is, of course, a certain sameness about them all—if there were not, Mr. Roberts's readers would probably be disappointed—his captains and his mates, whether called Spink, Middleshaw, or Parco, have a strong family likeness. They are all simple-minded, straightforward, and primitive, especially when they try to be crafty or subtle. But Mr. Roberts's humorous touch succeeds in giving them a naturalness which otherwise might be wanting, and instead of being acceptable as real persons, as they undoubtedly are, they might be wooden figures in impossible scenes. Even such fantastic, far-fetched situations as Captain Spink's interview with the representatives of the "Chief Foreign Officer," or the attack on Captain Middleshaw by all the ladies at Lima become conceivable and even probable, thanks to Mr. Roberts's simple humour.

Where all the stories are quite good and entertaining, it is not easy to say which is the best. Perhaps the two which pleased us best are "Spink and an Empire" and "His Serene Highness." The latter is similar in subject to the same author's earlier story, "The Promotion of the Admiral," but is more farcical in treatment. In the former the redoubtable Captain Spink succeeds in getting the better of the German Navy, to his own great delight and still greater profit.

A Woman from the Sea. By J. BLOUNDELLE BURTON. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

THE scene of Mr. Bloundelle Burton's romance is laid partly in England and partly in France in the year 1793, when the National Convention was misruling France and alarming the rest of Europe. The period has been a favourite one with English novelists; but if the matter of the present novel is not particularly fresh, it is at least interesting and exciting and to be recommended to those—we hope there are many—who can still read a good historical novel with pleasure. The author, however, makes what seems to us an artistic mistake in letting his readers know the secret of the mystery that surrounds his hero's birth a long while before the characters do; and, again, in devoting fifty-two pages towards the end of the book to the narrative of the hero's mother, he appears to us to be committing a fault in construction. As a consequence of the former mistake, the heroine appears to the reader in no very amiable light, and in consequence of the latter the book is too long. But, in spite of these strictures, it is certainly a book to be commended.

The Master-Knot. By ALICE BIRKHEAD. (John Lane, 6s.)

IT is easy to find the source of inspiration to which "The Master-Knot" owes its being. Rostand's play, with its gay, ruffling hero Cyrano is directly responsible, not only for the character, but, in part, for the actual plot of the story. Damaris Newall, the character who, we feel, holds far more of the author's interest than the ostensible "leading lady" of the drama, Lola Graham, is a romantically *bizarre* combination of Cyrano and Roxane. Her gallant nonchalance and graceful effrontery is worthy of de Bergerac, but intellectually and physically she is modelled on the "*fine*" and *précieuse* Roxane. The *gascon* vein in which the book is written comes near to spoiling what would otherwise be very good work. Damaris, with her weird fascination, her marvellous genius, and her curiously incongruous personality, is too fanciful and extravagant a character to be convincing. The same may be said of the whole story. Much of it is admirable, so much so that incidents which would pass in a poorer work strike a false note here. For instance, the episode in which Damaris, leaning over a gate, lost in meditation, stops a runaway horse by merely stretching out a white hand as it "flashes past," and then (as though she had just brushed away a troublesome fly) is at once so lost in an "absorbing train of thought" that she does not even notice the woman she has saved coming up to thank her, is out of place in a work which is neither a *Daily Mail* serial or a second-rate detective story.

The Toad and the Amazon. By GEORGE TURNER. (Ward, Lock, and Co., 6s.)

THE TOAD, a rich young man of sporting tastes and of prowess as a pugilist, assumes the dress and the dialect of an East-end coster and betakes himself to Barking in search of new fields of conquest as an exponent of the noble art. Here he meets one "Slogging Sally," a magnificent amazon of great beauty, who stands up to him with the gloves. She turns out to be no other than Sylvia Drew, one of his own set, who like himself chanced to be masquerading on the same fields in search of sport. They fall in love, but their courtship is not idyllic. They pass their time in crude and irritable discussions on sexual problems, upon which they hold very strong but entirely opposite views. The Toad, beside having enlightened opinions on the subject of matrimony, had "a big, ugly, silent, temper, that was more an obsession of obstinacy than a paroxysm of wrath." This naturally leads to "paroxysms of wrath" on the part of the lady. Now appear the jealous villain and the Society of the Entomophogetes, the latter with its terrible law that any stranger finding his way into its secret conclave shall be put to death. The villain lures the Toad into this perilous position, from whence he is saved by Sylvia, who, unknown to the villain, has been initiated a member of the society, and can therefore save the life of a condemned stranger by consenting to marry him. This plot, at once grotesque and arbitrary, is treated in a semi-realistic way, which does not admit of its development as an amusing extravaganza, and yet does not succeed in making the story appear even remotely possible. The development has much the same quality of harshness as the plot itself, and the style is abrupt. A totally different manner should have been employed in order to invest so thin and angular an outline with any degree of the colour and solidity of life.

A Charming Girl. By ESME STUART. (Greening, 6s.)

THERE is a type of fiction which strongly suggests tapioca pudding. It is wholesome and easy to digest, but always dull, and can be nauseating if taken in too great a quantity. "A Charming Girl" may be placed in this category. It will be described by many

as a "pretty" or a "sweet" book, and will no doubt be in great demand as a birthday present for the artless school girl. The story is a simple one. Veronica Curryer, a naughty flirt, after working havoc in the hearts of the susceptible youths of the countryside, is wicked enough to elope with an elderly admiral. Leslie Ashcroft is her antithesis, a very excellent, but, alas, plain girl, who leads a dull but virtuous life, and is obviously about to marry the lion of the tale, a hero of the South African campaign, when the story ends. The monotony of the plot is relieved by the tragic death of a private secretary, a victim of the flirt, but he is such a poor creature that he is hardly to be regretted.

A Romance of Three. By EDWARD SCOTT. (Greening, 6s.)

SOME years ago, before he devoted his attention to Shakespeare controversy, Mr. W. H. Mallock wrote a book called "The Heart of Life," which told the story of a man who was in love with two women at the same time. On this subject Mr. Mallock built a very interesting novel. The subject of the present book is the same, but the result is quite different. For we must frankly confess that long before the end of the story we have lost all interest in any of the "Three." Ethel never was very interesting, even at the beginning, and Arthur's infatuation for Miss Darrell is so inconsistent as to become tiresome. At the beginning of the story he is engaged to Ethel; he then becomes enthralled by the "pretty governess"; Ethel discovers this and gives him his *congé*; he immediately rushes off to his charmer, who for no valid reason also shuts the door in his face. He then returns, still in love with her, to London, and is taken back by the jealous Ethel, and marries her. But he still loves Mildred, and there is a "thrilling" scene when he meets her. In the end she dies, and

Arthur's philosophy has of late become more transcendental. He often recalls the aspirations of his younger days—his dreams of a triple union in which three might dwell in perfect accord.

That Mr. George sympathises with his hero is evident. Whether his readers will share his sympathy or not is quite another question. As, however, they will have paid to read the story, the choice is with them.

The Master of Means. By HERBERT GEORGE. (Greening, 6s.)

FROM the title-page, as well as from "internal evidence," we should be inclined to presume that this is a first novel. If this be so, some allowances should be made, and criticism should be tempered with charity. One thing at least may be said for the book—even if the construction be faulty, the canvas somewhat overcrowded for the development of the not too substantial plot, and the majority of the characters inclined to be stiff in drawing, the moral and poetic justice of the conclusion are unimpeachable. Mr. George also is evidently familiar with journalism and the inner workings of Fleet Street. His journalists are far more alive than the rest of his characters, and the scenes in the offices of the *London Daily Message*—though perhaps a little exaggerated—are sketched with a surer and more intimate touch than those at Coursfield or in the slums. In Gustave Moenich—the Master of Means—Mr. George had a great opportunity; but instead of making him a great compelling influence and a really impressive figure, he only shows him as a peculiarly unpleasant scoundrel, with no qualifications to justify his alleged position and power. The next character in importance is "Billy" McCraw, a stereotyped, conventional Hibernian journalist, who only differs from his many compatriots in fiction in the fact that he is successful and sober. The rest are lay figures.

DRAMA

SHYLOCK AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

THERE have been occasions when a member of the audience at His Majesty's Theatre might have been likened to a traveller who had found himself in a wood so dense that he could not see it for the trees, but last Saturday night no such an impression could have been formed, for the play went forward without any apparent sacrifice having been made on behalf of the popular actor-manager. Even the last Act—the last Act of the printed play, in which Shylock makes no appearance—was retained, though there must be many who would be prepared to admit that to our modern taste everything which occurs after the disappearance of the Jew is in the nature of an anti-climax. More than one other justification for such a cutting might be urged, for the last two scenes did not begin until well after the usual closing time, and I have no doubt that if the play had not been Shakespeare's the Censor would easily have found another.

It is, of course, a foregone conclusion that whatever Shakespearean play is produced at a West-end theatre as many innovations as possible shall be introduced, but on this occasion they did not greatly interfere with one's pleasure in a play that one knows so well; some of the changes, no doubt, were necessary in order to allow of the really magnificent scenery with which the play is beautified, but others seemed only to have been made in order to differentiate this production from other historic performances and to display an antiquarian knowledge which in the case of Shakespeare's plays is apt, as Launcelot Gobbo would say, to "try confusions" with them. But before criticising it will be more graceful to say at once that Mr. Tree is to be most heartily congratulated on the production as a whole, and more especially for his own share in the acting as the impersonator of Shylock. He may feel quite sure that in the future his Shylock will be spoken of with the admiration it richly deserves, and I for one am glad to give it as my opinion that for dignity and pathos his performance is not likely to be bettered. We live in an age when the reputations of the monsters of the past have to be rehabilitated, and Shylock must emerge with something of a halo. If Mr. Tree wears his halo with a difference it is none the less there, and as he went forth from the Court of Justice a broken, disappointed man, with the gibes of Gratiano ringing in his ears, there must have been few of the audience who did not feel that these gibes were ill-placed, and marked down their maker as a singularly ill-natured cur. That this is not the Shylock of Shakespeare need hardly be said; if it were, the characters of Gratiano and Jessica and others, all of them intended to be sympathetic, become blackened at once; and then there is always the difficulty of Shylock's compulsory conversion to be got over. The modern Shylock does not lightly become a Christian, and the fine, dignified Jew of Mr. Tree, for all his spitting and knife-sharpening, would never have consented to the sacrifice he had to make. In order to carry conviction he must be a very different person—he must be Shakespeare's Jew, and not the Jew of the Lyceum or His Majesty's. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that in Shakespeare's day there were practically no Jews in England; his personal knowledge of them must have been limited almost entirely to those who, like his Shylock, had consented to Christian baptism: with few exceptions, such as Elizabeth's physician—who was disembowelled in the end—no un-Christianised Jews were allowed in England.

While on the subject of the Jews one of Mr. Tree's greatest innovations may be noted, and that is his placing the whole of the second Act, which contains the scenes round Shylock's house, in the Ghetto. It is, of course, idle to argue as to whether there was a Ghetto in Venice;

but that Shakespeare had no such idea is obvious from Old Gobbo's inquiry, "Which is the way to Master Jew's?" And it is certainly curious that Bassanio and his friends should have chosen the outside of the synagogue in the Ghetto as the scene of their meetings and revelries.

With regard to the other actors, some of them were very good; especially so were Mr. Norman Page as Launcelot Gobbo and Mr. G. W. Anson as Old Gobbo. Mr. Alfred Brydone was a most notable Prince of Morocco and Mr. W. R. Creighton turned the Prince of Arragon into a delightful gallant of the Euphues type. Mr. William Haviland and Mr. Robert Atkins were most dignified as Antonio and the Duke of Venice respectively. While Mr. Basil Gill was a handsome Bassanio, and Mr. Charles Quartermaine and Mr. Leon M. Lion acted well in the respective parts of Gratiano and Tubal.

I am sorry that it is impossible to praise any of the three ladies, though Miss Auriol Lee made an adequate Jessica. Miss Alexandra Carlisle has met with very considerable success in modern parts, but it requires a great deal more than she has at her command to make a Portia. It is probably not her fault that she was allowed to dress her dark hair in some modern fashion, but one wonders what is the value of so many antiquarian details when such important lines as:

And her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her

are belied by Portia's appearance. We want a histrionic Clara Middleton to play Portia, but perhaps, after all, there is not one at the present time. Miss Carlisle would probably have played Nerissa quite prettily, which Miss Dorothy Minto did not do. There is something to be said for the contention of the older school of actors that the moderns who make such a success in the plays of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw and Pinero cannot really act. It is one thing to play Hedda or Mrs. Ebbsmith, and quite another to be the radiant lady whom Shakespeare invented. The step from musical comedy to such plays as *Her Father* or *The O'Grindles* is not very great, but there is an abyss which divides them from Portia and Beatrice.

Every one who who cares for fine acting should go to His Majesty's; but to see Shylock, not Portia.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FRENCH PEASANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When "La Terre" first appeared Zola was the high priest of realism to the average French student. I remember overhearing a discussion between two of them in an *atelier* of painting as to the truth of his description of the French peasant in "La Terre." They were obviously admirers of Zola; but one of them objected strongly to his description of the peasant class, and at last ended his argument by exclaiming: "Well, at any rate, the peasants are not like that in my part of the country. Are they in yours?" The second man, driven upon the horns of a dilemma, hesitated, then chose, what seemed to him to him the less objectionable one, and answered "No."

That Zola took the action he did in the Dreyfus case hardly helps towards settling the question of the literal accuracy of his methods of work. To accept it in proof we should have to decide whether he intended to sit in judgment upon the people and things he describes in his books. It is quite open to argument that he did not, but that his readers read into his work an estimate of "good" and "evil," according to their own definitions and their standard of "Society." It may be that in the broadest sense he, with Spinoza, held "there is no evil;" and in that, too, we may find an answer to "H. M.'s" indictment against his capacity for "love."

As an artist he is often considered to have failed in realism because of his inveterate tendency towards "romance." Comparing him with Flaubert or Guy de Maupassant, we feel, I think with justice, there is a "romance" of the gutter as well as of the clouds.

Kropokin, from the Russian standpoint, says:

Realism in art was much discussed some time ago in connection with the first writings of Zola; but we Russians, who

had had Gogol and knew realism in its best form could not fall in with the views of the French realists: we saw in Zola a tremendous amount of the same romanticism which he combated, and in his realism, such as it appeared in his writings of his first period, we saw a step backwards from the realism of Balzac.

Guyau, in "L'Art au 'Point de vue Sociologique,'" ends his discussion of "Realism" in Chapter II. thus:

Il y a et il y aura toujours du conventionnel dans l'art, qu'il faut savoir accepter:—c'est ce qui a lieu toutes les fois que l'art s'obstine à la reproduction littérale de la réalité. Il ne faut pas vouloir imiter de trop près la nature, ni toute la nature: il faut savoir faire la part du feu; et, par parenthèse, M. Zola lui-même pourrait bien s'appliquer cette vérité, lui qui a la prétention de nous représenter la vie absolument telle qu'elle est. Il aura bien dire, le propre du vrai génie est de déformer la vision des choses sans que l'on puisse dire la moment où cette déformation commence. Tout pour lui devient symbole, tout se change et se grandit. Les choses les plus humbles revêtent une personnalité, les triviales mêmes se transfigurent.

H. F.

April 3, 1908.

HENRI DE RÉGNIER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Nowadays in Republican France men of great names spend their energy in diverse fashions alien to the habits of their ancestors, men mighty at the chase or in battle. Many, for instance, have turned to the cult of letters, and have made their way brilliantly. Melchior de Vogué made famous by his "Jean d'Agrève," and Philippe de Ségur, the historian of the Marechal de Luxembourg, are members of the Academy, and it seems to be only a question of time for Henri de Régnier to don the green uniform of the Immortals.

Régnier was born in 1864 at Honfleur, a little town all blossoming with Gothic buildings which looks over the estuary of the Seine. In this poetic scene he passed a good part of his youth. Régnier, one of whose aunts, the Comtesse de Brigy, Lady of Honour to the Queen Anne of Austria, was a noted *précieuse*, devoured all books, his youthful mind captivated with their paintings of life and men. When his family desired him to act he passed the examination of the *Affaires Étrangères*, after which he was left free to write as he liked.

Like many novelists of the day, he started with verse, and *vers libres*. Then he began, timidly at first, with tales still uncertain in form, which were followed by full-grown novels. But what marks him apart from his contemporaries, who incline with their maturity to become prose-writers pure and simple, is that he has returned faithfully to his first love.

Unlike a certain section of modern French novelists, over-occupied with social questions, Régnier does not claim to make useful literature. He writes for the joy of writing. Slightly disdainful of the present, which he regards with a fine indulgence more effective than satire, he does not proclaim that "Democracy is the tyranny of mediocrity," but simply contents himself by returning to the past, which is no longer deceiving, since it depends on us, the enchanted past which is really only asleep. He has tried to revive those memoirs, those diaries of witty women who, having frequented the Court and the world, note in piquant and malicious letters their observations on ideas, sentiments, manners. Almost all his novels ("Le Bon Plaisir," "La Canne de Jaspé," etc.) pass in the eighteenth century, and when he approaches our own days he does not yield up that sense of the art of living of which Talleyrand speaks.

Perhaps those who follow Renan's formula, that the novel should be an ethical treatise, will not care to make the acquaintance of these agreeable and diverting characters who confess that "un peu de crapule se pardonne en ce temps-ci." Not that they pass in thought or action beyond the limits of an amiable morality. Or will the author of "Le Trèfle noir" be reproached with introducing characters who hardly touch the central plot? Admitted, but only with the claim that they are so entertaining that one would not wish to do without them. Unquestionably "Le Mariage de Minuit" is that of his novels attaining the highest sustained level. From it I quote this delicate passage as an example of Régnier's tenderness of style and sentiment:

Ils s'assirent au rebord du fossé, le dos à l'herbe, et restèrent ainsi longtemps immobiles sans parler. Un bruit de pas les fit tressaillir. Quelqu'un marchait sur la route. L'homme passa près d'eux. C'était un ouvrier en bourgeron de toile, son paquet à l'épaule, au bout d'un bâton. Sa figure apparut en pleine lumière, tannée et saine. Il passa outre, et une fois passé tourna la tête, puis s'éloigna. . . . Philippe et Françoise se sourirent, puis leurs visages devinrent graves. . . . Qu'avaient-ils été pour ce passant inconnu?

Ce qu'ils étaient vraiment l'un pour l'autre ; un homme et une femme, car que leur importait qu'on les attendit là-bas dans ce vaste château impérial debout avec ses hautes fenêtres éclairées, ses meubles massifs, ses aigles, ses couronnes, ses abeilles, qu'importaient les valets du vestibule et les chevaux des écuries et la fortune et l'argent, pourvu que ce chemin fût solitaire, que cette lune fût brillante, que cette nuit fût silencieuse ? Ils n'étaient plus que deux êtres qui s'aimaient. L'amour leur battait au cœur. . . . Ils se prirent doucement sans que leurs lèvres unies se quittassent. La main de Philippe toucha la fleur d'argent de la ceinture de Françoise en disjoignant les pétales agrafes qui se heurtèrent avec un petit bruit argentin au bout du ruban souple. La lune de minuit atteignit le haut du ciel vide, et quand elle éclaira leurs visages ils se regardèrent de si près qu'ils ne se voyait plus, parce que leurs bouches se touchaient.

This lofty artist has revealed himself as a fine critic in pages devoted to Michelet, Kipling, Vigny, Oscar Wilde, and as a poet he must be considered among the foremost of living singers. Much of his earlier work is in *vers libres*. "Scène au Crépuscule" is ravishing :

En allant vers la ville où l'on chante aux terrasses
Sous les arbres en fleurs comme des bouquets de fiancées,
En allant vers la ville où le pavé des places
Vibre au soir rose et bleu d'un silence de danses lassées,
Nous avons rencontré les filles de la plaine
Qui s'en venaient à perdre haleine,
Et nous avons passé.

With "La Cité des Eaux," a monument raised to the glory of Versailles, the melancholy and incomparable, Régnier abandoned without hope of return the symbolist school and approached to the more classic forms of André de Chenier and Leconte de Lisle.

He is really a creator of images and a musician of rhythm. His technique is admirable, and he would be great among the great had he more emotional capacity. But Régnier has no faith. By that I simply mean the faculty of believing in a directing principle of energy rewarding all effort. The end of all art is essentially an affirmation singing out above all evil and despair a perpetual Hosanna to the Being which lives eternally. Régnier, who is a philosophic nihilist, would say that all effort is useless, and art merely a game to while away the too heavy hours. That is why one would never read his poetry to calm one's heart in moments of anguish. His verses are magnificent exercises of the *jeux divins* ; he possesses superb gifts of lyricism and language, the faculty of hearing the symphony of life around him ; but he is the slave of a metaphysical impotence with which is to be reproached the age rather than the poet. Faith is lacking. And Henri de Régnier will go down to posterity as an elegant stylist, a gatherer of rare rhythms, an exquisite dilettante.

COUNT SERGE FLEURY.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "SEA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am obliged to my friend Dr. Skeat for commenting (p. 643) on my letter about the word "Sea," published in THE ACADEMY (p. 626). We cannot see or know the origin of all the oldest words ; but we are free to guess at it, in the light of the phenomena of nature, as they meet the reason of mankind. How very ancient is humanity, and how few are the languages which can boast of ancient documentary evidence ! *Huljan* does not resemble *celare* so much as *saius* does *saihwan*. In favour of *mare* meaning "shining" one may cite *mar-mor*, *mor-ning*, and, perhaps, *mar-tyr*, a person who enlightens by his testimony. An anonymous correspondent advises me to read an Appendix to the "Short History of Indian Literature," by E. Horowitz. In the Polynesian languages, which are thought to contain some old Asiatic elements, there is a word *marama* for the moon. I gathered from Liddell and Scott that in the optic words, to which Dr. Skeat refers, the root *oc* or *ok* was older than *op*, and that *okeanos* must be a very ancient word. It may have been the name of a demon like Neptune, and possibly referred to the western strait of the Midland Sea, considered as the eye of the great unknown "whale-road" out beyond. It must be remembered that *οφθαλμός* itself was used in the sense of a "spring of water" in Byzantine Greek, for the study of which my lamented friend, Mrs. Bywater, has left a magnificent foundation, "Is not the eye itself a fount of salt water ?" The "root" *seg*, and the Germanic "types" *saiwiz*, or *saigwiz*, are mere matters of pedantic conjecture, without any documentary evidence. We have still to seek for the origin both of the verb *see* and of the noun *sea*. Is not *saiwala*, the Gothic for *soul*, *seele*, derived from *saihwan* ? Does it not mean the *seer* ? Is not the *soul*, more than the eye, that which sees ? Written words are but dead letters,

except for those who know what things, thoughts, and sounds they represent. I do not think many readers of THE ACADEMY will follow Mr. Mayhew in his attempt to stifle (page 648) free thought and enquiry about comparative philology, which is so necessary a study if all the citizens of the world are to understand one another and live like a happy family. He is not acquainted with me, and, therefore, quite incompetent to judge how much I know of Gothic or Anglo-Saxon, which I have enjoyed now and then, among other things, for nearly thirty years. I would recommend all who wish to improve their minds to study the eleventh edition of Stamm-Heyne's "Ulfilas," published at Paderborn in 1908. How sad it is that only a part of the Gothic Bible has reached us. Ought not the great Bishop Ulfilas to be honoured by a church in London, or, at the least, a public statue, with quotations from King Alfred and the Preface to the Jacobean Bible on its pedestal ?

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

Glastonbury, 6 and 7, Royal Parade, Eastbourne,
April 6.

GOLF

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor Skeat, in his "Concise Dictionary," derives *golf* from Du. *kolf*, a club used to strike balls with. The "New English Dictionary" points out the phonetic and historical difficulties involved, but no better etymology has been suggested. Unfortunately, none of the early records of the word are descriptive, though the game is mentioned as early as 1457. That the Scotch game was identical with the Dutch game from which it took its name is improbable, but the following extract shows that the implements used were very similar :

Pila clavaria, quae clava plumbata expellitur, durioris spissioreque tomento infarcta. Al. Ballen die man mit Kolben schlegt. B. Schlachbal, *koluebal* : hanc crediderim esse, quae trigonalis Martiali, nisi fallor, dicitur, praeduram firmoque stipatam pilo. H. Pelota de los ciudadanos.

This is from the Nomenclator octilinguis of Hermann Germberg (1602), based on the earlier Nomenclator of H. Junius († 1575). The *clava plumbata* is not a bad description of a modern driver, while the ball represents pretty closely the old Scotch feather-ball with a cheaper stuffing (*Tomentum*, "flockes ; lockes clipped of white wooll," Cooper, 1573). The Spanish gloss is curious, and suggests that the ball was expensive, for a true, though apparently inferior, "feather-ball" seems to have been used by rustics :

Pila paganica. Mart. laxior, et vel lanea, vel pluma mollive pilo farcta, paganis, hoc est pagorum incolis usitata. Al. Dorffballen. B. Een lackenen oft sachten bal, pappart Flandris. H. Pelota de los aldeanos. (*Ibid.*)

ERNEST WEEKLEY.

University College, Nottingham, April 7.

SOME OF OUR NURSERY RHYMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The following is an attempt to show the hidden, often cryptic, interest lying in some of our common nursery rhymes, of which each successive modern corruption is the severing of another link with the past. "A. D." in THE ACADEMY, some months back, gave a hint of this, and expressed a wish to see something done in the sense of elucidating the rhymes. Though these lines are, of course, but an imperfect exponent of what lapse of time has dimmed, yet they may possibly form an (unworthy) contribution towards gaining his end.

Beginning, then, at haphazard, I select Old King Cole, that Celt of old days. His name, we know, should read Coel, and means "lot," in the sense of the Latin "sors." Pressing details is notoriously unsafe, but is not "three," the number of his fiddlers, mystic ? At any rate, his name appears among the Old British Kings. To him, too, perhaps alludes Ansonius, when hymning Sylvius, the good old sovereign (Sylvius, perchance in error, from *sylva*, "coed," instead of "coel," which would be Latin "sors," as we have seen).

After Kings comes, *longo sed proximo intervallo*, the rhymed thief. In *Pat-a-cake*, "mark it with T" seems to show the prize robber "taking the cake," the Aristophanic *παραμυθός* or meed of victory. Autolycus was no sneak-thief, but a mighty man of his hands—brigand, bandit, Borderer.

"Taffy was a thief" of this kidney. His "piece of beef" was a head of cattle, and his equally carnivorous enemy, a mere Saxon, Dane, or Pict, sings small comparatively in his autobiography. He has picked the bones, but stopped short of cracking them. The "cow" in "Hi diddle diddle" is explicable astrologically as the Bull Taurus, while "the little dog" is

exactly "Canicula." "The cat-and-the-fiddle" hint of the music of the spheres sung in the *Merchant of Venice*, treated at large by Kepler, and handed down to all posterity by Pythagoras. The nursery must needs vibrate with the vibrations of the planets, resound with sounds that in the heavens vary with planetary rates of motion. A close study of the *Phænomena*, done into English by Robert Brown in 1885, will, perhaps, yet reveal Aratus's equivalent for "dish and spoon."

"The frog" who "would a-wooing go" refers to those frogs the French. "Qu'en disent les grenouilles?" was Modern Gaul's heraldic legend, and a Versailles Court cant word in 1791. (*Lulelia* has nothing in common with *lutum*, mud, that haunt of tadpoles, as some have vainly set forth. The Imperial Apostate Julian, who lived there, writes it *Louketia*.) Gammon and spinach are the green, or harvest, frog's legs, gamingly served up to the literary nursing—a Barmecide feast. "Rowley," or Roland, is namesake of Boiardo's hero, and *Heigh ho!* is amatory.

"The House that Jack Built" is suspiciously like unto the Hebrew parable, not of two talents—a respectable sum—but of a halfpenny, to wit, *two zuzim*:

This is Yahveh, Who vanquished death, which killed the butcher, who slew the ox, which drank the water, which quenched the fire, which burned the stick, which beat the dog, which worried the cat, which killed the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim.

More mythology seems represented by the *old woman who swept the cobwebs from the sky*—saving her sex, an *Auster detergens*. The Rev. G. W. Cox would see in her the Lady Moon routing the clouds' gossamer film.

Similarly, Hephæstos, or Satan, "running from Heaven," may be portrayed under the thin disguise of *Old Daddy Long Legs*. Uniform with his length of (lame or "game") leg is the Devil's spoon:

Therefor behoveth him a ful long spoon
That schall ete with a feend,

quoeth Dan Chaucer (*The S. T.*, 10916). "He wouldn't say his prayers"—i.e., he rebelled, from curst pride, whence his rapid descent "downstairs." Him his victor, *ῥῆπε ποδὸς τεταγμένον*, as was most justly due.

Mother Hubbard dates at least from the Border feuds, what time the lady of the house served up spurs for the last course, prefiguring a raid—booted and spurred—on England, to replenish the empty larder withal. Lord Oxford's classical sermon on this text is not to be taken absolutely as Gospel.

H. H. JOHNSON.

METRICAL EXPERIMENTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sorry that I was not able to comment last week on "T. S. O.'s" bold essays in metre, in your issue of March 28th. Since "T. S. O." is good enough to accept my method of expression, I confess that his verses do remind me a little of "Lost Mr. Blake." I offer a suggestion quite tentatively, without feeling at all sure of its value, that he should try the effect of internal rhyme or assonance. His care and taste will enable him to do so without losing the unity of the line. I do not find his essays without the poetry which he disclaims for them.

L. L. A. S.

April 6.

"THE JEWS IN ENGLAND"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Rowland Strong's article, "The Jews in England," published in your last issue, must have been read by the Jewish readers of THE ACADEMY with pain, if not disgust. I trust that you will in fairness publish this protest against Mr. Strong's expressed opinions.

M.

AN APPEAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I appeal to "Australis" to "satisfy the wishes of the many friends" of the Australian writer whose poems he quoted on March 28th, by giving them some more specimens of them?

L. L. A. S.

April 6.

MANCHESTER ART GALLERY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am directed to inform you that the Art Gallery Committee have arranged for a Loan Exhibition of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings by H. Clarence Whaite, P.R.C.A., R.W.S., Anderson Hague, R.C.A., R.I., F. W. Jackson, and Tom

Mostyn, to be held in this Gallery during the months of April and May.

The Press Day is fixed for Friday, April 10th, and the Exhibition will be opened free to the public on Tuesday, the 14th inst.

WILLIAM STANFIELD, Curator.

Art Gallery, Mosley Street, Manchester, April 3.

RE THE "OLDHAM" BEQUEST OF "STRAD" INSTRUMENTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Twelve months ago considerable publicity was given in the Press generally to the subject of the "Oldham Bequest," consisting of a priceless collection of art treasures in the shape of Stradivari instruments left "to the British Nation" by the late C. J. Oldham, Esq., F.R.C.S.

There are many devoted fiddle-lovers, in England and elsewhere, who are promising themselves the artistic treat and practical education in the Luthiers' art they hope to receive by an inspection of the bequest at the British Museum, there being at present, so far as is known, not one solitary example of this master's work to be seen in any museum throughout the United Kingdom.

I am, therefore, desired by my Council, as voicing the wish of the members of our Society, to ask you to be so good as to now give equal publicity to the fact that the bequest was declined by the Trustees of the British Museum in May last, the public not being informed, and further that the bequest was privately sold the following month, the proceeds being distributed to the residuary legatees.

Naturally, my Council does not desire me to comment on the action of those concerned, as it is possible that satisfactory explanations may ultimately be forthcoming. The fact remains, however, that the news will prove a great disappointment to a very large proportion of the fiddle-loving world, amateurs and others alike. I trust you will give publicity to this matter in the public interest.

VINCENT J. COOPER, Honorary Secretary.

Cremona Society, St. Magnus House, Monument, E.C.,
April 3.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Paintings in the Churches and Minor Museums of Florence. A Critical Catalogue with Quotations from Vasari. By Maud Cruttwell. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.

The Makers of British Art: Richard Wilson, R.A. By Beaumont Fletcher. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

Brodrick, M. *The Trial and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.* Murray, 3s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY

Düntzer, Heinrich. *Life of Goethe.* Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

Doughty, Charles M. *Adam Cast Forth.* Duckworth, 4s. 6d. net. *Browning's Stratford.* Edited by Hereford B. George. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 5s.

Perugini, Mark. *The Flame.* The Pan Press.

Rice, Cale Young. *A Night in Avignon.* Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d. net.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles. *The Duke of Gandia.* Chatto and Windus, 5s.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

The Official Year-book of the Church of England, 1908. S.P.C.K., 3s.

Handy Newspaper List, 1908. London: C. and E. Layton, 6d.

Qui Etes Vous? Annuaire des contemporains, 1908. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delagrave, 6f.

HISTORY

Cowan, Samuel. *The Royal House of Stuart.* In 2 vols. Greening, 42s. net.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young. As You Like It. The Tempest. A Midsummer Night's Dream. Chatto and Windus, n.p.

Easter Eggs. From the German of Christoph von Schmid. Bell, 2s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Tucker, Beryl. *The Ring.* Heinemann, 6s.

Rita. *The Millionaire Girl.* Nash, 6s.

- Farrington, Herbert M. *The Gates that Shall Not Prevail.* Lane, 6s.
- Oakstone, Arthur. *A Knight Errant in Turkey.* Greening, 6s.
- Forbes, The Hon. Mrs. Walter. *Leroux.* Greening, 6s.
- Gordon, Samuel. *The New Galatea.* Greening, 6s.
- Newte, Horace W. C. *"The Wife."* Rebman, 6s.
- Brodie-Innes, J. W. *Morag the Seal.* Rebman, 6s.
- Tozer, Basil. *A Daughter of Belial.* Rebman, 6s.
- Smedley, Constance. *The Daughter.* Constable, 6s.
- Crommelin, May. *I Little Knew!* John Milne, 6s.
- Thurston, Katherine Cecil. *The Fly on the Wheel.* Blackwood, 6s.
- Crawford, F. Marion. *The Primadonna.* Macmillan, 6s.
- Cooper, Edward F. *The Marquis and Pamela.* Chatto and Windus, 6s.
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"The World that Never Was" is a children's book of an entirely novel kind. It is specially written for children, but the interest and humour of it appeal almost as strongly to adult as to younger readers. They will read of Magog's magic snuff-box, which kept growing till it was too big for Olive to carry, and when they reach the part where the Black Kangaroo snatches it, leaps, and vanishes, with the faithful policeman, P.C. 14, clinging round its neck—knowing what is to happen if Olive fails to get it back again, they won't shut the book till they know whether she does. It is the newest, quaintest children's book that has appeared since "Alice in Wonderland."

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LIFE AND LETTERS

MR. BRYCE, the British Ambassador at Washington, has evidently been acquiring wisdom and enlightenment since his stay in the United States. Some time ago we had occasion to point out to him that his views on the subject of contemporary poetry were in need of "overhauling," and it is with pleasure that we are able to record the fact that he is advancing by leaps and bounds. He has lately been asking an American audience why it is that men of genius and the highest culture are no longer on the side of "Liberalism." We are not sure that we should altogether endorse his explanation of the phenomenon, but we can at any rate say that for Mr. Bryce to have arrived at the state of mind in which he is able to ask himself such a question is a thing very much to his credit. The beneficent effect of a sojourn in the United States of America in the case of those who are infected with an excess of Democratic acid (so to speak) can hardly be overestimated. The cleverest people in the world sometimes stand in need of that form of instruction which is usually reserved for the most simple: the object-lesson. If only our prominent popular demagogues and our brilliantly clever "philosophical Radicals" could be allowed to spend, each in turn, a year in a country where the government "of the people by the people and for the people" has been allowed to work itself out to its logical conclusion, as it has in the United States, what an effect would be produced. The effect would be so violent that they would probably be in danger of rushing to an extreme position on the other side, and, in that case, they might be invited to spend another year in Russia, where they might, with equal advantage, study the ripe fruits of government "of the people by the official for the official." At the end of it all they would be in a position to revise their opinions as to the beneficent results of the French Revolution, and to go into the question of whether Macaulay was a "historian" or something altogether different which is known by a much less flattering name.

In the January number of the *Church Quarterly Review* appears a just and wise examination of the question whether a Royal Commission is necessary with a view to reforming the University of Oxford. It is written by one of the small number of University authorities whose influence is likely to be felt outside their University—Dr. Spooner, the Warden of New College. We do not call their numbers small by way of reproach, for many officials unknown outside their University or College have done more useful work within those spheres than colleagues well-known to the world have done else-

where. The qualities required are different, frequently even incompatible, and at any rate rarely combined. Dr. Spooner's broad contention is that from past experience a Commission may be expected not only to do no good but to do the positive harm which that expedient has done more than once before, and that a Commission would not touch the authorities in whose hands the power for increased service to Society lies—namely, those independent and far wealthier corporations the Colleges.

We have space for little more than quotations of the admirable maxims propounded by Dr. Spooner, and can only refer our readers to the study of his able paper. It is well and clearly written, and will prove anything but dull reading. Dr. Spooner writes:

The interposition of the Government, and so of political partizanship, in educational affairs which would be the inevitable accompaniment to the appointment of a Commission has not been so satisfactory either in the case of other departments of English education or in that of the Universities of Scotland and Ireland as to make any but fanatics anxious to see it extended to the internal affairs of the older English Universities. The State has ever proved more of a stepmother than of a real mother to learning and education.

These are precisely the sentiments expressed by the gentler language of the schools, which we have been shouting during the past year in the strident tones required in order to be heard in the Babel of the daily and weekly Press. We do not know whether Dr. Spooner means this Government presided over by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Mr. Asquith—we think not—or any Government whatever, we mean the latter.

We cannot quite sympathise even with Dr. Spooner's more moderate thunders against "the large number of idle and luxurious undergraduates by which the University and its teachers are, *it is contended*, encumbered and overwhelmed." (The italics are ours.) We have before protested at the naughty vandalism of these babies. But surely a few dogs' tails, even of the best breeds, should be, in the eyes of the Politician and the Social Reformer, a low price to pay for bringing Alcibiades under Socratic influence. It is as much the duty of the Universities and their teachers to control erratic flames of temperament as to blow up feeble sparks of knowledge with the bellows of the lecture and examination. We doubt whether the main body of weak Exhibitioners eventually do better service to the State and society than the ill-behaved boys, who are such a scandal to Dr. Paget and even to Dr. Gore.

As regards the purely scholastic end of a University, we can again fully sympathise with Dr. Spooner when he states that:

A University exists primarily not to foster or enforce a certain standard of education in bodies external to itself, but to impart the highest kind of instruction and training in different branches of knowledge to *all those who wish* to avail themselves of its services."

(The italics are again ours.) This is the *liberal* view of a University. Again, we have expressed it many times. Attempts are continually being made by what is called, broadly, the Liberal Party in politics, practically the Radical, or Socialistic, or Nonconformist section of it, to cut the University coat out of the working-man's cloth; to make use of the revenues and the very names of universities to found final grade board schools; in fact, to abolish the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. It is for this reason that we have so often, and even violently, deplored the growing practice of highly-trained and able writers connected with the Universities of devoting their talents exclusively to turning out crowds of superficial upper-grade text-books, and neglecting serious work on their particular subjects. They seem to us to repudiate the very mother that bore them; their education might as well have stopped at the Training College.

Though we are generally in favour of retaining rather than of abolishing forms which have been long established, on the ground that they give colour to life, we are inclined to think that "kissing the book" as a preventive of perjury

might as well be abolished. It is a nasty custom, and possibly unwholesome, and it would be difficult to say what effect, if any at all, it has on the witness whose veracity it is supposed to stimulate. The New Testament has now become so common a volume, through injudicious hawking, that it commands no more respect than the railway-guides and hotel advertisements among which it is disseminated with pious intent. The particular copies tendered to witnesses are also usually not only of the commonest, but of the most unclean. We have also often wondered whether any text at all is contained within their covers. A great poet used to relate that when as a sceptical school-boy he was taken too much to church by a devout mother, he had Théophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" bound as a Church Service, in which he read with edifying devotion. We wonder what the nasty little volumes tendered by Commissioners of Oaths contain. Perhaps ready-reckoners, provided with the idea that they are for use on the Day of Judgment. That is a fine idea, which might have good effect. We present it to the Law. As to kissing, we wonder whether the volumes are ever kissed. Although we have often made statements upon oath without committing perjury or refusing to "kiss the book," we have never been able to stomach the actual kiss; a stage salute has always proved sufficient.

The other day, a man giving evidence in a case before magistrates kissed the Testament and proceeded to answer questions seemingly quite truly, when the eye of the counsel who was examining him suddenly fell on features so incompatible with a due regard for the text that he felt bound to inquire whether the witness was by any chance a Jew. He owned to the fact, but excused himself by explaining that he was an English Jew, and did not "follow religion much." On further inquiry it transpired that he did not know what the Pentateuch was. However, he was put through the ceremony of kissing that compilation. It is a question whether a "Testament," having a suggestion of a will about it, and consequently of valuables, would not have had more effect on the mind of this ingenuous Jew than a "Pentateuch," which would rather suggest a hall of entertainment or a residential space.

We also wonder whether the formality prevents the conscientious witness from concealing facts when a higher duty, unrecognised by English law, compels him to do so. We hope and think not. We remember hearing a just and eminent Judge, who still adorns the Bench with general esteem, trying a case of wife-murder committed under great provocation, in which not only the children but the remoter relatives and neighbours of the murderer committed "perjury" up to the eyes in order to save the murderer, without incurring even a remonstrance from any one. The poor murderer was hanged, deeply penitent, justly we think. It was a case when human justice corresponded best with Divine mercy by severity. But we have had special confidence in that Judge ever since, because he appeared to us to recognise that to those half-barbarous witnesses true equity lay for them in legal perjury. The Court volume of the Gospels got worn that day, by a right, illegal usage.

A correspondent writes:—I see by a paragraph in the *Westminster Gazette* that an immense advance has been made since the early days of State elementary education. At first, it seems, the list of compulsory subjects was restricted absolutely to Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic; now, drawing, observation lessons, Nature-study, music, hygiene, and physical training are all of obligation:

To a great extent (says the *Westminster*) we owe this development to the enlightened policy of the Progressist thinkers amongst us.

I am sure we ought to be very grateful to the Progressists, but why does not the writer of the paragraph include the New Pronunciation of the English Language in his list? I live opposite to a school where music is carefully and

constantly taught; the children have acquired the difficult art of dropping a semitone per minute. But the accent employed is even more interesting than the tone-system. Here is a favourite school-song:

Flahrs, luvly flahrs, in a garden yeh my, see,
The rowses there with their reuby lip,
Penks the 'unny by loves teh sip,
Teulips, teulips, gy as a butterfly's wing,
Merrygolds rich as the crahn of a king,
Rich as the crahn of a king.
But none seh fair teh me,
None seh fair teh me,
As these wild wood flahrs,
Sweet wild flahrs.

It should be noted that the present orthography of the English language being clumsy and antiquated, the true pronunciation is very imperfectly given. We must wait, I suppose, for the production of a Progressist Alphabet before we can denote with any accuracy the very interesting vowel modifications which may be heard during the singing of "Flahrs."

We have already indicated in these columns our lack of belief in the Licensing Bill. Still, we cannot help admiring thoroughgoing enthusiasm, whatever the cause in which it is displayed, and it is a pleasure to note the fiery zeal that Mr. Winston Churchill brings to the support of the Bill.

All social reform (he says in his manifesto to the electors of North-West Manchester), all commercial efficiency, wait on its success. The health of English manhood, the happiness of English homes, the virtue and ascendancy of our race and age are involved in this tremendous effort.

The trumpet gives forth no uncertain sound, and this is as it should be. One respects Mr. Churchill, and one wishes him good luck in his electoral adventure. He is a zealot, even a fanatic, in the cause of teetotalism, but he must obviously suffer many discomforts and inconveniences for the sake of his belief.

For we are quite sure that with such a thoroughgoing advocate it is not a matter of words merely. There are said to be proprietors of Liberal papers who suffer no strong drink to appear on their dinner-tables, but are by no means averse from whiskey-and-soda in the smoking-room. Such men are, no doubt, good Liberals, but not such good Liberals as they might be. But Mr. Winston Churchill is of the stuff of which martyrs are made. The appearance of the champagne is, one feels, the signal for him to quit the tables of the greatest, and he must be quite debarred from membership of those gilded drinking-shops which are called clubs. This must be both unpleasant and inconvenient; but if all reform, commercial efficiency, health, happiness, virtue, and the unfading crown promised in the Scriptures to the Upper Dog are involved in the matter of Drink, we feel assured that Mr. Winston Churchill cannot hesitate. Yet, on consideration, why, holding these very strong views, should he support the Licensing Bill? There is not the faintest jot or tittle of evidence to show that it will lessen by one farthing the drink bill of a single drunkard in England; it may inflict some pecuniary loss on certain people connected with the brewing industry; it can do no good to any human being. Sadly, then, we must retract; we must confess with regret that Mr. Winston Churchill bears considerably more resemblance to a politician than to a martyr.

A recent number of the *Architectural Review* deprecates adverse criticism of the assessors' final selection of a design for the new New London County Hall as "unsportsman-like" on the part of the unsuccessful competitors. That may or not be so. But are they the only people who object? Is it not possible that others, not competitors, and therefore not open to suspicion of envy, may feel equally strong objections against Mr. Knott's design on its own merits, or demerits? It must have been chosen for its internal convenience; for, as regards its external elevation, with a monotonous façade corrugated by the stale device of rustication, and having an imposing flight of steps

leading down into the mud, it is scarcely calculated to redeem the ugliness of its surroundings.

We are glad to print in our correspondence Mr. Hankin's chivalrous championship of a stuffed lion—i.e., the play produced by the Stage Society on Sunday, April 5th. But we cannot admit that one of the functions of the Stage Society is the production of stupid plays by stupid beginners, though we share his hope that the author has learnt something. "Obvious sincerity and conviction" are not sufficient passports to the Temple of Drama, or they should not be so regarded; otherwise we should have to include a great many silly plays which Mr. Hankin himself would scarcely admit within the pale. We think that the case against Mr. Redford has been damaged by pushing forward an insignificant and tedious piece of evidence. A work that chronicles the sayings and doings and seductions of half-witted people, unaccompanied by any dramatic point of view, has less artistic significance than a cinematograph. There is a difference between the nakedness of the Rokeby Venus and that of a peep-show. We prefer *The Broken Melody* to *The Breaking Point*.

SPIKENARD

At first the alabaster's selfish round
Held all thy fragrance in its prison hard,
Its cold, ungenerous continent, that bound,
Close in itself, the wedded fumes of nard
And cassia and sweet stactē and ripe myrrh :
As in a mine the gold is rich in vain
Or in its cave the jewel cannot blaze.

She brake the box : lo ! all the odours stir
And flood the house with sweetness, like a main
That breaks its dykes and drowns the lowland ways.

So my rich love, lock'd in my heart for thee,
Did yield no perfume to the world beside :
But, breaks my heart, and all that's sweet in me,
My incense to thee, scatters far and wide.

JOHN AYS COUGH.

CROCUSES

Here on the grassy banks in gala dress—
The tinted robes of fragrant-breathing spring,
In yellow, gold, and purple blossoming,
They woo the nipping air in loveliness !
The spiral grass enfolds them to caress
These new-born harbingers of love, that bring
A glow of joy beyond imagining !
A thrilling hope in winter's saddened stress !

The pallid sunrays cannot smite them yet,
Until the rustling rain-drops fall to blight
Their pensive beauty and bedim their light,
Amid the clamour of the winds that fret,
Amid the chills that wander to beset
The tenuous blooms in April's transient flight.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

REVIEWS

THE EVER UNFORTUNATE

The Royal House of Stuart ; from its Origin to the Accession of the House of Hanover. By SAMUEL COWAN, J.P.
2 Vols. (Greening and Co., 42s. net.)

SUCH a subject as the history of the illustrious but ill-starred Stewart dynasty deserved something better than an industrious compilation like this of Mr. Cowan's. Except for the portraits, which are well-chosen and excellently reproduced, we find it difficult to say anything in commendation of this work. It is compiled rather than written, is by no means invariably accurate, and is quite uninspired. 'Tis true, 'tis pity ; and pity 'tis 'tis true.

There is, perhaps, some excuse for the annalistic form of the narrative in the extreme scantiness of material available to a writer on the earlier Stewarts. Yet surely the career of the first James of Scotland should have afforded something approaching inspiration to any writer with a grain of imagination and a not unpractised pen. Mr. Cowan, who is known as a sturdy champion of Mary Queen of Scots, might have been thought to possess some of the former quality ; his experience in writing should certainly have saved him from mere baldness and crudity of expression. We suppose that a certain allowance of Scotticisms—such as, "homologate," "conform" (adj.), should be allowed to a Scotsman ; but we really must protest, in the name of the English language, against such vulgarisms as the constant omission of the preposition *to* after "write," "wrote," and the clumsy schoolboy locution, "landing at Kent," "at Lorraine." Our long-lost friend "genteel" also makes a more strange than welcome reappearance, and the odious and all too common "got married" is much in evidence. The *roul* of an army is with this writer always "route," and if the Regent Moray was, indeed, Queen Mary's "uterine" brother, as Mr. Cowan says, we have always misconceived the meaning of the word.

We cannot profess any competence to discuss the obscure question of the origin of the Stewarts, and the material for the early history of the House is, as the author frequently complains, very fragmentary. The Stewarts became a Royal House through the marriage of Walter, sixth High Steward of Scotland, to the Lady Marjory Bruce. Mr. Cowan tells us that their son, King Robert II., was sometimes called "King Blear Eye," from an accident at his birth ; but he makes no comment upon the inconsistency of this with the name "Queen Bleary's Cross," given to a stone pillar which formerly marked the traditional spot of the accident to his mother. He makes Walter, the Steward, die in 1327 in one place and in 1326 in another. Why Edward III.'s conduct in compelling the Scotch King David to pay the cost of his maintenance was "tyrannical," because he was married to Edward's sister, is not quite clear ; and we learn on the next page that his captivity "was not evidently very oppressive."

Mr. Cowan is not infrequently obscure, and constantly repetitive. In a passage about James III. and his rebellious son (I., 269) it is almost impossible to discover which is meant by "the King ;" and two pages later the statement that at the Battle of Sauchie "the first division of the rebels was led by Lord Hailes" is followed, without explanation, by a sentence including "Hailes" as among the Royalists who were slain. As for repetition, it is a constant habit. One example is the fatal combat of the clans on the North Inch, Perth. After a full relation (p. 146), in which, however, the name of only one clan is given, and there is no reference to Scott's "Fair Maid," we get (p. 162) a passage beginning, "It was during this reign that the clan fight took place at Perth," &c.

The assertion that "no proper attempt was made to effect an amicable settlement" before Flodden seems hardly consistent with the preceding narrative ; and a sentence (p. 312) concerning advice given to James IV. on

the fatal field is grammatically faulty. An unsophisticated reader would be puzzled as to whether James V. ultimately married Marie de Bourbon or Magdalen de Valois, and might be equally at a loss as to the identity of the "Lord Methven" whom, he is informed, Queen Margaret desired to divorce. We learn, however, on a later page that Margaret (some of whose interesting letters to her brother Henry VIII. were printed *in extenso*):

had the great misfortune of having a violent, unscrupulous, and unfaithful husband in the Earl of Angus, and an intemperate, albeit drunken husband in Lord Methven.

The Battle of Shrewsbury is variously stated to have been fought in 1403 and 1407, and Richard III. is made to succeed his brother Edward IV. We have grave doubts as to the historical accuracy of certain other statements in the first volume, especially those inspired by the author's bias against Moray, the villain of the piece. It is certainly not "very probable" that the only person concerned in his death was Queen Elizabeth. Nor do we believe the assertion to be tenable that Norfolk "fell in love" with Mary Queen of Scots. Trajan's motto (p. 475) seems to have been misprinted; and French is usually erratically accented.

The present reviewer is far from sharing the popular view as to the inaccessibility of the Scot to a sense of humour. But Mr. Cowan is hardly a shining proof of its falsity. He writes concerning Janet Lady Glamis, that she was tried "for the inexcusable crime of poisoning her husband;" and why, if "he was rather an enemy than otherwise to the Douglas faction" (her own family), it can be said to "complicate the matter" is scarcely apparent. In Vol. II. we are informed that Naseby "was an unfortunate battle for the King," and that "the King was in trouble after this battle." We learn also that "Parliament and Army were not altogether in sympathy," and that Queen Mary II. of England "stationed constables at the corners of the streets who were to capture puddings and pies on the way to bakers' ovens," by way of getting the Sabbath observed. But perhaps the most signal instance of the author's simplicity (shall we call it?) is a note on Stair's wife, the connection of whom with a celebrated character of Sir Walter's is not, by-the-bye, hinted at:

Stair's wife was nicknamed the Witch of Endor. It was said she had cast spells on those whom she disliked, and that she had once been seen in the likeness of a cat, seated on the cloth of State by the side of the Lord High Commissioner. This is a pure fable.

A later passage concerning the popular legend as to the upright coffin at Kirkliston is only less naïf; and there are others—Cromwell's pact with the Devil before Worcester, for instance.

Mr. Cowan's historical competence may be gauged by his indiscriminating citations of historians such as Hume, and his entire neglect of modern authorities like Dr. Gardiner. He follows Macaulay almost blindly, and is naturally quite unfair to James I. and James II., though it is true he shows some appreciation of the Chevalier de St. George, and even in one place says a word for Claverhouse. But what shall we say of a historian who considers the Massacre of Glencoe "the most outstanding Scottish event" in William III.'s reign, and does not even mention the Darien affair, which so nearly wrecked the Union? That the English people did not love Elizabeth would be an assertion hard to defend; and that "Laud and his party were plotting the restoration of Popery" is as far as possible from the truth. That the Infanta was "much attached" to Prince Charles is a statement on a level with that connecting Buckingham's assassination with his general unpopularity. Why does Mr. Cowan call the Grand Remonstrance "the famous remembrance," and the Occasional Conformity Act "the Toleration Act for the Protection of Episcopacy"? Why does he term Monmouth "heroic" and write of Shaftesbury being "elected" President of the Council? He frequently contrasts Episcopacy with Protestantism, and appears to be under the impression that English clergymen always preach in black gowns (II., 462).

Among minor inaccuracies we have Henrietta Maria

landing in Burlington Bay (II., 97), a Secretary of State named Morrin (221), and, apparently (278), a confusion between James II. and his grandfather, for the former was certainly not deficient in personal courage, whatever other faults he may have had.

Mr. Cowan indulges in no less than three discussions upon the conduct of his countrymen in surrendering Charles I. to the English Army—all of them futile. We fancy that he exaggerates Queen Anne's share in the Union, on which he discourses sensibly, and he writes as though William of Orange had been the first who ever entertained an idea of such a thing. Some interesting documents and letters are interspersed in the narrative, though their relevance to the subject may often be questioned; but Mr. Cowan never seems to have formulated in his mind a clear conception or scheme of his work, so that these things seem to tumble in haphazard. The execution of Baillie of Jerviswoode was doubtless an iniquitous proceeding, and one which created much stir in Scotland, but to call it "the last event of moment in the life of Charles II." is surely a somewhat curious use of language. The reconciliation of the whilom Merry Monarch to Roman Catholicism might, one would say, take precedence of it. We can hardly include Mr. Samuel Cowan, J.P., in the ranks of historians.

A REAL TRANSLATION

The Tragedies of Sophocles. Translated by DEAN PLUMPTRE. (Routledge, 1s.)

DEAN PLUMPTRE'S translation of Sophocles has many more competitors to-day than when he first gave it to the world. But it may still claim to hold its own as one of the most satisfying of them all. Sophocles is perhaps the most difficult of the three tragedians to render happily into English, for his work bears, more obviously than in the case either of Æschylus or of Euripides, the stamp of a high and beautiful personality. We think that a true lover of Sophocles would find it a hard task to be entirely just to Euripides, and we are certain that he will regard Æschylus as the forerunner of a greater man. "Æschylus does right, but does not know why he does it," but Sophocles strives to do right, because he knows what right is. Euripides very rarely rose to any such level, and while it is indeed hard to believe that the same man can have produced the wretched screed which goes by the name of the "Electra" of Euripides, and also such a play as the "Medea," or, in a lesser degree, the "Hippolytos," in reading Sophocles we are tortured by no such unevenness of value. It is not merely that the tone of Sophocles' plays is lofty throughout; it is their deep and wholesome conviction, their sublimity of faith, which lifts them above the moral level of all other Greek poetry—and, indeed, above all Greek philosophy. Plato cannot offer, for all his rainbow imagination, a higher hope than that which Sophocles can feel and convey in the farewell speech of Antigone, or in the deep humanity of the closing scene of the "Aias."

Resignation and power, intense religious feeling and human sympathy as intense, an exquisite sense of dramatic atmosphere, are the great glories of Sophocles, and above all, for him death is not the end. The life beyond, though it be seen but through a glass darkly, is not the murky world of gibbering shades that Odysseus saw and that Achilles dreaded. Nor is it an aimless "paradise" of emotionless happiness, but a consummation of hopes, a sweeping away of doubts and injustice, a reunion of friends, a completion rather than an end of life; in short, the future promised of the Mysteries, the gift of the incarnate Divinity:

ὡς τρίς ὀλβιοὶ
κεῖνοι βροτῶν, οἱ ταῦτα δερχόμενοι τέλη
μύλω' ἐς Ἄιδου· τοῖσδε γὰρ μόνον ἐκεῖ
ζῆν ἔστι, τοῖς ἑλλοίοις πάντ' ἐκεῖ κακὰ.

Dean Plumptre was singularly happy in his rendering of those passages which bring out this dignity and hope in death. True, it would be hard to miss the spirit of a play like the "Antigone." Antigone glories in her deed; scarcely

more than a shadow of regret falls across her mind for the life she is leaving; there is a future for her beyond the gates of the living tomb. And it is she and not Kreon, who triumphs; the sentiment she inspires is not so much pity as a joyful admiration and understanding. And even in the splendid lyric passage, the most famous of all dramatic lyrics—*ἔπος δολικὰν μάχην*—the prevailing note, below the poignant human tragedy, is but a prelude to the still more magnificent outburst at the very gates of the grave. The contrast is sharp, but not inharmonious, and Dean Plumptre's translation well performs the task of reproduction:

Yes! O ye men of this my fatherland,
Ye see me on my way,
Life's last long journey, gazing on the sun,
His last rays watching, now and nevermore;
Alone he leads me, who has room for all,
Hades, the lord of death,
To Acheron's dark shore,
With neither part nor lot in marriage rites,
No marriage hymn resounding in my ears,
But Acheron shall claim me as his bride.

O tomb, my bridal chamber, vaulted home,
Guarded right well for ever, where I go
To join mine own, of whom, of all that die
As most in number Persephassa owns;
And I, of all the last and lowest, wend
My way below, life's little span unfilled;
And yet I go, and feed myself with hopes
That I shall meet them.

In his translation of the "Aias," the height of tragic despair is reached in the rendering of the chorus—*ὡ σκότος ἐμὸν φῶς*:

O dark that art my light,
O gloom to me most bright,
Take me, take me as your habitant,
Take me, for neither to the race of gods,
Nor yet of men enduring but a day
Can I, as worthy, look
For any help in need,
But she, the child of Zeus,
Goddess of mightiest power,
Mocks at me unto death.
Where from her presence 'scape,
Where wandering shall I dwell?
Ah! O my friends, if my life,
Like the life of these brutes, is brought low
And our chase is the hunting of fools,
Would that the host wielding its two-handed spear
Might smite me down at a stroke.

O ye paths of the wave!
O ye caves of the sea!
O thou grove on the shore!
Long time, long time have ye kept me,
Where Troia stretches her coasts;
But never, yea, never again,
Shall ye receive me alive;
This let the wise understand.
O ye waters that flow
Hard by, as the stream runneth on,
Scamandros, by Argives beloved,
Never again shall ye see
This man who speaks to you now,
Like whom . . . (though the vaunt be great
Yet will I speak it out)
In all the army that from Hellas came,
Troia found no one else;
And now I lie in this dishonoured plight.

The excuse for so long a quotation must be that by no other means is it possible to convey any adequate idea of the power and fidelity of rendering with which Dean Plumptre endowed the lyric passages of his translation. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any other translator has ever conveyed with such force the peculiar charm of Greek dramatic lyrics. A prose translation cannot pretend to do so: a rhyming translation introduces an element so utterly foreign to Greek tragedy as to destroy at the outset all sense of reality. A still greater skill might have preserved strophic-antistrophic syllabic correspondence, but apart from the lack of that correspondence, it is hard to see that the rendering fails in any way to present the values of the original. The translator succeeds in making the work of Sophocles known to many who have no Greek: but more

than this, he interprets for them the very spirit of the work: and it is to be hoped that this reprint may carry further still the knowledge of that spirit, at once the strongest, the tenderest, and the purest expression of religious conviction in the unspoiled days of Greece.

THE GREAT ARCHBISHOP

Life of William Laud. By the Rev. W. L. MACKINTOSH, M.A. (Masters and Co., Ltd., 3s. 6d.)

FEW characters in history have been the subject of so much wilful misunderstanding as Archbishop Laud. Macaulay, writing in the true spirit of Whig intolerance, declared that he entertained for the great Royalist Prelate "a more unmitigated contempt than for any other character in our history." On another occasion he dismisses him as a "ridiculous bigot," and this verdict has been subsequently adopted by scores of writers whose acquaintance with the subject has in all probability been limited to a cursory reading of Macaulay's famous essay. It has been reserved for a small group of less partial and better qualified historians in our own time to rescue from obloquy the memory of a saintly man and a wise administrator.

Mr. Mackintosh's biography leaves little to be desired. Writing from the avowed standpoint of an Anglo-Catholic, he nevertheless contrives to render full justice to his opponents. If we have one complaint to make, it is that Mr. Mackintosh has thought it necessary at times to adopt a more or less apologetic attitude on questions where we should have imagined no apology was needed.

It is impossible to write of Laud without taking some account of the religious condition of England at the time in which he lived. Laud was pre-eminently a religious reformer. On his accession to the Metropolitan See he found the Church of England in a divided state, and he set himself, with characteristic zeal and determination, to evolve order out of chaos, to "build up the walls of Jerusalem." He was by instinct a traditionalist, and in the Anglican Communion he found something that responded to the deepest needs of his nature. He loved her stately ritual, her well-ordered services. It was the Church round which had centred all that was best and most truly lovable in the English character. For Puritanism, with its separatist tendencies, he had neither pity nor toleration. The *Ecclesia Anglicana* was to him the historic Catholic Church of this country. Episcopacy was not merely a useful form of Church government, admirably adapted to the ecclesiastical requirements of the times, as many of the seventeenth-century divines appear to have taught; it was of the *esse* of a true Church. The Puritan conventicle had become a centre of unrestrained lawlessness. False doctrine, heresy, and schism were rampant. The stone altars had been removed from the churches, to be defiled by the village dogs. The Holy Table was frequently placed in the middle of the church, and the members of the congregation placed their hats upon it. Laud ruled that it should be transferred to the east end of the church, and reverently railed round. "The altar," he said boldly to his judges at his trial, "is the greatest place of God's residence upon earth—greater than the pulpit; for there it is, *Hoc est Corpus Meum*, this is My Body; but in the other it is at most but *Hoc est Verbum Meum*, this is My word; and a greater reverence is due to the Body than to the Word of the Lord." The Archbishop's action was the signal for a storm of malignant misrepresentation and abuse. Public opinion, carefully directed by a gang of unscrupulous fanatics, was to prove too strong for the reformer, and it became apparent that Laud's murder was only a question of time and opportunity.

Of the so-called trial it is difficult to write calmly and dispassionately. Deprived of counsel, and with mountains of manufactured evidence produced against him, the aged Prelate was yet able to establish his innocence, and the

baffled and infuriated Commons had to resort to the unworthy device of a Bill of Attainder. His only crime had been that he had proved too faithful a son of the Church for whose sake he was prepared to lay down his life.

What clamours and slanders I have endured for labouring to keep a uniformity in the external service of God, according to the doctrine and discipline of this Church, all men know and I have abundantly felt.

These are among his last words, and in them may be found the key to the whole of his ecclesiastical policy.

The extent to which the English Church has benefited by the example and martyrdom of Laud it is impossible to surmise. He has been accused of superstition, and certain isolated and detached passages from his diary have been adduced in support of the charge. We need not labour the point. But his munificent bequests to the University of Oxford, his patronage of learning and the arts, his friendship with Chillingworth and Hales, afford abundant proof that he was free from the least suspicion of intellectual intolerance. His collection of Oriental manuscripts was unequalled at that time in any part of the world. In the words of one of the ablest and most sympathetic of his recent biographers :

He had . . . many of the characteristics of the great Prelates of the Renaissance, with just that change which its ideas underwent on English soil. He was a great builder and a patron of art, a scholar, and a politician, a priest with a love of comely order and the seemingly dignities of public worship. He delighted to read and to control the literature of the day; he would accept dedications and encourage struggling writers. There was a certain formality about it all, viewed from without, a sort of sober stateliness of pose such as the Italian painters give to their church ceremonials and the backgrounds of their cardinals. But with Laud there was a more than English impatience at any ceremonial that was meaningless, and there was behind all the deep piety that let no touch of paganism from scholarship or art enter into the scheme of his life.

We are grateful to Mr. Mackintosh for his frank and fearless presentation of the great Archbishop who, in the expressive words of Canon Mozley, "saved the English Church."

PORTABLE PROPERTY

Precious Stones. By W. GOODCHILD, M.B., Ch.B. With a Chapter on Artificial Stones by ROBERT DYKES. (Constable and Co., 6s.)

THIS is a simple and business-like book about precious stones. It is not a strictly exact manual upon a mineralogical subject, and for the most part the author's excursions into chemistry and optics can be followed by readers with no technical training; but, on the other hand, it is not the compost of quotations from Pliny, Anselmus Boëtius de Boot, and Dumas *père* which, with the addition of a few reflections on the Urim and Thummim and the detailing of a few superstitions about the therapeutic properties of certain crystals, makes up more than one work on this subject. There is no reference in the index to a Duke of Brunswick or a Duke of Burgundy, to Cagliostro or Cleopatra, to the Great Cham or the works of Habdarrahmanus, but Dr. Goodchild contrives to be thoroughly interesting without the assistance of stories of intrigue and crime or of romantic legends. The ground which he covers has been extensively gone over in the well-known treatises of Mr. Edwin Streeter and Mr. Harry Emmanuel, but this latest work on precious stones is on a higher scientific plane, and deals with the mineral flowers—a popular phrase which is opposed to every line in Dr. Goodchild's book—more closely as a branch of mineralogy and less distinctly as a matter of æsthetic luxury. The author's point of view has probably been that the study of precious stones—what they are, where they come from, and why they are precious—is one of public concern. For generations upon generations, as far back as any historical records are forthcoming, men and women have been buying and selling and stealing and forging the seven or eight combinations of silicon, aluminium, carbon, and water which make up our diadems and carcanets, and the same game goes on as merrily as

ever nowadays. But we have to-day many more people who wear gems, for some sort of jewellery is within the powers of acquisition of even the ten-pound householder; and we have also many more gems, for new sources of their production are being discovered regularly, and new substances—the spodumene compounds, for example—are found to possess the requisite decorative virtues; while the waste of cut stones is necessarily slow, because one of the essential qualities of the stone that is worth cutting is its durability. Hence with more people wanting gems, more people able to purchase them, and more of them to be purchased, the knowledge of their value and of the reasons upon which that value depends becomes more necessary to the world at large. Precious stones are no longer used as funds by kings, but, in the words of Mr. Wemmick, they remain a very convenient form of portable property, and many another man besides Mr. Jagger's confidential clerk has said to himself "My guiding star always is—Get Hold of Portable Property."

Dr. Goodchild's opening chapters, dealing with the modes of origin of precious stones and their physical properties, introduce the subject in an orderly manner. He follows a classification put forward by the late J. G. Goodchild, his father, in connection with certain Scottish minerals, and divides the sources of gems into two great classes—the epigene minerals and the hypogene minerals. The epigene minerals—those formed by downward filtration under low temperature—include all deposits on the land, in fresh water, in closed bodies of water, or at the bottom of the sea; all those minerals produced by alteration of pre-existing minerals *in situ*—a good example of such being the substance known as serpentine, the beautiful rocky material of which vases and plaques are made with excellent effect; and all those minerals where the constituents have been dissolved within the lithosphere and subsequently redeposited at lower levels—to which class belong the true agates, the opal, and the turquoise. Among the hypogene minerals, which are mostly of hydrothermal origin, and are usually connected with some manifestation of elevatory or volcanic movement, are ranged the coveted crystals more properly known as precious stones—namely, the diamond, the corundum crystals (namely, the ruby, the sapphire, the Oriental amethyst, and the Oriental topaz), spinel and chrysoberyl, the emerald, the aquamarine, and the garnet—to mention only the stones with which we are all familiar. Having explained this method of classification, Dr. Goodchild proceeds to give a brief but sufficient account of the physical qualities of these crystals, and here his explanation of the phenomena to be observed when light acts on a gem is quite comprehensible, and therefore quite useful. Those physical properties of a gem which are dependent upon light are the ones which have always given it value more than any other; the Indian native placed the diamond on the forehead or chest of his idol because it glittered and flashed with the colours of the rainbow; and the paramount reason why diamonds are interesting to us at the present day is the same—we prize them because of the character of their response to light; their scarcity and their durability are additional, but only secondary, causes of our good opinion of crystalline carbon. What actually happens to a ray of light when it falls at a certain angle upon the plane surface of a diamond is not in the least difficult for any one who knows a little physics to understand, but we are not all as yet taught elementary physics in our schooldays, so that many of us will be grateful to Dr. Goodchild for his lucid little exposition of the optics of diamonds, inasmuch as we see that all our best precious stones are cut in deference to optical rules upon the general plan adopted for the cutting of diamonds into brilliants. There is no need to plunge here into a disquisition on refraction, dispersion, and polarisation, particularly as such physical phenomena could not be described and explained in a better or briefer manner than that employed by the author; but we recommend the reader to master Dr. Goodchild on these matters before proceeding to the detailed description of the various gems, as he will then understand why the square, flat

emerald may be thin, and yet be a most effective and therefore valuable stone, why it may be an economical process to cut down a crystal of twenty-five carats into a brilliant of ten carats, and why the prices asked in the Rue de la Paix for *cabocho*n stones are very usually extortionate. It may be said that no man requires to be his own jeweller any more than he requires to be his own doctor or lawyer, and that the man who obtains a smattering of technical learning on such a subject as precious stones merely exposes himself to the temptation to pit his very rudimentary knowledge against the practical and intimate equipment of the dealers. The same can be urged against the pursuit by the amateur of anything whatsoever. Of course there will always be persons who esteem the little lore which is their own higher than any possessed by others; they cannot be helped, and it is of no consequence whether they are cheated or not. It is not suggested that on the information contained in this book any man would be well advised to buy *parures* at Christie's, nor would he find that arguments derived from reading it would have much effect in Bond Street if he wanted to depreciate an intended purchase; but a general comprehension of the principles which guide the buyer and seller in valuing precious stones can be learned from Dr. Goodchild's book (with perhaps a little supplementary reading), and the chances of such information being useful are increasing with the increasing dissemination of gems—good, bad, and indifferent, and chiefly indifferent—among the public. Executors, for example, ought not to be blindly dependent upon the statements of official valuers with regard to jewellery, for away from great centres these experts give some very astonishing opinions. The division, again, in family conclave of a casket of jewels often leads to grave but quite undesigned injustice; quartz is allotted as cat's-eye, and sapphire as diamond, or, to put the error in the other way, a ruby necklace passes to a fortunate lady under the designation of "grandmother's topazes;" in this mode what is designed to be an amicable arrangement can come to be the source of a feud. There are veritable uses in an acquaintance with the characteristics of precious stones, and the advantages to be obtained from reading Dr. Goodchild's book, technical manual rather than literary performance though it be, are additional to the merit of achieving learning for learning's sake.

There are different ways in which a book entitled "Precious Stones" may commend itself to the notice of readers. It may be a treatise on a branch of mineralogy; it may approach the subject from the point of view of the jeweller and salesman; it may deal with the numberless historical episodes and sociological phenomena which centre round jewels and to which such constant reference is found in literature, alike in our greatest poems and in our feeblest novels; and it may take the shape of a blend of all of these. Many books in many languages belong to this last class and exhibit a medley of curious statements concerning the mystical meaning of certain jewels, their supernatural origin and supernatural powers as talismans, and their healing influences. Sometimes all this wears a literary and erudite air, but, as a matter of fact, it is not a hard task to collect quotations of every conceivable kind having precious stones as their theme, and the inclination of a writer who is making up a book towards the use of such handy padding can be comprehended. The occurrence of allusions to gems in all ethnological records and in all the traditions of folk-lore have made it certain that every literature of every people will contain material for collation. Princes and rulers in the earliest days of history put their money into jewels, and kept the working of mines in their own hands as the simplest way of amassing capital and heaping up revenue. Naturally they encouraged such notions as that some jewels could only be obtained by the perilous slaughter of a reptile in whose head or liver the gem was secreted, or that some mines were guarded by dragons whose tutelary activity meant death for the intruder. It was natural, again, that the barbaric possessor of jewels should like to spread the idea that attempts to assassinate him would be fruitless, because of

the talismanic power of his ring or his brooch; and that robbery of his property would also be poor business for the thief, owing to the convenient way in which the stones would change colour or crack in a criminal clutch. Stories of this kind abound, but they have found no place in Dr. Goodchild's scheme. Nor does he levy any tax upon poets, and this is hardly to be regretted, for, truth to say, the use of jewels in poetic similes is too often stale and unhappy. The lips of girls are not like rubies, the sea is not like a sapphire, the mead is not like an emerald. The thing above all things in a gem is not its colour; the thing which distinguishes the topaz from marmalade, the garnet from a holly-berry, and the moonstone from a tear-drop, is the hard, unchanging nature of the stones. It is not for its colour alone that a gem is valued, but because that colour is fast; and similes that lay no stress on the permanent character of a gem are faulty, conventional, and only made tolerable by the persistent usage of the best craftsmen. When St. John pictured the foundations and walls of the Heavenly Jerusalem "garnished with all manner of precious stones," he wrote a passage of unerring splendour; he was imaging for us the eternal home of the Eternal God, of which permanency and brilliancy should be the striking features. But when the seventeenth-century song-writer dwells upon caresses bestowed by lips of coral framing teeth of pearl we feel that he is describing a £570 American denture, and not anything that a sane man would desire to be kissed by.

MR. SWINBURNE'S TRAGEDY

THE apportioning of praise or dispraise for poets is a large office and full of pitfalls, though, as everybody knows, it is usually undertaken with a light and easy heart. When poetry is reviewed or "noticed" the issues at stake would appear to be of the simplest, inasmuch as, broadly, they are supposed to involve little more than the emolument of the reviewer and the complacence or chagrin of the reviewed. In point of fact, however, it is not only vital to the poet, good or bad, that he should be competently appraised, but it is vital also to considerable numbers of other persons who, considering them in the bulk, may not believe that they know anything about poetry at all. It has been observed of the people of England that, despite their alleged indifference to the arts, they will buy and read good poetry in quantity. The great and abiding instance in point, of course, is Shakespeare, after whom come Milton, Cowper, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Browning, and Tennyson. All of these have become familiar on the lips as household words. The reading and enjoyment of them is not confined to any special class of persons, literary or otherwise. They are for all men, from their youth up, and we question whether there is a man, woman, or speaking child in England to-day who has not in some sort been touched by them, and is not in some sort acquainted with their work, even if it be to the extent only of a loose end of rhyme, or a phrase or line, or as who should say "quotation" which has passed into the currency of everyday speech. And in accounting for this phenomenon, it seems to us, the philosophers are too apt to overlook, or at any rate to under-estimate, that force which we call criticism. Certain it is that no man makes fame with his own trumpet. He may write like an angel and perish, unless he have those around him who will keep on saying the approving word which is the open sesame to the public understanding. And we must remember also that so powerful is this approving word, that it has been known to waft fools into popularity, which, of course, is most sad. We have indulged in the foregoing slight homily after several readings of Mr. Swinburne's new tragic playlet, *The Duke of Gandia*, which comes to us from Messrs. Chatto and Windus in very neat form and on very good paper. If it were possible for us to dismiss from our minds the received facts about Mr. Swinburne *The Duke of*

Gandia would move us so to do. But it is neither possible nor desirable that we should forget what manner of poet Mr. Swinburne is and what manner of riches he has brought to the poetic treasury of his country. With this remembrance before us our duty by *The Duke of Gandia* becomes the more difficult. We shall venture the opinion, however, that the criticism of the period will have all its work cut out to secure for *The Duke of Gandia* any sort of recognition as an important work of itself. Practically we may best describe it as one of the pieces of a master which does not happen to be a masterpiece :

CÆSAR.

Now, mother though thou love my brother more
Am I not more thy son than he ?

VANNOZZA.

Not more.

CÆSAR.

Have I more Spaniard in me—less of thee ?
Did our Most Holiest father thrill thy womb
With more Italian passion than brought forth
Me ?

VANNOZZA.

Child, thine elder never was as thou—
Spake never thus.

CÆSAR.

I doubt it not. But I,
Mother, am not mine elder. He desires
And he enjoys the life God gives him—God,
The Pope our father, and thy sacred self,
Mother beloved and hallowed. I desire
More.

VANNOZZA.

Thou wast ever sleepless as the wind—
A child anhungered for thy time to be
Man. See thy purple about thee. Art thou not
Cardinal ?

CÆSAR.

Ay ; my father's eminence
Set so the stamp on mine. I will not die
Cardinal.

Reading these lines—and they are the first of the play—one has difficulty in supposing that one is reading the real Mr. Swinburne. In any case, one argues, we have here quite barebone Swinburne, and a surprising jerkiness of manner which should be deplored and rebuked even in lesser poets. This jerk to which we refer occurs continually right through the poem, with the result that one is compelled to exercise no little patience in reading, and really never reads with pleasure. The trouble is caused, of course, by the juvenile trick of placing the cæsura of certain lines after the first or second syllable :

God alone

Knows.

Cardinal ? Canst thou dream I had rather be
Duke ?

Hold loveliest of all living things to love
This.

Thrust not out thy thorns at heaven,
Rose.

Deride not God,

Lucrezia.

Thou my Cardinal,
Canst think not to be scourged and crucified.
Ha ?

Dost thou sleep
Here in His special keeping—here—to-night,
Brother ?

I never called thee yet

Fool.

And so on and so forth. It is really too childish. Milton may have done it on occasion, but Milton certainly did not do it thirty-seven times in a matter of a few hundred lines. We shall, no doubt, see all sorts of defences put up, simply on the ground that Mr. Swinburne is Mr. Swinburne, and has his own knowledge of what blank verse should be. On the other hand, it is sure that blank verse should not annoy and irritate ; and this is exactly what the blank verse of *The Duke of Gandia* does. Now, if a man chooses to paint a miniature and takes the precaution to bespatter it with gratuitous lamp black, he can scarcely expect one to consider the merits of the proper paint. But because we are dealing with Mr.

Swinburne we will look a little deeper than the mechanic surface. When we do this, however, it is to suffer similar disappointments. The work moves one only to feelings of disgust for every character which appears in it. There is nobody to pity, nobody to love, nobody to admire, and not even anybody from whom a civilised being may take a fearful warning. Whether a poet is within his right to concoct a tragic episode which exhibits these grave defects it is not for us to assert. The man who figures on the Tea-tax posters would probably say, "It don't seem right to me ;" though we shall hazard no such pronouncement. And as *The Duke of Gandia* is riddled with a mechanical fault, and can serve no imaginable moral or spiritual purpose, we might have hoped that it would contain at least a passage or a line for the memory. There is no such passage and no such line. Therefore, to return to our homily, we shall trust that the criticism of the time will refrain from the further pointing out of beauties in *The Duke of Gandia* which do not exist. The natural desire to be courteous to a poet of Mr. Swinburne's achievement and eminence goes without saying. But that desire should not be allowed to override the critical judgment, and it certainly should not be cultivated to the excess of praising Mr. Swinburne for his sheer faults.

"MODERNISM"

THERE are many paths, many ways ; and it is usually an ungracious and a foolish person who does nothing but proclaim in strident accents the fatality and futility of every track save that which he himself is following. But, when every allowance of charity and reason has been made, it remains that one road is always to be disallowed, and that is the way on which those stand who proclaim that the goal does not exist—that there is not, indeed, in any real and efficient sense, any way at all. There have always been people of this sect ; it is conceivable that in the wilderness there were scientific and rational Jews, broad, liberal-minded men, who perceived that the journey of the tribes was a vivid Oriental allegory ; that, while the desert was real and true enough, the talk about the land flowing with milk and honey was a mere flourish, a pious fraud, justified, perhaps, by the literalism and simplicity of the days of bondage, but without any true fulfilment in the nature of things. "Here," these enlightened ones might have said, "is the only Promised Land which we or any one else will ever see. In the natural order we shall never get out of the wilderness, for the very good reason that there is nothing but wilderness in the universe ; the Land of Canaan is a poetic dream. Still, if we journey faithfully, if we are constant in the performance of humanitarian and philanthropic work, if we help our fallen brother, if we carry the burden of the weary, if we cherish kindly sentiments about everybody—then the desert shall blossom like the rose, and we shall achieve not the mythical splendours and delights of an imaginary Promised Land, but the very real reward that always attends unselfishness." And, in the same way, there may be many allowable and indeed admirable divergencies in the region of the arts ; a man may love Homer with such a fervent and consuming devotion that he has no corner left in his heart or soul or mind for the cultus of Sophocles ; or, again, one may be so rapt into the mystery world of Malory that "Pickwick" may seem vile, unclean, profane, a vulgar tale of mean streets and mean people, in which the Holy Vessel has become a brandy-bottle. Very allowable are both these loves and these hatreds—one would never be angry with a man who said that he loved the "Arabian Nights" too well to tolerate the naturalism of "Tom Jones"—but here, again, there is a path that is condemned, which is marked with a "No Thoroughfare," which bristles with man-traps and spring-guns ; and this is the path which denies the very existence of art of any kind ; which looks on all literature, painting, music, architecture, as an odd remnant from the pre-scientific days, from the time when primitive man, beset by all kinds of illusory terrors, illusory loves,

groundless desires and apprehensions, devoted himself to performing a vast conjuring trick, of the which trick we call some portions Religion and others Art. So, according to this school, Aphrodite is hocus-pocus, the Parthenon is hocus-pocus, Chartres Cathedral is hocus-pocus; Homer, the New Testament, and the Queste of the Sangraal are all hocus-pocus. This is called the scientific standpoint, and it owes its name, no doubt, to its utter lack of all *scientia*, properly so called. One is sorry to have to say that "What we Want," an open letter to Pius X. from a group of priests, translated by the Rev. A. Leslie Lilley (Murray), belongs very distinctly to the "scientific" school, to the way which is No Thoroughfare, which means waste of time, waste of temper, weary feet, heated brains, and a wood of thorns at the end of the journey. To take an example. These Italian priests—who, I suppose, would call themselves Modernists—speak as follows:

When we have . . . to explain the relations between God the Father, Jesus, and humanity, while we recognise all the beauty of the doctrine built up by Scholasticism, and agree in its religious content, we yet cannot have recourse to the ontological terms, "person," "essence," "nature," "hypostases," "processions." As the modern habit of mind does not attach to these any meaning which corresponds with reality, it is returning to exactly the same moral and intellectual conditions as those of the first Christians, or of the humble and simple-minded Christians of our country districts who know nothing of these rational categories. . . . So, again, to explain the Eucharistic Mystery, we cannot, for similar reasons, adopt the theory of Transubstantiation unless no one is to understand.

Now, at first sight, and on reading the first words of the passage that I have quoted, it might be imagined that these Modernists were the most faithful Catholics in the world, devout believers in the Christian faith as it is expounded in Holy Writ, by the Fathers, and in the scholastic philosophy. Their sole anxiety would seem to be as to the terms they are to use in teaching the faith; their only protest is against the compulsory employment of the technical language of a highly systematised theology in their discourses to simple and unlettered folk. One can confess with all one's heart that if this be the basis of Modernism, then Modernism is the most reasonable thing in the world, and one would be sorry to understand that the Roman Catholic clergy were forbidden to use any modern equivalent word or words for such terms as "hypostasis" and "circumcession." But is this all the content of Modernism? What about the passage on the Eucharist? Here it is no longer a case of preferring a clear word before an obscure; the priests simply say: "We cannot adopt the theory of Transubstantiation," and in place of this "theory" they give an explanation of the great Mystery of Faith which, one imagines, would have pleased Zwingli, which would scarcely have satisfied Calvin, which Luther would most certainly have anathematised. This is surely not agreeing with the religious content of Scholasticism; it is not agreeing with the religious content of Christianity, unless the faith was hidden from the faithful till the arrival of the Swiss "Reformer;" and when on another page we find these Modernist priests expressing their sympathy for Mr. Tyrrell, we are forced to conclude that their assent to the propositions of Scholastic Christianity is a mere passing politeness, not meant to be understood literally. For, to take the question of the Eucharist, Mr. Tyrrell's doctrine is as follows:

Dogma apart, and taken at its lowest, the Eucharist remains for you the sacrament of communion and incorporation with that mystical "Christ crucified" [*i.e.*, the Christ regarded as the "central and super-eminent figure round whose Cross are gathered the Christs of all ages, races, religions, and degrees"], an act by which you offer yourself to be received into that Divine company or spiritual organism, to be made a sharer of its faith, its hope, and its love, to give your own body and blood "for many for the remission of sins."

Now this doctrine may be amiable and charming and liberal and broad-minded; but it is not Christianity in any common sense of the word; and so, it seems to me, we are enlightened as to what these Italian priests really do want. They want that which "Dr." Clifford, Canon Hensley Henson, and "Dr." Campbell want—that is, a Christianity which is robbed of all its essential character; a system which is no longer a magical and mystical religion, but a scheme of universal philanthropy seen

against a background of vague Deism. I do not think I am unfair; there is, of course, a certain sense in which a eunuch is a man. I need not say that I recognise that the Italian priests would require a very different "set" from that in favour with our English heretics. "Dr." Clifford would deny the faith in the midst of a "Liberal" demonstration (regarded as the supreme act of worship); Canon Hensley Henson would make the Resurrection of Christ contingent on a vote of the House of Commons; "Dr." Campbell would declare the Holy Eucharist to be an intelligent anticipation of a vegetarian and non-alcoholic Communist breakfast *chez* Mr. Eustace Miles; the Italians, doubtless, would still sing Mass in honour of nothing in particular and of noble sentiments in general; but the result in each case is the same. I am not at all surprised to find that Modernism has been defined as "the heresy which contains all the heresies and errors of the past;" indeed, one could find no better definition than this; no better phrase to summarise that impulse in men which continually surges up, declaring in very various idioms that there is no world of vision and wonder, that there is but earth and humanity, and that we have got to make the best of both. This is, indeed, the heresy of all heresies, masquerading sometimes under the most curious disguises, putting on now and again the vestments of the "occult" sciences, but always constant to the one idea, that man is the master and measure of all things. "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil;" as in the Garden, so in the modern world, in the world of Modernism. I speak with apology; for I, an Anglican, have no right to intervene in the internal matters of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church; still, there are points which truly concern "common" Christianity, in which the old-fashioned Wesleyans, if such there be any longer, are deeply interested; and, whether the Roman Church be pleased or displeased, it seems to me fitting that one voice at least should be raised against this Atheism in a chasuble, against this shabby and squalid attempt to show that the Faith of the Saints is a synonym for the doctrine of the "man in the street." Ah! we desire to live in charity, to believe the best of all men; but how can we reconcile these things? Our Modernists profess the warmest attachment to the Gospel; they say that they, and they alone, are the successors of the first Christians; and yet they stumble against this or that dogma because it cannot be understood. Have they read the texts:

The Jews then murmured at Him, because He said, I am the bread which came down from heaven. And they said, Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how is it then that He saith, I came down from heaven?

The Jews therefore strove amongst themselves, saying, How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?

Many, therefore, of His disciples when they heard this, said, This is a hard saying; who can bear it?

From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him.

And so, say the Modernist priests, we cannot adopt the theory of Transubstantiation "unless no one is to understand." And so, I am sorry to confess, say hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Anglican priests, who confess the truth in their hearts, who deny it in their acts, who prophesy smooth things in Zion, who talk of the Catholic Faith as if it were a musical comedy—something which must be presented in popular style if it is to catch on. There is the cleric who shudders from the herse at *Tenebrae*: his Bishop tells him it is not a lawful ornament of the Book of Common Prayer; and the same cleric has "lantern services," with sacred songs by Ira D. Sankey: a magic lantern and a white sheet, and the doggerel of an American heretic being, doubtless, lawful according to the Book of Common Prayer. Let us not be bold to exult over our Roman brothers; with us, as with them, there is a school which declares that everything is lawful which outrages the Catholic Faith. The school is a strong one, it seems, in both Churches, but, at least, it should appear under its own colours. Let it appeal, if it will, to

the judgment of the profane vulgar ; but, in face of those words of St. John the Divine, let these philanthropists no longer pretend to be Christians of any shape or fashion. Their part is with the disciples who went back and walked no longer with Him, not with the faithful who believed in order that they might understand.

Nay ; let it be understood once for all, the Catholic Faith is not a Christy Minstrel or music-hall performance which has to commend itself to the suffrages of the majority. It may be quite true that they who live to please must please to live, but a Catholic priest is not by any means to be reckoned in this company. The Catholic religion is, or should be, the everlasting witness of heaven above on earth below ; the continual reminder of the futility, and vanity, and absurdity of most of our mortal aims. It is the stalest of old tales this ; it is the oldest of old texts, and yet it must be re-enunciated again and again, for it is very evident that it is not yet of common knowledge. There are, I suppose, many definitions of Christianity, but I believe that the definition which really prevails, which is of authority in the very best circles of the Anglican Church, is this—How to belong to the Athenæum Club, decently, respectably, splendidly. No doubt there are many divisions and sub-divisions in a treatise which has not yet been issued. For example, there must be a heading—Worldly Prosperity. On the one hand, it is shown that betting, unless on the largest scale, with persons of acknowledged social position, is highly disreputable, irreligious, and a national scourge ; while operations on the Stock Exchange, prudently conducted, on the best information, with fortunate results, are the backbone of English commercial life, and a credit to our common Christianity. Though at the same time failure in this path may be very disgraceful. Example : The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral accepted Eucharistic plate from Mr. Hooley when he was successful, and returned it when he became the object of popular denunciation. And so forth, and so forth ; and I am reminded of an advertisement that I once saw in Shepherd's Bush : "Funerals conducted with Decency, Solemnity, and Respectability." And, again, there is another curious instance : A pious woman has opened in Western London a chapel of rest and meditation, which she has caused to be adorned with paintings, illustrating the passage from things temporal to things eternal. To this place enter the Bishop of London, who immediately observes that it would be a capital spot for meetings. For meetings ! Cannot one see it all ? Here, in this quiet place of rest, where men may stay and think for a moment how vain is all their work, how vain is vanity, and all in vain ; how behind the ugly fog of business, and Imperialism, and Liberalism, and Conservatism, and Churchwardenism, there are still the everlasting splendours ; that even in modern "civilised" London the Quest of the Sangraal is not impossible ; that behind the songs of the "Merry Duchess of Guttenberg" resounds the inexpressive chant of the angels. Here, says the Pastor of the People of London, is the place for public meetings. Here, beneath the glowing walls, let us discuss the Mission to Borrioboola Gha ; let us consider how we shall insist on trousers and chemises, and the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as part of the faith once delivered to the saints, while we decide that we must not press the petitions :

By the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation ; by Thy holy Nativity and Circumcision ; by Thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation ; by Thine Agony and Bloody Sweat ; by Thy Cross and Passion ; by Thy precious Death and Burial ; by Thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension ; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost.

Lest, of course, the simple natives do not understand. Here, beneath the symbols of the eternal, let "Mr. Chairman" take his stand ; let the Bishop of Blank Negation rise to "a point of order ;" let the blessed words "Hear, hear," "No, no," resound ; let there be re-enacted under decent, Church-like disguises, the meeting of the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company, with a capital of five millions, in five hundred thousand shares of ten pounds

each. Here let the mystery of iniquity of brewing beer be denounced, here be demonstrated the saving truth that the wine of Cana was non-alcoholic, here be advanced the claims of the great-grand-nephews of the clergy, here be finally proclaimed to the world the Great Gospel of Anglo-Saxondom—that the prosperous shall inherit the earth. Where is the prophecy of Isaiah :—And in those days, saith the Lord, there shall be a Chair upon the earth, and a Vice-Chair amongst the nations. And they of the uttermost parts of the earth shall say "Hear, hear," and many Resolutions shall be passed in My Name, saith the Lord of Hosts. Where is the passage from Isaiah showing that the City of London and the House of Commons shall be as it were as fountains of water, and as the shadow of a great rock in a dry and thirsty land ? When the Lord turned again the captivity of the Stock Exchange : then were we like unto them that dream.

It should be enough for good Catholics to demonstrate the utter wickedness of all this "modern spirit ;" it should be enough for thinkers of mediocre intelligence to demonstrate the silliness of it all—as though one should say, argon has been discovered ; the Peckham Protestants Protest against the Literal Resurrection, so we must give up the Mass ; but it is perhaps necessary to show that this modern scheme, besides being foolish and false, is also futile. It really does not pay ; and against that sentence Modernism surely cannot appeal. Three hundred years ago or more the Blessed Reformers discovered that Englishmen were dolefully ignorant of the Christian Faith, because the services were in Latin ; the said services were accordingly translated into English. See the result : of all creatures on earth the English Churchman is most ignorant of his religion ; the Common Prayer-book is a puzzle to him ; auricular confession is to him a Popish innovation, fasting on Fridays a superstition ; the disciples of the medicine-man can give a more intelligent account of the mysteries than he. So this squalid, and stupid, and ungodly scheme has failed in the one aim which it attempted, and the result of "popularising" the Catholic Faith has been to drive half the population outside the pale of the Church. And from the point of view of literature—Has any one pondered the Prayers on Special Occasions, composed and issued by the late Archbishop Tait ? And our music ? Is it necessary to argue the question as to the superiority of plainsong over the efforts of Smart and Goss ? And our hymns ? Here is the one side :

Ecce panis Angelorum,
Factus cibis viatorum :
Vere panis filiorum,
Non mittendus canibus.
In figuris præsignatur,
Cum Isaac immolatur :
Agnus Paschæ deputatur :
Datur Manna patribus.
Bone Pastor, panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere :
Tu nos pascere, nos tuere :
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium.
Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales :
Qui nos pascis hic mortales :
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium. Amen. Alleluia.

And the other :

Jesu, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.
Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

And now our Fathers in God are attempting the cure. Having discovered that half England is Anabaptist, or Independent, or Wesleyan, they are going to draw the strayed sheep back into the fold by showing that the English Church is more Anabaptist than the Anabaptists, more Independent than the Independents, more Wesleyan than the Wesleyans ; it being also provided that "our beloved Church" affords more snug lying for "reverent Agnostics"

than any other community. In a word, we proffer all the comforts of home, and everything as nice as mother makes it; so daily do we blaspheme and deny the Holy Catholic Church, the Cloud of Witnesses, the Assembly of the Firstborn, and the Lord that bought us. The tactics of the quack-medicine vendor, the intelligence of Earlswood, the religion of the Prince of this World (who has another name)—to these ends has come Britain, once the abode of the saints. Our Bishops may not be passionately certain as to the Resurrection; but, at all events, they forbid us to sing the hymns of the fourth century—pending, no doubt, an enabling Act of Parliament and the latest results of scientific investigation.

I am sorry that space does not allow me to deal with "The Spiritual Return of Christ Within the Church," by Richard de Bary (Murray), or with "The Golden Sayings of Brother Giles" (Fisher Unwin), both of which books may be earnestly recommended as antidotes to the fooleries that we have been considering.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

STAGE CHILDREN: AN IMPRESSION AND A MORAL

I DO not know that at any time Hastings is a very lively place. The houses have acquired a habit of being vacant, and even the front, with its bath-chairs, its band-stands that are silent on Sundays, and its seats upon which one may not smoke, is more suggestive of Puritans and invalids than of pleasure. If Time should suddenly drop a week from the due order of days it is easy to imagine that those bath-chairs, those unfragrant shelters, those much-labelled houses would startle the dreaming tourists with vacant faces of dead men. But when in late March the day has squandered its gold, and the earth is saddened with the gentle greyness of the dusk, when, moreover, the cheerful sea has deserted the shore, creeping far out to leave dull acres of untrodden sand, waste and bitter with salt, a man might surely be forgiven if he cried aloud against the extreme cruelty of Nature, the timid injustice of man.

Being of Anglo-Saxon blood, I did not give definite expression to the melancholy which the quenched seascape had invoked. I contented myself with leaning on the rail, and sneering at the art of the cripple who had made mathematically exact scratchings of Windsor Castle and the Eddystone Lighthouse on the sand. There was something almost humorously impertinent about that twisted figure with one foot bowing and hopping for pennies in front of a terrible back-cloth of dreamy grey. How could a man forget the horrors of infinite space, and scratch nothings on the blank face of the earth for coppers? His one foot was bare so that his Silver-like activities might not spoil his pictures, and when he was not hopping he shivered miserably. As I saw him at the moment he stood very well for humanity—sordid, grotesque, greedy of mean things, twisted and bruised by the pitiless hand of Nature.

And then in a flash there happened one of those miracles which rebuke us when we lack faith. Through the shadows which were not grey but purple there burst a swarm of children running on light feet across the sands. They chased each other hither and thither, stooped to gather shells and seaweed, and inspected the works of the cripple with outspoken admiration. Regarding my mournful and terrible world in detail, they found it beautiful with pink shells and tangled seaweed and the gallant efforts of men. So far from being terrified or humiliated by the sombre wastes of sand and sky, they made of the one a playing-ground, and woke the other with echoes of their shrill laughter. Perhaps they found that the sea was rather larger than the Serpentine, perhaps they thought that the sands were not so well lit as Kingsway; but, after all, they were making holiday, and at such a time things are different. They laughed at space.

For these were London children, and all the resources of civilisation had not been able to deprive them of that

sense of proportion which we lose with age. The stars are small and of little importance, and even the sun is not much larger than a brandy-ball. But a golden pebble by the seashore is a treasure that a child may hold in its hand, and it is certain that never a grown-up one of us can own anything so surely. We may search our memories for sunsets and tresses of dead girls, but who would not give all their faded fragrance for one pink shell and the power to appreciate it? So it was that I had found the world wide and ugly and terrible, lacking the Aladdin's lamp of imagination, which had shown the children that it was a place of treasure, with darkness to make the search exciting. They flitted about the beach like eager moths.

Yet on these children civilisation had worked with her utmost cunning, with her most recent resource. For they were little actors and actresses from Drury Lane, touring in a pantomime of their own; wise enough in the world's ways to play grown-up characters with uncommon skill, and bred in the unreality of the footlights and the falsehood of grease-paints. Nevertheless, coming fresh from the elaborate make-belief of the theatre and the intoxicating applause, they ran down to the sea to find the diamonds and pearls that alone are real. If this is not wisdom I know not where wisdom lies, and, watching them, I could have laughed aloud at the thought of the critics who have told me that the life of the stage makes children unnatural. There are many wise and just people who do not like to see children acting, forgetting perhaps that mimicry is the keynote of all child's play, and that nothing but this instinct leads babies to walk upright and to speak with their tongues. Whether they are on the stage or not, children are always borrowing the words and emotions of other people, and it is a part of the charm of childhood that through this mask of tricks and phrases the real child peeps always into the eyes and hearts of the elect.

And this is why I know nothing more delightful than the spectacle of a score of children playing at life on the stage. They may have been taught how to speak and how to stand, and what to do with their hands; they may know how to take a prompt, and realise the importance of dressing the stage; every trick and mannerism of the grown-up actor or actress may be theirs; yet, through their playing there will sound the voice of childhood, imaginative, adventurous, insistent, and every performance will supply them with materials for a new game. So it was with these children, whose sudden coming had strewn the melancholy beach with pearls. I had seen them in the dimness of a ballet-room under Drury Lane Theatre; now, with a coin, I bought the right to see them on a stage built with cynical impertinence in the midst of the intolerant sea. The play indeed was the same, and the players, but the game was different. The little breaks and falterings which the author had not designed, the only half-suppressed laughings which were not in the prompt-copy, bore no relationship, one might suppose, to the moral adventures of Mother Goose. But far across the hills the spring was breaking the buds on the lilac, and far along the shore the sea was casting its jewels, and even there in the theatre I could see the children standing on tip-toe to pick lilac, and stooping on the sands to gather pearls. They did not see that they were in a place of lank ropes and unsmoothed boards soiled with the dust of forgotten pageants and rendered hideous by the glare of electric lights; and they were right. For in their eyes there shone only that place of adventure which delights the feet of the faithful, whether they tread the sands, or the stage, or the rough cobbles of Drury Lane. To the truly imaginative a theatre is a place of uncommon possibilities; our actors and actresses, and even our limelight-men, are not imaginative, and so, I suppose, they find it ugly. The game is with the children.

And truly they play it for what it is worth, and they are wise enough to know that it is worth all things, alike on the boards of the theatre and on the wider, but hardly less artificial, stage of civilised life. We, who are older, tremble between our desire for applause and our unconquerable dread of the angers of the critical gods and the gaping

pit, and it is for this reason that every bitter-wise adult knows himself to be little better than a super, a unit of a half-intelligent chorus, who may hope at best to echo with partial accuracy the songs and careless laughters of the divine players. There is something pathetic in the business; for we, too, were once stars, and thought, finely enough, to hold the heavens for ever with our dreams. But now we are glad if the limelight shines by accident for a moment on our faces, or if the stage-manager gives us but one individual line. We feel, for all the sad fragrance of our old programmes and newspaper-cuttings, that it is a privilege to play a part in the pageant at all. The game is with the children; but if we are wise, there is still somewhere at the back of the stage a place where each one of us can breathe the atmosphere of enchantment and dream the old dreams. No Arcadia is ever wholly lost.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN

CERTAIN people are always to be met who hold to the opinion that success has come rather when they are happy than when paunch or pocket is full to the load-line of tranquillity, and "Queer" is the distinguishing and honourable adjective diligently applied to them by practical persons whose pleasures take shapes more or less rotund, hues more or less florid. Finest prosperity is that of the queer people when in quiet, infrequent hours they are given for a sign some white, wonderful bloom of thought to be bound thriftily with the pale posy of dreams which they have plucked on their lonely way. At such times common things of earth, most ordinary events of life, link themselves as a bridge of boats across a stream, whereon they may venture a little excursion to the misty banks of a new country; the hand that imprisons secrets incommunicable relaxes. Indefatigably the crowd still plays the game, takes hazardous kicks at the goal, or scores laborious centuries, and the few watch; but, thus observant, standing aloof, yet not scornful, they perceive the wide spaces of mystery and silence, shadow and gleam, which encircle that hoarse, restless throng, and are fain to consider them of immeasurably higher significance than the quest of the cacophonists.

The popular idea that mystery appertains solely to antiquated and ghost-like things—ruined castles, Burmese pagodas, shrivelled fakirs, Greek temples—is a supposition most misleading. If on a wet night, mounting an omnibus that passes a certain big junction, you survey the splendid sweep of shining rails, the abacus of tri-coloured signal-lamps, the gyrating steam, shot with fierce cones of light from engine-fires, the small, sombre figures moving down there in the murk, can you resist a thrill of vague curiosity, a sense as of an unseen note of interrogation behind it all? It simply means, retorts the materialist, proud of his pathetic hard-headedness, that you can buy a pink or yellow ticket, board a train, and journey where you will. That is doubtless a useful fact, but it in no way satisfies that persistent question-mark.

Trees are familiar enough; walk through the fields and reflect wherein the beauty of a tree consists. We say this column or fresco or that building is beautiful; but let one plaster scroll slip out of position, one flower be the wrong colour, one cornice lower than its complementary, and the work of art becomes an unsightly horror. Yet not a single line of a tree is accurately balanced by another. Taken as a whole, it comprises an assembly of exquisite curves and pleasing angles—unsymmetrical, but contenting the eye of the beholder as nothing else does. We, in our imitations and limitations, are driven to the laws of perspective and geometry in order to construct our town-halls, our patterned wall-papers, our tolerable ornaments; the tree, knowing naught of sculpture or Athenian contours, just grows. Its leaves might have been square, oblong, circular; instead, they assume an endless variety of

inconsequent serrations; how rigid and sad are the twisted iron copies on our towering lodge-gates! Its branches might have issued at severe right angles; but we find the slim, almost feminine stateliness of the poplar, the languid arch of the willow, the chubby pollard, the stalwart, masculine dignity of the oak. This is an objective mystery; there is another, when, hushed in summer calm, the trees wait and sigh through the livelong day, or when, wrenched by lusty gales, the shrill leaves cry, the branches writhe and wrestle, the great trunks groan. What are they trying to express? "A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

Sometimes, at long intervals, we realise how things inexplicable and imponderable invest every moment, waking or sleeping. In the street, perhaps, a minute comes when you are suddenly stricken with a feeling of incompetence, uncertainty; the noise of traffic merges to a roar—it might well be the lapse of water headlong into a hollow pool, an incomprehensible, eerie sound. Things seem unreal; or is it that their reality has so intensified that they emanate a strange, oppressive intelligence? You draw a long breath, and glance round. What sea of hallucination floods the city? What means this sublime farewell in the sky, the silent conflagration of sunset?

Falls from afar the blood of God, like rain
Immortal agony! Eternal pain!

Whence comes the quick longing to bend over the white, weeping face of this tiny unknown child looking up at you? Why is that old man with bleared, hopeless countenance and mis-shapen, filthy hands, wearily offering a box of matches to an interminable procession? Why is this other man shouting monotonously from the footboard of a 'bus, and a third, weatherbeaten, grey, inured, gazing patiently ahead into the welter that booms through the ravine of dusky buildings? Why are you here, critical and conscious? A woman's eyes meet and cling to yours for a rich moment in the crowd. You are afraid to look round at her lest others misunderstand; she also is afraid, and so you both pass on with the little life you lived in that moment, and never meet again. If you had spoken, would she have laughed, or frowned and turned away, or—tremendous thought—would she have understood? What divine ambassador has been at your side, touching your shoulder and bidding you behold that "Magic Shadow-show"? If you could seize the mood, prolong it, might not some still, small voice, some exalted word, come from that obscure chamber of the dwelling whose doors seem for ever fast? "Who knoweth the spirit of man, that goeth upward?"

These things do not happen, say the pleasant, bluff, two-dimensional people, busily trudging across their Flatland (so busily that they have no time to waste in dreams, albeit a few minutes can be spared to mock the dreamer); and if they did, would be unimportant. True; perhaps not, to them; but they do happen, and have to be arraigned when we cast the accounts of the hours at close of day. There are more adventures of the soul than of the body. Let two men voyage on the same boat to some city in the southern hemisphere, both equipped with the conventional number of senses, identical accuracy of eyesight, similar keenness of hearing. From the deck of the liner they scan the splendour of the constellations so intricately set upon the purple dome. "A fine night," remarks one; and that is all. Does he comprehend what he is doing? The other knows that from a fresh view-point he is looking off—neither up nor down, but off—the planet of his birth into the sleet of stars that drives through eternity, among which his home is but an imperceptible speck—yet a speck which carries salt sea-winds strong as wine, clouds and mountains and rain, and hope, joy, love, sorrow, and all other things that make up the life of a man—and death. He knows that as this earth "spins like a fretful midge" morning and noon and night are but words on men's tongues, and that all without is darkness unfathomable. He hears the soft seethe and fall of the curling wave at the ship's bows, and remembers that every particle of water in that lovely, luminous apex which divides and spreads back toward the

cold Northern oceans whence he came, contains a hardly numerable multitude of living organisms. The hour for him is a mystery, a vision; but it is as real to him as the mast-head spark that moves in curious ellipses against the zenith while the vessel surges onward. Who would grudge him his extra world?

Is it any wonder that men are to be found who style themselves Pantheists?—that we still do, in one form or another, worship the ancient Pan? We see the god in the flower, in the hill, in the snow, in the star; vaguely we adore in the wind fragrant from the heathery moor, or solemn as the whispers of a Cathedral organ, among the dark aisles of the firs. Loving the "sinless summer carol" of the lark, we seek also the reason for his passionate song. Taking our microscopes, we discern a world's commotion in a water-drop. Devising a rule whereby to measure the universe, we search the parallax of a distant sun only to discover that our mighty base-line of a hundred and eighty millions of miles is insufficient to displace the image, and with ringing brains we turn away. Annihilating the past, we watch our earth robing herself through the fire and flood of remote ages; peering forward to when time's hand shall eagerly clutch his final minute, on that unnerving brink we front the derision of silence. Then, perchance, we surrender to the mystery, and weave our fantasies, and dream our dreams, imagining, it may be, that the magnificent lights in heaven are but lamps held by patient angels in that terrible outer gloom to illumine the coming of some royal onrushing world which we have never seen, chords of whose spherulic music are yet trembling along black infinities of space; lamps which, their purpose accomplished, shall be swiftly dashed down, to burn for a few æons and flicker out in a stifled flare, dead. The mystery overwhelms us. We feel the beating of invisible wings, and hope; glimpsing, we imagine, the winsome face of truth, it is besmirched and transfigured in ghastly masquerade, and our hope, like a poor little sparrow, lies fluttering to death in the dirt. In a dolour of defeated thought we are more than ever aware of an intensely real longing to pierce the veil. What great symphony is it of which we catch here and there a low, agitated harmony, a fugitive echo?

Was the preacher right when, after his reiterated pleasures and pains, he concluded, "all that cometh is vanity"? Philosophy is cold. Science, erecting her giant superstructures of theory on hillocks of knowledge, huge factories of unstable hypotheses to explain her foundations, fails. Love, who "looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," now stoops to plant her immortelles in the mould covering the form loved best and needed most, knowing only that the veil has thickened—the veil that once, strong with lover's laughter, she had thought to thrust aside.

Yet we smile, and see "as through a glass, darkly," and seek for the dawn. Some of us, perhaps, may find it, but it is bright with tears.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Spirit of Parliament. By DUNCAN SCHWANN, M.P. (Alston Rivers, Ltd., 3s. 6d. net.)

It is impossible for the average Englishman to remain entirely unaffected by such an institution as Parliament. "The august mother of Parliaments" belongs to the pompous phraseology of an older time, and there are those to-day who speak, glibly enough, of the "gasworks." But whatever may be your attitude with regard to the national legislative assembly—whether it be one of admiration or one of distrust and possibly dislike—you cannot at least ignore it. To every thoughtful Englishman the House of Commons stands as a perpetual challenge. In spite of Press and platform, it remains enveloped in mystery. An occasional visit to the Strangers' Gallery will hardly afford much enlightenment to the student of practical politics

anxious to study at first hand the legislative processes of his country. We know that, in a room so small that it fails to hold the six hundred and seventy members who have been chosen by the country to sit in it, ten thousand laws have been talked into being, and we know little else.

It is for this reason that Mr. Duncan Schwann's volume is a valuable addition to our political literature. For Mr. Schwann has taken pity on our ignorance. He has afforded us some interesting glimpses into the working of the Parliamentary machine. He has brought the gods a little nearer to earth.

Mr. Schwann writes with an enthusiasm which, if not infectious, is certainly admirable. The point of view is incontrovertibly that of the new Member, of one who has hardly had time to surrender illusions, or to acquire that surface cynicism which is so valuable an asset in Parliamentary life. He views politics through the magnifying-glasses of inexperience, and he finds it possible to write of the House of Commons as "the Custom House at which all ideas, political or social, progressive or reactionary, fantastic or practical, pay toll":

Gathered together within its confines (he adds) are the sharpest wits in the land: bold thinkers and reformers, men with brains of quick-silver, whose neighbourhood is electric to their duller fellows.

One is not accustomed to regard St. Stephen's as the meeting-place of the wit and wisdom of the nation, and we have ourselves known Members of Parliament whom Charity herself would hardly care to describe as either witty or wise. But then Mr. Schwann is a new, or at least a comparatively new, Member!

The abolition of the party system is a subject which has been engaging the attention of our political writers for a considerable time past, and quite recently a prominent London weekly advocated the adoption of a centre-party which should embrace all that is progressive in Toryism and all that is reactionary in Liberalism—a combination from the thought of which, we should have imagined, the mind of man would shrink with an instinctive horror. Mr. Schwann, however, asserts that we are free from any such baleful possibility. His reasons are worth stating:

The first influence to which I ascribe the probable continuance of our two-party Government is the shape of the House of Commons, its construction in an oblong, and not the semi-circular form common to nearly all foreign Chambers. For from this detail spring important consequences. It creates a real physical division between the Government's supporters and those of the Opposition, so that all men can see the gulf placed between their rival policies. The floor of the House is, indeed, a Rubicon, involving real and practical severance from former ties and friends for a politician who crosses it. It does not, like a circular assembly, in which a continuous half-circle of seats rises tier on tier before the President's desk, allow a gentle sliding into new associations by the simple process of moving one's place nearer to the Left or the Right.

Limitations of space make it impossible for the reviewer to follow Mr. Schwann into the numerous ramifications of his subject. The book, however, may be confidently recommended as an entertaining guide to the uninitiated. And it remains to be said that Mr. Schwann is not only a charming writer, but an astute politician. For he has dedicated this volume "to the 5,545 electors of the Hyde Division of Cheshire." It may be safely assumed that when the next General Election comes the 5,545 electors of the Hyde Division of Cheshire will not have forgotten this subtlet of compliments.

The Oceanic Languages: their Grammatical Structure, Vocabulary, and Origin. By D. MACDONALD, D.D. (Henry Frowde.)

FOR the production of this volume our thanks are due in the first place to the liberality of the Australian Government. The work has obviously involved immense research, laborious industry, and a high standard of erudition. Its author, moreover, has used in the course of his researches the celebrated work of Sidney Ray and Codrington, who are acknowledged to be the highest linguistic authorities in their respective fields. The only other really valuable facts in the book occur in the Introduction (containing a solid and most welcome contribution to our knowledge of the

people of Efate) and the chapters on the grammar, phonology, and vocabulary of Efatese as a New Hebridean dialect. Of less value is the fact that the vocabulary is greatly enlarged by the inclusion of a number of parallel forms taken from the various languages of the Malayan family, not unfrequently identified with Semitic parallels; we regret that we must add an emphatic note of warning as to the futility of argumentative methods such as those on which the author's theory of Semitic connection is based. This theory has been allowed unnecessarily to intrude itself into all parts of the volume and considerably detracts from the worth of what might have been an uniformly valuable and useful pioneering work. A great number of the parallels with Semitic given in the Vocabulary are of the unscientific, popular, guess-work type, unhappily but too familiar to serious students, while other words are still more obviously unconnected in origin. Specimens of this (we trust obsolescent) method of etymology are:

EFATE.		ARABIC.
<i>raru</i> (boat, ship)	=	<i>markab</i> (a boat or ship)
<i>bulut-i</i> (to plaster)	=	<i>"afara</i> (to cover)
<i>buka</i> (to swell)	=	<i>nafah'a</i> (to inflate)
<i>goko-i</i> (to scrape)	=	<i>hakka</i> (to grind by rubbing, hack, cut, pierce)
<i>uose</i>	=	<i>mikday</i> (an oar)
<i>lagi</i> (wind)	=	<i>nasama</i> (blow gently)
<i>bue</i> (to pour on)	=	<i>naba'</i> (to pour)

For a statement specifically and in set terms asserting an etymological connection between these words and their *soi-disant* Semitic parallels, see Introduction, p. x. Perhaps the most astounding part of the proof of Semitic connection is that derived from triliteralism, the existence of which in the Oceanic languages is said to be "an irresistible inference," though we fear that, in view of the nature of the argument, there will be few authorities on either of these linguistic families, or on the races that speak them, who would not "resist" it. The methods by which the Arabic *Ba'ala* or Baal, the name of the god, is identified with *uola* or *nanola*, the chief idol of the Efatese (see Vocab. sub *uola*), are typical of the weaknesses of this side of the book. The spelling, generally speaking, is not uniformly good, and in analysing words the author in some cases takes affixes as forming part of the root, and in others takes part of the root as an affix. Examples of the former occur on p. 36 (Malay *lipat*, *lapis*, contradicted, however, on p. 21; also Malay *malipal* on p. 37), and examples of the latter on p. 87 (Malay *baki*, *bagi*, and *kapada*).

The author's explanations of the Malay numerals (*dalapan* and *sambilan*) and the statement that "they are not compound words" (p. 7) are based, like many other statements in support of the theoretical part of the book, upon mere assumptions at variance with known facts.

The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham, and some Men and Women of the Stuart Court. By PHILIP GIBBS. (London: Methuen, 15s. net.)

THE history of the first Duke of Buckingham is so picturesque and grandiose, and altogether amazing, that it would take a very dull historian to make it other than interesting. Mr. Gibbs is by no means dull. He is quick to see the points, and he writes lucidly and at times forcibly. He has studied his authorities with care. Sometime we had an impression—but it may have been only an impression—that he did not quite live in the seventeenth century while he wrote. A slight indication of unfamiliarity is on page 228, where he evidently thinks that the word "crazy," quoted from a letter, had its modern sense, instead of meaning simply ill, or as we might say "shaky." He does not escape the tendency of biographers to be over-kind to their subjects, and George Villiers appears in his pages as a much finer fellow than he was. For what really does his story come to? His original promotion by James I., solely on account of his good looks, was a gross scandal. Placed in power, he made one huge mistake after another, and was a veritable scourge to his Sovereigns and his country. He had personal courage, and was, for that period, a tolerably faithful friend and generous enemy, but there his virtues

end, and his vices were many. In detail Mr. Gibbs admits all this, but the general picture is somehow fairer than the original. That, however, is the fault of nearly all biographers, and it does not go very far in this case.

The Court of James I. was, perhaps, the most vicious in our history, and something, not all, of its blackness comes into the earlier part of this book. There is the ghastly story of the Somersets—Somerset's scandalous rise to fortune, his wife's infamy, the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury—all the lust and violence and superstition—it is truly terrible to read of. Against it is a blaze of colour—gay masques, splendid apparel, lavishness run riot. And gentler human sympathies come into this, as into all other human histories. Even James, odious as he was, claims a sort of pity as we read his pathetic letters to his "sweete boys" in Spain—Steenie and Baby Charles. Buckingham's fond and faithful wife, Kate, whom he loved and deceived so often, is a sadly interesting figure:

Now I will no more write (she writes to him) to hope you do not go, but must betake myself to my prayers for your safe and prosperous journey, which I will not fail to do, and for quick return, but never whilst I live will I trust you again.

One would have liked to hear more about her and her quiet life in the country, while her disastrous lord ruffled it abroad. The friendship between Charles and Villiers—whom, like his father, he always wrote to as "Steenie"—was loyal and steadfast, and is a pleasant element in both their stories. But Fenton's dagger was probably a good thing for the King, as it certainly was for the country.

FICTION

The Daughler. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. (Constable, 6s.)

WE have looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to a new work by the author of "Conflict," and we have not been disappointed. "The Daughler" is well worth reading, both because of the excellent way in which the plot is manipulated and the strength and fidelity of the character-drawing. The theme is an interesting one, inasmuch as it deals with one of the problems of the day, and faces it in a very bold and unconventional manner. Whether Miss Smedley's solution is a good or even a practicable one is an open question, but good workmanship, combined with a rare knowledge of human nature, enables her to present her theory in a very plausible guise. That a girl, however young and quixotic she may be, would deliberately sacrifice herself by marrying a man whom she has never even seen (and whom she believes to be below her in class and education) for the sake of £10,000, to be dedicated to the use of the "Neo-Suffragist" Society, is improbable to the last degree; but the girl herself is so human, and her subsequent adventures so entirely what they would be under the circumstances, that the reader is drawn, in spite of himself, into taking a serious view of the matter.

A Melton Monologue. By DIANA CROSSWAYS. (Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.)

As the title suggests, hunting is the prevailing topic in this book. "Lady Diana Crossways" and her husband, "Freddie," in a laudable attempt to retrieve the fallen fortunes of their house, let their country place to a city millionaire and take a small hunting-box at Melton. Here, in her spare moments, "Lady Di" records her impressions of her new surroundings and neighbours in a diary, portions of which form the present book. The result of her efforts is a very pleasant mixture of sport and gossip, with here and there a touch of shrewd self-analysis. The entire sketch is very slight. There is a "sentimental episode," but it is treated with a light hand; Lady Di returning to the now unencumbered estates with her rather grumpy Freddie and an apparently unscathed heart. The writer is at her best when describing and criticising her friends and enemies, and at her worst when transcribing their conversations. The dialogue is

rather heavy and stilted, the result, perhaps, of a desire to be epigrammatic. This is the more noticeable as the rest of the diary is particularly unaffected in style.

The Half-Smart Set. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (John Milne, 6s.)

MISS WARDEN has wisely omitted the long list of works which usually stand under her name on the fly-leaf of her novels, and has been content to announce herself on this occasion simply as the author of "The House on the Marsh," the work on which her reputation as a writer rests. She is also to be congratulated on the fact that the present volume is far worthier of her pen than any of the many detective stories that have preceded it. The rather vulgar failings of a middle-class would-be fast set are placed before us with a certain kindly satire. The contrast between the "half-smart" and a very narrow-minded, Puritanical little circle in a manufacturing town is also cleverly described. There is something to be said for both sides, and the author gives us a temperate and unbiassed view of these two most dissimilar branches of society.

The Duke's Motto. By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY. (Methuen, 6s.)

THERE is a distinction of style about "The Duke's Motto" that entitles it to be described as the best romance Mr. McCarthy has written. He possesses the all-important temperament—half Irish and half French—that is necessary when writing of French romance with convincing boldness. The book deals principally with the career of Henri de Lagardere, soldier of fortune and, of course, invincible swordsman. He is introduced to the reader in a provincial inn, where nine bullies are awaiting instructions to murder Louis de Nevers, the husband of Gabrielle de Caylus, and friend of his betrayer, Louis de Gonzague. The latter is the hirer of the nine swordsmen, but Lagardere unexpectedly fights for the Duke, and, when the nobleman is murdered, saves his baby daughter, and disappears to wreak vengeance on the murderers of the man who invented "the famous thrust of Nevers." Louis de Gonzague provides plenty of sword-exercise for the ex-captain of the King's Guard, but the paid assassins are unlucky, and seventeen years after the death of the Duke Lagardere returns disguised to Paris to restore Gabrielle, the daughter of Nevers, to her mother and expose the treachery of the scoundrel who had by that time become the nominal husband of the widowed duchess. It would be unfair to Mr. McCarthy to give his plot in too much detail, though the story is so well told that even those who know it will not be less interested in the manner of telling it. The exciting incidents, plots and counterplots, duels, battles, murders, and very sudden deaths are described with a facility and expression that leave the reader incapable of thinking of anything other than the book. All the usual tributes from the Critic's Dictionary of Hackneyed Phrases will be applied to "The Duke's Motto," and the craft is so ancient that it is difficult to say something new. Mr. McCarthy, however, can safely allow his reputation to stand or fall by his latest novel. For any writer to select a very old story—and one, moreover, that has done duty on many stages—shows a daring that is only justified by complete success. That the author of "The Duke's Motto" has accomplished this is proof positive and final of his literary skill.

Not Proven. By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW. (Ward Lock and Co., 6s.)

OF all the trials endured by a reviewer of modern fiction—and they are neither few nor trivial—none is surely so hard to bear as seeing on the cover of a novel the name of an author whose work has won his admiration, to find, on reading, evident deterioration.

This, we are sorry to say, is the case in the present instance. The authors of "The Shulamite" have written a murder story of the most "shilling shocker" order, where puppets and lay-figures commit murder, steal wills, blackmail, etc., and, finally, the good but uninteresting

figures marry, while the wicked and equally uninteresting either die or reform.

This class of work is all very well for many writers, who have learnt the trick, and know no others, but it will not do for authors who have given such proof of greatness as "The Shulamite." Of those who have given evidence that they can achieve much, much will be expected, and let this be the justification for severe criticism.

The Paxton Plot. By C. GUISE MITFORD. (John Long, 6s.)

IN this book Mr. Mitford presents himself as a serious rival to Mr. Le Queux and Mr. Allen Upward, for he writes of international politics and conspiracies. With one exception, the story is on very much the same lines as many others published during a single year. There is, of course, a Free-lance, brave as a lion, and resourceful as a hare; an arch-conspirator, with his chorus of satellites, is naturally his quarry, and on the latter's side there is (equally of course) a beautiful woman whom the Free-lance loves at first sight, and continues to love beyond the end of the story. But in this there occurs the exception to the usual rule of such stories as the present, for, instead of making his book end with wedding-bells, Mr. Mitford has been bold enough to make his heroine unworthy of his hero. Whether his readers will thank him for his originality is, we are afraid, a debatable question. The lovely woman in a story of secret diplomacy may be one of two things. She may be, on the one hand, the unhappy tool or prisoner of the arch-villain, and, in consequence, be the victim of calumny, or she may be herself the arch-villain, and her enchantments and wiles simply weapons of her villainy. But, if she be the former, she must be pure and unspotted in reality. Lovers of melodrama have no taste for subtleties of characterisation, and the villain's paramour should not be the object of the hero's love, especially if she be pictured sympathetically. There is also another point which, we are afraid, will not help the book to success. The climax and final curtain is the knighthood of the hero. Now, however enviable in its original endowment may have been the accolade of the Sovereign, it has unfortunately of late—we speak with all reverence—become so often the reward of successful tradesmen who have subscribed heavily to party funds that it has lost to no small extent its former unique honour. Consequently Mr. Mitford's reward to his hero runs no little risk of ridicule.

DRAMA

"HANNELE" AT THE SCALA THEATRE

"THE Play Actors," who produced this beautiful play by Gerhart Hauptmann last Sunday evening, are very much to be congratulated on their daring. For *Hannele* is one of those plays which appear at first sight to be more suited for private reading than for public performance; indeed, the difficulties to be surmounted in a stage representation are so many and obvious that many managers, fired by a desire to produce a thing so strange and haunting as this play, have, no doubt, given it up as a work beyond their powers. All the more honour, then, to this young society who, now they have led the way, will, it is to be hoped, induce others to produce it from time to time; in the same way as *Every Man* and other similar poetic dramas are from time to time revived.

Hannele is described by its author as a dream-poem, and it is so unlike anything I have ever before seen that I hesitate to describe it as a play which begins in the manner of Gorki and continues somewhat in the style of Hans Christian Andersen. At any rate, the scene is a village pauper refuge where are to be found four very undesirable persons—two men and two women. Suddenly the schoolmaster appears carrying the dying *Hannele*: she is a little girl of fourteen whom he has helped to rescue

from drowning in a pond into which she has thrown herself for fear of her reputed father. She is visited by the parish overseer and the doctor, and tended by a Sister of Mercy. The child is half-delirious and sees all kinds of visions: first her father appears and frightens her, then her dead mother comes and leaves her a flower, and then gradually she sees a vision of her own death as a child might see it; a child with a very simple belief in her Saviour, whose idea of death had been got from simple pictures, whose idea of goodness was her schoolmaster and her mother, and whose idea of evil was her drunken father; who mixed this all up with her everyday life, with the out-casts she had just seen, the school friends and the villagers, and who added to it a longing for pretty clothes and a horrible fear of the great "sin against the Holy Spirit." The whole vision is beautified as only a poet like Hauptmann could beautify it, and if the sentiment is too Teutonic and too Protestant to satisfy fully all tastes, no one can deny its sincerity and its reverence. As in the vision of Dante his hates, his admirations, and his love have their place, so in this little village girl's death-dream her father and her mother get mixed up with her simple thoughts of the great black angel of death, and when Christ at last appears it is in the form of the schoolmaster, who gradually throws off his earthly habit and becomes transfigured as he leads the angel-dressed child up the golden steps into heaven.

Criticism of such a play seems to me to be out of place. To many it must appeal most strongly, and others may find a difficulty in following it. Certainly its representation on the stage is surrounded with the greatest difficulties, and I should have thought it would have been better if there had been a statement on the programme that, with the exception of the Sister who was in the room for a few moments at the beginning of the second part, every one else after the interval was merely a part of the vision. The real actors and actresses, especially when they had appeared as real people earlier in the play, looked so very real later on, even when they were bathed in coloured limelight. However, in any event, this performance was more than creditable to its producers and all who took part in it; and when it has to be taken into account that there was this one and only performance praise cannot be too warmly bestowed on all concerned. For this reason I feel that the acting all round was of a high order of merit, and I wish I had space to mention all the ladies and gentlemen in the caste. Miss Winifred Mayo as Hannele was a most pathetic and winning figure; she brought out well the childish fears and faith of the strange little girl so filled with little vanities and genuine goodness. Mr. H. R. Hignett, too, can scarcely be too highly praised for his acting as Gottwald, the schoolmaster, both when a real person and, perhaps, still more so as he gradually changed into a likeness of Christ that we have seen so often in the familiar pictures of children's books. Miss Marie Linden was admirable as the Sister of Mercy, and the same must be said of Miss Edyth Olive in the similar dream-part, though I do not quite see why the two parts could not have been taken by the same actress. I admired also very much "the Great Black Angel," whose name did not appear in the programme. It was an entertainment which will live long in the memory, and I sincerely hope it will be repeated again in the near future.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—THE ACADEMY is always interesting, but it may fairly be said that this week's issue contains an economic discovery of enormous value to the world. I know not whether to assign the credit to you or to Mr. Crosland; perhaps to you, seeing that you have given it the publicity of a Literary Note in your Literary Review.

The facts, you will remember, were these:

The National Liberal Club made a profit last year of £8,703 on

its sale of provisions, wines, spirits, beers, cigars, and cards. The stock in hand at the end of the year was £10,048, of which amount £9,701 represented wines, spirits, beers, and mineral waters. It may therefore be assumed, said you (and Mr. Crosland), that nine-tenths of its profits came from that source.

The discovery may be put in words thus: "The profits on the sale of any article are proportional to the value of the stock in hand at the end of the year." Let us examine this for a moment.

(a) A hawker sells fresh violets and collar-studs upon the Embankment. The violets, which he gets every day from Covent Garden, are in great demand; but nobody buys his collar-studs. At the end of a month he takes stock, and finds that, while he has no violets left, he has only succeeded in getting rid of one collar-stud; so that he still has nearly two shillings' worth of studs in hand. Being a reader of THE ACADEMY, he realises that the month's profit of £2 comes entirely from the sale of that collar-stud. Consequently he resolves to give up the flowers in future.

(b) A restaurant-keeper sells soda-and-milk at 6d. a glass, and makes a handsome profit. A fondness on the part of his customers for fresh milk prevents him from keeping large supplies of this in hand; his custom being to have so many gallons sent to him from his farm every morning. He takes stock one day, and finds that he has 253 bottles of soda-water. Being an admirer of Mr. Crosland, he resolves in future only to sell soda-water, hoping in this way to increase his profits.

And so forth. Somehow, it doesn't seem to work in practice, does it? It is just possible (is it not?) that the fact that more than nine-tenths of the stock in hand is liquor is due to that other fact that wines and spirits "keep" better than bread and meat. There would not be much milk "in hand" at the end of the year, would there? But there would be a good deal of cayenne-pepper. And yet I doubt if the National Liberal Club makes much of a profit on pepper.

Why, Sir, in your desire to score a point against the other party, do you argue in this way? Above all, why do you "challenge Mr. Blackie to repeat his statement in face of these figures"?

M.

P.S.—I notice that the £9,701 worth of stock includes the value of "mineral waters." Why do you lump these together with alcoholic drinks in order to "contradict quite flatly and categorically" Mr. Blackie's statement that "less alcoholic drink is consumed per head per member than in any similar club"?

["M's" merchant in violets and collar-studs is picturesque; but it amounts to little or nothing. One has a right to suppose that a person possessing at the end of successive years £10,000 worth of collar-studs is engaged in the collar-stud business. If you find £10,000 worth of cheese in a warehouse, it is lunacy to imagine that the owner of the warehouse makes his living out of dolls'-eyes or cheap clocks. However, THE ACADEMY is concerned with nothing but the truth. If "M." or Mr. Blackie can, for the honour of the National Liberal Club, demonstrate that the Club makes no profit on drink, but derives its income from the sale of cheap lunches, we shall be pleased to publish the facts and leave Mr. Crosland to take care of himself. With regard to grouping mineral waters with stronger drink, surely "M." does not wish us to imagine that the members of the National Liberal Club drink soda-water neat!—ED.]

THE STAGE SOCIETY AND THE BREAKING POINT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The extreme sternness of your note on the Stage Society's production of *The Breaking Point* in last week's ACADEMY impels me to take up the cudgels on its behalf:

The Committee of Management (I read) made a very great mistake in producing the play, thereby laying itself open to the charge of having done so purely because it was prohibited by Mr. Redford. It is impossible to suggest any other reason for its production, and it would be interesting to learn what merits that able body found in it. I am not on the Managing Committee, and have, of course, no official claim to write on their behalf, but as a member of the society who witnessed the play I am quite prepared to defend their decision. I imagine the merits which induced them to produce it were the obvious sincerity and conviction with which it was written. *The Breaking Point* is not a very adroit piece of work. It has many technical defects. But it is a courageous attempt to treat a serious situation honestly and truthfully, to draw life and people as they are (or as the author believes them to be) without sentimentalising or extenuating in order to propitiate the box-office. Had *The Breaking Point* been the work of an experienced dramatist it might have been a question whether the handling of the subject, the drawing of the characters, the management of the dialogue were sufficiently skilful to justify its production. But as the work of a beginner, as a first play, it

seems to me (and, I suppose, seemed to the committee) to possess sufficient merit and show sufficient promise to be worth staging. For it cannot be too often repeated that the only way in which a dramatist can really learn his trade is by having his work produced. He can learn something, of course, by seeing other people's plays and reading other people's plays. But it is from the rehearsals of his own work and the performance of his own work that he learns most. One of the functions of the Stage Society is to provide a training-ground for beginners. I hope and believe that Mr. Garnett has learnt much from the production of *The Breaking Point*, that it has shown him what are its good points and what its bad. If this is so, the committee, it seems to me, were amply justified in producing his first play.

I also think the fact that Mr. Redford had refused to license it, if it did weigh with them, was rightly taken into consideration by the committee. When I reviewed the play in your columns on its publication I insisted most strongly that there was *nothing whatever in it to justify the Censor's action in refusing a licence for its performance*. There might be two opinions as to whether it was good or bad. There could not be two opinions as to its absolute propriety. One or two of the dramatic critics have said that they thought the Censor quite right to prohibit it because it was so dull; but that, of course, is only their conception of humour. Mr. Redford has no right to prohibit plays save on the definite grounds that they are immoral or indecent or blasphemous, or likely to provoke a breach of the peace. No one can pretend that *The Breaking Point* comes under any of these heads. It is a perfectly innocuous play of rather old-fashioned morality than otherwise, and the Censor exceeded his duty in prohibiting it. It is interesting to note that the Press, after the production, though on the whole unfavourable to the play, took this view with practical unanimity. The *Times* is the only exception I have discovered among the morning and evening papers. The Censor, having made a grave error of this kind, my own view is that the Stage Society were right to take the only practical method of demonstrating the fact—namely, to produce it. If the drama is to be under an irresponsible despotism in this country, let that despotism at least be intelligently exercised. I hope Mr. Garnett will now formally appeal to the Lord Chamberlain to have Mr. Redford's decision as to *The Breaking Point* reversed.

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

[We reply to Mr. Hankin in another part of the paper.—ED.]

THE STIBBERT ART COLLECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—*Prima facie* to the average Englishman your correspondent "William Mercer" was fully justified in denouncing the action of the British Government in refusing the charge of the Stibbert collection in Florence; but to one acquainted with the practices of the Italian Government in such matters the refusal was sound policy. The £32,000 left for maintaining the institution would be dealt with roughly as follows:—First, about £3,200 would be deducted as legacy and other imposts, bringing the amount to £28,800. Then, under the laws of transferring property, which are very elastic, about 6 per cent. would be charged for transference to the trustees, reducing the sum to £26,000. The law costs (there are 260 lawyers in the Chamber of Deputies, and most of them have to be fed), stamps, and other expenses would bring the sum to £25,000. This would be invested in securities (public bonds) which pay the highest rate of income-tax (Richezza Mobile)—namely, 4s. in the pound—so that the income (reckoned at 4½ per cent.) of £1,125 would be brought down to £900. Of this sum £250 or so would be set apart for maintenance of the building, keeping it in repair, and so on (some one who is of use to the authorities probably having the contract, and spending about £50 on the work), and the balance of £650 would be available as salaries. Of all salaries paid a further 2s. 1d. in the pound would go to the Government as income-tax from the recipients; but, as a matter of fact, precious little would be paid in salaries. After all this you will understand that it is not surprising that nothing has been done so far in connection with the Stibbert collection; in fact, it will astonish those who know the little ways of the Italian Government if any of the £32,000 is ever paid out at all, and the expenses of management will most likely be taken out of admission fees. The British Government, no doubt, knew perfectly well that if they took over the collection the only practical purpose they would serve would be to act as a milch-cow to the Italian authorities. As a rule, foreign residents in Italy do not know of these things, because they escape direct taxation, there being no tax on incomes derived outside the country.

While on this subject it may be interesting to note that a charitable institution in Italy has to pay over 40 per cent. of its income directly or indirectly in taxes. Supposing the income were £1,000, £150 would have to be paid as income-tax, leaving

£850, of which about £300 would represent salaries and £500 supplies. The salaries would be taxed 2s. 1d. in the pound, and the extra cost of the supplies through customs and octroi duties would be 45 per cent.—£225, a total taxation of over £400.

EXPERIENCE.

LETTERS OF MONSIEUR DE BRÉMONT TO THE DUCHESS OF ANGOULÊME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you or any of your readers could inform me whence the subjoined letters, set out in parallel columns, were respectively derived, and if either of them is genuine (for it is obvious one at least must be a forgery).

JOHN B. WAINWRIGHT.

Letter of Monsieur Bremond to the Duchess of Angoulême as printed in Ad. Lanne's "Louis XVII." 2nd edition. (Paris: Dujarric et Cie, 50 Rue des Saints-Pères [? 1906]) at pp. 552-4.

"Madame,

"*Serviteur de votre auguste père, j'ai reconnu dans le prétendant, Charles - Guillaume Nauendorff, l'orphelin du Temple, votre auguste frère, le duc de Normandie, et je suis devenu son serviteur.*

"*Connaissant tous les moyens par lesquels Votre Altesse Royale a pu être trompée, et voulant remplir mon devoir envers l'orphelin du Temple, je me suis adressé à un de vos plus estimable serviteurs; je lui ai fait connaître tous les motifs qui devaient porter Votre Altesse Royale à faire un dernier examen de l'identité du duc de Normandie, son auguste frère, avec M. Nauendorff. J'ai proposé une assemblée de famille pour faire avec vous cet examen.*

"*Je déclare en la présence de Dieu à Votre Altesse Royale que le feu roi-martyr, mon auguste maître . . . ne voulut délibérer sur trois propositions qui lui étaient soumises pour l'acceptation de la Constitution en 1791, qu'après avoir fait la tentative de se réconcilier avec le roi George III. M. le Comte de Mercy Argenteau, Ambassadeur d'Autriche auprès de lui, fut le porteur de sa lettre autographe au roi d'Angleterre; et dans cette lettre il lui exprimait le regret le plus vif de s'être égaré au point d'avoir soutenu des rebelles contre leur roi légitime. Il lui demandait son amitié et l'emploi de toute sa puissance pour le protéger, en n'autorisant aucun acte de son gouvernement qui pût contribuer à troubler la sécurité de sa personne et celle de sa famille.*

"*Un traité secret s'ensuivit, par lequel le roi George III. donnait sa parole royale, non seulement de ne permettre à son gouvernement aucun acte contre la sécurité de Louis XVI. et la tranquillité de la France, mais employer toute son influence à rétablir le calme dans son royaume, et dans le cas où Louis XVI. viendrait à mourir, de prendre sous sa protection royale son épouse et ses enfants. Cet acte, Madame, vous le trouverez*

Letter from the same to the same as printed in Jean de Bonnefon's "Le Baron de Richemont" (Paris: Louis Michaud, 168 Bd. St. Germain [? 1908]) at pp. 184-5.

"Madame,

"*Serviteur du roi martyr, votre auguste père, j'ai reconnu l'orphelin, votre auguste frère, le duc de Normandie, et je suis devenu son serviteur.*

"*Connaissant tous les moyens par lesquels V.A.R. a pu être trompée, et voulant remplir mon devoir de préserver l'orphelin du Temple des malheurs qui sont sur le point de s'accomplir, je me dois de vous dire que l'Autriche possède la preuve authentique de l'enlèvement du royal orphelin de la prison du Temple.*

dans les archives de l'Autriche, comme dans celles de l'Angleterre, et vous jugerez que la lettre de George III. à S.A.R. Monseigneur le duc d'Angoulême, pour l'investir de la tutelle de l'orphelin du Temple, en 1794, et le cas de son mort arrivant, de le reconnaître pour roi légitime, est un jugement solennel contre LL. AA. RR. le comte de Provence et le comte d'Artois, malheureusement placés au nombre des conjurés contre Louis XVI.

"Les martyrs, vos augustes parents, en étaient tellement convaincus qu'ils les redoutèrent l'un et l'autre plus que les jacobins. Vous trouverez d'ailleurs dans les archives de l'Autriche, de l'Angleterre, de la Russie et de la Prusse, les déclarations faites à toutes ces cours, par le baron de Breteuil, ambassadeur secret et extraordinaire du roi, pour placer l'armée des princes à l'arrière-garde de leurs armées, sans jamais leur permettre d'entrer sur le territoire français.

"Enfin, Madame, je remplir le devoir que Dieu m'impose envers vous, en vous déclarant qu'à ma connaissance, la cour d'Autriche a la preuve authentique de l'enlèvement de l'orphelin du Temple. Je sais encore, d'une manière positive, que ceux qui ont eu le bonheur de le délivrer, l'ont conduit à Rome où il a été paternellement accueilli par le Saint Père Pie VI., dont il a un document écrit en latin, dans lequel il parle de lui et signe Pius Sextus. Il n'existe donc personne qui puisse vous donner des informations véridiques et contraires à ce que j'ai l'honneur de vous faire savoir. Mon honorable ami, feu M. de Montciel (ancien ministre de l'intérieur sous Louis XVI.), dont la copie du testament politique vous sera remise, a souvent gémé devant moi des illusions de Votre Altesse Royale. Plusieurs fois, il était sur le point d'aller vous demander une audience particulière, pour vous faire connaître l'existence de votre auguste frère. Cet honorable ami est mort dans mes bras de douleur de la catastrophe de 1830, en regrettant de n'avoir pu remplir son devoir en vous enlevant la cataracte dont on avait couvert vos yeux.

"Je crois que plusieurs de vos serviteurs, trompés eux-mêmes par le prince qu'ils avaient le malheur de servir, ont pu vous faire partager leurs erreurs; mais pour vous mettre en mesure de juger, j'ajoute le fait suivant; un d'entre eux, M. de Blacas, a reçu des mains de M. de Montciel, le trésor de la couronne, qu'il avait sauvé des mains des factieux pour le consacrer à l'autorité du roi légitime.

"Ce trésor, value réelle, était de trois cents millions. Il fut converti en neuf millions de ventes placés dans les fonds étrangers, de préférence aux fonds français. J'ai su, en 1820, de mon ami M. d'André, qu'à sa connaissance il n'existait plus que sept millions de rentes

"Mon ami, le marquis de Monciel et moi, avons souvent gémé de l'erreur dans laquelle on entretenait V.A.R.

"Mon devoir, non seulement envers vous, mais envers Dieu auquel je dois compte des mes actions, m'oblige d'ajouter que le trésor de la Couronne qui vous fut remis alors qu'on ignorait l'existence du duc de Normandie, ne vous appartient pas, il doit être rendu à l'héritier légitime du trône, il ne vous est pas permis de vous en servir contre lui.

"Ce trésor, value réelle, était de trois cents millions. Il fut converti en neuf millions de rentes placés dans les fonds étrangers, de préférence aux fonds français. J'ai su de mon ami M. d'André, qu'à sa connaissance il n'existait plus que sept millions de rentes du

du trésor. Depuis cette époque, il n'y a pas en lien sans doute de le diminuer. Ce trésor, Madame, appartient au roi légitime, et ce roi légitime, que vous embrasserez un jour avec bonheur, c'est votre auguste frère, duc de Normandie. Mais d'après la vérité que je vous déclare devant Dieu, il ne vous est plus permis de vous en servir contre lui.

"Que vos conseillers, Madame, ne se fassent pas illusion; ce sont eux qui sont responsables devant Dieu et devant leur roi légitime de l'emploi que vous en ferez.

"Mon devoir est rempli, Madame. Pour récompense de mes services envers le roi-martyr et envers sa famille, je n'ai jamais voulu accepter que le portrait de son Altesse Royale Monsieur, qu'il me donna en 1820. A l'âge de 78 ans, où je suis parvenu, je n'ai plus rien à recevoir de personne sur la terre; mais je dois me préparer à paraître devant Dieu qui du moins ne me fera pas la reproche de vous avoir caché la vérité.

"Je suis avec respect . . .

"BREMONT."

trésor.

"Que vos conseillers, Madame, ne se fassent pas illusion; ils sont responsable devant Dieu de l'emploi que vous ferez de cette fortune.

"J'accomplis un devoir de conscience vis-à-vis de vous, Madame, et je crois que V.A.R. devrait faire un dernier examen de l'identité du Dauphin avec le duc de Normandie qui lui fut présenté en 1816. A l'âge de soixante-dix-huit ans, où je suis parvenu je n'ai plus rien à attendre ni à recevoir de personne sur la terre; mais, à mon heure dernière, ce me sera un consolation de ne pas vous avoir caché la vérité.

"Je suis, avec respect, madame, etc.,

"Signé; De BRÉMONT père.

"Semaes, Suisse,

"4 Novembre, 1839."

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "SEA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sorry—for his own sake—to see Mr. Dodgson's reply to me on this subject (p. 672). Of course he is free to guess as much as he pleases; but that is no reason why he should misinterpret forms and make statements which are almost too absurd to be considered.

He first of all asked me a question about a Gothic verb, and as I replied, exposing his mistake, he has assumed that it is impossible for him to err, reiterates his already refuted assumption, and bolsters it up by making several more mistakes. It is quite unnecessary to continue an argument under such conditions; I can only put the unwary on their guard. Genuine students of Teutonic philology will have had more than enough of him by this time.

When he says that "*huljan* does not resemble *celare* so much as *saius* does *saihwān*," that is quite enough. It shows that he merely looks at the matter superficially, and is entirely misled by appearances. The student knows better. The former pair of words is demonstrably connected with each other; the latter cannot be connected at all. As the proof is a neat little exercise in comparative philology, I proceed to give it.

The Gothic *huljan*, to hide, corresponds with the Latin *celare*, to hide, in everything but the prime vowel. For every Gothic initial *h* is equivalent to a Latin initial *c*; both words contain *l*; and the Gothic suffix *-jan* is due to the Indo-Germanic suffix *-ya-*, which comes out in Latin, regularly, as *-are*. All that is left is to connect the Gothic short *u* with the Latin long *e*. These vowel-sounds are connected by the regular rules of gradation, as exhibited by the Anglo-Saxon root-verb—viz., *helan*, to hide, past tense *hæl*, past tense plural *hælon* (with long *e*), and pp. *holen*. This formula enables us to reconstruct the corresponding Gothic verb, which must necessarily have been *hailan*, past tense *hal*, past tense plural *helum* (with long *e*), pp. *hulans*. This gives us all we want; for the past-tense-plural-stem—viz., *hel-* (with long *e*) corresponds to the Latin *cel-* in *celare* (also with long *e*), and the pp. *hul-ans* shows the same gradation as the Gothic causal verb *hul-jan*. Q.E.D.

Secondly, I have already explained that the Gothic *ai* is somewhat of a trap, as it has two distinct values, easily distinguished by every student of Germanic philology. The short value occurs in *saihwān*, to see, where *ai* is equivalent to the Latin short *e*, or to the Greek *epsilon*, as is abundantly clear from the way in which Wulfila transliterates Greek words; whilst the long value occurs in *saius*, sea, and in *saiwala*, soul, and is equivalent to the Greek diphthong *oi*; in fact, the Gk. *oida*, I know, is the same word as the Gothic *wait* and the English *wot*. And it so happens that the Greek *epsilon* and the Greek *oi* belong to different systems of

gradation, and cannot be connected or brought together by any vowel-change whatever. Besides which, the Gothic *saihwān* possesses an *hw*, answering to Latin *qu* and Gk. *ph*, whilst *saiws* contains a simple *w*, Lat. *v*, Gk. *digamma*. Hence to connect *saihwān* with *saiws* involves the connection of the Latin *qu* with Latin *v*, much as if we were asked to admit a connection between *quis* and *vis*, which is simply absurd. Any one who can follow these explanations will see the absurdity.

As to the Latin *oculus*, I have said that the root was *oq*, and neither *oc* nor *ok*, as Mr. Dodgson perversely has it. The Greek root-form was *op*; and the long grade was *ōp* (with long *o*), as in the common derivative *πρόσ-ωπ-ον*. It was, therefore, not *wk-* at all; and the word *ocean* has nothing to do with it.

It is impossible, for want of space, to explain all the errors in this last unfortunate performance. I can only enumerate them, and repudiate all belief in them. The chief are as follows: 1. *Mor-ning* has nothing to do with the Latin *marc*. 2. Nor with *mar-mor*. 3. Nor with *mar-tyr*. 4. *Ocean* cannot be allied to *op-tics*. 5. *Sea* cannot be allied to *see*. 6. *Soul* cannot be allied to *see*. For all I know, the soul may be able to see, but certainly the Goth was unaware of it.

The point is shortly this: that when our friend claims to possess Stamm's "Ulfilas," and to have studied Gothic for thirty years, we see at once that he has nevertheless wholly failed to understand the phonology of the language.

Phonology and philology are things apart from translation. For every hundred men who understand the latter only there is seldom more than one who understands both. The wise man refrains from exhibiting his defects, and Mr. Dodgson would do well when giving his guesses to refrain from giving reasons.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

AN AWKWARD BLUNDER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In this week's *Illustrated London News* Mr. Andrew Lang severely reprimands a writer for misquoting two well-known lines by Tennyson, and then, unfortunately, himself proceeds to misquote them.

This is Mr. Lang's version:

There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

What Tennyson really wrote was, of course:

There lives more faith, &c.

It is interesting to note how this little alteration by Mr. Lang suffices to convert Tennyson's poetry into prose.

In the same article Mr. Lang also alters Carlyle's

Into eternity,
At night, will return—

to

Into eternity
It will return.

I prefer Carlyle's version.

W.

PURE ENGLISH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The purity of the English in the prose articles of THE ACADEMY, which is attained by no other literary paper, is marred on page 665 of the current number, in Mr. Machen's article, when he writes:

"I think it is Mr. G. K. Chesterton *that* has pointed out that somewhere . . ."

Surely the sentence demands "*who* has pointed out."

H. P. H.

[Mr. Machen writes: H. P. H. is referred to the A. V. of the New Testament, *passim*.]

"OLD AND NEW JAPAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been called to a review of my recent book, "Old and New Japan," which appeared in your pages. I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will give space for a word of explanation. In the prefatory note, which was by a most unfortunate circumstance, caused by illness and the necessity of rushing the book through the press, overlooked until it was impossible to include it in the present edition, occurs the following paragraph:—

In a book of the kind, dealing rather with the history and social customs of a people than being a record of travel, many authorities have of necessity had to be consulted, and in a measure drawn upon. They are too numerous to mention

in exact detail; but the author gratefully acknowledges the source of much valuable information (as well as much personal instruction) to the following:—Basil Hall Chamberlain, the author of "Translation of Kojiki," "Hand-book of Colloquial Japanese," etc.; Lafcadio Hearn, author of a number of valuable works; Arthur May Knapp, the anonymous author of an excellent sketch of the Religions of Japan; and to Miss Alice M. Bacon, author of "Japanese Girls and Women," for some interesting details of the more intimate phases of the Japanese woman's family life.

This will, I hope, serve to remove your reviewer's very reasonable criticism regarding an omission.

C. HOLLAND.

THE JOURNEY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to express my great admiration for the beautiful poem which appears in the current number of THE ACADEMY? In its exquisite simplicity it reminds one of the faultless profile of some ancient Greek cameo.

"ROWLAND THIRLMERE."

PULPIT ADVERTISEMENTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of April 4th, "Life and Letters," I read: "We can remember no case in which really fine work has been publicly praised from the pulpit or from other exalted quarters." I have been more fortunate. Quite recently Bishop Gore commended in this way at Birmingham Law's "Serious Call." Early in the "eighties" an eloquent Canon exclaimed in St. Paul's Cathedral (shortly after the publication of the book), "Have you read 'John Inglesant'?" This led one of his hearers at least to get and read what most will allow to be "really fine work." But, *per contra*, another eloquent Canon in the same Cathedral, whose sermons are widely published and read, referred with eulogy to the "Buonaparte of Battersea Bridge." (That is near enough to the real title of one of the periodical "Broadgrins" of a notorious living literary contortionist.) Might not the Cathedral authorities forbid to occupiers of the historic pulpit all exploiting of *living* writers by name, good, bad, or indifferent? The advertisement will soon besilver the chancel-floor. In a rural parish I have been successful in keeping the advertisement out of the graveyard by erasing or forbidding the stonemason's name on the tombs. But as things are going, popular preachers with short purses and elastic consciences may be *got at* to puff some nostrum for body or soul in the pulpit. Sacred things will get bespattered by the yellow mire from the marishes round the base of the *Mont Carmel de nos jours*. Let the clergy, at least, combine to keep puffery, quackery, and all American methods out of the Temple.

R. F. McCausland.

Hawsker Vicarage.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A Conference on Capital Punishment, to be held in Caxton Hall on Thursday afternoon, June 18th next, is being arranged by the Roinilly Society, with the co-operation of the Humanitarian League, the Howard Association, the Medico-Legal Society, the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, the Penal Reform League, &c., and prominent speakers have promised to take part. Applications for tickets may be made to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. Phillipson, 1, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple.

C. PHILLIPSON.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The service arranged in Westminster Abbey for members of the University of London on Presentation Day last year met with so marked a response that it was resolved, at a general meeting of London students held on November 25th, to request the Dean of Westminster to arrange a service again this year.

We should be much obliged if you would kindly allow us through your columns to make it known that the Dean has consented that a service for members of the University of London should be held in the Abbey on Presentation Day, Wednesday, May 6th, at 6 p.m. With the consent of the Dean, the Bishop of Birmingham has accepted the invitation to preach the sermon.

The service will be open to all persons officially connected with the University of London as teachers or otherwise, to all graduates and undergraduates, and all regular students of schools of the University. All graduates of the University and all

graduates of other Universities officially connected with the University of London are requested to wear full academic dress. It is hoped that undergraduates also will wear academic dress.

Tickets admitting to the reserved space in the Abbey will be sent to all persons eligible who apply for them to Mr. L. S. Kempthorne, University of London, University College, Gower Street, W.C., enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Applicants should state whether they are graduates or undergraduates. Application for tickets should be made as soon as possible, and not later than April 29th. Seats cannot be reserved for friends of members, but they will be admitted to such space as may be available in the north transept at 5.55 p.m. by the north door. It is particularly requested that applications for tickets should on no account be addressed to the Dean or to any other official of the Abbey.

E. C. HUDSON, } Hon. Secretaries to the
L. S. KEMPTHORNE, } Westminster Abbey
WINIFRED MAY, } Service Committee.
University College, Gower Street, W.C., April 9.

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

- Lucas, St. John. *New Poems*. Constable, 5s. net.
Kelly, Charles Arthur. *Lays of Hellas*. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 3s. 6d. net.
Gerard, William. *A Prologue and other Poems*. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 3s. 6d. net.
Poems of Browning. Selected, and with an Introduction by Augustine Birrell. Jack, 2s. 6d. net.
Platt, William. *Drama of Life*. The Celtic Press, n.p.
Roman Sonnets. Written and Illustrated by William Leighton.
Florentine Sonnets. Written and Illustrated by William Leighton.
Bourdillon, Francis William. *Preludes and Romances*. Allen, 3s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL

- The Riverside Literature Series. The Song of Roland*. Translated by Isabel Butler. Harrap, 1s. 6d.
The Book of Merlin. The Book of Sir Balin. Edited by Professor C. G. Child. Harrap, 1s.
Beowulf. Translated by Professor C. G. Child. Harrap, 1s.
Chaucer's Prologue, Knight's Tale, and Nun's Priest's Tale. Edited by Frank Mather. Harrap, 1s. 6d.
A Treasury of Verse for School and Home. Selected and arranged by M. G. Edgar. Harrap, Part III. 10d., Part IV. 1s.
A Treasury of Ballads. Selected and arranged by M. G. Edgar. Harrap, 1s.
Wilmot-Buxton, E. M. *A History of Great Britain*. Methuen, 3s. 6d.
Trois Portraits Littéraires. By Sainte-Beuve. Edited by D. L. Savory. The Clarendon Press, 3s. net.
Espana and Emaux et Camées. By Theophile Gautier. Edited by C. Edmund Delbos. The Clarendon Press, 2s. net.
Pages Choies de Auguste Angellier. Edited by Emile Legouis. The Clarendon Press, 4s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- A Treasury of English Literature*. Arranged by Kate M. Warren. Bacon to Milton. Elizabethan Literature. Constable, 1s. each net.
Exodus and Daniel. Two Old English Poems. Edited by Francis A. Blackburn. Heath, 2s. 6d. net.
The West-Saxon Psalms. Edited by James Wilson Bright and Robert Lee Ramsay. Heath, 2s. 6d. net.
The Elizabethan Shakespeare. Love's Labour's Lost and The Merchant of Venice. Harrap, 2s. 6d. net each.
Coleridge's Literary Criticism. With an Introduction by J. W. Mackail. Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.
Anderson, William. *Japanese Wood Engravings*. Seeley, 2s. net.
Yonge, Charlotte M. *The Daisy Chain and The Young Sleepmother*. Macmillan, 1s. net.
Kate Coventry. Edited by G. J. Whyte-Melville. Nelson, 6d. net.
De La Pasture. Mrs. Henry. Adam Grigson. Smith Elder, 3s. 6d.
The Old-Spelling Shakespeare. Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell-Stone. *The Comedie of Errors. Twelfth Night. The Taming of the Shrew. The Two Gentlemen of Verona. A Midsummer Night's Dreame. Loves Labors Lost*. Chatto and Windus, 2s. 6d. net each.
The Shakespeare Library. The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth: Awdley's "Fraternite of Vagabondes" and

Harman's "Caveat". Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Viles and F. J. Furnivall.

Robert Laneham's Letter: Describing a Part of the Entertainment unto Queen Elizabeth at the Castle of Kenilworth in 1575. Edited, with Introduction, by F. J. Furnivall. Chatto and Windus.

The Shakespeare Library. Green's "Pandosto," or "Dorastus and Fawnia," being the Original of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." Newly edited by P. G. Thomas.

Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet," being the Original of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Newly edited by J. G. Munro. Chatto and Windus, 2s. 6d. net each.

Shakespeare's Holinshed. The Chronicle and the Historical Plays. Compared by W. G. Boswell-Stone. Chatto and Windus, n.p.

The Tragedies of Sophocles. Translated by E. H. Plumtre. Routledge, 1s. net.

The Utopia of Sir Thomas More. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

London, Jack. *White Fang*. Nelson, 7d. net.

Stephens, H. Morse. *Portugal*. Fisher Unwin, 5s.

Gasquet, Francis Aidan. *The Last Abbot of Glastonbury and other Essays*. Bell, 6s. net.

Symons, Arthur. *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*. Constable, 5s. net.

FICTION

- Bowen, Marjorie. *The Sword Decides*. Alston Rivers, 6s.
Sulphen, Van T. *The Gates of Chance*. Ward Lock, 6s.
Ashmead-Bartlett, Ellis. *Richard Langhorne*. Blackwood, 6s.
Brady, C. Townsend. *The Blue Ocean's Daughter*. Greening, 6s.
Zangwill, Louis. *An Engagement of Convenience*. Brown, Langham, 6s.
Fox, Archibald Douglas. *Follow Up!* Brown, Langham, 6s.
Hales, A. G. *Marozia*. Fisher Unwin, 6s.
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Wyndham, Eleanor. *The Lily and the Devil*. Werner Laurie, 6s.
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Rodd, Ralph. *The Hand on the Strings*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
Pedlar's Pack. By Oliver Onions. Eveleigh Nash, 6s.
Hueffer, Ford Madox. *The Fifth Queen Crowned*. Nash, 6s.
Hainsselin, M. T. *The Isle of Maids*. Lane, 6s.
Dan Riach, Socialist. By the author of "Miss Molly." Smith, Elder, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Fénelon, Archbishop. *Maxims of the Saints*. Allenson, 1s. net.
Die Anlage der Limeskastelle. Von Alfred von Domaszewski-Heidelberg: Carl Winter, 80pf.
Wells, H. G. *New Worlds for Old*. Constable, 6s.
Horner, Gurney. *The Alphabet of the Universe*. Hayman, Christy, and Lilly, 1s. net.
Kennedy, Bart. *The Hunger Line*. Werner Laurie, 1s. net.
Goss, Charles W. F. *Crosby Hall*. A Chapter in the History of London. Crowther and Goodman, n.p.
Hirth, Friedrich. *The Ancient History of China*. Macmillan, \$2.50 net.
Mackinnon, James. *A History of Modern Liberty*. Vol. III. Longmans, Green, 15s. net.
Villiers, Broughan. *The Socialist Movement in England*. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.
Castelein, A. *The Congo State*. David Nutt, 3s. net.
Holding, T. H. *The Camper's Handbook*. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, 5s. net.
Paulin, George. *No Struggle for Existence. No Natural Selection*. Clark, 5s. net.
Deane, Ethel. *Byways of Collecting*. Cassell, 7s. 6d. net.
Turnbull, Charles Gallaudet. *Taking Men Alive*. Religious Tract Society, 2s. 6d.
The Pearl Strings. A History of the Resuliyi Dynasty of Yemen. Translated by the late Sir J. W. Redhouse. Luzac, n.p.
Weiss, Susan Archer. *The Home Life of Poe*. New York: Broadway Publishing Company, \$1.50.
Crapsey, Algernon Sidney. *The Re-Birth of Religion*. John Lane, 5s. net.
Mitchell, The Very Rev. James. *Significant Etymology*. Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net.
Birkett, Miles. *The Emigration Snare*. Ouseley, 6d.
The Torments of Protestant Slaves. Edited by Professor Edward Arber. Elliot Stock, 6s. net.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon has been marred by one of those little ebullitions of temper which seem to recur there every year. It is Miss Marie Corelli who as a rule introduces the note of discord. And when it is Miss Corelli nobody pays any attention. This year, however, it is a more important person—the Vicar of Stratford and Archdeacon-designate of Coventry. Owing to his action, Mr. F. R. Benson was unable to produce, as he had promised, the seldom-acted play of *Cymbeline*. Mr. Benson gracefully changed his programme, and gave way to the opinion of one whose services to Shakespeare's town are admitted to have been great and worthy of his high office. But matters did not end there. Dr. Arbuthnot seemed determined to mark the last few months of his vicariate of Stratford by a quarrel of some kind, and the announcement that Miss Horniman's Manchester Company would play *Measure for Measure* was the signal for another protest on his part. What has been the result? In the words of a native of the town, "All the boys and girls have been buying *Cymbeline* and *Measure for Measure* to hunt out the improper bits;" and the large wisdom of Shakespeare is replaced by a prurient curiosity. When the performance of *Measure for Measure* came, it was a matter of course that any one who went to the theatre with the expectation of being "tickled" went away—not so much disappointed as ashamed, and stirred to the depths by this tremendous picture of a saint walking unsoiled through the mire of the world. The play was wisely and skilfully handled; and, produced in the Elizabethan style by Mr. William Poel and finely acted by Mr. Poel as Angelo, exquisitely by Miss Sarah Allgood (the Irish Theatre actress) as Isabella, and soundly by Mr. James Hearn as the Duke, was as interesting and impressive a display as we have seen.

We must confess to a feeling of some apprehension. Though bye-elections are raging all over England, though the moment is decidedly a critical one—in spite of all there is hardly anything about Dissenting preachers in the daily papers. Now there is something strange about this; and the violent contrast between this silence, or almost silence, and the clamour of a few months ago deserves a paragraph at all events, and we are not sure whether we should not invite the views of our readers on this extraordinary state of things, for, but a short while since, the Dissenting preacher was, one might say, all over the daily press. One read of him doing the most amusing things: dressing up in complete steel to illustrate a well-known text—this is, surely, ritualism by the way—instituting the

order of female vergers to attract the young men to meeting, putting on a popular *siffleuse* to whistle the *intermezzo* from "Cavalleria Rusticana" before the sermon, objecting to the heathen names of the days of the week—performing, in fact, a whole host of feats which eclipse all those recorded of Amadis of Gaul when, changing his name to Beltenebros, he did penance on the Peña Pobre. And now scarce a word of him; one may read one's paper sedulously without encountering "Dr." Clifford's name; even Mr. Campbell is out of the bill, and the New Theology, for all one hears of it, sleeps with the errors of Marcion and the vagarious doctrines of the Basilidians.

Now it is possible, no doubt, to take an optimistic view of these facts; it may be that the Preacher Folk and the newspapers which advertised them have come to the conclusion that they have a little sickened the world of late; it may be that the sage counsellors of the Liberal Party have pointed out that, while many people gladly call themselves Liberals, and vote accordingly, they do so on the understanding that Liberalism is not to be regarded as an appendage of Protestant Dissent, as a machine for registering the decrees of the "Free Church Council." We hope this may be the true explanation of the circumstances; but in the present calm there seems to us something ominous, some touch of the terror that lies upon the waters in eastern seas when the waves glide like oil and the winds fall to a dead calm. The mariner knows when he sees those smooth waters that a typhoon will be upon him, and so we, suspicious of the occultation of "Dr." Clifford, fear that "a great effort on behalf of our common Christianity" is soon to be made. Our "common Christianity," it should be said, includes many of the ethical precepts of the New Testament, Teetotalism, and a feeling of sympathy for the Thieves and Atheists who are now governing France. Such is the meteor flag of modern Dissent, and we are afraid that it will yet terrific burn. In the meantime we commend to those who would like to see the said flag burn, in the passive sense of the word, a little handbook by Mr. J. L. Walton, called "Down with the Church: a Conspiracy Unmasked" (George Allen). One is sorry to be reminded by Mr. Walton that the fabrication and utterance of outrageous lies against the English clergy formed part of the last "Free Church" campaign. We are sorry, we repeat, to think of this; and yet: well, Charles Dickens was about as remote from "Clericalism" as a man could well be, and it is painfully apparent from his novels that he had not formed a very favourable opinion of the Dissenting Preacher. Stiggins is, of course, an exaggeration, but he is not precisely the exaggeration of a saint.

It would be idle, and, indeed, a kind of insult to the memory of the late Prime Minister, for us to pretend, in the presence of his death, that we regard him as a great statesman, either in office or opposition: but we may note with propriety a peculiar quality of his personal character. There are very few statesmen who have loomed so long and so largely in the field of politics, who have attracted so many personal friends from all quarters and have enjoyed the good personal disposition of so many opponents. The excellence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's disposition is so well recognised, that his political opponents have been able to make the most violent and pointed attacks upon him, on account of his policy, even to the extent of denying his political capacity, without the slightest feeling of personal animus, and without incurring even the charge of being actuated by such a motive. It has seemed incredible that a person so plainly well-intentioned could excite personal feeling against him—and, indeed, none has ever existed. We doubt whether the same could be said so truthfully of any other public man of our period. It is a great personal tribute to Sir Henry, and marks a characteristic marvellous to foreigners, of which Englishmen have reason to be proud—the capacity for diametric political opposition without the least personal animosity. Sir Henry was imbued with the

sincere belief that political and social amelioration lies in the Liberal party, and it must be remembered to his credit that after many years of fruitless opposition that party has actually assumed an appearance of united life under his leadership. It was probably his personal character which could alone have effected such a union, and has hitherto maintained its appearance. His services to his party are undoubted and immense, and since he regarded it as involving the welfare of his country, they must be estimated as generous and self-sacrificing services, for he continued to offer them through domestic sorrow, sickness, and advancing age until within a few days of his death.

A correspondent writes : I usually avoid like poison the reported utterances of Canon Hensley Henson ; but my eye was attracted in the *Times* of Easter Monday to his Easter sermon by a couple of lines of poetry—and I am one of those who are unable ever to let poetry go by unread. What did I find ? Canon Henson professed to be quoting Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood ;" and this was his notion of the wording of two famous lines :

But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From Heaven, which is our home.

I am no theologian, and the theological significance of the mistake may seem to me greater than it is. I read through the report of the sermon to see if my suspicion was just, and found myself unable to decide, since the discourse was merely the usual combination of hypothesis, vagueness, and elaborate prevarication. But, quite apart from the question whether the Origenian heresy is permitted in the pulpits of the Church of England, and whether Canon Henson either knows or cares whether it is or not, what can be said of a mind so unscholarly, so slipshod, so dead to the exact word and meaning of his authorities as to profess to quote, in public and on an occasion of the greatest solemnity, a couple of well-known lines—and to quote them wrong ?

The remarks of one correspondent on the teaching of singing provided by the State in elementary public schools which we printed in our last issue have drawn the following from another : "I have lived long, both in London and the country, within earshot of a primary school. The London school has been bodily removed, so it cannot now be identified. The country school still flourishes. The same observations have been forced upon me in both cases. I speak here of the country school. During singing-time a volume of annotated roaring proceeds from the building. Since the boys are none of them older than about fourteen, these sounds seem to be emitted from their stomachs. They have no tone whatever. They are a stentorian whisper, like the singing of a porter who has lost his voice, or the song of a nutmeg bird heard through an exceedingly powerful microphone. I am aware that in some parts of the country singing-voices are generally very harsh, so that it is difficult to obtain choirboys ; in this particular district the voices are peculiarly dulcet. The village, which is a large one, has for the last forty years possessed a remarkably good choir in the parish church, drawn almost exclusively from the roarsers in the primary school. Nor is good singing confined to the Established Church, for such strains as 'Let the bright Seraphim' cleave the air about several Nonconformist churches on Bank Holiday Sundays and other high festivals. I am also aware that many country schools are so poor that they have to put up with inferior masters. The school in question is well endowed, and has always commanded the services of excellent masters. It is consequently the State which provides the week-day roaring, and merely permits the religious authorities, both established and free, to cultivate 'sweet singing' for Sunday. It is not surprising that a zealous patron of Education, *The Morning*

Post, has to chronicle the prevalence of 'School Board Pharyngitis' and '[roarers] nodules.' I may mention that the boys I allude to show their musical capabilities by roaring, neither out of tune, flat, nor sharp. If your correspondent of last week will offer a prize for the loudest sharp whispering produced by a County Council school I shall be pleased to do the same for the encouragement of flat whispering. As for dialect, I like it, and I would not on any account discourage the London boy from respecting his farver and muvver, nor the country boy from preserving the Latin derivation of Charrulls."

Besides a learned collection of the annals of the Bishops of Glasgow by Bishop Dowden, mainly interesting to Glasgow antiquaries, though by no means unimportant to Scottish historians, the *Scottish Historical Review* for April contains a contemporary letter from one Mr. John Stafford, attorney, of Macclesfield, concerning the occupation of that town by Highlanders in the 'Forty-five. There is also a vivid little note on a Roxburghshire mansion and its contents in 1729. It is interesting from the light it throws on domestic life in a household of moderate competence at that period. In the inventory of the library, which was quite a small one, we find many books of which the titles are familiar to inhabitants and visitors to old houses of a like stamp all over this island, such as Gerarde's "Herbal" (the most valuable of the lot), Bradley on "Husbandry," "The Gardiners' Dictionary," perhaps Miller's four enormous volumes, Rapin's "History of England," Clarendon's "History," Nat. Lee's plays, Prior's poems, Ovid's "Metamorphoses," certainly the excellent Sandys's "The Compleat Horseman," and "L'Histoire de Don Quichote," in six volumes. We are sure they were small, and ornamented with frontispieces. Probably they were Le Sage's translation, or Motteux's, if the date be not too early. We appreciate the immortality of Cervantes now only alas ! as we get older. We wonder whether literary boys and girls appreciated it in 1729, or only pretended to.

The *molif* of Balzac's "Comédie humaine," as he states in his too little remembered *Avant-propos*, was to express the poetry of the human heart as expressed not by "les sèches et rebutantes nomenclatures de faits appelées histoires," but by the history of manners. It is the manners of the period in their most intimate and consequently most natural form that such old unhistoric houses as this in Roxburghshire enshrine. The study of household ways throws light on the views and objects of those who made history proper. There is still a vast amount of evidence of what the manners were lingering in the shape of household implements and furniture, and in specimens of household arts. It is a pity that these should not be collected and stored in some single museum—one would be quite sufficient—so that the surroundings of our grandfathers, grandmothers, and our great and great-great grandparents perhaps might be reconstructed for us, in one of their general more domestic haunts—say Bath or Weymouth, or Tunbridge Wells. We advocate the preservation not of fine pieces of furniture, they are already sufficiently treasured, but of those objects of *la vie intime* which are destroyed when the old homes are dispersed, or are only treasured by faithful retainers.

The hideous outrage recently committed during the Pope's Easter Mass appears to us insufficiently explained by the excuses of its perpetrators. In the first place, the action of the Austro-Hungarian representative of the Vatican seems to call for stringent examination. If he knew that these persons were Jews, he had no right to obtain for them a privilege coveted by but denied to all but a few out of the vast world of Catholics ; if he knew so little about them as not to know that they were Jews, he had no business to be their guarantee with his Holiness. And the perpetrators of the outrage themselves ? Can it seriously be believed that Professor Feilbogen and the

women with him, after following with the greedy, inquisitive eyes of the tourist all the details of the entertainment—the *nummerci*, as they doubtless called it—were genuinely convinced that the kissing of the Pope's hand was the object of those who went up to the altar-rail?

There were two hundred worshippers present; it is not likely that the three Jews were among the first to approach the altar; still less that they were not watching—and possibly through opera-glasses—the details of what was being done. Even if it were not so, is it to be believed that a Professor—no matter of what—could be possessed of such inconceivable ignorance of all the literature and thought of the last nineteen hundred years as not to know what the Mass is and what Communion? We are not accusing these Jews of deliberate sacrilege: they cannot be acquitted of the charge of something infinitely worse than carelessness. And the conduct of the person who procured them admittance is nothing short of disgraceful.

NAMELESS GRIEF

POOR little childish breast, troubled and heaving,
With some dim sorrow grieving;
It is not well that you should reckon of trouble,
For whom the Earth's a bubble
And God your sky.
O the sad ecstasy
Of your insurgent sobbing,
As it were throbbing
Of very-misery!
And yet 'tis only
Some brief, unreasonable, lonely
Touch of a nameless sorrow that takes you,
And to such heaving trouble wakes you.

Yet to us too there comes,
Even as there stirs the far alarm of drums
Upon a City's ear,
Sense insuppressible of perpetual sadness,
Of the World's madness,
Of distant alien trouble;
Then verily our Earth's a bubble
And Hell our sky;
Then verily the fool's old filth
In idle spilt;
The hot and hasty zealotry
Of ravaging evil;
Then, verily,
The roar of the emancipated Devil
Loosened amid our worship, love, and faith,
And on our sickly streets and happy meadows
Casting smoky shadows
Of utter Death,
Seem all the fruit of some fell harlotry,
And purchase of the Soul's apostasy!
Yea, when there comes
(Even as to a quiet City the far alarm of drums)
Sense of iniquity daily less remote,
There rise within our throat
Such breaking sobs,
Such bitter, insuppressible throbs
Of grief unnamed, sorrow no longer mild,
As in your heaving breast, sad Child,
Wake tears and anguished protestations wild!

JOHN FREEMAN.

REVIEWS

DR. VERRALL'S EUMENIDES

The Eumenides of Aeschylus. With an Introduction, Commentary, and Translation by A. W. VERRALL, Litt.D. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

THIS very fascinating book completes Dr. Verrall's edition of the "Oresteia" of Aeschylus. All scholars are familiar with his brilliant but drastic treatment of the "Agamemnon" and the "Choephoroi"; indeed, many schoolboys and undergraduates must have read his "Agamemnon," which has reached a second edition. Probably the present work will achieve a like success; and we hope it may. For, though we are unable to accept many of his emendations and explanations, we hold that there is no one, whether teacher or learner, who will not find much instruction, suggestion, and stimulation in Dr. Verrall's "Eumenides," no one who will not see in it the outcome of finished scholarship and a singularly refined, acute, and poetic spirit, wholly devoted to the sympathetic elucidation and embellishment of an ancient master loved "little short of idolatry," as Shakespeare was by Ben Jonson.

We meet in the book before us all the literary finish and poetic insight which we expect from the brilliant Cambridge scholar, and in his dealing with the text he is not so subversive as ere now he has been. He still thinks none the better of a word for being found in Liddell and Scott, and is disposed to stretch the canons of grammar in obedience to the canons of taste. On this subject we shall have something to say anon, but only to illustrate our general criticism. A more careful critical estimate belongs to magazines which are professedly scholastic.

His introduction is, as might be expected, eminently readable. He finds the exposition of the story and structure of the play comparatively simple, while the underlying conceptions, the inquiry into the sources of the drama, present problems well-nigh insoluble. Aeschylus took an extremely ancient story for the unfolding of thoughts which were new and his own. Dr. Verrall is not satisfied with Müller's account of the political and moral import of the play—the support (by the ascription of a Divine origin) of the Court of the Areopagus, recently threatened by the Democratical Party and Ephialtes, coupled with the establishment of the religion of the Erinyes, which was the religion of Conscience. Nor was it inspired by the treaty with Argos, or a desire to protest against parricide. The deed of Orestes had every excuse, even the sanction of the command of Delphi; yet the instinct of the matricide himself revolts against it, and the persecuting Erinyes confirm the accusing voice of conscience:

Confronted constantly with cases of conduct upon which we can give no sentence with absolute satisfaction, upon what can we repose, or how do we know that there is any right at all? Zeus, it is answered in the opening of the "Agamemnon," vv. 170 foll., is the only means by which the burden can be put off; that is to say, in later but not essentially different phrase, it must be by an act of faith in God. In the same spirit, but more joyously and triumphantly, the "Eumenides" solves the case of Orestes, or, to speak more properly, declares it to be solved in the sight of Eternal Justice by conducting us to a final scene of reconciliation, in which, under the sanction of Zeus, all the parties to the Divine dispute, the pursuing no less than the protecting deities, are shown to be absolutely content.

The jury instituted by Athena, who presides over the trial, with the Erinyes as prosecutors and Apollo as counsel for Orestes, are equally divided. The casting vote of Athena absolves Orestes. The Erinyes at first repudiate this verdict, but are finally persuaded by Athena to acquiesce, and even to accept a home in her city and the guardianship of the newly-instituted Court of the Areopagus in Athens, on which, in the grand concluding scene, the Erinyes invoke every blessing. Thus the claims of religion and patriotism are satisfied:

What is important, and solely important, from a religious and speculative point of view is the acquiescence of the opposing gods—the conversion of the Erinyes.

Dr. Verrall rejects the view that the play turns on theories

of kinship, or an estimate of the relative claims of father and mother. It turns on an antithesis of principles. The issue is : Is justice absolute or not ? Are there acts which nothing can excuse ? The Erinyes hold that there are such acts, and this the defence denies. From this point of view it is very important to define exactly the functions of the Avenging Goddesses. An error in the text of *v.* 424—which, however, Dr. Verrall regards as sound—has very unduly widened their jurisdiction by making it their function to drive out from house and home into exile and wandering all *homicides*. The Greek word is *βροτοκτονούντας*. We have always looked on the emendation of this word by the late Professor Davies as not only brilliant but certain. He read *αὐτοκτονούντας*, which the copyist of the Medicean *codex*, who was more than usually unintelligent and ignorant, would have taken to mean "suicides," which is plainly absurd. Accordingly, he would have corrected the word to the reading found in the MS. But *αὐτοκτόνος* means not only "suicide" but "slayer of one's kin," and this exactly describes the function of the Erinyes. Compare *v.* 212, where the Erinyes disclaim jurisdiction even over a wife who slays her husband because he is not a kinsman—not of her own blood. See also *v.* 607, where Orestes asks them why they did not persecute Clytemnestra for her murder of Agamemnon, and their answer is :

She was not of one blood with the man she slew.

In four places only has Dr. Verrall changed the letters of the MS. upon his own conjecture : *vv.* 224, 390, 448, 913. Before briefly considering these and kindred questions it will be necessary to give some account of the *codex Mediceus*. It is written in small, round letters, *litterae minusculae* without capitals. The text from which it was transcribed may have been written either in *litterae uncialae*, small and capital mixed, or in *litterae quadratae*, all square and angular, which we call capitals, with no spaces between the words. The copier of M had been told not to write the words continuously, but to separate them. He seems to have interpreted this direction as meaning that he should leave some intervals. So he broke up the text into such combinations of letters as should present an agreeable variety, without any consideration of words or meaning. Modern editors are sometimes charged with exaggerating the stupidity of copyists, especially when the MS. reading is utterly at variance with their own conjectures. But the view can boast a fair antiquity. A marginal note by a scholiast on Anth. Pal. 5, 262, says :

There is nothing omitted ; only the scribe was a fool.

This may be said with great truth of the copyist of M. To return to Dr. Verrall's emendations :

V. 224. The reading M is :

δίκας δ' ἐπάλλας τῶν δ' ἐποπτεύει θεά

This was corrected in the sixteenth century to δὲ Παλλάς, which has been read ever since. Dr. Verrall reads δ' ἐπάλλας "the other way about." This is ingenious, but it is not easy to understand his objection to the mention of Pallas.

390. Here he is extraordinarily ingenious. In the line :

ἀνηλιφ λάμπα δυσοδοπαίπαλα,

the letter *μ* spoils the meaning in λάμπα, "mirk," and a consonant after *δυσ-* is required by the metre. Dr. Verrall's theory is that *μ* was omitted by mistake, was preserved in the margin, and was ultimately inserted in the wrong word. But is *δυσμοδοπαίπαλα*—"a twilight, rugged way"—a possible composition of *δυσμή*, *ὁδός*, and *παιπάλη*? He compares *θεοσκυθρωπός* (*Chio.* 734). But this is a far more natural compound. Besides, it is a conjecture.

448. Dr. Verrall's view is very probably right. But one does not care for restorations which depend on an assumed stage direction.

913. Here, too, we have a curious compound in ἀπένθετον, "grafted from," and a strange expression in :

δικαίων τῶνδ' ἀπένθετον γένος,

the sort which from these, the righteous, hath taken graft.

Much happier, in our judgment, is his treatment of *v.* 595 :

λέγω· ξιφουλκῶ χειρὶ· πρὸς, δέρην τεμῶν,
with my bare sword, I answer; and further, by cutting her throat.

In a celebrated line, 286, he reverts to the MS. reading—καθαίρει, "does away with," rejecting Stanley's καθαίρει, "purifies." It is in this direction that Dr. Verrall is most daring, in the defence of long since corrected errors of the copyist. Thus he reads πλήστους, "full," for Πλειστοῦ in *v.* 27. δία, "drops" (neut. plur. of δῖον, "a drop), rejecting the universally-accepted emendation λιβα, and in other passages gives a place to words and meanings which have not found favour with editors or lexicographers.

Of the admirable dignity and beauty of the translation it would be impossible to speak too highly. It is a prose poem throughout. We might take a specimen at random ; that which we have lit on is from the sublime "binding hymn" of the Erinyes, 322 ff. Our readers can judge whether it is not sublime in the English as well as in the Greek :

Mother, who barest me, O Mother Night, to punish them that see and that see not, hear ! For the whelp of Leto would disprivege me, by taking from me yon cowering creature, my victim, made mine own by his mother's blood.

But over the sacrifice this is the song we sing ; wild it maketh, wood [i.e. mad] it maketh, this hymn of the Erinyes, sense-destroying, life-withering music, harsh and untunable.

This power the spindle of fate did thoroughly assure to us, that, if any mortal be companioned by wanton [rather unnatural] crime, with such we should walk until he pass beneath the ground—and death itself is for him no mighty deliverance.

But over the sacrifice, &c.

From our beginning was this office confirmed to us. The Deathless Ones may not lay finger thereon, nor is any of them co-parcener to divide with us. In the white robes was I given no part or share or portion, because of their dwelling-places I would have naught.

Whensoever the subversive spirit of domestic hate destroys a life that should be dear, then after the destroyer, hey ! we follow, and, whatsoever his strength, by the fresh blood on him we wear him down.

It is zeal that brings us here, zeal to relieve another of these cares ; and the Gods' part it is, to confirm the immunity we pray, refusing to question it. For Zeus hath rejected from his converse, with merited loathing, this blood-bedabbled sort.

Whensoever the subversive, &c.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

DOLEFUL SHADES

West Ham: the Report of the Outer London Inquiry Committee. By EDWARD G. HOWARTH and MONA WILSON. (Dent, 6s. net.)

IN some old book we remember reading, If Jack Sheppard had not immortalised Seven Dials, Seven Dials would have immortalised itself. We may say the same of West Ham. If its guardians had not immortalised it for corruption and bribery, the sale of offices, and all the shady practices of democracy once supposed the monopoly of the unreformed Parliament or municipal borough, it would have immortalised itself as the doleful shades of poverty and the region of insalubrious trades. West Ham presents the appearance of the rubbish-heap of the civilisation of commercialism. It is the happy hunting-ground of social inquirers who make elaborate statements of the problems of poverty, apparently undisheartened by the fact that for all their inquiries there is no solution of them. The inquirers, like the residents, must feel that all abandon hope who enter the Malebolge of West Ham. You find there all the highest rates of mortality and all the lowest rates of wages, of decency, and of comfort. Casual employment is the rule of industry, and there swarms an overcrowded population penned up in an area where the open spaces are rarer than in any other district of the Metropolis. The rates are high because the rating of the houses is low, and landlords must build such property or they will have no tenants. Instead of additional houses bringing in to the borough additional means, it would be a saving to buy the waste places to prevent them being built on, as the education-rate would mean a loss of fifty shillings for every house on which it would be assessed. The West Hamites are prolific, and most of the children are to be educated at the public expense. And

besides, casual wanderers, with their casual families, are always trooping into West Ham, where they settle, attracted by the casual labour by which the greater part of its industries are maintained. The people seem to be those who are not wanted elsewhere, just as the industries planted there are what the common law would call nuisances if they were projected in any other neighbourhood. It seems to be the rule, too, that once you seek work in West Ham you get steadily poorer with the irregular employment, and you drift from one to another of its delectable trades for the rest of your life, except when you become installed on its list of regular paupers.

There they are, near two hundred and seventy thousand of them, who a century ago were not seven thousand. And these are the days, too, when, for the unskilled labour such as floods West Ham, the conditions are every day becoming harder. Shipbuilding and its allied trades have left for the North; the unskilled are always being supplanted by machinery; and even the skilled are scarcely less exposed to the same risk. The struggle with poverty has been the historic note of West Ham since 1819, when the population had reached about ten thousand, and, as a Committee to Inquire into the Administration of the Poor Law said, "the nearer approach to the parish of commercial institutions in which labouring men are employed (such as are the new docks and the variety of occupations contingent upon the wants of shipping) is a great cause of the influx of the poorer classes to reside in the parish of West Ham." After all, one sees that this Report, in which one can learn all there is to be known of West Ham, is, in all its ramifications, essentially a treatment of one problem only—the problem of poverty. It is a temptation to think that the key to it is the redundancy of the classes who look to unskilled labour for their support. They ought, theoretically, to have always an eye on the relation between their numbers and their chances of employment. As no other class has ever learned this art, it would be unfair to expect the denizens of West Ham to have the skill. And besides, as West Ham is a standing lake for the drainage of other over-populated districts to flow into, what profit would they have of their providence if it were not imitated elsewhere? So that West Ham is a satirical comment on an axiom of political economy which no less a person than our new Premier quoted with complacency the other day. The labour displaced by such a measure as the Licensing Bill would become absorbed in other employments, Mr. Asquith said. What happens is that it is not absorbed thus, but accumulates into morasses such as that of West Ham. The particular morass there is explored and mapped out with all its slimy horrors in this book; but how is it and similar ones to be drained?

THE HEREDITARY WAY

Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer. By GEORGE BOURNE. (Duckworth, 6s.)

THIS is a delightfully simple and unpretentious book. There have been not a few "studies" made during recent years of the rustic mind and environment, which we have come to regard a little doubtfully. It is, we think, a most difficult thing to do what the author of this volume has done, in setting down, without fancifulness or preciousness of epithet, the ways and sayings of an ancient Surrey labourer, Frederick Bettesworth. We missed reading an earlier book concerning this worthy, but we are heartily glad that we have not missed the present volume.

There is here, besides the mere literal record of Bettesworth's *dicta*, some admirable characterisation, of which the following may well serve for specimen:

Some readers, no doubt, will be offended by his taste for beer. I hope there will be some to give him credit for the months and years in which, with these few exceptions, he controlled the appetite. Remember, he had no religious convictions, nor did the peasant traditions by which he lived afford him much guidance. Alone, of his inborn instinct for being a decent man, he strove through all his life, not to be rich, but to live upright and unashamed. Fumbling, tiresome,

garrulous, unprofitable, lean and grim and dirty in outward appearance, the grey old life was full of fight for its idea of being a man; full of fight and patience and stubborn resolve not to give in to anything which it had learnt to regard as weakness. I remember looking down, after I had upbraided a failure, at the old limbs bending over the soil in such humility, and I could hardly bear the thought that very likely they were tired and aching. This enfeebled body—dead now and mouldering in the churchyard—was alive in those days and felt pain. Do but think of that, and then think of the patient, resolute spirit in it, which almost never indulged its weaknesses, but had its self-respect, its half-savage instincts towards righteousness, its smothered tastes, its untold affections, and its tenderness. That was the old man, gaunt-limbed, but good-tempered, partially blind and fumbling, but experienced, whom we have to imagine now indomitably facing yet another year of his life, and a prospect in which there is little for him to hope for. Nay, there was much for him to dread, had he known.

Bettesworth would be termed, expressively, an "odd-job man." The frequent recollections of his varied past, in the Crimea, and subsequently "odd-jobbing" in two or three counties, are so many lights upon a character which is, we hope, still in some degree representative, though the publisher avers that it is becoming rare. Such men, living by the soil, are to be regarded as the bones of the nation. They have not the suppleness of stunted cockneydom, the restlessness, assertiveness, excitability, impudence, which seem to be the inevitable and early flower of, say, London street-life. Peasants still are to be found who respect the Church and acknowledge contentedly their "betters;" in the villages you still may find men satisfied to live in the manner of earlier generations, as beneath an ancient embodied benediction. And though there may exist an occasional suspiciousness (Bettesworth exemplifies it) on the part of the earth's labourers, of those of another class, there is, on the other hand, a far keener suspicion—nay, resentment—of ill-considered novelties, which is to us immensely refreshing; as when, as we have lately heard, there came to a certain humble hamlet in the West a band of the elect who would teach the lost how to live. The lost, abandoned to the meagre mercy to which they and their forefathers alike had been born, living in a village of which hardly a wall was built later than the fourteenth century, looked on (we can well imagine them) with a certain mute amazement not very remote from contempt at the efforts of the elect, who maintained themselves in enlightened independence of Church and social intercourse. Well, the elect finally squabbled and disbanded, and the villagers, not much the worse for the irruption of "modernity," chuckled profanely as men will who:

Rubbed through yesterday
In their hereditary way;
And will rub through, if they can,
To-morrow on the self-same plan—

provided, of course, no new social salvation is proffered to their churlish wits, lost in mediæval simpleness and obscurity.

It is Bettesworth who has led us into this digression, for we think he would have found voice for the resentment of which we have spoken. His talk, as recorded by Mr. George Bourne, has no strange brilliancies; he is not a rustic Rousseau, or Nietzsche, or Ruskin. Simple, sound sense he commonly utters, slipping not unpleasantly into the garrulity of age, and apparently consoling himself therewith. But the passage we have quoted will indicate something more than the peasant's good sense; it will indicate the reality of the universal sadness, the general and enduring sorrow. Bettesworth clung to life, to independence, and with honourable affection to that part of him—unspeakably dirty, stricken, irresponsible—which bore his wife's name. His own decline and fall, his endurance and suspiciousness, his gratitude and resentful rudeness, are told here in detail, but without superciliousness or maudlin pity. It is simply the end of a courageous life lived independently, and laid down without the sad degradation of prolonged uselessness. Of such men we hope the stock will not wholly fail, to keep the body hard and whole and strong; and we hope they will not lack a chronicler so capable and sensible as the author of these "Memoirs."

REVOLTING ETHICS

The Ethics of Revolt. By GREVILLE MACDONALD, D.D., Hon. Fellow of King's College, London. (Duckworth, 5s. net.)

A GENTLEMAN who writes with a slow, tentative, self-listening style, such as a cow uses when she walks timidly over a hollow plank floor, should be very certain that he has some worthy message to deliver before he exposes himself to the cold malignity of print. Dr. Greville Macdonald writes with a style that must bring out all the worst passions of his pupils (if he has any), and incline them so far to revolt, that they are not unlikely to pelt him at his desk and justify it afterwards. Here are one or two specimens of his manner :

The evolution of species may seem no more than a process of victorious self-seeking and cruelty, a justification of bloodshed and craft; yet man has been evolved with something of purpose, something of humanity in his life, either because of, or in spite of, this very process of his creation. Human history is perhaps a no less terrible record of the tyranny of the strong over the many whom it forces into an increasing inefficiency, yet do we present a saner vindication of the law that can be understood from burrowing in the dregs of our failures.

So he clodhops confusedly on through 299 dreary pages. Sometimes a wave of excitement quickens the pace, as when the author comes in view of those whom he delights to honour, those whose very existence is to be justified by this laboured work, "the army of revolutionaries, cranks, and uncomfortables." At the sight of this very disordered army the style becomes almost delirious :

The inclusive name of this great section of society is Nonconformity—a word that in itself stinks in the nostrils of Respectability—that hound who goes about sniffing for what he imagines offensive, because too sweet for his narrow understanding! Yet why so offensive? The hound, if he thinks for a moment—an absurd supposition, perhaps—must see how each advantage that has ever accrued to him in the increasing comfort of kennel or the dutifulness of his masters is no other than the result of nonconformity

(this time without a capital). It seems fairly obvious that a man who cannot straighten his style and disentangle his similes better than this, for it is a second or third attempt at authorship, needs to be justified by some over-mastering message : and if this were to be seen and felt any criticism of style becomes mere impertinence. Consequently we turn with eagerness to the real message of the book. Alas! it is just as unprofitable as the style. It is a glorification, which the author thinks to be the same as the justification, of the contentious, rebellious, self-assertive, vulgar individualist spirit. If the style incites the pupil to pelt the lecturer, the matter excuses him for doing so. In as far as the author proves his point, he excuses his audience for replying with a shower of figs, and there is nothing in the civil and ecclesiastical rebellions which the author lauds, which might not be re-enacted in little in his own class-room. But is it true that :

All great things have been won and given by those who would not conform?

The word not-conform may be beaten into thin foil, but it will not cover all the invention, discovery, victory, and benevolence of all our benefactors. It is juggling with words to call Wellington, Tennyson, Dr. Johnson, Jeremy Taylor, Hegel, Mr. Holman Hunt, Shakespeare, James Watt, or Mr. Kipling by such a far-fetched name as that of Nonconformist. Although every man who transcends his generation has an element of opposition about him, yet to dwell upon the negative side of his work and to dub him with terms that are meant thus to describe it, is to miss the secret and essence of all that makes him great. The love, zeal, and sympathy are greater things than this, and they are all cogently conformist things; and it is by these and not by his denial and contention that he is useful and noble. A foolish individualism, which puts the wisest and most uninstructed minds upon a dead level in the quest for truth, an absolutism which "transcends the possibility of knowledge" and affords untrained students a "reason" for laying down the law upon ethical problems, these seem a very paltry

stock-in-trade wherewith to review and restate problems which, to put it gently, are not exactly fresh to the reading public; while even the public which does not read, but which canes, hangs, and demolishes, has long ago made up its mind upon "the old claim that the interest of the individual must ever be subordinate to the welfare of the species." This old claim is ratified and confirmed by every act of governance—by taxation, education, the Navy, Baptism, vaccination, King's College London, notices to keep to the right on footpaths, and to notify smallpox. If to endorse this claim is to "prove harmful," Dr. Macdonald must either destroy all the society which protects and shelters him, or else he must emigrate to Kerguelen Island, now vacated by the last whaler, and there develop his individuality and revolting ethic, to the top of his bent, feeding upon the rhizomes of the *utricularia montana* and making soup of the lawless amoeba whom he loves. *Bon voyage!*

CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA

Catherine of Bragança, Infanta of Portugal and Queen-Consort of England. By ILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON. With Portraits and Illustrations. (Murray, 15s.)

CATHERINE'S contemporaries detested her for her creed and piety, for her uselessness as a political tool, for her bitter misfortune of childlessness, and they have left her portrait to posterity painted in malignant colours.

So says truly the Preface to the first life of our Portuguese Queen; but a careful study and comparison of the authorities has enabled Miss Davidson to show her as she really was—just, merciful, humble, with the virtues of womanliness, truth, and chastity—in fine, with noble qualities which neither the age nor the Court of Charles II. could appreciate or even understand. Insulted and neglected by the husband to whom she had given her whole heart, she not only remained loyal, but continued to love him; and, though her character had been assailed and her head had narrowly escaped the block at the time of the Popish plot, she yet preserved a kindly feeling for this country to the end. Indeed, this book confirms the truth of her dying declaration that :

When she was in England she had been falsely accused of an endeavour to bring in Popery, but that she never desired any more favour for those of her own religion than was permitted by her marriage articles; that she had never been a promoter of the French influence in England; on the contrary, she was grieved to think that the French fashion in her brother's Court would do England ill offices in Portugal.

For years her life was almost a martyrdom, for she found herself outraged day by day in her affection as a wife and her dignity as a woman. Charles, not content with flaunting his mistresses and bastards before her, honoured them with titles of nobility, and loaded them with presents of jewels and money, when she was hardly able to make both ends meet, because, in some years, she received only a tithe of her allowance, and the courtier, finding her offices useless as a road to preferment, crowded round her rivals, the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, and left Catherine alone—a Queen without a Court. They cared not that, while the King's mistresses took French pay and by their influence on Charles bound England a slave to France, Catherine had brought their country, besides valuable trading privileges, the possession of Tangier, a key of the Mediterranean, and Bombay, the importance of which was even then so well recognised that the Portuguese were as loth to part with it as the English were glad to obtain it. The example of her life, too long obscured by envy and lying report, and the foundation of our Indian Empire, laid by her, should entitle Catherine to the respect and gratitude of Englishmen to-day; and if it be said that she clung to the Anglo-Portuguese alliance principally because she and her family considered it a pledge of their country's independence, to which she had sacrificed her person and her happiness, generosity compels us to remember that we have been the chief gainers by it.

Miss Davidson seems unaware of this ; but had she referred to Portuguese historians she would see how one-sided the alliance has often been in its results, and would find that if the Treaty of 1661 contributed to the fall of the Portuguese Empire in the East, the Methuen Treaty killed Portuguese manufactures and prolonged that English supremacy which had begun with the Treaty of 1654. It has often been contended, though we think unjustly, that the Braganzas have in the past sacrificed the interests of Portugal to save themselves, but there can be no doubt whatever that while the alliance worked fairly during the Middle Ages, when Portugal and England were of about equal strength, yet from the sixteenth century downwards the balance inclined so far against the smaller nation that both in politics and trade it was almost reduced to the position of an English dependency.

Though taking and desiring to take no part in the public affairs of her adopted country, Catherine was not without influence on social life. If she did not actually introduce Italian opera into England, which seems likely enough in the daughter of the musical John IV., the first of these was certainly performed in her presence, and the habit of tea-drinking, which the Portuguese had brought from the East, first became popular owing to her love of it. Clarendon, a better man than most, considered Catherine obstinate, because only a few months after her marriage she refused Charles's request that she would receive the notorious Mrs. Palmer among her ladies ; but we should rather be inclined to blame her for ultimately yielding did we not know that she had to choose between accepting that humiliation and losing even the friendship of the man she adored. At most she was tactless in the way she handled her husband ; but what else could be expected from a woman, at once pure-minded and inexperienced, who had not been out of her palace ten times before she left Portugal to wed a royal profligate and live among men and women even more unscrupulous than he ? Some called her a fright, an unpardonable sin in those days, but her portraits in this book give that statement the lie. She had somewhat prominent teeth, but this defect was compensated for by her eyes, which Charles found "excellent fine," by her luxuriant hair, and by hands and feet which even the most malicious of her rivals had to admit were shapely and small. Altogether, Catherine stands out a sympathetic figure from the background of Court life, which is described with skill and knowledge, and our only regret in closing this tasteful volume is that it should contain so many misspellings of Portuguese words.

THE ENGLISH SPY

"LOOKING BACKWARDS" might have been an apt sub-title for the very interesting series of reprints which Messrs. Methuen are issuing of the "Plain and Coloured Books" of the last century. Our ancestors of two or three generations ago were intensely interested in themselves, and at no period in the history of the British race did their self-admiration reach a higher pitch. They had some excuse for this. The great struggle with France had come to an end, Napoleon was safely stowed away in St. Helena, Great Britain had won at Trafalgar and Waterloo the naval and military supremacy of the Old World ; she was mistress of all she surveyed in both politics and commerce. Patriotism had reached a height which it had rarely known before, and has, perhaps, never known since. National vanity had taken on a pose of coxcombry. Britons were excessively touchy, and while they resented with a virulence which is incredible in these days the mildest foreign criticism, they rejoiced coarsely and noisily in the contemplation of what they considered to be their most virile and characteristic qualities ; and they liked the picture to be highly coloured. They were quite willing to poke fun at themselves in their own way, but the caricature had to be kept within certain well-prescribed limits.

The badly-mounted fox-hunter, the incapable "Sonntags-Jaeger" (such as Winkle) were legitimate butts of ridicule, but not the fox-hunter *per se*. The ruddiness, the corpulence, the vulgarity, the bestiality of John Bull could be exaggerated at will without giving offence, but it would not do to hint that he was not the greatest creature on earth. His eccentricity was wilful, his grotesqueness of his own making—a kind of defiance of the world, a set-off against French grimaces and kickshaws, a waving of the bluff national flag, itself like an immense slice of underdone roast-beef, with its streaks of blue and red and white—prime beef, however. Most of Rowlandson's and Robert Cruickshank's colouring is suggestive of the shambles. John Bull was quite proud of the coarse gesture with which he expressed his contempt of the non-British universe. To an equal degree was his fury roused if any witty or merely observant foreigner presumed to hint that beneath the skin of the little top-booted, flat-hatted, purple-jowled, pot-bellied, boxing blackleg, in the guise of whom John Bull best liked to be depicted, was an ill-bred bore, lick-spittle, and booby, whose pretence to set the tone to European manners was an insult upon the human race.

There were, of course, notable exceptions to the rule. John Bull, like the Golden Calf of an earlier dispensation, did not enjoy undivided worship in the place where he had been set up. There were dissidents. The most John Bullish period of the last century, which was its first quarter, gave birth to, or witnessed, the most fruitful labours of delicate and essentially English intelligences such as those of Shelley, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Tennyson, and Coleridge—to mention four picked at haphazard ; and the seeds of a new era had already been sown. But for the time being John Bull's star was in the ascendant. He was rampant and roaring ; he swaggered and reeled along the high roads of civilisation, rudely pushing aside all whom he met ; there was no watchful policeman, in the form of an independent Press, to tell him that he was obstructing the pathway. The police had not been invented in any form, and the night "Charleys" were but the habitual butts and laughing-stocks and *souffres-douleur* of your true rollicking rake of a John Bull. Woe to the unhappy wight who dared to raise his voice and say that John Bull was a blackguard, or even that he was an ass. Instantly he was roared down, and threatened with all sorts of personal ill-usage. It is difficult to believe, in the cold light of the twentieth century, that such a courteous and even sympathetic description of British manners as that which was published in the year of Waterloo by the learned French translator of Sir Walter Scott, under the title of "Quinze Jours à Londres," should have caused the violent outcry that it did. The author gave full credit to the Londoners for many excellent qualities. He admired the parks and the pavements of London. The Insurance Companies, which were a novelty at that time, struck him as a fertile production of the practical British brain, worthy of imitation in his own country. But he could not stomach the coffee brewed in London, and he disliked the vegetables cooked in water, and though he found the women beautiful, he thought that as the men did not pay enough court to them, so they were lacking in spontaneous charm and witty conversation. If the author of "Quinze Jours à Londres," subsequently developed into "Six Mois à Londres," had allowed his identity to be revealed, there is little doubt that he would have been slaughtered. The outcry was for his blood. A really tragic fate had befallen his predecessor, Sorbières, whose adventure forms the subject of an interesting account by M. Jusserand in "English Essays from a French Pen." Sorbières had much to say in praise of the London of Charles II., which he visited in 1663. He admired its public buildings, with some exceptions, but thought less of English cooking ; while of the Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, he had the audacity to state that :

My Lord Hidde . . . is ignorant of the *belles lettres*.

It was this personal appreciation of the Duke of York's

father-in-law which roused the most violent animosity. Louis XIV., who at that time was anxious to maintain an *entente cordiale* with England, banished Sorbières, and ordered his book to be suppressed, while Sprat, who replied to it in "Observations on Monsieur de Sorbières' Voyage into England"—which contains this monumental phrase: "But the worst is still behind: my Lord Chancellor is utterly ignorant of the belles lettres!"—was made Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester. It required the personal intervention of the good-natured Charles II. to secure the forgiveness of Sorbières by the French Government.

Hardly less anger was called forth by the publication, at approximately the same time as "The English Spy," of Prince von Pückler-Muskau's travels in England, one of the most charming and brilliantly written books in the German language. The Prince, who must have been a delightful fellow, and very different, indeed, from the modern German Junker, was keenly appreciative of the things he saw and of the people he met—the original Rothschild among others—and his criticism seems to have been perfectly just. In fact, it is "The English Spy," with its illustrations by Robert Cruikshank, which more than confirms the mild strictures and gentle ridicule of the German Prince and of the author of "Quinze Jours à Londres":

A "gentleman" is neither a man of noble birth (writes Prince von Pückler-Muskau) nor a man of noble sentiments (*weder ein Edelmann noch ein edler Mann*), but in strictness, a man of independent means, and perfect knowledge of the usages of society. . . . A really poor man who is not in a position to contract debts can on no terms be a "gentleman." On the contrary, a rich scamp, who has had what is called a good education, so long as he preserves his "character" (reputation) dexterously, passes for "a perfect gentleman." In the exclusive society of London there are yet finer "nuances." A man, for instance, who were to manifest any timidity or courtesy towards women, instead of treating them in a familiar, confident, and non-chalant manner, would awaken the suspicion that he was "no gentleman." But should the luckless man ask twice for soup at dinner, or appear in evening dress at a breakfast which begins at three in the afternoon and ends at midnight, he may be a prince and a millionaire, but he is "no gentleman."

It was this type of "gentleman" that Bernard Blackmantle has described to us with infinite gusto, and that the Cruikshanks loved to draw. Both Bernard Blackmantle and Robert Cruikshank have the defects of their qualities; they fitted one another to a nicety, and the former is a literary, while the latter is an artistic, scarecrow.

"Thank God that we are not as those publicans are," though it has called forth during many centuries undeserved opprobrium on the Pharisee who uttered it, was in reality one of the most admirable cries that ever issued from the heart of man, and is at the basis of all true spirit of progress. Thank God, we may say with the Pharisee of old, that England is no longer, even in the most limited degree, what Bernard Blackmantle and Robert Cruikshank have described it as being, and as no doubt it was—for, if they had not been so blinded by rage, the English critics of "Quinze Jours à Londres" and of Prince von Pückler-Muskau's travels would have recognised that the portrait which John Bull painted of himself was infinitely more hideous than anything which his bitterest enemies could have conceived. The real progress made since "The English Spy" was published as a truthful relation of the English manners of the time is apparent on every page of what is really a most entertaining and instructive book. Nothing, perhaps, is more characteristic than the account which the author gives of Eton, which is evidently derived from personal experience. The Hon. Lillyman Lionise spends

his evenings (after *absence* is called) at home, in solitary dissipation over his box of *liquors*, or in making others uncomfortable by his rudeness and overbearing dictation.

What a contrast to Horatio Heartley!

At the lower end of the room, observe a serene-looking head, displaying all the quiet character of a youthful portrait by the divine Raphael joined to the inspiring sensibility which flashes from the almost breathing countenance and penetrating brilliancy of eye that distinguishes a guide. This is my bosom friend, my more than brother, my mentor and my guide. Horatio is an orphan, the son of a general

officer, whose crimson stream of life was dried up by an Eastern sun while he was yet a lisping orphan.

Bernard Blackmantle's portrait of himself as an Etonian is too long to quote, but it is a gem of the purest water. In spite of these "insanities," B. B. was not without talent—witness his tale of the old Portsmouth tars, which has a tender, Lamb-like flavour. One closes "The English Spy," however, with the conviction that the English of those days—and it is not so long a cry, after all, from 1825—must have been a dreadful nuisance to themselves and to most other people who came in contact with them, and we may thank our stars that that old England is dead for ever, together with the art of the Cruikshanks which illustrated it, and that the ideal English gentleman of to-day is something different from the noisy, sentimental blackguard whom less than a century ago John Bull delighted to honour and the Cruikshanks to depict in flaming colour.

ROWLAND STRONG.

THE ARUNDEL CLUB

It is a great pity that the Arundel Club does not manage to publish its interesting set of photogravures at any time other than Christmas, when the general rush of books causes this important annual portfolio to be overlooked. It was only recently that we were able to inspect with any pleasure the fourth year's issue of 1907.

For those who are not members it is as well to explain that the Arundel Club has no connection, except in name, with the now defunct Arundel Society whose excellent chromo lithographs did so much to popularise Italian and Flemish primitive art in England. The Arundel Club was founded in 1904, by Sir Martin Conway, for the reproduction of unpublished pictures in private collections, inaccessible to students or the general public. It is needless to emphasise what a particularly interesting field of research the efforts of the Club should be destined to cover, and as the membership increases the number of reproductions obtainable for one guinea (there are now twenty) will increase in proportion to the financial resources of the Club. The Committee is an unusually strong one, and includes, besides the classic names of Professor Sidney Colvin, Mr. Claude Phillips, and Mr. Lionel Cust, those of Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. G. F. Warner, and Sir Walter Armstrong. Learning, taste, and *expertise* are thus well represented; Mr. Sargent's name strikes the requisite note of modernity; Lord Balcarras represents the late Government; while the presence of Sir Martin Conway would seem to indicate that landscape will not be neglected in a Committee adorned by so distinguished a mountain-climber. The Committee is further to be felicitated on the absence of trustees of our National collections. For some extraordinary reason the present trustees are the last people whom any one in their senses would consult collectively on a subject connected with art or literature. Their functions seem to consist in hampering the work of the under-paid officials and keepers, whom they regard as mere pawns useful for checkmating each other; or beasts of burden convenient for bearing the public odium which attaches to their errors of commission and omission.

The most sensational items of the Arundel Portfolio of 1907 are two early pictures by Velasquez which, though described by Mrs. Jameson, are mentioned in Bereuete's great book as being lost. They were unearthed, however, by Mr. Herbert Cook, that Nimrod of Old Masters who obtained exclusive leave for their reproduction by the Arundel Club. One of them represents the "Immaculate Conception." It may be noted that Velasquez in no way idealises his subject, even when he is handling an entirely spiritual motive, which might have given scope to the imagination. Presumably it satisfied, however, the inquisitorial inspection of his future father-in-law, Pacheco, and there is none of the nauseating sentimentalism characterising Murillo's presentations of the same theme. The Blessed Virgin is a simple little Spanish peasant to whom no

intolerable honour has come beyond that of becoming a model in the master's studio at Seville. She appears standing on the traditional moon, which, however, is transparent, not opaque, and beneath her feet is a landscape of a perfect naturalistic kind, into which are adroitly introduced the pious periphrases from the Litany of Loretto—such as the Vas Spirituale in the shape of a little fountain and the Domus Aurea in the form of a debased classical temple; and Mrs. Jameson speaks of other accessories which do not appear in the reproduction. It is very much to be hoped that this astonishing picture, which illustrates the greatness as well as the limitations of Velasquez, may be seen at some forthcoming exhibition of Old Masters; and let us also hope that it does not fall into the maw of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. It might serve for a frontispiece to a disquisition on misunderstandings about the Immaculate Conception. The vast majority of Protestants still believe that the Catholic doctrine of Mary's exemption from sin implies belief in a sort of Incarnation with which they invariably confuse it; but, as so few of them really believe in the Incarnation even, this is not very surprising. To readers of THE ACADEMY we need hardly point out that the Catholic Church does not claim for Mary a miraculous generation, but immunity from the stain of original sin. Oddly enough, it was in England that the Feast was first celebrated in Western Europe, and its introduction was ascribed to St. Anselm. Though long a pious belief in the Greek and Latin Churches, and discussed with some keenness at Trent, it was not promulgated as a dogma until December 8th, 1854—two hundred years after Velasquez—although Paul V. instituted the office in 1615.

The other picture discovered by Mr. Cook is much more commonplace, and represents St. John in Patmos. Here are traces of that affectation which mars all the pietistic art of Spain, but from which Velasquez is nobly free in his superb "Crucifixion" and in the "Immaculate Conception" we have just been discussing. The "St. John" has, however, a very valuable lesson for incompetent young painters who forget that even Mr. Sargent once painted "tight" and learned to finish his pictures long before he employed that wonderful shorthand which is the admiration of connoisseurs and the snare of the student.

To Mr. Herbert Cook himself belongs the exquisite little Portuguese work (No. 19) of the late fifteenth century representing the mystic marriage of St. Catharine. This ought to throw some light on the obscure subject of Portuguese art, of which, beyond its indebtedness to the Flemings, we have no exact knowledge, though the next few years may elucidate how much of it was due to native genius and how much to inspiration imported from outside. It is not unlikely that (like the hybrid Indo-Persian miniatures executed at Delhi in the reign of Akbar) some of the Portuguese pictures are entirely native, though inspired by foreign masters, and that others are by Flemish, Italian, or French craftsmen working under local influences. That a native talent existed somewhere it would be rash to deny; Velasquez, it must be remembered, was of Portuguese origin.

A superb photogravure of Lord Huntingfield's delightful "Van Haecht" (No. 20) is particularly welcome, because the half-tone block in Mr. Weale's recent book is not very satisfactory. This picture records an historical visit paid by the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella to Cornelius van der Geest, whose portrait by Van Dyke is in the National Gallery. It was shown at the Old Master Exhibition of 1907, and again at Bruges later in the year. Apart from the way in which a seventeenth-century interior is treated, it has a documentary interest, owing to the pictures represented on the wall of the merchant's house. There are many well-known masterpieces which can be identified; and one of them is a very famous lost Van Eyck. The delicacy and precision of this picture are marvellously rendered in the photogravure.

We cannot, however, see the use of giving the portrait of Canon Van der Paele (also reproduced in Mr. Weale's book), as the picture is not in a private collection, but at

Hampton Court, a resort much too accessible to the public. Moreover, there is considerable doubt concerning its authenticity; many excellent judges think it is only a copy from Van Eyck; the reproduction in Mr. Weale's book suffices. Then we venture to protest against the inclusion of a not very first-rate example of the never very first-rate Bonifazio. Pictures chosen for this unique publication should have either æsthetic significance, historical significance, or antiquarian significance. A painting that does not possess any of these qualities may be an agreeable drawing-room curiosity, but has no place in a serious publication of the kind. Bonifazio was once, like Gaul, divided into three parts, and since his unification hardly requires further apotheosis.

It is, however, impossible that twenty photogravures should satisfy every taste; and a wide catholicity has been wisely exercised. For the unlearned who simply like beautiful pictures nothing could surpass the "Miss Montague" by Gainsborough in the possession of Messrs. Agnew, and for mere painting nothing could equal the Hogarth of Mr. Cartwright. Every one will derive special pleasure from the portraits of the Earl and Countess of Arundel, by Van Somer, most appropriately reproduced in the portfolio. In the background of the Earl's pictures are seen the famous Arundel marbles in a characteristic perspective. Every one should encourage the Arundel Club by becoming a member; and apparently any one can become a member; blackballing is unknown.

F. S. S.

THE LIMITS OF VERSE-LENGTH

It is not uninteresting to ask what determines the length of verse-lines. Oliver Wendell Holmes thought it was lung-power—that Spenser must have habitually breathed more slowly than Prior, "Anacreon" more quickly than Homer. His own limit he set at ten syllables; a line of twelve he found too much for one breath, too little for two. But lines of ten syllables usually contain caesural pauses, where it is natural to take breath. Did Pope's lungs permit him to utter only four or five syllables at once? Expert reciters, on the other hand, can easily repeat two or more lines of blank verse on one breath. There may be something in Holmes's idea, but it clearly cannot be taken as a fixed rule; at the most it may suggest a possible reason why too long lines are undesirable.

That the actual limit has to do with form seems certain. For amorphous lines, in a sort of "tumbling verse," can be prolonged indefinitely. A couplet in Zachary Boyd's version of the Bible is said to run somewhat as follows (I quote from memory), and the second line obviously admits of unlimited expansion:

Now was not Pharaoh a very great rascal,
Who would not let the Children of Israel, with their
flocks and their herds, their wives and their little
ones—[etc. etc., *ad lib.*—]go into the wilderness
to keep the Lord's Paschal!

Such a line manifestly has no limits. Some "lines" of Walt Whitman's, again, extend, or might extend, over a page. Without thought of such extreme cases, it will still be conceded that any rude popular rhyme can be swelled out almost at pleasure. It is the self-conscious artist alone who feels that he has limits.

Our poets themselves, however, are not always consistent. They print as one line what we feel to be two, and less often as two what we feel to be one. Mrs. Browning makes a single line of:

To the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun,
And Poe of:

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary.
Scott gives us as four lines:

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended:
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.

Into how many lines should we divide :

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, the furrow followed free ?

It may stand as one, as two, or as three. How many are there in this :

Bertram finished the last pages, while along the silence ever
Still in hot and heavy splashes fell the tears on every leaf ?

Rhyme cannot alone decide the matter, as some of the above instances show ; yet, except to bring out the rhyming jingle, there seems no reason why a line-ending should be shown at "ever" and not at "pages."

Rhyme is, of course, a very potent means of indicating the end of a line. But it is also used otherwise, by way of such "internal" echoes as Robert Browning affected when he wrote :

The dull turned *bright* as I caught your *white*
On my bosom

and still more grotesquely in :

Let the mere star-fish in his vault
Crawl in a wash of *weed*, indeed,
Rose-jacynth to the finger-tips.

A parodist of his, burlesquing this tendency, perpetrated the line :

I have gained and attained, and remained unstained.

Midway rhymes, at any rate, are constantly employed by our chief poets, with no purpose of line-division, and often with delightful effect, as when Mr. Swinburne writes :

England, *queen* of the waves, whose *green* inviolate girdle enrings
thee round.

We must, therefore, look elsewhere than to rhyme for what really causes a line to end.

The fact that English poets habitually use comparatively short measures is certainly significant. Counting by *beats*, which are less accurately termed "stresses" (the metrical beat need not always come on a stressed syllable), we find three, four, and five by far the commonest number. The last is, of course, the number in our ordinary "heroic couplet" and "blank verse." Longfellow's "Evangeline" has six, corresponding in this to ancient "hexameter," the heroic metre of old Greece. Mr. Swinburne has lately accustomed us to lines of seven and eight beats (the latter is exemplified by the line last quoted) ; while Tennyson, in two pieces lately mentioned in these pages, ventured on nine beats. Three metrical experiments, printed here on March 28th,* essayed extension to ten and eleven. It must not be supposed that there is any difficulty in writing much longer lines, so far as grammar and sense are concerned. The question is merely at what stage such lines cease to impress as single entities. Here, for example, is one of those lines doubled in length, by crude enough methods, yet without introducing any grammatical pause :

With an arrowy rush and a thunderous roar from the storm-shattered
crest of the eminent mountain around and adown to the slumbering
valley the masterful hurricane dreadfully leaps in delirious frenzy
of virulent wrath.

That is a "twenty-stress" line, unhelped by internal rhyme or assonance ; but would any one call it a real single line ? Does it not impress simply as a congeries of shorter lines—of five four-stress unrhyming lines, perhaps—which for a freak have been printed as one ? Is there any more real unity in it than in the following, which everyone will say are cases of four lines printed as one ?

Come not back again to labour, come not back again to suffer, where
the famine and the fever wear the body, waste the brain ;
Soon my task will be completed, soon your footsteps I shall follow to
the islands of the blessed, where we two shall meet again.

The natural limit seems to vary with race and speech-habit. Persian and Arabian poetry, I understand, habitually admit lines much longer than ours. The late Professor York Powell, in a letter, sent half a dozen lines which he said were "like some Arabic gasideh." I quote the first two :

* In No. II. of these, "tremble and shriek" should have been "tremble and shrink," and the next line had a superfluous comma after "destruction." Otherwise the printing was admirably correct.

I stand on the dune with the Old Fort on my left hand bronze-
brown, red-fleck'd, like some monster shell of the deep ;
And away to the right, Andreselles, scarlet-roof'd, in a magic violet
haze, on the reef at the edge of the steep.

However these lines may impress Oriental scholars, to an English ear they are not verse ; they are an exotic mixture of prose and verse, not without a certain charm, but one wholly strange, foreign, unreal to us. The same writer, by the bye, produced a monosyllabic sonnet, opening thus :

He: Guess
Who—
Do !
She: Tess ?
He: Bess.
She: You
Too !
He: Yes.*

And Herrick wrote one of his "Hesperides" in dissyllabic lines :

Thus I
Pass by
And die,
As one
Unknown
And gone.

But such eccentricities serve only to show how unnatural to us is either a very short or a very long line.

The real limit, seemingly, is our power of co-ordination. Any line which cannot be comfortably grasped as a whole, either when heard or when presented to the eye, fails to give pleasure, and is shunned by the poet accordingly. It is partly matter of habit and training. Six-beat lines were thought dangerously long less than a century ago ; to Eighteenth Century readers an eight-beat line would have sounded monstrous. What our poets may have yet in store for us cannot be foretold, but it seems unlikely that our present metres can be considerably prolonged without other modification. As it is, most eight-beat lines tend to break into two halves ; with ten or twelve the tendency would be still greater. For this reason, probably, Tennyson selected nine rather than ten for his experiment, and it cannot be said that his lines show no tendency to separate. Those "To Virgil," indeed, are usually printed as containing two unequal portions. Skilful use of rhyme and alliteration may help the reader through a long line, but there is the danger that these may emphasise rather than neutralise division. The practice of poets must decide the issue. Riper students of verse may suggest considerations overlooked by me ; but, in the long run, it is practice alone which at once educates and decides. *Solvi ur ambulando*. If our poets find that still longer lines will "go," they will write them, and then we may be able to see how and why they "go ;" till then, prediction is probably, as usual, futile.

T. S. O.

DIGNITY AND PICTURES

Who has not heard the story of Old Crome's advice to his son about to paint ? "John, my boy, if your subject is only a pigsty, dignify it." No further words are needed to show the Norwich master's opinion on the relative importance of subject and treatment ; but it would be interesting, and, no doubt, instructive, to learn the veteran's views as to the way in which dignity can be imparted to a painting. Happily, perhaps, for themselves, painters have rarely a passion to define in words the qualities which give distinction to a work of art. That is the business of the critic, whose task it is neatly to dissect those qualities and exhibit them separately for the few who care to profit by his labours. It is an ungrateful task, and I do not wonder that many abandon the science for dithyrambic vapourings more popular with the crowd. But analysis has a fascination of its own, and even an unsuccessful experiment is not wholly useless if it stirs others to more fruitful effort.

* "Frederick York Powell." By Oliver Elton (1906). Vol. II., pp. 390, 394.

Without presuming to have obtained any nice qualitative results, after a rough quantitative investigation which must leave many elements undetected, it occurs to me that the characteristic which we call dignity in a painting is chiefly due to two causes—the composition or arrangement of the masses and the surface quality of the paint. The first is a comparatively simple matter, good composition being a geometrical question of balance, of mass against mass, of line against line, of light against shade. But a fine quality of paint is as evasive as a fine quality of silk or velvet. Custom teaches us to distinguish between the good and the inferior, but though we may be in a position to recognise the best workmanship we are not necessarily clear in our minds as to the manner in which this excellence has been brought about.

With pictures the question is further complicated by the existence of two excellences. For there are two sorts of painting, as of soup—thick and thin—and both have merits proper to themselves. There is the fine liquid quality of a Whistler, a Manet, a Vermeer; there is the fine fatty quality of a Rubens, a Monticelli, or a Crome. The second appeals to generous spirits and seems the easier of attainment. The first is won only by the few, with the many it degenerates into a sordid economy, producing results like the bread-and-scrape of the parsimonious school-marm. Perhaps the secret is that beneath the thicker painting it is easier to cover up errors, though wise painters assure us that in either style excellence is the result of sureness and purity. Each touch of paint must come to stay, as the phrase runs; it cannot be corrected or altered without impairing its final virtue. But we are approaching culinary matters, which I hear are beyond the critic's province. We are to judge of results only, and need not bother about the details of its preparation if the flavour of the dish be good. And as the good cook will serve us soup thick or thin of equal excellence, so the *chef* in pigment should paint with facility in either style.

The question of dignity was raised in my mind by Crome's *Old Barns* at Messrs. Shepherd's current Exhibition. The question of quality is answered by his *Coast Scene*, also at 27, King-street. It was rarely that old Crome attempted a sea-piece—only two other marines by him are known—and in Messrs. Shepherd's picture, which some say was inspired by Turner, which to my thinking shows also strongly the influence of Cotman, we have an admirable example of the blended qualities, the thin painting of the water, the creamy texture of the foam. Another example of dignity and quality in paint is the splendid *Tivoli* of Thomas Barker, of Bath, majestic in its classic composition, appealing in the luscious glow of its noble colour. There is good quality of paint, too, in Constable's finished study in oils for his picture, *A Dell in Helmingham Park*. But it has not the dignity of the Barker, because the rhythm and balance of the composition is less exquisite. It is not in the same class with the Barker—an undoubted masterpiece—and yet many will pay more attention to the other because it is by Constable, because the picture for which it is a study twenty years ago brought £2,400 at Christie's. For this is our solid, sensible way of looking at pictures in England.

Let me hasten to exonerate Messrs. Shepherd in this particular. No dealers in London pay less respect to persons and more attention to merit wherever found. They have made their exhibitions famous by reason of their patient resuscitation of forgotten merit. Each year they bring to light some British painter whose name has unworthily been forgotten. And while speaking of classical landscapes, I should not forget to mention *A Grecian City* by Henry Dawson (1811-1878), their latest discovery and rescue. And this year they have disinterred from Ireland a *Girl at a Window*, by Richard Rothwell (an able contemporary of Lawrence), and a number of well-painted, Ostade-like interiors by one Alfred Provis. They have also found a *Portrait of a Boy*, by Raeburn, deeply interesting, because of a spirituality rarely attained by the Scottish master. Yet, in my heart, I believe Messrs. Shepherd are prouder of their Provists. You see, every-

body knows about Raeburn, but who before ever heard of Alfred Provis?

I have ventured to suggest by a comparison of the Constable with the Barker that composition is an essential element of dignity. I might compare the originals of Whistler's *Mother* and *Carlyle* with the vile reproductions in colour now flaunted in the market-place to show how great a dignity is lost with the change of surface. But I would not press the point, knowing that colour is not, in truth, an essential. Obviously there is dignity in black and white, and many happy examples may be found among the designs of Mr. Louis Davis, now on exhibition at Mr. Van Wisselingh's gallery. Having no salons in London where such work can be exhibited, we are apt to be despondent about decorative art, and because we see it not we fear it does not exist. Mr. Davis's beautiful designs for private chapels and noble halls reassure us. The State, it is true, does little or nothing, but the statesmen who adorn our Upper House do much, and it is consoling to think that their private generosity and good taste gives to men of talent those opportunities for distinction which officialdom cannot, or will not, afford.

One last word and I have done, for there is a picture at the Royal Society of British Artists which eloquently illustrates the dignity of paint. Messrs. Shepherd do valiant service for the neglected dead, but there are no rescuers in Bond Street for the neglected living. For years Mr. Fred F. Foottet has used the science of the luminists to portray the poetry of the romanticists, achieving results which no living painter, with the possible exception of M. Le Sidaner, has approached or equalled. Mr. Foottet is in many respects the most personal and original landscape-painter we possess. He has his limitations, but so had Whistler; and, like Whistler, Mr. Foottet knows all about them and how to achieve exquisiteness within their bounds. He has a fondness for virginal schemes of colour and I can think of no painter who has drawn such tender strains from notes of blue and white. He has also a fondness for bridges, and his *Richmond: Twilight* is really one of a series which deserves a place with the haystacks and Cathedrals of Monet. But alone it is a masterpiece of lyric painting—a lament in colour of that loveliness which is poignant and fleeting, the moving symbol of all earthly joys.

FRANK RUTTER.

"SPITCH-COCKED"

It is strange that this queer term in cookery has never been properly explained from its true source. There is a good account of its use in Palmer's "Folk-Etymology," where it is stated, on the authority of Kettner, "Book of the Table," p. 119, that a spatch-cock fowl is one spread on a skewer after having been split open at the back, just as a broiled eel done on a skewer is called a spitch-cocked eel. Dr. Palmer explains it as a corruption of "spit-stuck," for which form, luckily, there is no authority.

The oldest quotation given in books is from the old play of *Northward Hoe* (1607), Act I., scene 1: "Will you have some cray-fish and a spitch-cock?" Here spitch-cock is short for "spitch-cocked eel," as will be seen from the etymology. I find the pp. *spitch-cocked* used in a metaphorical sense (showing that it was already well-known) in a curious passage in T. Cartwright's play *The Ordinary* (1651), printed in Hazlitt's edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays," Vol. XII., p. 239. The reason why the etymology has not been discovered is because the word is really of High German origin, and probably reached us through Holland. As most of our words in the Elizabethan period that are borrowed from Teutonic are almost invariably from Dutch or Low German sources, it was natural that our etymologists should omit to seek further. It is pretty clear that Dr. Palmer's conjectural "spit-stuck" was made for the purpose of accounting for the *sch*; and he is quite right as to the first five letters, only

the *s* belongs to the *t*, and the first syllable is really *spits*, a form which actually occurs in one of the quotations which he gives, though he gives it under the heading *spatch-cock* as being the "popular" form. We find, accordingly, the correct form in T. Brown's Works, II., 221. "The first course consisted of a huge platterful of scorpions *spits-cocked*." This form is perfectly correct, and is explicable as it stands.

For the true prefix is the Middle High German *spiz*, "a spit," with the *z* pronounced as *ts*, as usual. With this prefix was formed the remarkable derivative *spiz-brato*, which is still in use in German in the form *spies braten*, meat roasted on the spit. This settles at once both the form and the sense of the former element. And now that we know we have to deal with German, it becomes clear that *cock* is precisely the German *kochen*, to cook, and the whole word is solved. It simply means "spit-cooked," or cooked on a spit; whilst it is at the same time obvious that the remarkable form *spitch* could never have been evolved from any language but High German. Our spelling with *-cock* is due to the Dutch *kokken*, to cook. If we look around for corroborative evidence, it is not difficult to find. The term was certainly first applied to the cooking of eels, even as in the piece of advice in the "Ingoldsby Legends," that it is best to have them "spitch-cooked or stewed—they're too oily when fried." Sewel's "English-Dutch Dictionary" (1749) says that a spitch-cock is "een groote aal of paaling," a great eel or a *paaling*; and he explains the Dutch *paaling* as a "spitch-cock eel, eel of the biggest and fattest sort." Calisch's modern "Dutch Dictionary" boldly substitutes the Dutch *spil* for the German *spies*, and gives us: "*Spil-aal*, a spitch-eel," thus greatly strengthening the evidence as to the sense of *spitch*.

Of course popular etymology never guessed the true source of the word. Hence it was at last turned into *spatch-cocked*—i.e., *dispatch-cocked* (formerly correctly spelt with *di-*, not *de-*); and hence Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" has the entry: "*Spatch-cock*, abbreviation of a *dispatch-cock*, an Irish dish upon any sudden occasion." The latter element remained unchanged, and, no doubt, many thought that the reference was to an actual cock or fowl, which is, indeed, much more convenient than an eel for use "upon any sudden occasion."

Step by step, says George Herbert, the ladder is ascended. One by one words are at last explained. Fortunately, a true etymology will last for ever.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Portugal. By H. MORSE STEPHENS. With Five New Portraits, and an Additional Chapter by MARTIN HUME. (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)

SOME years ago Mr. Morse Stephens compiled a history of Portugal which appeared in the "Story of the Nations" series, and this has now been reissued in a red cover in place of the original green, with an additional chapter on the reign of King Carlos by Major Hume. When he lived among us, Mr. Stephens had the reputation of knowing a good deal about the period of the French Revolution, and Major Hume, by numerous works, has established his position as an authority on Spain, but, judging by the book before us, neither the one nor the other has gone very deeply into the affairs of Portugal, and a good history of that country has still to be written. It is not usual to criticise a reprint, but of the additional chapter we must observe that its tone and phrasing smack too much of a controversial pamphlet, and the style is sometimes distinctly "journallese." The author does not seem to have set himself to study the events of the years 1891 to 1908 with sufficient care and detail, or to have penetrated the causes of that "corruption" of which he talks so much. It is generally recognised that "the future

of Portugal lies in Africa," yet he tells us hardly anything of the great work done during the last reign in Angola and Mozambique, by which Portuguese dominion over those large and rich territories has been rendered effective; and he omits altogether the victorious campaign against the Vatuas and Mousinho's daring exploit, the capture of Gungunhama, which amazed foreign military critics who, remembering our Zulu War, never imagined that the Portuguese, with a much smaller force, could achieve such successes. Moreover, he falls into some very avoidable blunders, as, for instance, when he remarks that monasticism is forbidden in Portugal, and, again, when he says that Senhor Franco belonged to the Progressistas, whereas the very name of the Dictator's party should have proved that he was a Regenerator. But the chief fault we have to find with the chapter is its lack of important facts, except such as relate to party politics, and the rather superficial criticism with which these are too often appreciated. We gladly admit, however, that Major Hume gives a fair account of the strife of parties, their struggle with both King and Dictator, and the origins of the tragedy of February 1st, which came as a shock to Europe, though some of us who were in Lisbon at the time feared a catastrophe. The late reign witnessed a series of measures designed to increase the Royal power, their authors being the Monarch and some of his advisers, who had learnt, as they thought, from the historian Oliveira Martins that the King alone could save the nation, and they justified their creed by pointing to the maladministration of the "rotativist" parties, but how far patriotic, how far merely selfish motives inspired them it is difficult to determine. There can be no doubt, however, that Senhor Franco, who largely acted on their views, received very general support in his early days, and if he had shown patience and tact it seems quite likely that, with Dom Carlos at his back, he might have succeeded in the task he set himself of regenerating the country. Unfortunately, he entirely lacked those qualities; and while he weakened the position of the two historic parties, his actions so irritated public opinion against the King, who assumed responsibility for them, that he seriously compromised the safety of the monarchy. Major Hume is right in holding that the question of finance has been the origin of most of the troubles in Portugal, and though the country grows richer year by year, and is economically sound, the deficit on the budget continues; but he errs in ascribing this to corruption and jobbery, for it is mainly due to the heavy charges which have been incurred for colonial development and wars, the building of railways at home, and other necessary outlays. He might have gone on to say that one of the causes of the conspiracy which led to the King's death was a money question, for the dictatorial decree adding to the Civil List still further increased hostility to Dom Carlos and his Minister, and, when followed by exiles and imprisonments, so distorted the moral vision of the populace that they were able to view the crime with indifference. We regret that Major Hume should have given support to the notion that Portugal has "an utterly corrupt officialism dominating every branch of the public service." Our acquaintance with Portuguese officials of all classes convinces us that so sweeping a charge is baseless and cruel, and only calculated to do ill offices to England in Portugal.

Knaves or Fools? By C. E. WHEELER, M.D. (John Hogg, 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a neat, unpretentious little book, which merits careful attention. The case is stated of a number of men who are working quite without recognition—who are, indeed, placed in the dilemma suggested by the title. All names which minorities carry are apt to have a curious savour of odium about them, or a savour of sanctity, both of which are obscuring to the intelligence. The case which Dr. Wheeler states is that of Homœopathy. It is made strong by the absence of partisanship and the moderation with which he writes. He is an homœopath, but he has no sentimental attachment to homœopathy. His position is clear and sound. He says:—Here is a

treatment of disease by drugs which is reasoned and has an infinite scope for development. Why is this treatment ignored, as though it were the foolish propaganda of faddists? He writes not in the interests of homœopathy primarily, but in the interests of science and of mankind, and so he lifts the book above the troubled region of the personal. It is a book which should be answered officially in the same spirit as that in which it is written. Officially—the word requires some explanation. It would seem incredible that the medical profession should be in the position which is apt to characterise the sects of a religion: that a part of the medical profession should be, as it were, established—that is to say, recognised by the State—and that a part should be looked upon as dissenters. That such sentiment should be allowed to creep into scientific matters is deplorable, and that it has crept into the medical profession is a melancholy fact.

Dr. Wheeler shows with admirable restraint and keen insight into human nature how this position arose and has developed since Samuel Hahnemann first enunciated the new truth—*Similia similibus curentur*:

From the beginning it must be recognised that the man who propounds a new idea which, if adopted, will revolutionise the practise of any art, will never obtain justice with the present organisation of society. Friends too enthusiastic and enemies too prejudiced will together combine to destroy any chance of dispassionate investigation, and both sides will go into the fight waving banners on which will be inscribed their devotion to truth, their passion for humanity, and their freedom from self-interest.

Now that more than a hundred years have elapsed since Hahnemann's discovery, it is time, Dr. Wheeler suggests, that the truth he enunciated should be investigated, and his book serves to indicate what lines this investigation should take. In the first chapter he discusses the present situation, how though the law of Britain recognises homœopaths as the full equals of the compact majority, yet all the weight of authority is against them; records of cases cured by homœopathy are not received by the professional journals; for years "The Medical Directory" refused to print any record of hospital appointments or contributions to medical literature that bore the impress of Homœopathy, and when homœopaths were thus forced to start their own institutions they were forced to bear the stigma of creating a division in the medical profession. In the second chapter he deals with Hahnemann and his times, and shows that Hahnemann cannot justly be considered the dreamer or quack he is lightly supposed to be, but rather that he was a great man who worked laboriously, and whose work has been of the utmost value to science. In the third chapter, which to the lay mind is of exceptional interest, he shows the trend of modern medicine, pointing out the growth of surgical treatment and the cloud of obscurity that hangs still over drug treatment and the action of drugs; he shows that in many cases the "profession" make use of homœopathic treatment without any recognition of the axiom *Similia similibus curentur*, which is the only idea that has ever been evolved to systematise the use of drugs. Then in the fourth chapter he inquires more closely into the predicament imposed upon homœopaths that they are either knaves or fools. He draws attention to the results which have been obtained and to the ever-increasing number of followers who give up all prospect of official advantage and of the numerous posts which become closed to them, because they feel that they are better equipped to fight disease by homœopathic methods than by the established means. And in the last chapter, which is finely written, Dr. Wheeler discusses the future and its possibilities. He desires no "reconciliation" or sentimental reunion. He desires that this dictum *Similia similibus curentur* should be openly investigated, and that there should be one great army to oppose the spread of disease. In a matter so important as the health of the nation little rivalries should not be allowed to exist.

Dr. Wheeler makes his case good. We have rarely seen the case of a minority argued so sanely and so well. We recommend the book to all who are interested not only in

the health of their bodies (what intelligent man is not?), but in the cause of justice.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XVIII., 1907. (Harvard University Press and Longmans, Green, and Co., 6s.)

AMERICAN scholarship and Harvard scholarship are two different things. For the foundation that owes its existence to Harvard of Emmanuel has always retained something of the spirit of exactitude which belongs to the mother University, and is not marked by the loose sentimentalism which is so painfully characteristic of much of the literary output of other American centres of learning. The *Harvard Studies* have earned a well-deserved place among the valuable contributions to classical learning which come from the world's Universities. And the present volume does not fail to maintain the standard that we have learned to expect. Thus we may respect, even while we dissent from, the conclusions of Mr. J. W. White concerning logæedic metre in Greek comedy. The opinions of Hephaestion are certainly deserving of more consideration than they have received at the hands of modern German metrists; and Mr. White's basis of argument practically amounts to a statement of the credibility of the ancient writers upon metre. This we should be the last to deny; and we should be the first to rejoice at the sweeping away of the vast number of modern distinctions without differences into which the cola of an Aristophanic chorus have been torn. But we are not so sure as Mr. White appears to be that the antispast is unassailable. To be sure the Phalæcian has good enough authority; but it is not essential to regard it as antispastic in base. As a matter of fact the logæedic metre as a whole is a thing of mystery, and one has only to compare the various scansion and theories of scansion applied to Pindar, for example, to realise that, while Mr. White does undoubtedly service to scholarship by this careful paper, he cannot claim finality for his conclusions. When he proceeds to apply a system of temporal notation to his choruses, we leave him to his task with all sympathy and good wishes for a happy issue out of all his afflictions.

Frankly, we do not like Mr. Bryant's paper on "Boyhood in Athens." It is careful and full to a degree, but is marred by a too close consideration of the darkest blot on Hellenic civilisation. And, moreover, there is a great deal of padding—quite unconsciously introduced, no doubt, for the writer has certainly intended to keep close to his subject. But in a collection of papers of this kind, that which one seeks is rather the new than the old newly phrased; and we have no use under such circumstances for imaginary word-pictures, however charming in themselves, of the Athenian boy drinking in tales of far countries from that Phœnician sailor-man of whom we have grown so heartily tired, knowing him to be no more than a stock lay figure borrowed from the *Odyssey* and made to do duty long after his time.

The paper by Mr. Ernest Cary on the MS. Tradition of the *Acharnenses* is a valuable piece of work, very thoroughly carried out. A well-planned stemma gives the results of Mr. Cary's consideration of the relation between the MSS., all of which he has collated from photographic facsimiles. R., of course, stands by itself. But the author places Suidas one step nearer the archetype, and we are not surprised to find that he has some difficulty in placing Γ in very clearly recognisable relationship to the remaining MSS. He appears to consider it a slightly later "cousin" of A, five places removed from the archetype, and closely connected with B in its second and third hands. And he adheres, though with a purely negative assent, to Zacher's dating of the archetype.

Even if we do not agree wholly with his conclusions, his collection of *data* will be of the utmost value to students both of Aristophanic MS. tradition and of the text itself, who have not the opportunity of collating the MSS. for themselves—and these, it is certain, are in a vast majority.

The remaining papers are not out of place in such good company, and we regard this volume of the *Studies* as of

equal value with its predecessors, and an earnest of good work to come in the future.

Familiar Faces. By HARRY GRAHAM. (Edward Arnold, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. HARRY GRAHAM's latest volume is a disappointment. Hitherto he has contrived to wear the motley with a certain distinction, but for once the jingling of the jester's bells sounds a little harsh and out of tune. For one thing, the pun is so archaic a form of wit, and one, moreover, that has been so wantonly abused, that it has been relegated by all discriminating humorists to the limbo of complete forgetfulness. Mr. Graham puns impenitently, recklessly. He discloses himself in this book as a specialist in the obvious. He does not even mind appropriating the least successful puns of other people :

If you only will astound the world or shock it,
If you'll stir or even interest the town,
Soaring rapturously skyward like a (C)rocket,
Never mind if like a Stick(it) you come down—

is not a very happy variant on a not very happy fancy of Mr. Zangwill's. And, though Mr. Graham must be credited, now as always, with an amazing facility in the manipulation of difficult verse-forms, the persistence of the broken rhyme in these verses is apt to become more than a little tiring.

There is an iconoclastic note in some of Mr. Graham's poems, for which readers of "Verse and Worse" and "Misrepresentative Men" will be prepared. For the most part, however, our knight-errant appears to be engaged in the superfluous task of tilting at windmills. Vegetarians, music-hall comedians, and retired Army officers are such small game that they are hardly worth the hunting, and the barbs of Mr. Graham's satire are rendered pointless by the crude absurdity of Mr. George Morrow's illustrations. The author, by the way, credits Mr. Morrow with a parting word of disinterested advice :

(N.B.—This book, says Mr. Morrow,
Is one to *buy* and NOT to *borrow* !)

This book of verse, we say instead, is one that may be left unread.

James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier. By MARTIN HAILE. (London : Dent and Co., 16s. net.)

THE book on James III. by Mr. Andrew Lang and Miss Shield was reviewed so recently in these columns that we can hardly afford the space to go over the subject again. It is unfortunate for both books that they should clash, and we can but say that their respective authors must be content to divide the prize. The earlier book is found, on the whole, the more vivid and attractive reading ; but Mr. Haile's is a piece of very thorough-going and conscientious work, perhaps fuller in detail than the other. His judgments are substantially the same ; in fact, there is hardly room, given knowledge and a fair wind, for differences. The hopefulness of the cause at the beginning, and its patriotic mismanagement to the end, must be common ground. So must be the treachery of some, and the folly of some, the devotion of many, of James's adherents. And so must be the character of James himself, so cruelly libelled in "Esmond," his dutifulness, his patience, his uprightness. The story has waited so long for its proper telling that it is less surprising than unlucky that it should be told in duplicate at the same moment.

A Book of Birds. By W. P. PYCRAFT. (S. Appleton, 6s.)

THE birdnesting urchin of the last generation, if he wanted a manual, was usually given Professor Thomas Rymer Jones's "Natural History," Bewick being kept for his grandmama. The boy of the present day can find fuller information imparted less severely and in a more handy form : but it is easy to exaggerate the triumphs of Mr. Pycraft. With all the glories of colour to help him, he is not so far ahead as some would have us believe. He depicts five humming-birds, for instance, with pen and portrait, against his predecessor's four by illustration and

five by letterpress. He says nothing about the nests, which Professor Jones describes and illustrates, but he is more exact in the matter of distribution, which his rival limits by Bolivia and South Mexico. To come nearer home, Mr. Pycraft tells us interesting things about the cuckoo—how the cock submits to be mobbed while the hen puts the egg in the nest with her claws. He does not describe, as the earlier writer does most graphically, the ejection process served upon the infant robins. Neither of the writers touch the colour question, although Mr. Pycraft knows that the speckles of the cuckoo are deliberately intended to suggest to the victims that he is a hawk. Neither author tells us why the ouzel cock has a tawny yellow bill, nor why rooks should be black and starlings glossy. The introduction of Mr. Pycraft is his real glory. He lays the foundation of a solid ornithological study to the boy who will really master that introduction ; but even those who will no, the majority can learn much about the birds whom they will harry in the Easter holidays. At the reconstructed Archæopteryx most scientific persons will hurl what Lowell calls "the contumelious stone."

FICTION

While Rose of Weary Leaf. By VIOLET HUNT. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MISS VIOLET HUNT has written an exceedingly clever novel which is sure to attract a large measure of the reading public's attention. Also one may reasonably expect that the story will excite comment and provoke discussion. The cleverness of the book is, indeed, so manifest that it may inspire a regret in the minds of some readers that Miss Hunt had not informed her subject with a finer or sterner quality. There is a marked energy shown in the writing, considerable ingenuity, and in places almost subtlety, in the characterisation ; but somehow the author fails to quicken our sympathies or to stir our emotions. Amy Steevens, the heroine of the story, illustrates this deficiency in the author's powers more than all the other characters put together. Amy is Miss Hunt's masterpiece. In many details she is sketched with a quite brilliant fidelity to nature. She is a volatile character, as quick-witted as a cockney street-urchin, courageous in her many struggles with life, shrewd, peculiarly adroit in her management of persons whose intelligence have not been stung out of lethargy by poverty and want, ready in speech and action, and generally filled with the commonest common sense—before she fell in love with Mr. Dand. Nevertheless, with all her many attributes of individuality and fascination, Amy remains even to the last chapter nothing more than a splendidly interesting companion. We are always interested in her, but we never feel for her. She amuses us with her stratagems, fascinates us with her adventures, and, finally, draws from us a tacit acknowledgment that she has been a very unhappy creature, whose circumstances in life have been ordered by the spirit of tragedy. This ultimate admission is forced from the reader by the bare recital of her story ; but it is impossible to shed tears over Amy or to feel the tragedy that we know exists.

As with Amy so with every other character in this remarkable book. They all interest us by their sayings and doings, amuse and tantalise us, but fail to touch the pulses of emotion. They are a barbarous set of people, even to Mr. Dand, the middle-aged country gentleman, and peculiarly vulgar in their habits of thought. Dand, in this latter respect, is the greatest offender of all. This person marries twice, and to both wives, Amy Steevens, at different periods in her career, acts as a paid companion. The girl ends by becoming Dand's mistress and dies in giving birth to his child. Dand commits suicide, as, in some early chapter, does a certain Sir Mervyn Dymond, who is, perhaps, the only unconvincing character in the novel. As will be seen, the book has more than its share of violent climaxes, but the entire scheme of the story is unfolded with so plausible an appearance of truth,

sustained everywhere by the force and freshness of the writing, that the reader does not pause to doubt or even question anything. We accept Amy Steevens as a person who lived and died, even though Miss Hunt has not allowed us to mourn for her.

The Fly on the Wheel. By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON. (William Blackwood and Sons, 6s.)

THE extraordinary success of Mrs. Thurston as a novelist presents one of the strangest of problems to the student of contemporary fiction. Her style is undistinguished, save for an occasional opulence of epithet which suggests Miss Marie Corelli at her worst, and her matter is unimportant. Her frequent lapses into the cheapest form of pseudo-philosophy bore and irritate the reader. She will tell you that life is full of strange surprises or that sorrow is hard to bear with the air of one communicating some wholly new and original discovery. Deliberately discarding the methods of the romanticists, she professes to give you pictures of contemporary life and manners which are conspicuous for their grotesqueness and patent absurdity. Yet her books sell by the thousand, and "*The Fly on the Wheel*" has already become a popular success.

"*The Fly on the Wheel*" is another of Mrs. Thurston's Irish stories, the scene being laid in Waterford. The meaning of the title may be explained in a sentence—the wheel is society, and the fly Isabel Costello. Isabel is of foreign extraction, and, in consequence, of a very fiery nature. In Waterford she meets Stephen Carey, who, being a "strong" man, and very much of a brute into the bargain, carries her heart by storm from the first moment. Carey's heart, too, is touched, or, rather, as he is candidly reminded, his animal passions are aroused, and the end of a somewhat tedious flirtation is that the two lovers go off on a midnight escapade in a motor-car. Carey, being a married man with a family, is severely admonished the following morning by the parish priest, who has received tidings of the adventure. Convinced of the impropriety of his behaviour, Carey determines to relinquish Isabel, with the result that that intractable young female pays a sudden visit to his house and poisons herself. She had determined to do the unconventional thing, and she did it. The end is neither convincing nor artistically necessary, though we fully realise the difficulties that beset the author with regard to the disposal of her troublesome heroine. But to close a book which assumes to be a study of middle-class life in an Irish town with a scene which reeks of the stalest melodrama is an unworthy artifice. Only once, indeed, throughout the narrative does Mrs. Thurston rise superior to her style or her subject. The interview between Carey and Father James comes within measurable distance of great drama. The remainder of the book is too palpably absurd to call for serious criticism.

Dan Riach, Socialist. By the Author of "*Miss Molly*." (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

To read this story is rather like being carried, in a slow vehicle, through country, conscientiously cultivated indeed, but presenting little of special interest, and all the more disappointing, perhaps, in that it occasionally affords, at turns in the road, glimpses of a more promising landscape which we are not allowed to traverse. We start, to retain the metaphor a moment longer, at the summit of a long hill, and the retrospect is by no means void of attraction. Sir Austin Wyatt, a baronet of five-and-thirty, and the owner of some glassworks in the Midlands, has just had his eyes opened after years of hard work to the meaning and possibilities of love, but at the same time he finds himself face to face with a formidable strike which is more than likely to ruin him, and is doubly dangerous in view of a certain phase in his development. Brought up by his grandfather, a hard, cynical, money-worshipping old man who had wrung a fortune from the works, he had early grown to detest his treatment of his men, and, coming while at Oxford under the

influence of Dan Riach, a hard-hitting Socialist with something leonine about him, had eventually thrown in his lot with him, united himself—uncanonically, but with Dan's entire approval—to his niece Isabel, a pretty, colourless girl, and had become his staunchest disciple upon socialistic platforms. Two years of the association, however, had sufficed to convince him not only that Isabel and he had nothing in common, but also that Dan's views were as false as those of his grandfather. He had parted (on her own initiative) with Isabel, renounced his discipleship, and settled down upon his grandfather's death to an enlightened, and for a time entirely successful, rule over his little kingdom. But now twelve years have passed, a labour crisis is imminent, and he finds himself ranged against a formidable and unscrupulous combination headed by his old teacher who has nursed a bitter resentment against him, and is athirst to ruin him "in the interests of the community." The fight which follows has at least the merit of being intricate and many-sided, complicated as it is by Wyatt's conception of his duty towards Isabel, whose story his opponents are determined to noise abroad, and to whom he renews an offer of marriage made years before in a letter returned to him unopened. But unfortunately the spectators' interest is allowed to fall away from one after another of the combatants. First from Riach, who refuses proof positive of his enemy's chivalry, and scarcely convinces us of his own common honesty. And secondly, from Sir Austin himself, in view of his really insatiable stupidity. The author labours with almost painful conscientiousness, in face of an undistinguished style and terribly heavy dialogue, to present him as "owning religion in her rags as well as in her silver slippers," but after all, we fear that the comment of his sincere friend and well-wisher, Lady Henry Ferard—"Oh, isn't Austin a fool? and worse, an unamusing one?"—has more than a modicum of truth in it. Surely no ordinary intelligence could well have failed to glimpse peace of mind with honour to boot in Isabel's obvious inclination towards the truculent foreman. We dislike this playing at blind man's buff with the characters. But Lady Henry at least peeps shrewdly beneath her handkerchief; there is a nice placid duke, and an amusing duchess; while as for Theresa, who, with her "*White Garden*," stands for youth and love and purity—well, we are delighted to "take her as meant."

Morag the Seal. By J. W. BRODIE INNES. (Rebman, 6s.)

A GREAT many would-be readers of this book will be discouraged by the very conventional opening. The barrister-detective who is always engaged in catching trains to solve mysteries is a very old acquaintance, and Mr. Brodie Innes treats us to all the usual incidents that accompany the amateur sleuth-hound on his travels. By degrees, however, the story improves, and half-way through the book the reader's attention is held by the easy flow of language and the exciting narrative. "*Morag the Seal*" is the story of a struggle to keep a Scottish estate, the villain being Sir John Bradley, and the heroine Morag, called the Seal, the rightful owner of the property. Considerable mystery is introduced by the author, and the dream-vagaries of his principal character add somewhat unnecessarily, it should be said, to the story. All comes right in the end, and Morag obtains possession of the estates, marries the barrister-detective, and, presumably, lives happy ever after.

A Prophet's Reward. By E. H. STRAIN. (Blackwood, 6s.)

MR. STRAIN's book opens with a curious little apologue consisting of a dialogue between the wizard Michael Scott and Satan, in which the Arch-Enemy complains that "thae discoveries—thae charities and inventions," and all the plans and projects for the good of humanity, have rendered the world no place for a self-respecting Devil. He demands that, if mankind is to reap the benefit of all these schemes, at least the originators shall be handed over to him. The wizard points out that Satan can have no

hold over men who "eschew personal profit and work purely for the general good," a fact which the Fiend does not deny, though his knowledge of human nature tells him that the number of those who escape his toils will be small. Though the Devil does not appear again in the story, we find him busily at work in the persons of various administrators of the law in Scotland, and it is with real satisfaction that we see him cheated of at least one victim. The tale is put into the mouth of an elderly Scotch Colonel, who, after a compulsory sojourn of thirty-two years in France, owing to his Jacobite tendencies, returns to his native land, only to be drawn back into political controversy. The Colonel is one of the finest characters in a very good book. Not only is Mr. Strain's power of characterisation unusual, but he has the art of making whatever he writes about interesting, and we were genuinely sorry to find ourselves at the last chapter.

The Romance of a Queen. By WEATHERBY CHESNEY. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

It is difficult to separate fact from fiction in "The Romance of a Queen." A great deal is no doubt due to the author's imagination, though the story of the massacre of the Royal couple and the description of the main incidents in Queen Draga's career are historically correct. The author's sympathy evidently lies with the unfortunate Queen, who, in his hands, becomes a noble and much maligned character, whose only fault was ambition, and who sacrificed her reputation and eventually her life for the sake of the young King and his mother. In any case, the facts are dramatic enough to form excellent material for a novel. The petty intrigues of the Servian Court, the life of the picturesque and lawless population of Belgrade, and the romantic and adventurous career of the Queen herself, cannot fail to make a readable and eventful story.

The Weaning. By JAMES BLYTH. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

To those who like a pleasant, well-written tale, told with a certain shrewdness and quiet humour, we strongly recommend "The Weaning." The story is that of a sentimental episode between a very callow youth and a somewhat abandoned little flirt. The youth is jilted, ruthlessly, to find, after a short period of very violent despair, that not only is his heart still intact, but that his fickle affections are already inclining in another direction. This time the lady is worthy of his affection, which develops into real love, and the "weaning" is complete. The characters, who are every-day people leading ordinary, uneventful lives, are described with a sympathy and kindness which show not a little insight into human nature. The chapter in which two merry old gentlemen chuckle together over the love-sick poetical effusions of their respective children is as delightful as the poems are themselves. For the mad motorist Mr. Blyth has no pity. His treatment of the "road-hog" as he calls him, is drastic in the extreme, though it would be difficult to deny that the most unpleasant picture he gives us is in any way exaggerated. Very disarming also is his frank admission that "from the seat of a fast car nothing is more delightful than the pastime," and he gives us a description of a motor run which speaks for itself.

The Burning Cresset. By HOWARD PEASE. (Constable, 6s.)

THE last book of Mr. Pease's historical trilogy suffers from the fact that the reader knows what end is inevitable, for the author takes no liberties with history. "The Burning Cresset" is a story of "the last rising of the North" in 1715, ending with the execution of the Earl of Derwentwater, to whose memory the book is dedicated. Mr. Pease is evidently of the Sir Walter Scott school of historical romancers, but, in fairness to him, it must be admitted that he displays considerable originality, although his indebtedness to "the Wizard of the North" is obvious. The sketches of the more ordinary folk of the period are convincing, and he has endowed his characters with more life than is usually bestowed upon their creations by the

modern novelist. Lord Derwentwater's adventures in search of a throne for the Stuarts are excitingly told, and the many escapades of the ill-fated nobleman and his family are recounted with a skill that are quite above the average. This is all that can be said for the book. Mr. Pease writes of history with too much facility, and he can scarcely hope to give us a successful historical story at his present rate of production.

Prose Idyls of the West Riding. By LADY CATHERINE GASKELL. (Smith Elder, 6s.)

THIS book has disappointed us. It is evident that Lady Catherine Gaskell knows more than a little of Yorkshire characters and ways, and has, moreover, a proper sense of the value of a story; but beyond this we find ourselves unable to say much in praise of the present volume. "Prose Idyls" is, we suppose, a sufficiently vague title, but the book might more fitly be called "Novelettes of the West Riding." Pure, irresponsible sentiment is dominant in almost every one. Now a purely sentimental novel may be all very well, but when there are thirteen short stories, all written from a merely sentimental point of view, it is probable that the reader will get very tired. The worst of the sentimental writer is that he gives you the sentiment without the impulse, the tears without the sorrow. There are tears in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," but there is a world of mute sorrow revealed and hinted, of which the obvious sadness of the book is the merest shadow. The wise writer will restrain as far as possible the obviousness of the sentiments of love and grief, and seek to express them obliquely, or, better, will let the reader discover for himself, in the mere circumstances and atmosphere of the story, the impulsive emotion. We are sorry Lady Catherine Gaskell has not considered this, for, with her knowledge of the West Riding, her ability to write simply and clearly, and her apparent sense of the secret activities of life, love, sorrow, she might have made a book really worthy of the attractive title of this one.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of last week I find under the above heading a letter containing delicate references to certain statements which have appeared in a book of mine. I am not concerned to defend those statements against the onslaught of a National Liberal who is modest enough to hide his identity behind a single initial. But in the interests of reason it may be as well for me to point out that Mr. Blackie's assertion to the effect that less alcoholic drink is consumed per head per member in the National Liberal Club than in any similar club may very well be correct. It is common knowledge that Nonconformity, teetotalism, and Liberalism walk hand-in-hand. Consequently, it seems probable that the membership of the National Liberal Club will include a more than average percentage of teetotalers. Assuming this much, the consumption of alcoholic drink per head per member may work out rather prettily. The challenge to Mr. Blackie to repeat his statement in face of the figures quoted in my book, however, is not my challenge any more than the figures are mine or the immediate conclusions drawn from those figures are mine. But just as I can see reason in Mr. Blackie's statement so do I see reason in the conclusions of the member of Parliament whose figures and conclusions are in question. If "M." is quite sure that the bulk of the income of the National Liberal Club is not derived from profit on the sale of alcoholic beverages, why does he not say so flatly and categorically and have done with it? Can "M." make it plain to us that if the club were to refrain from participation in the liquor-traffic it could keep open its doors for a single year without increasing the terms of subscription or the prices of the "bread, meat, and cayenne pepper" devoured by its members? If "M." can clear up this issue we shall all be highly pleased.

Now let us look for a moment at the wicked figures. At the end of a certain year the club's stock of wines, spirits, beers, and mineral waters was valued at £9,701. In order to accommodate "M." we will suppose that the National Liberal teetotalers are of such a thirsty disposition that it is necessary to keep £700 worth of mineral waters for their delectation. This generous

allowance for twopenny bottles of soda-water leaves us face to face with £9,000 worth of wines, spirits, and beers. Clearly, therefore, we may be sure of one of two things—that is to say, either the National Liberal Club keeps £9,000 worth of alcoholic liquors in its cellars for the mere pleasure of possessing them, or the National Liberal Club is in effect a wine, spirit, and beer merchant in a large way of business. Of course, it may be possible that the Club derives its income from the sale of violets, collar-studs, bread and meat, milk, cayenne pepper, and kindred commodities. "M." knows more about it than we do. But in the absence of figures to the contrary we shall go on believing that a concern which finds it necessary to maintain such vast reserves of sack is much more interested in the sack business than in the sale of bread and meat. The fact that a publican's customers lunch in his saloon-bar does not make the publican any less a publican. And any good *restaurateur* will tell you that it is on wines and spirits, and not on food, that he makes the bulk of his profit. Finally, I should like to mention that I have more than once described the National Liberal Club as a pot-house. Its character has not changed since the introduction of Mr. Asquith's beautiful Bill.

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

THE GENIUS OF DICKENS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It was with a thrill of satisfaction one read Mr. Machen's estimate, or appreciation, of Dickens in the present issue. Vindication is not the word, and is as little applicable to Dickens as to Shakespeare. Dickens needs no vindication, and is already emerging from the false estimate which obtained during the latter years of the nineteenth century and the early years of this. It became a fashion to condemn the melodramatic Dickens of "Little Nell" on the one hand, and the caricaturist on the other, till one grew sick of the parrot cry. I remember a controversy about him in the smoking-room of a seaside hotel, when a man of some note in literature, who was sound in every other article of literary faith, maintained with the rest of the parrots that Dickens always exaggerated. Naturally I resented a finicking following of mere fashion in such a man, and said in my haste that he never exaggerated. It is true that many of his characters are queer fellows, but then, I said, we are all queer fellows to everybody but ourselves, and Dickens only painted human nature with Hogarthian realism. We do not realise as fads the habits which are normal to ourselves, but which are peculiar and even laughable to others who have worse fads of their own. I had sometimes wondered if the habitual persistence in those peculiarities which distinguish Sam Weller, Sairey Gamp, Mr. Pumblechook, Dick Swiveller, Richard Carstone, Mr. Turveydrop, and the others was not a little exaggerated, until I discovered their exact duplicates in real life. Those others whom I have not yet duplicated Mr. Machen accounts for in the *petite bourgeoisie* of eighty years ago that Dickens knew. That Dickens was a symbolist, "who caught a glimpse of the enchanted land" with Rabelais and Cervantes, I can readily assent to, and I have always asserted that the nearest man to Shakespeare since Shakespeare, as a creator of living men and women, was Dickens. Possibly, coming centuries will rank him as the prose Shakespeare of the nineteenth.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

April 15, 1908.

THE CHELSEA PAGEANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Those who saw in last year's pageants the martyrdom of St. Edmund and the royal pilgrims re-visiting his shrine, the ghosts of Verulamium haunting its scanty ruins, the charge of mailed cavaliers over the meadows of St. Albans, and the tottering sovereignty of Charles I. after his arrival with minstrels in his State barge at the Christ Church fields, may wonder what Chelsea can offer to compare with these effects. For at Oxford, St. Albans, and Bury St. Edmunds alike there were broad landscapes over which Kings and Queens, knights and ladies could be seen approaching from the distance, masses of far-away foliage wherein banners and armour could shimmer and disappear in some arena's time-worn, historic stones, and at Oxford a pretty stream. So also there was at Romsey, which one ought not to forget, for its Pageant was charmingly designed, though spoilt by rain. But Chelsea has none of these advantages. The impossibility of obtaining an extensive and romantic amphitheatre is, in fact, one of the greatest of the difficulties that beset the promoters of spectacular folk-plays in the capital. The committee of the London Pageant hopes to solve the problem next year through an Act of Parliament permitting the use of one of the parks; but, short of this, it is not easy to see where space is to be found for the 20,000 performers. Chelsea is not so ambitious, but, having

decided on a Pageant, is determined to make it a brilliant success, even though the grounds of the Royal Hospital—the most favourable site available—are limited in area, and are entirely enclosed by trees and shrubberies, which, happily, screen the surrounding buildings. After all, art thrives on its limitations, and by skilfully adapting the means to the end Chelsea will be able to hold a celebration that promises to be no less fascinating and adequate than the others, though different in character. Of course there cannot be so many performers—some 1,200 or 1,300 will probably be near the limit—but Mr. H. J. Irvine, who has undertaken the production, intends to make up for the magnificence of display which is unattainable by an intimate charm of presentation peculiarly favoured by the conditions. The folk-play will be more emphasised than in the larger amphitheatres, where variations of voice are lost, and simple declamation has to be relied on. Near the centre of the lawn is a group of trees which will force the speakers to the front, so that they will easily be heard throughout the stand. Hence a new possibility is opened up, and Mr. Irvine avails himself of it by introducing delicate touches of character-drawing and sympathetic incidents that hitherto have been outside the scope of pageantry. The new experiment is justified, even rendered imperatively necessary, by the circumstances, and fortunately there is appropriate material for comedy and pathos ready to hand in the history of Sir Thomas More, the most impressive and memorable of Chelsea's historical figures. The character of More is one that might well stir the ambition of the best of our actors, for it combined qualities that in their full manifestation are rarely found together. Wit, gaiety, and piety may occasionally be combined, but when we join them with the wisdom and scholarship, the courage and statesmanship of More, and further add the imagination that created his "Utopia," and the kindliness of his domestic life, the resulting individuality becomes altogether exceptional. The greatness and downfall of More, his familiar intercourse with Henry VIII., whose friendship he did not enjoy without misgiving, the intimate home scenes in which Margaret Roper and Holbein have a part, and finally the Chancellor's farewell and departure to the Tower, form a little drama, delicately handled by Mr. Laurence Binyon, with an interest all its own, to diversify the more gorgeous scenes that come properly under the head of pageantry. One of these, the magnificent funeral procession of Anne of Cleves, is the more interesting because all the details are carefully reproduced from a precise contemporary description. So far as is humanly possible, therefore, this solemn display will be an exact repetition of what actually occurred.

There will be further opportunities for tender touches in presenting Princess Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. In reference to one incident in the early years of Elizabeth—the unexplained attempt of Admiral Seymour to win her favour—a certain amount of dramatic latitude will be permitted, for the affair remains a puzzle to historians, who are unable to agree about it, and, therefore, offers scope for imaginative treatment. But where history is clear it is Mr. Irvine's principle to adhere to it closely. He cannot ensure absolute accuracy in the representation of the crossing of the Thames by the Roman legions, for this is only recorded as a bald fact, but no pains have been spared by Mr. Heslewood, who is designing the costumes, to show the Roman soldiers, Druids, and uncouth Britons in their habit as they lived, and a great deal of archaeological investigation has been given to this, the opening scene, as well as to the Synod of Offa and the ceremony of anointing the heir to the kingdom in the Second Episode. "May Day in Chelsea Fields," which were formerly a holiday ground for the people of London, will form a diversified spectacle, with old dances and games, and will be of special interest for the display of unfamiliar costume. The period—that of Henry VII.—has not been illustrated in pageantry nor on the stage, and is marked by extravagance in the headgear and robes of the men in contrast with much simplicity in the women's attire. This is surely the most surprising of the many strange freaks of fashion which pageantry has revealed. Any one who is curious about such matters—and one cannot deny their fascination—should find an opportunity to visit the Pageant Room at the Chelsea Town Hall, where there is gathered a variegated show of garments such as has never been seen in London, and all are as historically accurate as patient research can make them. They are increasing at a great rate, for working parties of Chelsea ladies are industriously turning them out, and fresh volunteers for the task are not lacking. In fact, the pageant fever in Chelsea is approaching an acute stage, and the general zeal that is being directed to the furtherance of the enterprise merits the reward of success. There was a good deal of competition for the different parts, and these have now been allotted, one of the most interesting being that of Nell Gwynne, undertaken by Miss Kate Rorke. Nell is closely associated with Chelsea's history, for the story goes that she persuaded Charles II. to found the Royal Hospital for Veteran Soldiers and Sailors—a kindly act that, in the view of Chelsea folk, and probably also of

others, compensates in no small measure for lapses in other directions. She will be one of the heroines of the Pageant, and the Hospital that owes its existence to her will be a chief beneficiary from the proceeds of the performance. Earl Cadogan, Archdeacon Bevan, and Sir George White (the Governor of the Hospital) and Lady White are among those taking a leading part in the preparations, and it was through their influence that the grounds of the institution were rendered available. The site is appropriate, since it is that of the old Ranelagh Gardens, and one of the scenes will revive this favourite place of entertainment, introducing some notable eighteenth-century figures who must have trodden the very ground. The influence of the ground on which history is revived is felt rather than consciously recognised, but it never fails to convey a pervading sentiment to those spectators of pageantry who, as at Chelsea, can associate the figures of the past with the places in which they reappear. Addison, Swift, Steele, Horace Walpole, Tobias Smollett, and Dr. Johnson himself will revisit the scene to assist in the celebration of Chelsea's story. This is so closely woven with that of the City that the festival has far more than a local interest, and, in addition to Londoners, it will certainly attract Anglo-Saxons from distant places who wish to renew the ties that bind them to the home of their race. With all the harmonious colour-effects arranged by Mr. Heslewood, the music of Mr. Bucalossi, and the many ancient dances that will enliven the folk-tale, it should form a delightful and instructive diversion for the summer afternoons from June 25th to July 1st.

A. G.

IRONY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Every day the necessity for the adoption by our literary men of a *point d'ironie* becomes more apparent. The regular ACADEMY reader, of course, seeing the review of "Adam Cast Forth" remembered Mr. Ross's recent delightful article upon the fair Georgiana's poems, and smiled.

Mr. Ross needs no *point d'ironie*—his style is sufficient. But the joke at the back of your review of Mr. Doughty's book, if I may say so, is not quite *dürchsichtig*; and I maintain that a casual reader, knowing the reputation of THE ACADEMY for seriousness, may easily have been seduced into parting with 4s. 6d. for this volume, which, as a joke, is both too long and tedious. It is comprehensible, of course, that one of our ha'penny daily papers should compare Mr. Doughty with Milton, to the latter's disadvantage, in all seriousness; this is ha'penny reviewing, of which no one, I suppose, takes much heed; one can even believe that the *Times* might fall into a similar style, though the reviewer there very pertinently asks, "Why does Mr. Doughty leave out so many words and put the rest in such a strange order?" (The answer to this conundrum is that Mr. Doughty is a realist, and that as at the time of the Fall neither English, German, nor Esperanto was spoken, Adam and Adama speak a language that is neither English, German, nor Esperanto.)

One knows that THE ACADEMY is no more deceived by this fustian stuff than is Mr. William Watson, who protests strongly in the current *Fortnightly*; and so, Sir, in the interests of the casual reader, may I beg you to adopt some sign at the foot of your *facetious* articles, in order that, when he comes across a ha'penny review of the same book, couched in similar terms, he may smile and say, in the "master's" language:

"Thou not canst O Reviewer pull all my leg!"?

AUSTRALIS.

April 20, 1908.

THE STIBBERT ART COLLECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I tremble after reading the letter of "Experience" in to-day's ACADEMY, lest my late warning, instead of being too cadaverous in hue, may not prove too roseate for the real issue of the Stibbert Art Bequest now pending.

"Experience" writes:

That it will astonish those who know the little ways of the Italian Government if any of the £32,000 is ever paid out at all, and the expenses of management will most likely be taken out of admission-fees!

But (as he goes on to say) the British Government know perfectly well that, if they took over the Collection, the only practical purpose it would serve would be to act as a milch cow to the Italian authorities.

He adds: "As a rule, foreign residents in Italy do not know of these things," etc.; all the same they gradually lose belief in the traditional idle tales of friendship current at home.

Thus "Experience" lays his gloomy anticipations before our

eyes, counting me inclusively as an "average (?) Englishman," unacquainted with the practices of the Italian Government in such matters. Assuredly he has made an unfortunate selection!

Without trespassing on your space just now, and unwilling to drag any red herring across the downward grade of a legacy involving such a vast amount of money and artistic treasure, I will whisper in the ear of "Experience" that I trust few Englishmen have suffered more than I have at the hands of *both* the recalcitrant Governments, who now, again, have been playing fast and loose for two full years with interests they are unfitted to control. My bitter experience of them has lasted thirty-six years, and is likely to continue and leave its baleful traces long after me.

I will conclude by drawing your readers' notice to the *Florence Herald* of the 9th and 15th inst., referring to my letter in THE ACADEMY of the 4th, and expressing satisfaction at "the grievances of the English residents in Florence" having found an advocate in England.

WILLIAM MERCER.

8, Stevenage Road, Bishop's Park, Fulham, S.W.,
April 18, 1908.

OMAR KHAYAM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A few weeks ago I read in THE ACADEMY of February 8th, under the heading "Life and Letters," some very telling remarks on that "spinner of platitudes" Omar Khayam, and soon after received the "Gulzâr i ma'rifat" in Persian and its translation in French—"La Roseraie du Savoir." This "Rosegarden of Knowledge" is an anthology of 470 mystical quatrains by Persian poets, selected, translated, and annotated by a Persian gentleman, who is M.D. of Paris and has settled in France with the assumed name of "Husain Azâd"—i.e., Husain the Free—after practising for many years in his native country. In the Introduction to the translation "Husain Azâd" informs his readers that the idea of compiling the anthology originated some years ago, after an interview at Isfahan with a British officer of the Indian Army. This officer spoke of Khayam with enthusiasm, and told how greatly that poet was admired in England:

I very much appreciated his remarks, and, feeling like the man from Tabriz before whom some one praised the apples of his native town while it produces all kinds of excellent fruits, said that Khayam was no doubt a poet of great value, but Persia had given birth to many other great poets, some equalling, and some even excelling, Khayam. An expression of doubt appeared on the face of the officer; but when I added, just as an example, that many educated Persians preferred the quatrains of Abu Saïd to those of Khayam, the expression of doubt gave way to one of intense surprise. The arrival of a visitor put an end to our conversation, but the few words which had been spoken left an impression on my mind

and the anthology was taken in hand.

In a footnote he adds that:

Dût cet aveu m'attirer la réprobation unanime des membres du Khéyyâm-Club de Londres, je donnerais volontiers, et je gagnerais au marché, pour cinquante quatrains d'Abou-Saïd tout le bagage poétique de l'algébriste de Nichâpour!

My experience of Khayam during forty years' residence in Persia has been that I have heard him quoted only once, and that was after FitzGerald's version, and by the officer mentioned by "Husain Azâd." In a prospectus accompanying the book an extract from a letter by the veteran Orientalist Barbier de Meynard appears with the following:

Je vous sais gré aussi de la franchise de votre appréciation sur Oumer Khayam dont la vogue irréflectie est due au snobisme anglican.

The work, two dainty little volumes, was published in 1906 by E. Guilmo, Paris; nearly every quatrain is accompanied by a verse or passage from a French or English writer, which the translator considered parallel or similar in idea or expression.

A. HOUTUM-SCHINDLER.

Teheran, March 30, 1908.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If not too late for the fair, I forgot a most important fact in favour of my argument. In the first volume of "La Vie Littéraire," to which I referred, Anatole France makes merry over the fact that, like the sons of Noah, Zola's offspring, certain

Naturalist novelists, when "La Terre" appeared, published a signed protest against the growing "*exacerbation de la note ordurière*" in his work. The fact is—and I thank your liberality in not excising my allusion to astrology—that Zola, like Swift, was afflicted by a strong coprologic mania, or delight in filth for its own sake, and for the same reasons (which every educated man will appreciate when astrology is again recognised as a true science, as it was by the greatest recorded intellects until quite recent times). On the day of Swift's birth the moon, or sensitive perception, was in conjunction with Mars, the sensual planet, in his fall in Libra; and Mercury, the mental ruler, in Capricorn, was in square to both—i.e., both the mental rulers heavily afflicted. At Zola's birth the moon, Mercury, and Mars were all in conjunction in Libra and in square to Saturn in Capricorn. Those interested in the subject of character as influenced by planetary positions at birth will find some very interesting examples of great men, sane and insane, given in a very interesting essay, "The Soul and the Stars," contributed, under the nom de plume "A. G. Trent," by the late Dr. Garnett to the *University Magazine* for March, 1880, which has been several times reprinted.

Swedenborg—whose bones, after more than a hundred years' rest, have recently been removed from London—said that the angels see us only as we stand in the light of heaven, according to our goodness. Zola and some modern French novelists have reversed the above, and seem to see human nature only in its infernal aspects, *avec un accent particulier de mépris et de haine*, to quote a very just criticism by Zola of Degas' point of view. In Burne-Jones's *Life*, Vol. II, p. 164, I find the following suggestive passage:

I have been reading "Rob Roy" and it is perfect, perfect, PERFECT. And I read two or three French tales, but they destroyed me, body and soul. How masterly they are no words are good enough to tell, but I hated them.

Zola dismissed Scott's novels with contempt as "literature for schools," but listen to Walt Whitman, the last word of democratic sentiment, as quoted in the *Century Magazine*, November, 1905:

How much I am indebted to Scott no one can tell, I couldn't tell it myself, but it has permeated me through and through. If you could reduce the "leaves" to their elements, you would see Scott unmistakably active at the roots . . . then there's "The Heart of Midlothian," which I have read a dozen times and more.

Lowell, just before his death, was found by a friend reading "Rob Roy" for perhaps the twentieth time, with huge delight, but who could read Madame Bovary often? I am sure that I could not; and the same applies to De Maupassant's little masterpieces of pessimism; but this latter, being a great artist and a powerful observer of life, as Tolstoi has pointed out in his fine study, was struggling towards a perception of the moral law, when insanity, the Nemesis of inordinate sensuality (a lack of love again!), cut short his untimely thread.

H. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

EDUCATIONAL

Souvestre, Emile. *Confessions d'un Ouvrier*. With Biography, Footnotes, and Exercises. By W. G. Hartog. Murray, 1s. 6d.
Plant Study in School, Field, and Garden. By Joseph S. Bridges and Arthur J. Dicks. Ralph Holland, 3s. 6d. net.

ART

Tabor, Margaret E. *The Saints in Art*. Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

Grubb, Edward. *Authority and the Light Within*. Clarke, 2s. net.
 Jeffs, H. *The Good New Times*. Clarke, 2s. 6d.
 Horton, R. F. *My Belief*. Clarke, 3s. 6d. net.

HISTORY

Oman, C. *History of the Peninsular War*. Vol. III. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 14s. net.

BIOGRAPHY

Ellis, William Ashton. *Life of Richard Wagner*. Vol. VI. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 16s. net.

POETRY

The Clodhopper. A Development in Verse. By Eppie Frazer. Book V. Rona. London: Bale Sons and Danielsson, n.p.
The Sháhnáma of Firdausi. Done in English by Arthur George Warner and Edmond Warner. Vol. III. Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.
 Service, Robert W. *Songs of a Sourdough*. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.

Hudson, Gilbert. *Sylvia's Rose and the May Moon*. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

Vincent, E. *A Modern Judas*. Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.

Manners, Robert. *Cuba, and other Verse*. Toronto: William Briggs.

Law, Alice. *Songs of the Uplands*. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Ogilvie, John. *The Student's English Dictionary*. Edited by Charles Annandale. Blackie, 4s. 6d. net.

Reich, Dr. Emil. *A Dictionary of Classical Antiquities*. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

The Diary of John Evelyn. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

Æschylus' Suppliant Maidens, Persians, etc. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.

Butler, Samuel. *Essays on Life. Art and Science*. Erewhon. Fifield, 2s. 6d. net each.

Besant, Sir Walter. *Early London*. Black, 30s. net.

Kingsley, Charles. *Hereward the Wake*. Dent, 1s. net.

Clifford, Mrs. W. K. *Woodside Farm*. Nelson, 7d. net.

Orr, Mrs. Sutherland. *Life and Letters of Robert Browning*. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.

Eliot, George. *Silas Marner*. Nelson, 7d. net.

Hyne, C. J. Cutcliffe. *The Recipe for Diamonds*. Nelson, 7d. net.

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Balfour, Ethel. *A Winning Loser*. Ouseley, 3s. 6d.

Griffiths, Major Arthur. *Thrice Captive*. White, 6s.

Eccott, W. G. *The Red Neighbour*. Blackwood, 6s.

Grand, Sarah. *Emotional Moments*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.

Gorst, Mrs. Harold. *The Thief on the Cross*. Nash, 6s.

Turner, George Frederic. *A Bicycle Ride*. Ward, Lock, 6s.

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Wicks, Frederick. *The Unfortunate Duke*. Collier, 6s.

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Townley, Houghton. *The Splendid Coward*. Greening, 6s.

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Suffling, Ernest. *Rollin Stone*. Greening, 6s.

Straus, Ralph. *The Little God's Drum*. Chatto and Windus, 6s.

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Fairbanks, Arthur. *Athenian Lekythoi*. Macmillan.

Cargill, Alexander. *The Flower of the Hebrides*. A Lyric Opera. Privately Printed.

The Earl of Cromer. *Modern Egypt*. In Two Vols. Macmillan, 24s. net.

Gibbs, Philip. *The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham*. Methuen, 15s. net.

Barker, J. Ellis. *British Socialism*. Smith Elder, 10s. 6d.

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Norwood, Gilbert. *The Riddle of the Bacchæ*. Manchester: the University Press, 5s. net.

Dictionary of Learned Men of Yágrt. Edited by D. S. Margoliouth. Luzac, n.p.

Leslie, The Rev. J. B. *History of Kilsaran*. Dundalk: Tempest, n.p.

Hammond, Joseph. *Church or Chapel?* Wells Gardner, Darton, rs. net.

Younghusband, Colonel G. J. *The Story of the Guides*. Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.

The King's General in the West. Compiled by the Rev. Roger Granville. Lane, 10s. 6d. net.

Graham, Henry Grey. *Literary and Historical Essays*. Black, 5s. net.

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George Ridding, *Schoolmaster and Bishop*. By his Wife, Lady Laura Ridding. Edward Arnold, 15s. net.

The Dover Pageant. *Book of the Words*. Dover: Grigg, 6d. net.

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The Diary of a Looker-on. By C. Lewis Hind. Eveleigh Nash, 7s. 6d. net.

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(Signed) HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

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No. 1878

MAY 2, 1908

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE principle of THE ACADEMY being to give a hearing to all sides, we have this week given the publicity of our columns to an article in which Mr. Christopher St. John makes a serious assault upon the general verdict which has been passed on Miss Maud Allan as a dancer. We should like to point out that we do not by any means necessarily identify ourselves with the position that Mr. St. John takes up. The management of the Palace Theatre have not favoured us with an opportunity to make an authoritative pronouncement on the subject—in other words we have been unable ourselves to witness Miss Maud Allan's performance. The article which we published on March 21st giving enthusiastic praise to Miss Allan was an unsolicited contribution, and we published it on the strength of our respect for the judgment and critical ability of its author, a constant and valued contributor to this journal. But, when all is said, it remains an outside contribution, and, in the absence of facilities for witnessing the performance, we are not in a position either to repudiate it or to endorse its conclusions.

We are sure that our readers will be distressed to hear that a paper called the *Evening Sun* disapproves of THE ACADEMY; and their regret will be doubled when they know that the paper in question is published in the chivalrous city of New York. The *Sun* opens its article in that agreeable vein of pleasant personality for which the New York Press has always been famous; and, it may be remarked by the way, refutes, in one particular at all events, the charge of exaggeration brought against Charles Dickens. It is evident that the "New York Sewer," the "New York Stabber," the "New York Private Listener," the "New York Peeper," the "New York Plunderer," the "New York Keyhole Reporter," and the "New York Rowdy Journal," have not been left without a legitimate successor. Well; the personal element having been duly attended to, the *Evening Sun* proceeds to criticism. It declares that the Editor of THE ACADEMY:

Writes like a sophomore, thinks like a sophomore, and has gathered about him a little group of sophomoric essayists, the chief of them a peculiarly immature and fatuous young person called [let us say, Blank], the very type of the "well-educated" vulgarian.

And the *Sun* ends its "editorial" by deriding the claims of Mr. Upton Sinclair to accuracy of any sort. Indeed, if one is fond of tuberculous cow and canned rat for dinner, it must be tiresome to have these simple tastes interfered with.

While we are on the subject of New York journalism it is interesting to note that Mr. Jerome, the Public Prosecutor, has just been speaking on this very topic. He is reported to have said:

We are supposed to live under a democratic form of government; but let me tell you that the democratic form of government will not work as long as we have government of newspapers by newspapers and for newspapers. That is the kind of government we have in this city. The first blow against such government must be struck by you men of decency and integrity who can make the business offices of these newspapers feel the weight of your disapproval. We who know can tell you that the editorial and news policies of nearly all of the great journals in this city are dictated entirely by their respective business offices. Why, if you want to learn the real policy of any of these papers, let me direct you to the manager's office of any or all of the three or four big department stores in this city, who are the heaviest advertisers. It is there that newspaper policy is moulded; it is that influence which leads editors to falsify news, colour editorials, suppress items, or play up sensational incidents. These advertisers are absolutely masters of some of the newspapers, and through them of the people, who colour their opinions through the reading of these journals.

The *Evening Sun* should deal sharply with Mr. Jerome, who seems to imagine that newspaper proprietors in the great city are in the business "for their health." Mr. Jerome is evidently an excessively "sophomoric" person.

An attractive collection of Mr. Max Beerbohm's caricatures was opened in Messrs. Carfax's rooms on Wednesday, the 29th. Though no particular wave of Mr. Max Beerbohm's genius has advanced so far as one or two last year, the tide is a higher one in some respects. The collection, as a whole, shows a continued advance in technique. In this sense we notice a new departure in No. 26, "Mid-Term Tea at Mr. Oscar Brownings." No. 47 also, "Mark Twain," is in the later style, and is a truly admirable specimen of it, though its dramatic qualities are slight. No. 12, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is an admirable arrangement in colour, but rather a portrait than a caricature. "Homage à John," No. 39, contains in the crowd of admiring students one of Mr. Beerbohm's best examples of composition; the figure also has considerable grace as well as satire. The generality of artists and remoter connections of literature whom we observed regarding the caricature seemed unaware of Mr. John's existence. The British public, even when instructed, is slow of comprehension. However, we overheard a fellow-caricaturist of Mr. Beerbohm's, who works in a totally different style, criticising his work in a highly able and appreciative manner, which did credit to his taste and insight.

We are glad to observe that Mr. Beerbohm lays less stress than usual on the body of his fireside acquaintances, who are neither types nor specimens, and quite uninteresting outside his study, but there are still too many of them. Such subjects of Mr. Beerbohm's domestic satire would interest the general observer more if used as types, when their physiognomy lends itself to his pencil. Some perhaps may figure in the crowd admiring Mr. John or besieging Mr. Sargent's door—here they are more in place than in specified compositions in which they can of their nature mean nothing to any but a few intimates. Collected they make excellent whitebait, isolated, but a poor substitute for sprats. Mr. Beerbohm's art demands less insipid material. Surely he and Messrs. Carfax have already sufficiently complimented Mr. J. M. Barrie before now, though the audience in No. 15 is perhaps worth another reminder of that writer, but others of a similar class reappear with wearisome insistence. Mr. Beerbohm is not an advertisement agent, and he should enlarge his scope. We cannot praise the caricature of an admirable subject for, of course, a totally different reason. Mr. Beerbohm has operated upon his stepbrother so often that his work has become perfunctory, and Mr. Tree should now be left to other astrographers.

The *Westminster Gazette* surpassed itself in its issue of April 25th. Referring to the announcement at Manchester

of the figures of the election when Mr. Winston Churchill was defeated by a substantial majority, it says :

There was a good deal of cheering, but one felt that to the greater part of those present the result was a shock and a disappointment.

For sheer fatuity it would surely be difficult to beat that remark. The result of the election was no surprise to us, and as another nail in the coffin of the education policy of the Government it was, of course, most welcome to us. We had anticipated a majority of at least a thousand for Mr. Joynson-Hicks, but we arrived at this estimate by crediting in anticipation the Socialist candidate with at least 800 votes, most of which would, of course, have been taken from Mr. Churchill. Not the least satisfactory feature of the election is the indication which it supplies that the dismal and puerile fallacies of Socialism are further than ever from imposing on the working-men of this country. The candidature of Mr. Irving at Manchester was a monumental fiasco, and the boastful anticipations of Socialists before the event are indicative of the completeness of their failure to understand or estimate the mind of their fellow-countrymen. They have in short, by these vain boastings, covered themselves with ridicule.

Apart from the satisfaction at the result of the election which we feel as supporters of the Church and haters of the tyranny and dishonesty of political Nonconformists, we are also unable to refrain from rejoicing at the failure in England of the American methods of electioneering which Mr. Churchill has introduced into this contest. His efforts to capture the alien Semitic votes of the Manchester Ghetto by pledging himself to do his utmost to nullify the provisions of the Immigration Bill strike us as being particularly contemptible. We have a great respect for Mr. Churchill's brilliant abilities, and we should be the last to suggest that because he has politically changed his mind he is necessarily insincere; but such methods of fighting a contest are utterly unworthy of him, and for this one thing alone (his truckling to the scum of the Jewish population in Manchester) he thoroughly deserved to lose his seat, and, moreover, forfeited the claim to sympathy which would otherwise be due to a good fighter.

Concerning singing, our representative is disappointed with the enunciation of Latin at Westminster Cathedral. The Italian pronunciation and the liturgical services themselves are no doubt unfamiliar to many visitors, and render the words difficult to catch; but this is not the case with our representative, who reports that the words can only be heard in the nave by strict attention, even when followed with a book. It is the men, including the ecclesiastics, who are the chief offenders. They clip the consonants in true English fashion, and are not always certain of the Italian values of the vowels. They do not make sufficient use of their lips. In recitation, which forms so large a part of the Holy Week Offices, this is particularly noticeable. There is also a tendency to "register." The Holy Week Offices are a very great strain on any choir; but, since one of the main objects of the gigantic Cathedral is understood to be the production of the choir offices in all their beauty, we trust that these defects may be remedied. Though the music at Westminster Cathedral is, in our estimation, probably the finest and purest ecclesiastical music to be heard in London, we cannot say that it is so well rendered on the points we have mentioned as the inferior music of St. Paul's and the Brompton Oratory.

As regards the building, Westminster Cathedral grows in beauty both within and without. Of course, its position on the edge of a narrow pavement is a terrible blot. We are not purists, in favour of the isolation of great edifices, but the crossing of the road—nay, almost on the great door-step—must probably remain a permanent dissight, even if the unsightly buildings could be removed between the Cathedral and Victoria Street, and after those on two

sides of the square have fallen into their apparently speedy decay. We may admit that these were but a temporary expedient for raising the wind, we trust it will soon demolish them. It is understood that Archbishop Bourne has an immense advantage over the late Cardinal Vaughan in the fact that taste in the Arts is not particularly claimed for him. Now that the restraining influence of Bentley is unhappily removed, we trust that the tendency to Birminghamism in the interior decorations will be severely checked. There is great necessity for caution, or Bentley's magnificent work will be ruined. Especially we trust that the authorities will gravely consider the design for the tympanum over the great door on the exterior. The design is meagre and vulgar, with all the defects of barren imitation into which the worst artists of the Birmingham school have fallen. There is no reason why the feeblest feature of Bentley's fine design should be further emphasised by the prominent addition of this frivolous trimming. The tympanum had better remain bare until something better can be found to decorate it.

The "Office Window" columns of the *Daily Chronicle* are always pleasant reading, and of late they have been better than ever. On St. George's Day the "Window" very properly celebrates great memories, and remarks that Shakespeare, dying on that day, had "a travelling companion to the world of the immortals in the person of Miguel de Cervantes, who breathed his last simultaneously at Madrid." Does this statement take into account the difference between the old and new styles? The "Window" goes on to state that, "apart from Pistol, there is little or no trace in Shakespeare of the influence of Don Quixote; and we invite our readers to solve the very interesting literary and historical problem which is involved in this phrase. The first part of the *Don Quixote* appeared at the beginning of the year 1605; the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the last play in which Pistol appears, was written late in 1599 or early in 1600. The puzzle is to explain how a book written in 1600 could have been influenced by a book which did not appear till 1605. And then again the excellent "Window" continues:—"Though Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* was clearly modelled on the *Knight of Salamanca*." Was Beaumont concerned in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*? And what is the authority for regarding Salamanca as a synonym of La Mancha? Is this a case of varying forms of one word, such as Brecon, Brecknock, Brycheiniog? For a correct solution of all these difficulties we are prepared to award a handsome prize—the admirable translation of the *Don Quixote*, by John Ormsby, published in four neat volumes.

And we have another prize to offer. On the day following its pronouncements on Shakespeare and Cervantes the "Office Window" told the following tale:

In the eighteenth century some Scots were travelling in Russia, and, bent on doing in Russia as the Russians did, repaired on the Sabbath Day to worship in one of their churches. But what was their surprise, their mortification, when their ears were struck by the accents of the priest who came round swinging the censor under their noses—"If it disna dae ye ony guid it winna dae ye any hairm!" This priest turned out to be a Lowland pedlar, who . . . had somehow managed to enter the Greek Church, and, being ignorant of Latin, had mumbled his part in good "braid Scots," which was equally unintelligible to the people.

Now this story presents some serious difficulties. If the "Window" will transport itself to Bayswater it will find that in the Greek Church properly so called, not Latin but Greek is the language of the Divine Liturgy. Indeed, this seems only natural. And then again in the Russian portion of the Orthodox Eastern Church the ecclesiastical language is Old Slavonic—bearing, we believe, much the same relation to modern Russian as "Prayer-book English" does to the colloquial English of the present day. The question, then, is: Explain the use of the word "Latin" in this tale. The nature of the prize to be awarded is receiving our careful consideration.

TO A DANCER

To London, weary with the weight of things,
 Customs, conventions,—clothes of limbs and soul,
 She brought the freedom of a thousand springs,
 Beauty entire and whole.

And 'mid the painted scenes, the tawdry glare,
 The crowding faces, stupid, hard, and crass,
 There came a sudden freshness in the air,
 The scent of morning grass.

She flitted light, sprung from the dawning hours ;
 She moved in rhyme to cosmic harmonies ;
 Her hands threw out the sweetness of new flowers ;
 Swift rains, and April skies.

Her bare feet in their delicate rise and fall,
 Her changing body thrilling with the birth
 Of Spring incarnate—in a music-hall,
 A place of alien earth.

Strange paradox. Yet here in tired air,
 Amid stale antics, fun grown old and sad,
 Nightly is born the Spring, divinely fair
 And innocently glad.

Bare body and bare soul together wrought
 Into pure motion and with music rife—
 Ah dancer, take this garland of my thought,
 You—whose great art is life.

MABEL DEARMER.

EVENING FACES

Put no trust in evening faces,
 Twilight countenances sweet,
 Honey'd looks and laughing graces,
 Flutt'ring hands and eyes discreet ;
 Dimpled gowns and foamy laces
 Over vague, delightful feet.

Slip your gowns on jewell'd grasses,
 Bathe in pools where twilight flows :—
 Frolic girls 'mid liliated passes,
 Suck the moonfire from the rose :
 Soft as shadows seen in glasses
 Speed away ere morning glows.

Morning breaks o'er silent places,
 Forests stir and mountains yawn,
 Light this warning bleakly traces,
 Over valley, meadow, lawn :—
 " Put no trust in evening faces,
 Meet your bride beneath the dawn."

RANDAL CHARLTON.

REVIEWS

THOMAS RYMER AND
OTHERS

Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century. Edited by J. E. SPINGARN. (Oxford : Clarendon Press, Vols. I. and II., 5s. each.)

THE Clarendon Press—not half so enterprising a body as the Cambridge University Press—has yet one or two very good things on its list : those pleasurable English classics, for instance, in square volumes with white bindings. And the series of critical essays of which Mr. Spingarn's two volumes (there is a third to come) form part is quite one of its best. The series began with Mr. Gregory Smith's "Elizabethan Critical Essays ;" then comes Mr. Spingarn, who is to take us all through the seventeenth century, while Mr. W. P. Ker has already edited the greatest critic of that century—Dryden—by himself, and Mr. Shawcross's edition of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" and æsthetical essays has carried us over a wide gap into the nineteenth century. That gap, we hope, will be filled, though we can find no mention of the eighteenth century in the prospectus, and whoever undertakes the task will have his work cut out to select from the enormous mass of excellent critical material begun in the days of Anne and carried on until the new school of thought came into being about the time of the French Revolution.

We are not certain that Mr. Spingarn's and Mr. Ker's volumes are not the most valuable of all. The work of criticism was just as vital in the days of Coleridge, but its path was much smoother. It was, to a great extent, a question of this or that—the old or the new, the Augustan or the Romantic ; and mighty men as were Coleridge and Hazlitt—and, within his very strait limitations, Leigh Hunt too—the result was really a foregone conclusion. A century had tried to shut its eyes, and its eyes had to be opened. Elizabethan criticism, too, has really very little to tell us in the twentieth century. Who but professed students of the history of literature cares really for Gabriel Harvey and his classicisms, and Meres and Puttenham, and the rest ? We read the "Apologie for Poetrie," because Sidney was Sidney, and because his book is the bravest, loftiest, and most beautiful of all the claims for the poet and for letters that have been written by poets and men of letters. The others—save where they touch our personal interest by their remarks on some poet whose work we love—are really matter for handbooks and histories. It is not so with the seventeenth century. It was not here the story of the battle between one school and another, of which the younger and fresher was bound to win ; nor is it the story of *naïve* and tentative efforts in a new field. It is, in the main, the vital struggle for the very existence of any criticism at all.

That, of course, is scarcely true of the period covered by Mr. Spingarn's first volume—1605-1650. What happened during that period was the pathetic spectacle of the ageing of a once vigorous body. The double process of dissolution and ossification was at work—both going on simultaneously as they go on in the body of an ageing man whose joints get stiff and his veins grow hard, while other organs are slackening to dissolution. So in this period. We have the classicalism of Ben Jonson, the deadly naturalism of Hobbes, both mortal signs of stiffening, the loss of generous life, free movement, and rapid flow of blood ; on the other hand, we have the dissolution indicated even by Beaumont and Fletcher, by Middleton and Ford, where the movement is loose rather than free, and the flow of blood is fitful and uncertain, not full and steady. Then came the Rebellion, and the forces of hell let loose. One huge and lonely Colossus—John Milton—stands with one foot on the old and the other on the new. Everything else is submerged. Mr. Spingarn, who knows his period backwards, has

rescued from among the *débris* of the flood the work that went on in Paris in those black years. But what he has rescued only proves the extent of the damage done. The intolerable "Gondibert," which D'Avenant began in Paris and continued in prison—D'Avenant's Preface to "Gondibert" and Hobbes's opinion on D'Avenant's Preface to "Gondibert"—it all amounts to pitifully little. To us of to-day it all seems desperately far from having any significance, or any relation to literature as we understand it, or to life as men have always lived it.

Then the King came back to his own and then began one of the strangest periods in history and literature that the world has seen. Here, again, there was a double process at work. On the one side were the men who had been tossed about in exile and poverty and danger abroad, and were glad to come home and settle down—to make up for lost time; and the nation which had stayed at home to suffer inconceivable things and was only too glad to welcome established order—peace at any price, no matter how it galled here and there. And on the other hand there was that very spirit of restlessness which an unsettled state of things engenders in men against their own wills—the restlessness of the man who has explored strange lands or fought battles and can never after shake off the desire for change, novelty, adventure. And so between them these tendencies produced strange results in the literature of the time. There is an extreme instance in Thomas Rymer, whose "Tragedies of the Last Age" and "Short View of Tragedy" are printed in part by Mr. Spingarn. Here we see the first tendency most strongly at work. The established order—moral, political, social—is Rymer's ideal. Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher wrote nonsense, in his opinion. Their characters did not behave in the least as people really behave. Let us hear him on Othello:

Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling Winds,
The guttered Rocks, and congregated Sands,
Traytors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless Keel,
As having sense of Beauty, do omit
Their common Natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Is this the language of the Exchange or the Ensuring-Office? Once in a man's life he might be content at *Bedlam* to hear such a rapture. In a play one should speak like a man of business; his speech must be *politikos*, which the *French* render *Agissante*, the *Italians*, *Negotiosa* and *Operativa*, but by this gentleman's talk one may well guess he has nothing to do.

Or, again:

Jago had some pretence to be discontent with *Othello* and *Cassio*. And what passed hitherto was the operations of revenge. *Desdemona* had never done him harm, always kind to him and to his wife, was his country-woman, a dame of quality; for him to abet her murder shows nothing of a soldier, nothing of a man, nothing of Nature in it. The *Ordinary of New-gate* never had the like monster to pass under his examination. . . . But the Poet must do every thing by contraries, to surprise the audience still with something horrible and prodigious beyond any human imagination. At this rate he must out-do the devil to be a Poet in the rank with *Shakespeare*.

Illuminating criticism, is it not? Leading one surely and gently to the immortal Rymerism:

Poetical decency will not suffer death to be dealt to each other by such persons whom the laws of duel allow not to enter the lists together.

But it is not fair to laugh at Rymer too thoughtlessly. He is the spirit of his time, a time that knew how to value a settlement of any kind, and naturally disposed to make too much of what established order it had.

The other side of the picture has no prominent figure, such as that of Rymer. It is seen, however, not only in the religion of the time, in which all kinds of false starts, extravagant bursts, and untempered enthusiasm went side by side with the rejuvenation of the State Church, but also in its literature, which is, as every one knows, packed with license, both moral and artistic, and includes a vast variety of efforts in a hundred directions, the restless wanderings and fitful undertakings of people who did not really know what to set their hands to. The time came when whatever

was valuable in all these irregular elements was absorbed into the rich and splendid literature of the age of Anne.

A word of praise must be added for Mr. Spingarn's learned and interesting and useful notes. He has selected his material with judgment and illustrated it with knowledge and care, and his book has a high value.

SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED

Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar. By T. RICE HOLMES. (Clarendon Press, 21s. net.)

DR. RICE HOLMES, in his Preface, claims the indulgence due

to an author who, except on holidays, can only find leisure for writing or research after he has fulfilled the duties of an exacting profession, and who, in order to gain time, has worked steadily through his vacations for nearly thirty years,

but we do not feel that he need have claimed even this. Perhaps an old pupil of his may be allowed to recall the thoroughness with which he fulfilled the duties that unthinking youth makes arduous, and to add that the same thoroughness is as evident in this absorbing book as in the everyday work which has made for Dr. Holmes so many friends, whose very names he has probably forgotten. "Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul" was a book to be reckoned with. The book before us now is one to be reckoned from. In more than one respect it will be the starting-point for future investigators. Perhaps it is not altogether strange that the study of British archæology should have lagged behind that of Greece and Rome. For the fascination of a world-art and a world-empire were not there to lure the right men on to research. The only reward of the British archæologist is truth—or a glimmering of it—and that reward has been vouchsafed to Dr. Holmes in no insignificant degree. From time to time we are arrested by the forcible manner in which the conclusion emerges from the argument, even before the author has had time to state it for himself.

Systematic and connected pre-history of Britain, from the age of drift man onward to the dawn of history, has not been attempted in this fashion before. Isolated fragments of the vast period have been dug out of the past, and rough-hewn to fit a dozen theories. The problem of "when and whence" has been hotly disputed; imagination has been let loose upon Goidels, Brythons, and Picts; "languages" have been evolved—dare we say it?—from the inner consciousness of distinguished disputants; skulls have been measured in as many different ways and with as many different results as there were measurers. Dr. Holmes knows all this, notes it, discusses it; but he does not make either the mistake of supposing that finality is attainable in the matter of geological processes and climatic change in the present state of our knowledge, or that of disregarding the common and practical argument from ascertainable data, in favour of a prejudiced point of view. From this it must not be inferred that Dr. Holmes has set down a boneless record of other men's controversies; on the contrary, he has definite opinions, which begin with the first appearance of definite data, and which he states quite fearlessly, and not without some scorn for those whose opinions are less constant.

The time is past, for the most part, when armchair archæology held the field. But only too often, even now, and even in British archæology itself, the tendency is obviously towards the formulation of theories without a first-hand knowledge of the data. The English student of the dawn of Babylonian civilisation at least has some excuse if his ignorance of Mesopotamian topography leads him out of the plain road into the thickets, but it is hard to find an excuse for one who, for example, bases upon incorrect suppositions as to the topography of Salisbury Plain theories as to the origin, purpose, and date of Stonehenge; nor can he claim thoroughness as a quality of his work who discusses the place of Cæsar's landing without

learning first the probabilities as to the set of tide and current round the coasts of Kent and Sussex at a certain time in 55 B.C. Yet these things have been done, not once, but often, with the very natural result that one hypothesis so evolved was as good as another, and no better. If avoidance of anything approaching want of thoroughness can give a greater value to British archaeological research—as most assuredly it can—then Dr. Holmes's theories are better founded and better presented than those of many of his most distinguished fellow-workers.

The author begins at the very beginning with palæolithic man. We are not sorry to note that he will have but little to do with an "eolithic" age. Even if the "eoliths" have a real existence—and we doubt it much—the evidence afforded by them is so uncertain, and the line between the natural and the artificial shaping of the flints, if indeed it exists, is so utterly beyond definition that they may well be dismissed from the discussion. It is quite impossible to say at what stage in the geological building of these islands man made his appearance, but we may safely postulate that he did not suddenly leap into existence as a tool-using animal from the first. Of far more practical interest is the question of continuity as between the palæolithic and the neolithic races of Britain; and here, again, we are glad to be in accord with Dr. Holmes in his advocacy, guarded though it be, of continuity. He is wise, too, as we think, in avoiding the pitfall of geological chronology. Far more effectively than by a guesswork tangle of "periods" and "ages," he sets before us a scheme of the vast changes which have taken place in the configuration of the land, by a word-picture which brings home a sense of huge spaces of time, and affords a fit setting for the marvellously slow progress of man in the initial stages of his march towards civilisation.

Neolithic Britain is a very different matter from Britain in the Old Stone age, both as regards the nature of the remains and the amount of evidence which can be deduced from them; and it is with the consideration of the neolithic age that the living interest of a manifest continuity first appears:

Whoever they (the first neolithic invaders of Britain) may have been, whatever the date of their arrival, it was an era since which the history of this country has been continuous. Their descendants are with us still; they or later comers brought with them the seeds of cereals and plants which are cultivated still, and animals, the descendants of which still stock our farms; they practised handicrafts and arts from which the industries of modern Britain have been in part evolved. . . . But we cannot fix even approximately the period at which these people began to arrive. All that can be said is that it was many centuries before the Bronze Age, which probably began in this country about eighteen hundred years before the Christian era.

There can be little doubt that the neolithic people of Britain were of the "Mediterranean" stock. And in view of the growing weight of that hypothesis which derives the highest of all "Mediterranean" civilisations from an African source, it is interesting to note that some philologists find contamination from a Hamitic source in modern Celtic dialects. In this connection the negroid characteristics increasing with the increase in age of each of the series of the skeletons of the Grotte des Enfants, is illuminating. But against this evidence we have to place the remarkable extinction of the art impulse which characterised the men of the caves of Dordogne and to a less extent their contemporaries in Britain, an extinction of which there is no trace in the eastern Mediterranean. Still, the differences between the British and Continental neolithic developments are so marked as to leave ample room for such discrepancies between different sections of the same race. The balance is everywhere in favour of Continental man; and even in the matter of superstition—magic, religion, call it what you will—it seems as though British man had lagged behind his contemporaries of Europe. The widespread neolithic practice of trepanning, whether as a surgical operation to relieve epilepsy, or, in the case of the skulls of the dead, for the purpose of obtaining a prophylactic against similar disease, is

practically unrepresented in Britain. Yet, on the other hand, the discommunity of origin between Europe and Britain which might be argued from this circumstance is to a certain extent discounted by the presence of the practice of couvade, which even now survives in various forms in these islands.

The comparative antiquity of inhumation and incineration is left an open question by Dr. Holmes. And certainly, on the available evidence, it would be difficult to argue that at any time in the neolithic age the two practices were held distinct as expressive either of racial or religious difference. The evidence for cannibalism is rightly regarded as flimsy, and it may be well to remark that the denudation of a skeleton before burial is no evidence at all that the flesh was eaten. Human sacrifice is here accepted as a "universal practice," but we have never thought that the evidence was sufficient to justify so wide a generalisation.

The sacrifice of animals at interments is a point which offers greater material for speculation. But the goose of Salisbury Plain may just as well have been a family pet as the dog of Eynford. Cæsar's unfortunate remark about the Britons and geese has let loose a flood of unprofitable speculation. But that totemism of a sort may have existed in Britain it would be foolish to deny. And it is safest to admit with Dr. Holmes that:

We must be content, if we can but catch something of the spirit of neolithic religion, to remain in blank ignorance of its details.

Coming to the Bronze Age, we come also to Stonehenge. And here Mr. Holmes first takes a definite line of his own. Both in the body of the work and in the Appendix he tears to shreds Sir Norman Lockyer's astronomical theory, and, while admitting that some stone-circles in Britain may have their origin in a form of sun-worship, is emphatic in his denial of such an origin for Stonehenge. On the whole, he is inclined to regard it as a great sepulchral monument, associated with religious observance after its first erection, but governed by no subtle rules of orientation in the first instance:

It may be that those who set up the circle thought differently from the believers who thronged it in later times—the cult of ancestors, the worship of the sun, the adoration of the Celtic deity who was the counterpart of Zeus, may have called successive generations of pilgrims to the holy place. . . . Time-honoured when the Roman first landed on our shore, Stonehenge was standing in all its glory when the Greek explorer came who first made known our island to the civilised world.

The voyage of Pytheas naturally raises the point of the identity of Ictis and of the Cassiterides; Dr. Holmes identifies the Cassiterides with Britain, and holds that the secrecy of the Phœnicians concerning the position of the tin islands led the geographers off the scent, and that it did not occur to them to identify these mysterious tin islands in the western sea with Britain, which was already known to them in part. Ictis, he thinks, is St. Michael's Mount, and his argument against the Ictis-Vectis identification is based on sound common sense.

But the central interest of the book, to our thinking, lies in Dr. Holmes's arguments for the landing of Cæsar, first between the castles of Walmer and Deal, and the second time north of Deal. We cannot examine these arguments at length. We can do no more than advise every one to whom patient research, careful weighing of evidence, and sound judgment on this point are of interest and value to read every word that Dr. Holmes has to say upon the subject, for every word is worth reading. His own summary is confident, even didactic. But we think he is justified of his child. He says:

I began this inquiry early in 1900 with a mind absolutely unbiassed, resolved to do one of two things—either to solve the problem or, if that could not be done, to show, once for all, that it was insoluble. The reader knows that I have not neglected any means of ascertaining the truth; and I have provided him with the means of controlling every statement that I have made. I have set down fully and fairly the arguments of those from whom I differ, and I have kept back nothing. I have called attention to everything that might appear to tell against the conclusion to which the evidence inevitably led. I need not say anything by way of recapitulation, for no man who has

read this article attentively can be lacking either in patience or in intelligence; and I am sure that the reader is by this time convinced of these things—that it has been demonstrated that Caesar did not land at Pevensey or anywhere in Sussex; that it has been demonstrated that he did not land at Hythe or anywhere in Romney Marsh; and that it has been demonstrated that he did land both in 55 and 54 B.C. in East Kent—in the former year between Walmer Castle and Deal Castle, in the latter north of Deal Castle. That some will still for a time dispute these conclusions is likely enough; but not those whose judgments count. For them the problem is solved.

And for us also, whether or no we can claim that our judgment counts; and we welcome the solution and praise the dogged perseverance and meticulous appreciation of the value of detail which have achieved it.

"Epoch-making" is a big epithet to apply to any work. Fortunately, it is not in England a stock phrase to the same extent as in Germany. We can, therefore, apply it to Dr. Holmes's book, in the belief that it will express the high opinion that we hold of his work. The mass of material that he has accumulated is not thrown before us in chaotic heaps; it is arranged, docketed, labelled, with an almost terrifying precision; it all leads to something; and it is abundantly plain that the author has not rushed into his work, but that the building of it did not begin till the scaffolding was complete. Thus this work is not only epoch-making, but it is a book as well—an epoch-making book.

HYDE PARK

Hyde Park: its History and Romance. By MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE. (Eveleigh Nash, 15s. net.)

How Life's opportunities slip away from one, to be sure! It may interest Mrs. Alec Tweedie to hear that the present writer long had it in mind to write a history of Hyde Park, and, having finished a book on another and adjacent part of London, was ruminating with some approach to execution when her work was announced. What a lesson, dear friends, to be up and doing betimes! For in Hyde Park Mrs. Tweedie is triumphantly encamped, and any attempt to dislodge her would be quite futile. In the circumstances it may interest her to hear also that, in my opinion, her study of an extraordinarily interesting and attractive subject is thoroughly complete, and from first to last most delightfully done.

This book should surely make Londoners appreciate Hyde Park more than they usually appreciate their precious possessions, especially those who live near it and can ride or walk in it daily. Virgin forest, monkish domain, Royal hunting-ground, the scene of famous, ghastly executions, of famous, fierce encounters, of great assemblies, the meeting-place for centuries of English society—is there any "open space" in the world which has such a history and such suggestions of romance as this? Surely not. Londoners must certainly insist that nothing is ever done to Hyde Park which might conflict artistically with its record. The great thing about it, after all, is that here in the midst of a huge, over-populated city is a large space of land which has never been built over, soil going back in virginity to ancient Britain. It must be kept wild, so far as possible; since it cannot still be virgin forest, it must remain, as it is now, essentially a great bare field. A little gardening about the edges is all very well; no one admires more than I the flower-beds along the east side, which, I believe, we owe to the taste of Sir Schomberg McDonnell; but that is enough, the central space must be left bare. Regular lines of little ornamental trees, such as you see in the Bois de Boulogne, won't do at all. I confess I look with grave misgiving on the tea-house which Mr. Harcourt is building near the Serpentine. The Park, by the way, narrowly escaped an excessive share of the evils which the Puritans brought upon England, for the rascally Parliament in 1652 positively sold it for building to private speculators. Fortunately these ruffians thought they could make more out of it by keeping it as a pleasure ground and charging

a stiff price for admission, a price which the citizens paid under protest, and which was of course promptly abolished when the patriotic Charles came home. It was part of the Crown lands—which was the Parliament's excuse for selling it—but Charles never dreamed of treating it as his property, partly from good nature, and partly perhaps because he knew that if he had he would probably have been "sent on his travels" again. James was so sent for much less serious reasons.

It would be impossible here to give more than an outline of the interest of the book, and that really ought not to be necessary. Detailed and vivid history of the Park begins with Henry VIII., who hunted regularly there, and rode with Anne Boleyn, and once, leaping with his pole, fell into a ditch. The Ring and Charles II. marks another epoch, the beginning of its character as a fashionable haunt. Then there were the gibbetings at Tyburn, on which Mrs. Tweedie has a long and ghastly and weirdly interesting chapter. William III. made Rotten Row, and Queen Charlotte the Serpentine, as we know. The duels in the Park give Mrs. Tweedie another vivid chapter, mostly terrible, sometimes farcical. The eccentric Lord Peter-sham, driving in a brown coach, with brown horses, brown liveries, brown clothes, brown everything, because he was in love with Mrs. Browne, is a figure which stands out from a more picturesque age than ours. Mrs. Tweedie is very thorough, as I said, and has been to a host of authorities. I am glad to note one or two small slips. The Tybourne River did not flow through Half Moon Street into Piccadilly, but further west, by the side of the St. James's Club, and the Ring was hardly the precursor of modern racing, for Newmarket saw racing in James I.'s day. She is right, I suppose, to bring the notabilities who have used the Park up to date, but some of the contemporary ones seem a little out of perspective. I don't feel quite sure that future ages will care to know that Mr. Solomon J. Solomon and Mr. Allan Aynesworth are in the habit of riding there. But it is a wholly delightful book, and what with the immense interest of its subject, the pleasant writing, and the number of well-chosen pictures, should have a really great success.

G. S. S.

COLERIDGE AND THE CRITICISM OF POETRY

Coleridge's Literary Criticism. With an Introduction by J. W. MACKAIL. (Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.)

"Lo here, a little volume, but great book!" It would be hard to name a modern book containing more sound, vital criticism than is held between the covers of this selection. Professor Mackail mentions, a little superfluously, the difficulty of choice and arrangement; obviously, the difficulty is great, but the task was well worth attempting. Coleridge's criticism is scattered here and there—dross with the gold, smoke smothering the flame; and the disengagement of what we must needs remember from what we would fain pass by has, surely, been a pious, a votive labour. We cannot pretend to enjoy the whole of the "Biographia Literaria;" we cannot pretend that every paragraph of "Table Talk" is inspired or inspiring; we cannot pretend that every sentence of the "Lectures on Shakespeare" is valuable or even clear. So often is their author prolix, cloudy, wearisome, vagrant! But choosing from these and the "Literary Remains," Professor Mackail has succeeded in forming a fairly coherent body of criticism; and we confess the coherence, the continuity, which make a book when we had expected a miscellany, have a little surprised us. The mere necessity of turning to this place and that, among a confusion of notes, in order to ascertain Coleridge's judgments, has perhaps given us an undue sense of fragmentariness; but the present little volume serves somewhat

to correct an impression which we believe to be by no means singular.

For another thing we must thank Professor Mackail. He has provided a brief, pregnant introduction, clear and admirably phrased. He speaks aptly of some of Coleridge's casual utterances (what a lifetime of reflection is behind many of them!) as "sayings which have become, as one might say, part of the thing they criticise." He has, in short, done well what it has long been desirable to do, and has thereby paid tribute which every true lover of Coleridge will admit to be worthy and honourable. We could only wish that room could have been found for more of those casual utterances—so often luminous and profound—upon ideas and books and men, and then the book would have been a kind of golden treasury of criticism.

Coleridge remains the supreme instance in English letters of the interfusion of critical with creative genius; though to say this is to observe for the moment—but only for the moment—a distinction which is plainly false.

What he says about poetry cannot lose its value or its interest, for it tells us not indeed what poetry is, but what poetry meant to the author of the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel."

Undoubtedly his poetic achievement lends authority to his critical *dicta*. We pay the more heed to the "Lectures on Shakespeare" because of "Christabel," but we do not confirm our love of the "Ancient Mariner" by recollection of the "Biographia Literaria." In our memory the critic is almost lost in the poet; the poet is never overshadowed by the critic. The observation is familiar to tediousness, yet still significant, that the most vital criticism has come from the poets. We recall the glowing pages of Shelley, Wordsworth's profound meditations, the casual notes of Keats, Tennyson, Rossetti; FitzGerald's memorable *obiter dicta*; Arnold's ironic and earnest persuasions; Patmore's glittering essays; Swinburne's fervid asseverations. These away, how (comparatively) meagre and petty were the records of English criticism! But to none of them do we owe more than we owe to Coleridge; and to none, alas! have we rendered so churlish and complaining a thanks as has been muttered over his grave. It has been the fashion to lament the waste of his powers, to ascribe to an infirmity of purpose (which we are all competent to reprehend) the failure of the poetic flood, and to lament as we might a crime:

That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever.

He is the text of Long Ears' pious disquisitions upon the instability of human endeavour and the waste of human powers. Every ass has brayed at this singer, forgetting the reverence due to a genius as far beyond his comprehension as it is above the indignity of his praise. From Coleridge's own time to ours there have not been wanting men who, unworthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes, have been hasty to disparage his unique legacies by regret that they were not greater. What impertinent nonsense it is! Coleridge's influence on English poetry has not been so direct as that of Keats; but, with Wordsworth's, it stirred the idle waters with a new impulse of beauty. On English criticism his power has been more individual and positive. His criticism of Shakespeare is not final (none could be) nor always acceptable; but, after a century of debate, his conclusions form a frequent battle-ground. You may not agree with him, but, often, you can hardly discuss Shakespeare *out* of him. Mr. Walkley, in a recent book, has indicated the danger of Shakespearean critics, such as Coleridge and Professor Bradley, regarding the characters of the plays as veritably persons of real life, and explaining the circumstances of the plays by the probabilities based on this assumption of reality. But there is one feature of Coleridge's sayings concerning Shakespeare which has an unimpeachable excellence—his faculty of interpreting the emotion of a play. Just as a single line of verse sometimes evokes a certain universal mood, so Coleridge, in a single sentence upon *Romeo and Juliet*,

for example, revives and interprets the profound emotion of that tragedy:

It is a spring day, gusty and beautiful in the morn, and closing like an April evening with the song of the nightingale—

a criticism, as Professor Mackail notes, in which words are used with the effect of music.

Professor Mackail observes that Coleridge's chief work as a critic of letters is found in his criticism of poetry; but he speaks a little lightly of his proneness to generalise. True:

Comprehensive definitions are not as much definitions as crystallised impressions;

yet it is with the "general ideas" that Coleridge is most profoundly occupied, and it is these that engage with so ardent a fascination the minds of other critics and all readers. Definitions of poetry are as arresting as they are apparently conflicting. For Coleridge it is "the best words in the best order;" for Wordsworth it is "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, taking its origin from emotion remembered in tranquillity;" for Arnold it is "a criticism of life." The first definition takes no obvious account of the special matter of poetry; the second is concerned explicitly and exclusively with the origin of poetry; the third ignores the distinctive form of poetry. They are often on our lips. Poems are considered by some surprising critics according as they are comprised in one particular definition; fail in that iron test, and you are no poet. Yet each is a serious effort in the "business of criticism," which has for aim simply the ascertaining of reasonable principles of judgment, not the providing of ready-made judgments; and none is false except in so far as it is made exclusive, or allowed to usurp the province of another. It would be idle, though easy, to instance or postulate the most ludicrous applications of these *dicta*; it is more profitable to note that, between them, they afford a fairly comprehensive (though by no means conclusive) test of poetry, only wanting an adequately precise provision as to *form*, which the present writer will on no account venture upon here. Clearly, for example, the "Ode to a Nightingale" is a judgment of life, with the best words in a supremely perfect order; and clearly it is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings. So, too, in various degree, are a sonnet of Shakespeare, a lyric of Wordsworth, "In Memoriam;" so is a Psalm of David, a song of Burns, a prayer of Crashaw.

The limitation of these detached sayings, however, when taken separately, is obvious. Wordsworth's accurate sense of the origin of poetry did not prevent his assertion that:

There neither is, nor can be, any *essential* difference between the language of prose and metrical composition;

an affirmation which Coleridge set himself to refute in a famous passage. We may, indeed, press the distinction emphasised in the "Biographia Literaria" to a farther issue than Coleridge had immediately in view. Worthy people have said to us, with bland, blind conviction, that the art of poetry is merely decorative; that it has nothing to do with life; that it is not one of the "great realities;" and that whatever is said in verse could be said more plainly, directly, effectively in prose. The perversity of this is both sad and mad. Coleridge declared the infallible test of a blameless style in verse to be its

"Untranslatable-ness" in words of the same language without injury to the meaning.

And the whole distinction between poetry and prose lies just here: that poetry can *not* be translated into prose, for the sufficient reason that the subject-matter and creative impulse of poetry are different (though not necessarily remote) from the subject-matter and creative impulse even of what is called lyrical or impassioned prose. What of emotion, what of love, hope, apprehension, faith, regret, is not utterable in verse, is not utterable out of verse. Coleridge himself, in the "Ancient Mariner," his only completed masterpiece, has used both verse and prose as his medium; but where is found the incommunicable magic of the "wizard twilight," if not in the verse? Is

the "Ode to the West Wind" utterable in prose, or "Life of Life," or "Kubla Khan," or a song of Blake, an ode of Patmore, or Tennyson's "Break, break, break"? The supreme thing in these, the touch that unseals the infinite in our forgetful bosoms, is the thing which the mere words do not express, the power these all alike have of awaking a responsive rhythm and music—the power of evoking an image, of discovering a light. Definitions and tests are, ultimately, valueless in regard to the noblest things, whereof the nobility—independent, often, of the mere idea expressed—remains incommunicable if not spontaneously apprehended. It cannot be too plainly or too urgently said that in poetry is heard the last refinement and the profoundest note of human speech. In it is that which is strange as the thrill of Spring, quick as Spring's fire, purifying like prayer, redeeming like faith. We would be understood in the most literal and exact sense in saying there is that in pure poetry which lifts the soul as by a great wind, and renews in us the primal ecstasy, wherein joy and sorrow are lost, are but names of parts, hints of a transcendent whole.

For Wordsworth, poetry is "the first and last of all knowledge, immortal as the heart of man." For Shelley, it "redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man." Less impassioned than theirs, Coleridge's conception of the office and power of poetry is hardly less lofty. Hungering after Eternity, he seemed to taste something of eternal nourishment in the English poets, and—hardly secondary—in the older prose-writers he loved so well. For a brief wonderful space he had a vision and lived under a spell. When the enchantment failed, he had done the highest it was given him to do in verse; but he brought to the work of criticism a memory and a hope. There was on his lips the immortal savour of honey-dew and milk of Paradise.

It is an ancient and shallow tradition which assigns to critical work a secondary regard and honour, according to which, for example, Pater, in the "Imaginary Portraits," was doing work of the first rank, and in the "Renaissance" work of a lower rank. Professor Mackail justly insists on the creative value of vital criticism. Every true criticism of literature becomes itself a "criticism of life," concerned with the "best order" of things; and Coleridge, in his prose criticism, has given us that which is hardly less original, individual, and permanent than his poetry—permanent, we mean, not in particular assertion and appraisal, but in conception and attitude. In him is no thought of literature as wares for the market-place; for him poetry is not a frail competitor with politics or any other local excitement. It is, in truth, an exercise of the soul, a spiritual manifestation, whether it be verse of his own enchanted singing, or the voice of another which it is his praise to have known for authentic, even amid the clamours of the scornful and the doubts of the forgetful.

SIGNIFICANT ETYMOLOGY

Significant Etymology. By the Very Rev. J. MITCHELL, M.A., D.D. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.)

THE design of this book is much the same as that of the similar work in German by Harder—namely, to discuss etymologies, whilst at the same time arranging them in categories. Thus the first chapter recounts the etymologies of all such words as are connected with the "The Heavenly Bodies"—i.e., such as "galaxy," "astronomy," "jovial," "martial," and the like. As the work extends to 447 pages, the number of words thus discussed is very large, and there are sufficient indexes. It is, in fact, a partial etymological dictionary, rendered readable by the manner in which the words are grouped.

It is necessarily and admittedly a compilation, founded upon certain works which are named at the end of the Preface, though we find no mention there of a work which has certainly been copied in more places than one—viz., "The Folk and their Word-Lore," by Dr. Smythe Palmer.

At first sight all appears to be satisfactory, especially as

regards words from Greek and Latin which have been frequently explained and cannot well be explained otherwise. But it comes upon the reader as a shock when he finds a large number of misprints, especially in the spelling of Anglo-Saxon words. And even if the indulgent reader is ready to forgive these, he cannot but be filled with much distrust when he finds that the author does not keep faith with him. For he is assured in the Preface that Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary" has been carefully consulted, whereas that authority is frequently flouted and despised. The author does not hesitate to prefer the most idle and ridiculous guesses of the worst days of the guessing "etymologists" whenever he sees fit. This is altogether too bad, and one wonders why so much trouble has been taken to discredit what is otherwise a reasonably serviceable book.

The credulity of the author in this respect is amazing, and it becomes necessary to give specimens of his revivals of exploded absurdities.

At p. 188, after giving an account of the word *filbert* which is tolerably accurate, we are told that "the name *filberde* is exclusively English and expresses exactly the distinctive characteristic of the nut—the fact, namely, that it just *fills the beard*," &c. Yet the evidence shows that it is not English at all, but of Norman origin.

At p. 291, in order to account for *almanack*, the impudent falsehood of Verstegan is revived, that the Anglo-Saxons called a wooden calendar an *almonaght*—an impossible form containing *gh*, there being no *gh* in their alphabet. They never called it anything of the sort.

At p. 426 *heaven* is derived from the verb *to heave*, which the veriest beginner in Anglo-Saxon knows to be impossible, and is expressly rejected by Murray.

On p. 45 *commodore* is "a corruption of the Portuguese *capitão mor*, or chief captain," but no such absurdity is endorsed by Murray.

At p. 78 we read that "*dog* does not occur in A.S.," which is contrary to the fact.

At p. 377 Horne Tooke's famous fiction is revived that "*truth* is the third person singular of the verb *to trow*," from which it ought to follow that *sooth* is the third person singular of the verb *to sow*, which no one can be expected to trow. But not even Horne Tooke had the hardihood to assert that *true* was "anciently written *trew*," and was the past participle (!) of *trow*, as *grew* is of *grow*. Unluckily, the verb *to trow* was a weak verb, and it is safe to say that the past participle of *trow* always ended in *-od* or *-ed*. The past participle of *grow* is not *grew*, but *grown*.

At p. 91 *veterinary* is derived from *velerinus*, "a contraction of *veheterinus*, from *veho*, to carry," which leaves the suffix *-elerinus* (or *-lerinus*) to be accounted for. It would be curious to know how it can be explained. However, Lewis and Short endorse this error.

We are grieved to find such wilful and needless blemishes in a book which is pleasantly written and affords a compilation of much that is both interesting and instructive.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

MAN FRIDAY

THE general unhappiness of mankind has been noted by philosophers. We remember seeing in the shop-window of a phrenologist at the bottom of Fleet Street a picture of Mr. Hall Caine. Beneath it the phrenologist had written words to the effect that Mr. Hall Caine could never be happy. People who read the announcement were, no doubt, agreeably staggered. For ourselves, it left us unastonished. We have kept it in mind because it looked like elemental truth. Of course Mr. Hall Caine, wealthy and famous though he may be, cannot quite lay claim to singularity in the respect indicated. We believe that there are others, and among them, if we made search, we believe it were possible to find Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton appears to have been born several years ago, but as yet he would seem to have failed to compass

happiness. His connection with Mr. Robinson Crusoe Cadbury, of *Daily News* Island, is well known, and we shall not expatiate upon it. But for the sake of a simple pleasantry we shall dub Mr. Chesterton Man Friday. He came to Mr. Cadbury from chaos and nowhere in particular at a moment when Mr. Cadbury was most desolate, and he has remained his faithful henchman ever since. Possibly he came to Mr. Cadbury on a Friday, which, when you look closely into it, was a paradoxical thing to do. And, to cut a long story short, he has lately written and published a book called "The Man who was Thursday," thus clearly getting a day ahead of himself as it were. We have read Man Friday's performance with a great deal of interest. The untutored savage in process of attainment to the higher civilisations is usually worth observation. Man Friday began, as Men Fridays might be expected to begin, with a little poetry, dedicated, unless we are mistaken, to his father. There was no harm in this, and we mention it only for the purpose of reminding ourselves that Man Friday had his beginnings. We recollect that the poetry included at least one piece which was quite good. We recollect, too, that it included another piece which bore the marks of Man Friday's fingers all over it. It had something to do with love, and it suggested that on the day when Man Friday's lady gave him "both her hands" "a cart-horse built a nest." Probably it was a quite impersonal effort. Indeed, if we thought that it were otherwise we should say nothing about it. But there it is in cold type, and we find ourselves unable to forget it. "She gave me both her hands," and "a cart-horse built a nest"! It is as though Man Friday should call lustily, "Come and be my Valentine, and we will drink blood together." The cart-horse built a nest somewhere back in the 'eighties. In chapter I. of "The Man who was Thursday," flung to us hot from the press only the other day, we find Man Friday celebrating himself as follows:

"There again," said Syme, irritably, "what is there poetical about being in revolt? You might as well say that it is poetical to be sea-sick. Being sick is a revolt. Both being sick and being rebellious may be the wholesome thing on certain desperate occasions; but I'm hanged if I can see why they are poetical. Revolt in the abstract is—revolting. It's mere vomiting."

It is the same Man Friday, you will note, as the Man Friday with the cart-horse's nest. Time cannot stale nor custom wither him. The unpleasant thought burns in his brain, and he is incapable of holding it down. Print is his outlet; into print we must needs disject ourselves. Now it is easy to argue that the cart-horse business and Man Friday's faith in the literary quality of his bilious attacks should be considered small deer, and allowed to pass like specks on a peach. But we shall venture the opinion that you may judge a writer with great sureness from the spots on him. When we read Man Friday's cart-horse rhymes—though, as we have said, they comprised at least one good poem—we knew, and said in print, that it was impossible for him ever to do much as poet. And when we read the passage above quoted from "The Man who was Thursday," we knew perfectly well that nowhere in the remaining chapters of his book would Man Friday achieve anything of merit. We are not blind to the fact that in "The Man who was Thursday" Man Friday has tried his hardest. It is to his credit that he does not belong to that class of author whose aim in letters it is to give the public precisely what the publishers believe them to desire. As likely as not, if "The Man who was Thursday" had been Man Friday's first attempt at authorship, his publisher would have returned it to him with words of counsel and encouragement. He would have said, "My dear Man Friday, you write with some skill, and you think like the chairman of a debating society; but for the love of heaven don't imagine that unpleasantness and ungainliness are the greatest possible fetches of genius. There is no reason in the world why a natural-born vat-rattler should refrain from endeavouring to express himself fictionally. On the other hand, there is really a difference between high thinking and stertorous bellowing. And when a writer would

compel the clouds he would be well advised not to attempt them with a battering-ram." Man Friday, however, is not an entirely new author. He wrote "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," and you may read him in the *Daily News* and the *Christian Globe*. Furthermore, he has a reputation as the provoker of a certain kind of giggle among a certain kind of red-tied, hirsute, nut-chewing babblers, and he is the proud possessor of a vogue. So that "The Man who was Thursday" went through, and you can get it at all the libraries. As for the fiction itself—nightmare Man Friday prefers to call it—the least sophisticated of maids and matrons will not be taken in by it. Virtually it is a detective story with plenty of cheap anarchy and the merest suggestion of love thrown in. There is nothing about it, *quâ* story, which could not have been accomplished by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or any of the smaller practitioners whose work is called "clever" by the snippet press. The plot is trite and obvious, and might in reasonable hands have furnished forth entertainment over a dozen or so magazine pages. Man Friday, however, has bulged it out into conventional novel length, thereby inviting his readers to bore themselves to death. For the rest, you get bladders with peas in them, fine writing done with a burnt stick and an amount of unwieldy reaching after tremendousness which suggests the elephant raising heaven and earth in an attempt to pull down the stars. We are sorry that we cannot find it compatible with our duty to current letters to advise Man Friday to persevere. "The Man who was Thursday" is neither better nor worse than "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," neither windier, nor sillier, nor less fatuously conceived. Its appeal—if, indeed, it have an appeal—will be only to the "stalwarts" and "intellectuals" who mistake the buffooneries of Mr. George Bernard Shaw for meat and the Medoc of Soho for wine. These people imagine that they have put a girdle round the world of thought and that they are about to inherit the earth. They are a feeble if prancing folk and their day is not long. When they are tired of laughing at themselves and pass, as they inevitably must pass, Man Friday will pass with them. We do not pine for this good time, neither do we desire to delay it. Thou shalt not kill, but needst not strive officiously to keep alive. To the sane mind, Man Friday is no more of a portent than the Tuppenny Tube. There are men and women on this footstool who enjoy the Tuppenny Tube, and who daily and hourly thank God that they have been born into an age when such wonders might be. Man Friday's real vocation in life is the making out of a blatant and paradoxical case for the Tuppenny Tube. And even when he would fain exploit the empyrean he makes a point of doing it in a balloon. So that there is no particular harm in him, and, consequently, precious little good. We desire to note, finally, that Man Friday, as is natural, takes himself for a great man. In a dedicatory dithyramb with which he prefaces "The Man who was Thursday" we find this couplet:

Fools as we were in motly, all jangling and absurd,
When all church bells were silent our cap and bells were heard.

Which is the personal Muse on silver tiptoe.

ALL WE LIKE SHEEP—

MISS MAUD ALLAN, the craze of the hour and the idol of fashion—Miss Maud Allan, successful applicant for the toleration of the clergy, and goldmine to the Palace Theatre shareholders—Miss Maud Allan can afford to turn a deaf ear to the jarring note.

The note, sounded long ago by a journalistic John the Baptist in the phrase "governess-like capers," was quickly drowned in the loud and imposing proclamation of the names and titles of the patrons of Miss Allan's Wednesday *matinées*. The distinction of the new dancer's art may be taken for granted, it seems, but never the distinction of her audiences. This is rubbed in daily. "In a box we noticed Prince F— of T—, while in the stalls were the Duchess of R—, Lady C— D—, Lord A—, and Mrs. B—."

All this was not Miss Allan's fault. The somewhat gross manipulation of the Allan "boom" is probably due to the genius of an unknown Press agent. But when Miss Allan wrote her opinions of the "Art of Dancing" in the *Daily Mail*, and expressed her gratitude to London for "opening its arms" to her, she associated herself with her own advertisement. She is not a writer, but a dancer. When she began to address the public, as a public favourite she identified herself with the extraordinary nonsense that has been written about her. And she made an error in judgment when she replied not only for herself, but for Mademoiselle Génée and Signora Tetrzzini.

This response to the toast proposed by public favour made some of us feel uncomfortable. We did not grudge Miss Allan her success—success, by whatever means it is won, is a splendid achievement—but Génée, Tetrzzini! In the words of Whistler, Miss Allan, "Why drag in Velasquez?"

Why drag in Adeline Génée? We did not "open our arms" to her, if by that phrase is meant a private trial *malinée* to which all the great in the land are invited, and a tremendous pean of praise from every critic in London before any public performance takes place. It took Génée ten years to establish her position among us. Only very recently has this accomplished dancer received her due.

And Tetrzzini? She came to London unknown, and was not advertised at all before that wonderful night when she made her first appearance at Covent Garden in *Traviata*. But she had achieved a very fair amount of success in Italy, in South America, and, I believe, in Russia. In London, in her middle years, she made in a single night a reputation of which she had never dreamed, but the foundations of that fame had been laid by years of work in opera-houses in more obscure parts of the globe.

So why drag in Tetrzzini, Miss Allan? Her case is not a parallel. Your success with us stands absolutely alone.

How has it come about? Miss Allan tells us that it is because she practises a new art.

But nine years ago there came to London, unheralded, unboomed, unadvertised, a young American girl, Miss Isadora Duncan. She also practised this "new art." She danced Chopin, danced Grieg, danced Monteverde. She also went bare-footed and bare-legged. She had an almost miraculous "elevation," which Miss Allan does not possess. Yet she came to London and left it without attracting notice or provoking controversy.

Miss Duncan did better in Berlin. There they built a theatre for her. This theatre has for some years been crowded night after night with rich German patrons of the arts, each patron with opera-glasses glued to his eyes. . . . Miss Duncan, like Miss Allan, wears no tights.

From no other outward help than the great masters' works have I succeeded in uniting music and the plastic into a form which is not generally understood as dancing,

writes Miss Allan. Miss Allan studied music in Berlin, the Berlin where Miss Duncan was uniting music and the plastic nightly, and Miss Allan did not go and see her! Nevertheless, Miss Duncan was Miss Allan's predecessor; and the failure of London to recognise the art of the predecessor makes me question if London's recognition of the art of the follower shows genuine instinct.

All we like sheep go to the Palace Theatre. Before ever Miss Maud Allan had appeared in public we had been assured by the Press (on the strength of an invitation performance before Press and Parliament, painters and peers) that she was, in the beautiful American phrase, "the greatest thing that ever happened." By the art of advertisement were we first drawn to the Palace. But we still go there. Two months have passed. The audiences are as large as ever, and twice as fashionable. Should one not rejoice at the spectacle? Yes, if Miss Maud Allan is a genuine artist, a great dancer. (The word "dancer," by the way, is big enough to use. David "danced" before the Ark.)

But is she? There is a story in the "Arabian Nights"

of a man and a carpet. I haven't the book by me, not even in Sir Richard Burton's translation, but the main facts are that the man hypnotised the Great Sophy and the Grand Vizier and all the Court into thinking that he was showing them a carpet. He moved his hands as if he were unrolling it, he described the pattern and the texture, he praised the colour, he sang of its grace and beauty. And soon all the Court were talking of the carpet. Was there ever such colour? What a glorious design! "It is certainly the carpet of the world."

Then a little child was held up to look at it.

"But there is no carpet!" said the child.

That child has not yet been to the Palace Theatre. Perhaps in these days its uncompromising truth would be unacceptable. The hypnotism that Miss Allan exercises would prevail against it.

Some of the adulation given to Miss Allan as a dancer should be transferred to her as a hypnotist. She makes the audience think her wonderful. As it takes two to make a work of art, is not the thought of the audience as important as the skill of the performer?

If one is not easily hypnotised, however, one cannot help noticing the rigidity of the new dancer's body and the immobility of her head. One cannot help criticising the movements of the arms—movements which seem to be made academically rather than as an expression of emotion, as if the dancer were instructing a class in the Delsarte method rather than translating beautiful sound into beautiful form.

This "translating" of music is, anyhow, rather a dangerous business. Would every composer admit that his melody became more expressive when interpreted by the dancer? Sometimes Miss Allan seems to misinterpret or to obscure what she sets out to reveal. This is notably the case in Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," where Miss Allan hugs the ground like a lapwing precisely where the music suggests that she should leap like the hart.

Miss Allan is a very earnest young lady with a sincere conviction of her mission. She dances like a revivalist preacher, and makes as many converts. It would be stupid not to admire the character which has brought about so great a success. But it is just as stupid to mistake this character, this American "grit" and "bluff" for beautiful art. There is very little art in Miss Allan's performance. She herself admits this when she says that she has never learned to dance. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of her success in England. The English people dearly love a lord. The English lord (and the class he represents) dearly loves the amateur.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN.

GEORGE HORBURY: RECOLLECTIONS

[COMMUNICATED.]

I AM sure that many readers of THE ACADEMY must have seen with regret the recent announcement of the death of Canon Horbury, for so many years High Usher of Lupton. To his old pupils George Horbury will ever remain a precious memory; and many who had not the privilege of coming immediately under his influence feel that they owe him a debt; or, as an old Harrovian has happily expressed it:

Horbury was like a pebble thrown into a pond. His influence was not felt merely *in loco*, but broadened out in ever widening circles. I was never at Lupton, but Horbury meant a good deal to us at Harrow, and I have heard Giggleswick boys speak of his songs as a rich inheritance.

I think all public schoolmen would echo these words; in his way Horbury was as great a force as Arnold. His songs have been mentioned, and these school songs were not the least of the many forces for good that he wielded so successfully. They have long ceased to be the peculiar property of Lupton; they have established themselves in the affections of every public school in England, and I do

not think I exaggerate when I say that these vigorous and stirring poems have done not a little in moulding the character of modern Englishmen. There are many unwholesome and miasmatic influences in the air. No man felt or dreaded these influences more than Horbury; and he set himself to counteract them in every possible manner. His pupils at Lupton were taught both by precept and example, but his songs did their work far from the great school in the Midlands, and many a man who never saw the High Usher face to face would confess his obligations to the author of "Follow Away." I cannot resist quoting the first verse:

I am getting old and grey, and the hills seem far away,
And I cannot hear the horn that once proclaimed the morn,
When we sallied forth upon the chase together.
For the years are gone, alack! when we hastened on the track,
And the huntsman's whip went crack! as a signal to our pack,
Riding in the sunshine and fair weather.
And yet across the ground
I seem to hear a sound—
A sound that comes up floating from the hollow;
And its note is very clear
As it echoes in my ear,
And the words are: Lupton, follow, follow, follow.

CHORUS:

Lupton! follow away:
The darkness lies behind us and before us is the day.
Follow, follow the sun,
The whole world's to be won:
So Lupton follow, follow; follow, follow away!

An old pupil sang this verse to him on his death-bed, and I think perhaps that some at least of the readers of THE ACADEMY will allow that George Horbury died "fortified" in the truest sense with the "rites of the Church"—the Church of a great aspiration.

"Follow Away" was from the first a prime favourite in "Chantry," but Horbury scored an even greater success with "Rocker," in which he sang the praises of the Lupton Football Game:

Once on a time in the books that bore me
I read that in olden days before me
Lupton town had a wonderful game.
It was a game with a noble story:
[Lupton town was then in its glory,
Kings and bishops had brought it fame.]
It was a game that you all must know;
And ROCKER they called it long ago.

CHORUS:

Look out for "brooks," or you're sure to drown,
Look out for "quarries," or else you're down.
That was the way
Rocker to play;
Once on a day
That was the way;
Once on a day

That was the way that they used to play in Lupton town.

Strangers who have been admitted to "Chantry" have confessed that the effect of "Rocker," thundered forth by 600 voices, was a thing not readily to be forgotten. Broad-minded men have told me that they felt as if they had participated in a great act of worship. I remember that the late Bishop of Wareham emphasised this aspect, maintaining that the canticle *Benedicite omnia opera* justified him in doing so:

We call upon Snows and Frosts (he said) to "bless the Lord"; why should we except from the great Song of Thanksgiving those Games which have done so much to make England and Englishmen what they are?

Another prelate, who is still living, takes, I am glad to think, the same view. He has but lately pointed out that the misfortunes of Russia are in all probability due to the lack of that *Katharsis* which is provided by the compulsory games at our great public schools. Such, then, was the work that Horbury accomplished by means of his Lupton songs.

Horbury was, above all things, a Christian. Not perhaps a Christian in the narrow and narrowing sense in which the word is used by party men; but in the broad, charitable, all-embracing meaning which has largely superseded the old sectarian interpretation, which can claim in the English Church the sanction of such

names as Hobbes and Hoadley and Tillotson, of that "sage Latitudinarianism" which was the glory of the eighteenth century, which Arnold proclaimed so boldly in the reluctant ears of the Tractarians. George Horbury taught us to be Christians chiefly by example; he disliked dogma heartily, and did his best to make us dislike it too. On one occasion I remember that he felt bound to oppose the Vicar of Lupton at a School Board Election. I cannot say that the Vicar was what would be called an extreme man, though I think I have often seen the church door open on weekdays, but he was certainly in favour of definite dogmatic teaching, and Horbury was ready to make any sacrifice of his valuable time if by so doing he could "free the schools"—to use his own words—

From the tortuous scholasticism which in some extraordinary manner has been confused with the simple teaching of the Saviour.

Hence he disliked all creeds, "those human attempts to define the undefinable," as he called them, or, in another and even happier phrase, "fossilised Christianity." He was fond of showing that the real appeal of true Christianity was wholly an ethical one, and I have heard him deprecate a too literal citation of the New Testament even with respect to ethical questions:

We do not require our clergy to go about in the dress of Syrian fishermen of the first century (I have heard him say). Why then should we be required to clothe our thoughts and our faith in garments which are now strange and uncouth, whatever they may have been eighteen hundred years ago?

But Horbury was no iconoclast. He felt the need of preserving the Establishment in all its dignity, and he maintained that, in a sense, the Palace was more important than the Cathedral. A cathedral, he said, might be the home of superstition, of tawdry ecclesiastical millinery, of clericalism in its worst form; but the Bishop's palace, with its broad lawns, with its stately, though Christian, home-life, was a constant witness to the wholesome restraints of the State:

Depend upon it (he would say) the whole atmosphere of such a place is invaluable. Wareham Palace would have brought Francis of Assisi to his senses in six months; and in a year or two you would have seen little *Francisculi* playing about the lawn.

I think Horbury's chief dread was that the Ritualistic clergy might form an alliance with the Socialistic elements among the working-classes. I shall never forget the disgust with which he put down the Life of one of the most notorious of these clergy:

I had rather have a Red Republic than a Ritualist Republic, he said; and I know that he watched the attempts of the Ritualists to gain over the working-classes with constant dislike and apprehension. He was a sound Liberal, but he was no demagogue, and he pointed out that all the great political reforms of the nineteenth century had been made possible by the very touching faith of the employed in their employers—the great Liberal manufacturers. If this faith should ever be shaken he feared that the worst might happen, and that the industrial supremacy of England might become a thing of the past:

And if this *does* happen (he said) you will see it brought about by the Romanising party in the Church of England.

I have heard him blame Ministers for their want of statecraft in allowing these industrial questions to arise. He thought they should distract the populace by bringing forward measures of more political interest, and I have heard him demonstrate the usefulness of what he called his "Free and Open Church Bill"—a measure to give the Dissenting bodies a right of user over the old churches and cathedrals of England:

Here (he said) you would have a measure popular with everybody, except the Ritualists, who are, politically, non-existent; a measure framed on the lines both of common sense and Christian charity; a measure for which ample precedent might be found. And while people were discussing such a Bill as this, capital would be left alone to continue its admirable and beneficent work.

He was grieved, I think, at the attitude taken up by the Liberal party as a whole towards the mine-owners of South Africa. "One should never alienate," he used to say, "any sphere of influence."

I must not forget the work that Horbury did in the

school chapel. At Lupton the rule has always been for the Head Master to preach in the morning, and for the High Usher to address the boys in the afternoon. Many an old Luptonian on the steaming plains of our great Indian Empire, or amidst the icy fields of "Our Lady of the Snows," recollects that figure standing high above the six hundred boys, that trumpet-toned voice reasoning and pleading with them, those eloquent outbursts against priestcraft and mediævalism and meanness of every sort. At the earnest request of some old friends, George Horbury was prevailed upon to publish his "Lupton Sermons," and I believe that they have been widely read and appreciated. Personally, I shall never forget the wonderful sermon on the Parable of the Talents, and readers of THE ACADEMY who do not possess the book may be grateful for the following excerpt from this most characteristic discourse. The boys, I am sure, realised for the first time the true nature of the sin of the man who hid his one talent.

I daresay (Horbury began) that many of the older amongst you have wondered what this man's sin really was. You may have read your Greek Testament carefully, and then have tried to form in your minds some analogy to the circumstances of the parable—and it would not surprise me if you were to tell me that you had failed. I should not be astonished, I say, if you confess that, for you at least, the question seems unanswerable.

Yes! Unanswerable for you. For you are English boys, the sons of English gentlemen, to whom the atmosphere of casuistry, of concealment, of subtlety, is unknown, by whom such an atmosphere would be rejected with scorn. You come from homes where there are no dark corners that must not be pried into; your friends and your relations are not of those who hide their gifts from the light of day. Some of you, perhaps, have had the privilege of listening to the talk of one or other of the great statesmen who guide the destinies of this vast Empire; you will have learned, I am sure, that in the world of politics there is no vain simulation of modesty, no feigned reluctance to speak of worthy achievement. All of you are members of this great community of which each one of us is so proud, which we think of as the great inspiration and motive force of our lives. Here, you will say, there are no hidden talents, for the note of the English public school—thank God for it!—is openness, frankness, healthy emulation; each endeavouring to use his best for the good of all. In our studies and in our games each desires to excel, to carry off the prize; we strive for a corruptible crown, thinking that this, after all, is the surest discipline for the gaining of the crown that is incorruptible. If a man say that he love God Whom he hath not seen, and love not his brother whom he hath seen! Let your light shine before men. Be sure that we shall never win heaven by despising earth.

Yet that man hid his Talent in a Napkin.

What does the story mean? What message has it for us to-day?

I will tell you.

Some years ago, during our summer holidays, I was on a walking tour in a mountainous district in the North of England. The sky was of the most brilliant blue, the sun poured, as it were, a gospel of gladness on the earth, and towards the close of the day I was entering a peaceful and beautiful valley amongst the hills when three sullen notes of a bell came down the breeze towards me. There was a pause; again the three strokes; and then for the third time this dismal summons struck on my ears. I walked on in the direction of the sound, wondering whence it came and what it signified; and soon I saw before me a great pile of buildings surrounded by a gloomy and lofty wall.

It was a Roman Catholic monastery. The bell was ringing the Angelus, as it is called.

I obtained admittance to this place, and spoke to some of the unhappy monks.

I should astonish you if I mentioned the names of some of the deluded men who had immured themselves in this prison-house. It is sufficient to say that among them were a soldier who had won distinction on the battlefield, an artist, a statesman, and a physician of no mean repute.

Now do you understand?

Ah! a day will come—you know, I think, what that day is called—when these poor men will have to answer the question: "Where is the talent thou wast given to?"

"Where was your sword in the hour of your country's danger?"

"Where was your picture—your consecration of your art to the service of morality and humanity—when the doors of the great exhibition were thrown open?"

"Where was your silver eloquence, your voice of persuasion, when the strife of party was at its fiercest?"

"Where was your God-given skill in healing when one of Royal Blood lay fainting on the bed of dire—it might have been mortal—sickness?"

And the answer?

"I laid it up in a napkin."

In his school work he was wonderful. He was not content to impart the ordinary lesson from the ordinary text-book. He taught the boys to *think*; he taught them that even their form work was a part of life, and related to

life in its broadest sense. I remember a lesson he gave on the contrast between English and French art and literature. He dwelt on the wholesome and *restraining* influence of English society—of the English social structure—and illustrated this point by reading out to us, first Tennyson's "Fatima" and then a passage from one of the later Idylls. He dwelt with great satisfaction on the circumstance that in England every man, were he a poet or were he a soap-maker, wished to be considered a country gentleman; and he showed how in the arts this feeling made for the repression of all morbid and extravagant tendencies.

In the last few weeks of his life his mind was somewhat clouded. He suffered from a delusion that the boys at Lupton were learning Latin out of the Breviary and French from Villon; while compulsory dominoes had been substituted for Rocker; and these misconceptions caused him great distress.

His last words were:

"Played, Lupton!"

E. S. M.

ALADDIN'S LAMP

I FOUND the boy sitting on a door-step in a deserted alley near Covent Garden. He was small and ragged and sufficiently dirty, but when he rubbed the old bicycle-lamp on his sleeve and looked hopefully up the street, my envy overcame my scruples.

"Oh, Aladdin!" I cried, "lend me your lamp!"

"My name is George Wonder," he said, handing me the lamp gravely. I fled through the market with my treasure, and, though it stained my sleeve with old oil, I rubbed it not without hope. At the corner I met the man with the grapes, and he greeted me sadly.

"They are good grapes," he said, looking thoughtfully at his stock; "but when you come to consider how many cats have lost their way in the dark, you must wonder whether it is worth it. Every spring they used to bring them, little cold kittens who had not seen, and we buried them at the root of the vine. Of course, there were too many, but it seemed a pity, you know. Still, they are good grapes."

He offered me a bunch, and when I refused with horror, placed a grape between his lips and bit it. I was not really surprised when I heard a faint mew, and recognised the sad little song of a blind kitten; but I ran wildly from the murderer, looking for a policeman as I went. Dimly I knew that there were no more kittens in the world, and, like Southey I mourned for the universal cathood that had befallen the most civilised of things animate. The policeman was leaning against a crimson pillar-box, and I recognised that, even for a policeman, he was passing melancholy. When I spoke to him his eye avoided mine with a furtive air that ill became the assurance of his uniform, and there was a noticeable spot of mud on one of his boots. "It's the streets like white worms," he said, with a shudder; "of course, we keep them down with our huge feet, but how they must writhe and stretch between the houses when we are not here. They are fat and soft, and they peer into my dreams with white, stupid eyes."

"What would you have?" I said wearily; "of course, we are all civilised nowadays."

He turned his tired eyes up to the kingdom of roof-tops and telephone-wires.

"If I could only live up there, out of reach," he said, "and study astronomy in the quiet places! But I have no tail."

He wandered off on his beat, a melancholy figure of a man; and as I watched him I knew why policemen always walk so heavily. But the lamp was still in my hand, and, as I touched it with my sleeve, a man ran up and clutched my arm. "He's looking for me," he cried, nodding in the direction of the distant policeman; "he's looking for me, and he'll get me sooner or later."

"What have you done?"

"I don't know; I can't understand. I was tired of all

this, you know, and I wanted to shuffle the cards ; so I went down to the Embankment to look for sleep in the water. But the sun was out, and the water was covered with the silver tracks of snails, so that I could not do it. No one could drown in shining waters ; it's impossible. Then I got up on to the railway, and walked down the platform and put my head on the line before an engine. The rail was hot and blistered my cheek. I can't understand it after that ; but I got up off the line, and there was the body lying at my feet with a smashed head. I tell you it's impossible. There was no one there but me, and then when the engine had passed there were two of us. How could it be ? Then the people came down from the station calling 'Murder !' and I ran away. And now they will hang me when they catch me, and I'm afraid, because I don't want to die any more." He broke off hoarsely, and as he turned away I could see the mark of a burn on one of his shaking cheeks.

The lamp still lay in my hand, slowly oozing in the spring sunshine, but I began to regard it with horror. There in Covent Garden, where fatalistic costermongers whisper the proud motto of their noble landlord, I had asked the Slave of the Lamp for the imaginative world of my childhood. As I love to recall it, it suggests chiefly Stevenson, flavoured with a dash of "Peter Pan," and a third of one of a certain writer's articles in the *Daily News*. But this was a nightmare. When a man approached me, who had sandy noises in his mouth and made unknown horrors in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet with his cropped fingers, I ran for my life. And while I ran I noticed that all the people in the streets had faces twisted with fear, and not till I reached the arid wastes by Kingsway did I find solitude in which to pause and reflect.

Of course, the wise reader will long ago have detected my error. Like all grown-up people, I am, perforce, a gatherer of facts. I know what happens if you put nitric acid on copper, I know that it is possible to buy a Golden Treasury for a silver shilling, I know that dry ginger-ale makes barmaids sneeze ; but in the time of life when we really are imaginative we know none of these things, and the world is ours to make as we wish. Striving to avoid the limitations imposed by my adult wisdom, my borrowed imagination could make nothing but horrors, for fear is the only emotion we have not succeeded in training along civilised lines. And so my Utopia became a nightmare.

When I returned to Covent Garden I found the boy still seated on his doorstep, but now at his feet there crouched a grubby and admiring little girl.

"Here is your lamp, Wonder," I said.

He took it and rubbed it with his coat, and immediately assumed the gaiters and riding-breeches of a stable-boy. "Oh, look at Georgie," cried the girl ; "don't 'e look a little nib !"

I nodded my head sadly.

"He does, indeed, Madam," I said, and passed back into the world of the disenchanted.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE PASSING OF VENUS

OF the Central Hall at the New Gallery the greater part of the west wall is occupied by a panel of Arras tapestry. It is executed by Messrs. Morris and Company from the last cartoon designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and the title thereof is "The Passing of Venus." I am not here concerned with a defence of that painter's art—an art, by the way, which, to my thinking, ever found its happiest means of expression in tapestry or stained glass ; but whatever our opinion may be as to the result, we can hardly deny to Burne-Jones the virtue of striving continually to express sheer beauty. Our idea of beauty may not coincide with his, for ideals of beauty vary with the individual as well as with the race and the age. We may even condemn his ideal form as anæmic, unhealthy, morbid, or what not, but at the same time we cannot help being

conscious of the nature of his quest. And it is because this quest seems to have been abandoned by nearly every other exhibitor that the title of the Burne-Jones tapestry stands as a symbol of this summer's exhibition at the New Gallery.

Beauty, it would appear, has passed from the ambition of the painter, who has joined the philosopher in his hopeless chase after that will-o'-the-wisp Truth. Tardily following in the footsteps of the writer, the painter has jilted Romance for Realism. There would be no need to cast aspersions on the character of his new love did the painter possess her utterly, but since he can at best capture her attention in a single mood to lose it in another, he is in the position of the dog who lost the substance in the attempt to grasp the shadow. Theoretically there may be no such thing as ugliness, as Rodin has declared ; but, admitting this, there remain degrees of beauty and the question why the lesser should be preferred. All men—and all women—are not equal in beauty, nor in any other characteristic or attribute. All aspects of land and sea are not equally beautiful, or, if they be so theoretically, in practice there is a wide difference in their power of affecting the individual spectator. To dictate to the painter where to find his beauty would be folly. He must find it where he can—in the pots and pans of the kitchen, as Chardin, or, as Monticelli, in dreams of gallant assemblies. Chardin chose the way of Realism, Monticelli the way of Romance ; but each one convinces us that he was spurred along his own road by an intense sense of beauty. With Chardin it was a beauty seen, with Monticelli a beauty imagined ; but, different as the results be, the motive was in either case the same.

Now at one time the New Gallery, as successor to the old Grosvenor, was peculiarly the home of beauty imagined, the prevailing ideals being those of the mediæval wing of the pre-Raphaelite following. To-day, apart from the tapestry, only Mr. Southall's "The Sleeping Beauty" and a picture by Mr. Strudwick, that faithful follower of Burne-Jones, remind us that that ideal ever existed. Of another ideal I can hardly find a trace save in Mr. George Spencer Watson's Watteauesque dream of "Diana and Actæon." Elsewhere I only find decoration or realism—and neither of the highest order. Mr. Brangwyn's picture is an exception, and comes nearer to the real picture magic than any other exhibit.

"The Rajah's Birthday," otherwise known as the "elephant picture," is certainly not realism, and it is not exactly romance, for the motive is not so much sheer beauty as pomp and circumstance. At all events, this swirling design of Eastern pageantry does grip the eyes and memory as no other exhibit, and abounds in that vitality which is sadly lacking elsewhere. There is vitality, too, in Mr. Hornel's "Tom-tom Players, Ceylon," with the copper girlish forms hewn, as it were, out of a mosaic of porcelain paint. It is tremendously strong work, it is decorative, and it is real, despite the marked conventions of the painter. But though it is a picture which commands respect, which makes a strong appeal by its colour, the very science of it all seems to chill our admiration, and leaves our pulse unstirred by the indefinable magic. More emotional is Mr. Austen Brown's "Ploughing by the River," perhaps the best of the landscapes. To the captious it may appear "unfinished," but it has something better than the elaboration of unimportant details, a synthetic rendering in quivering greys of the eternal sorrows of eventide. That is its distinction, its power of convincing us that the painter has felt something, and is inwardly impelled to show us the thing seen. So few pictures seem to bear this stamp of inward urgency. They wear the air of things done for occasion, of things "that will do." Mr. and Mrs. Blank desire to see themselves on canvas. The painter must live ; and, though he is not particularly interested in his sitter, he wearily does the best his mood allows—and the result is sent to the New Gallery. It will "do" for the sitter, apparently it "does" for the New Gallery, but what does it do for the painter's reputation ?

Even in these depressed moods of professional routine

one portrait-painter is better than another, but the differences between them is hardly worth comment. The one portrait-painter who does seem intensely interested in what is to be painted is a woman, Mrs. Annie L. Swynerton, whose portrait of a dog and his master (158) is a convincing and well-illuminated piece of vigorous realism. The Brittany peasants of Mr. Charles W. Bartlett in the South Room also bear the stamp of vigour and interest, and if beauty is denied them, they have that character which modern realism offers as an effective substitute. But beyond these few pictures, one can recall at best only the "adequate" and the pleasant—"adequate" portraits by Messrs. Lavery, Sargent, and Shannon, pleasant landscapes by Messrs. Mark Fisher, Hughes-Stanton, Adrian Stokes, Montague Smyth, and Moffat Lindner, well enough in their way, but not so remarkable as to add to the painter's reputation. In sculpture there is still less, Mr. Fleming Baxter's vigorous "Quarryman" being the one exhibit of note; but in the applied art there are exhibits of skilled silver-work and well-designed jewellery by Harold Stabler, H. Wilson, Mrs. Hadaway, Lalique, Gaillard, and others. Indeed the handicrafts are so good that it is almost a pity the exhibition was not confined to them.

On one of the series of decorative paintings for Pennsylvania, which Mr. Abbey has been showing to the few who have heard about them at the London University, is a quotation from Plotinus :

Art deals with things for ever incapable of definition, and that belong to Love, Beauty, Joy and Worship, the Shapes, Powers, and Glory of which are for ever building, unbuilding, and rebuilding in each man's soul, and in the soul of the whole world.

We have only to ponder a little on the not remote possibility of defining the things dealt with by the exhibitors this year at the New Gallery in order to recognise the worth of them as works of art.

FRANK RUTTER.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Confessio Medici. (Macmillan and Co., 3s. 6d.)

IN spite of a pleasant and easy way with him, "Medicus" gives his readers an uncomfortable feeling that, after all, this book is only an advertisement—an advertisement for the medical man as such. Now the ordinary leech does not need any apology. We have long since measured his worthy foot. If any apology is put forth it should be for the whole close trades union, which masters the public, the body medicinable, in a way which must sooner or later come up for revision and restraint. But "Medicus" hardly admits even knowledge of the jealous unionism; he chats of the student and the practitioner with a gentle graciousness, and touches delicately upon burning questions :

We cannot understand, we cannot explain, the anthropoid apes. Still that is no reason why the anthropoid apes should explain us.

That is how he touches waggishly, but without strong conclusion. This very want of conclusion leads him to odd coquetry with opposite conclusions. He has a fine platonic plea that the good healer should himself have needed strong healing and had it. There is a heartfelt description, for instance, of a case for operation. Then, again, he pleads that the practitioner must work "always in the ring fence of materialism," by which he means that the body has to be mentally isolated by the practitioner and treated as a mere automatic corpus. This seems to bring forward and sanction one of the most illogical flaws in our therapeutic methods—the refusal to admit the healing or hurtful effects of mental states, the impatient shrug with which the bare notion is greeted. In one corner of this "Confessio" the author goes seriously astray, and not prettily either. He tells his readers, who will mostly be country surgeons, that the patients will not send for the man who is interested in something beyond

his calling—say, in art or history. That is not only nonsense, but very mischievous nonsense. The ordinary practitioner, when you get him away from the epigastrium and the obsonic index, has nothing to talk about even now, except it be the finance of the local tennis club. Here is a writer who actually encourages him to be so blindly concentrated on all the nasty diseases and shortly to be superseded remedies for them, that he is not to know or care what thoughts of beauty walk the earth, nor to recognise their progeny when he meets them. Could anything be worse advice for the practitioner than to have one eye always on his practice? Even in the smoking-room to repress his interests and inquiries and wire them into the asphalt path of daily routine. The medical fraternity are too given this way already. They tuck their minds into some *cul-de-sac*, some appendix vermiformis, off the main road of their patients' travelling, and from that nasty back-alley look out narrow-mindedly upon the clinical material which rolls by them. The less they scheme, cog, plan, talk, and evolve themselves for practice only, the more they are likely to commend themselves to the helpless and stricken. The more they concentrate and specialise upon the pulsing, pill-taking, germ-breeding, tissuey side of life, the less, in the general opinion of all wholesome persons, will they take a clear, sane, and balanced view, even of that which they affect to study so exclusively.

The History of Ireland to the Coming of Henry II. By ARTHUR UA CLERIGH, M.A., K.C. (London : T. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

REFERENCE to library catalogues shows a dearth of histories of Ireland, and although one or two good short histories have been written in recent years, there is room for further research, of which this work shows evidence of a kind.

But quite half the book is taken up with the mythical and legendary stories found in the Four Masters and other annals which belong more properly to the region of folklore and romance. As such they are very well told, and with an enthusiasm that arrests our interest, though we cannot always follow the author's deductions and surmises. Perhaps the best chapters are those on the ancient tribal system. The account of the invasions of the Northmen seems to us inadequate, and adds nothing to the learned treatise of Halliday on the Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin. There is a great deal of discursive writing, and a certain lack of order and method in the arrangement. Mr. Arthur Ua Clerigh is a man of wide reading, but the information he has acquired appears insufficiently digested. A good bibliography and an exhaustive index are especially needed. We cannot understand the omission.

The Thoughts of Leonardo da Vinci, as Recorded in his "Notebooks." Arranged and Rendered into English by EDWARD MCCURDY. (Duckworth and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS comely little volume consists of a series of excerpts from Mr. McCurdy's larger work on the Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, which was published in 1906. It may be said to contain, however, the flower and quintessence of Leonardo's writings. Mr. McCurdy has divided his book into three sections, entitled respectively "Life," "Nature," and "Art." The epigrams and aphorisms in these pages help the reader to a clearer understanding of the spiritual outlook of one who, in Mr. McCurdy's own words, "took all knowledge for his province." The universality of Leonardo's interests may possibly account for his limited output as a painter. He was a man of a restless and penetrating intellect, scornfully impatient of the facile conventions which his contemporaries accepted as needs, a hater of shame, and, before all, a lover of truth. He possessed a knowledge of anatomy exceedingly rare at that period. His scientific attainments were considerable, and we find him demonstrating with convincing force the impossibility of a universal Deluge. At times he attained

to a perfect lucidity of expression, and there are thoughts in this volume which bear upon them the imprint of immortality :

In life beauty perishes, not in art.

Helen, when she looked in her mirror and saw the withered wrinkles which old age had made in her face, wept, and wondered to herself why ever she had twice been carried away.

In art we may be said to be grandsons unto God.

In collecting these scattered utterances of the great painter of the Renaissance Mr. McCurdy has rendered a service to pure literature which it would be hard to over-praise.

FICTION

Three Miss Graemes. By S. MACNAUGHTAN. (John Murray, 6s.)

"THREE Miss Graemes" is a novel which the reviewer would like to praise unreservedly. The human interest is well sustained, and the narrative abounds in witty dialogue and in a quiet humour which none but the dullest reader can fail to find irresistible. The book is marred, however, by the last chapter, the sentimentalism of which is as unexpected as it is inartistic. Miss Macnaughtan has a style which is at once racy and individual, but she declines towards the close of this volume into a weak imitation of Dickens in his weaker moods.

Helen, Agatha, and Jean Graeme are the daughters of a retired army officer of secluded habits, who dies suddenly, heavily involved in gaming debts. From their inaccessible island retreat in the Atlantic Ocean they emerge into the new and untried world of London. They have but little acquaintance with the manners and customs of polite society, and a series of amusing if embarrassing episodes reveals to them how little adapted they are for success in this new sphere. Their aunt, a certain Lady Parfield—whose facility in obtaining introductions for her friends into "the best circles" is her dominant characteristic—robs them with a clear conscience. Matters indeed drift from bad to worse. Agatha's health breaks down, and she is forced to fly, in company with Jean, to Biarritz, in order to avoid the possibility of a serious illness. In the meanwhile certain harmless indiscretions on the part of Helen place the elder Miss Graeme in a painfully false position. Thrown on the world, she is forced to accept a situation as typist at a salary of one pound a week. Deliverance, however, awaits the two elder girls in the shape of two elderly but eminently respectable lovers, and the book closes to the music of marriage bells. Helen is once more reinstated in her island home, and Agatha is left looking forward to the title which is bound to come her way before very long. What of Jean, however? Miss Macnaughtan is discreetly silent. Perhaps she realises that as Jean appears so infrequently during the course of the narrative the reader is not likely to exhibit much curiosity as to her future.

Miss Macnaughtan is at her best in the delineation of odd types of character. She has an eye for the mildly grotesque, and in the garrulous Mrs. Jocelyn and the melancholy Batt she has succeeded in creating two unforgettable types. It is when she soars to the heroic that she is least convincing. Perfection personified—we have it in Major Hanbury—is apt to be a little dull.

The Ring. By BERYL TUCKER. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THIS is, we believe, Miss Tucker's first story. From any high standpoint of criticism it must be pronounced a failure, but in so judging it we pay its author the compliment of anticipating work of real excellence from her pen. She has, manifestly, imagination, to say nothing of qualities of sincerity and enthusiasm, less readily discernible through quite a variety of verbiage, but in point of plot, incident, characterisation, and (specially) style she sorely needs a touchstone. The plot is woven round a theme that will spoil it at once for a good many people. A man, capable in several ways of greatness, has been in his wild youth

seduced by a married woman of irredeemable viciousness whom (after her divorce) he marries, only eventually to murder her in a frenzy of despair at the ruin to which she has brought him. He escapes detection and starts afresh; but years afterwards, when he has pulled himself high and dry from the slough of remorse and humiliation, he falls passionately in love with a young girl whom he discovers to be his stepdaughter, and weds her, after a tremendous struggle with himself, without telling her the truth. This, though a perfectly legitimate, is, we think, a somewhat unnecessarily dreadful theme. It might at least have been softened by making the two women sisters instead of mother and daughter. In this way, while preserving the horror of blood-guiltiness and the restless terror of the main situation, Miss Tucker would have avoided the charge of excessive ugliness that will be freely, however unfairly, levelled against her. Unfairly, we repeat, for the book is really entirely modest from cover to cover. Yet in some inexplicable way Miss Tucker has discerned a "sweetness" in the tie between this particular mother and daughter which is completely and emphatically absent. These things apart, the tragedy, to attain distinction, let alone greatness, should have been handled as broadly and simply as possible; think a moment of the story of *Œdipus*. Here the author goes wildly astray. For she has introduced a highly ingenious, semi-psychic, pseudo-scientific system of machinery whereby the body of the murdered woman is transmuted into a blood-red jewel, near which hovers ever the tortured soul to exert a baleful influence over the protagonists. The thing is not badly done; it is "exciting;" it may attract attention and win popularity. But it mars the homogeneity of the book, destroying all semblance of reality in a story in many ways essentially modern and realistic. It is all of a piece that in incident and characterisation alike Miss Tucker has attempted too much. She drags in two mysterious servants, apparently as melodramatic agents, only to let them drop out again. She does not know how doctors talk. Her man of science could never have taken a degree. She emphasises her heroine's French extraction by the really horrible device of making her speak invariably of one woman as "*ma cousine*" and of another as "*ma tante*." Her hero has to talk in one place as no man of his character could ever talk to a girl he loved, and in another like an over-wrought schoolboy. From all of which it follows that a style capable at least of adequacy carries hither and thither a quite unnecessary flavour of society-journalese. But when all is said the book has force and sap. One can read it, uncritically, with real pleasure. Langton Quin is a man, Yvonne a living and loving and charming girl. We hope that Miss Tucker will take the trouble to search diligently in all directions for touchstones.

The Missioner. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s. net.)

MR. OPPENHEIM's new work appears to us to be pitched in a quieter key than most of its predecessors; but, though we look almost in vain for the melodramatic incidents which he has led us to expect in his work, we are glad to be able to congratulate him on having written a very pleasant novel. The central character of "*The Missioner*" is a young man who has inherited a large amount of "dirty" money from a money-lender uncle, and consequently regards himself as holding it in trust for the human race, and endeavours to improve the conditions of the English poor. It must be counted not least of Mr. Oppenheim's successes that he has endowed this young man with practically all the virtues, and yet has avoided making him an insufferable prig. In the course of his Mission Mr. Macheson arrives at the model village of Thorpe, which is owned by Wilhelmina, a proud but very human girl, with an embarrassing but innocent past. Naturally enough, she does not regard the young man's proposed interference with her tenants with favour, and Mr. Oppenheim makes it appear equally natural that, in frustrating his spiritual campaign, Wilhelmina should fall

very much in love with the Missioner. Of course, therefore the past straightens itself out, and the book ends with the conventional marriage. But it is a clever and by no means conventional book.

The Cottage on the Fells. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

RECALLING the fine qualities of simplicity and imagination that were present in "The Blue Lagoon," and also, in a minor degree, in "The Crimson Azaleas," we must confess to being bitterly disappointed with Mr. Stacpoole's new novel. "The Cottage on the Fells" is a six-shilling shocker, a detective-story liberally adorned with murders and mysteries; but the murders fail to thrill us, and the mysteries only give us a headache. Mr. Stacpoole's plot is so improbable and so complex that the mind of the reader is more concerned with the wearisome throb of the author's machinery than with the story itself. Perhaps, if Mr. Stacpoole's previous work had not led us to expect better things from him than this, we should feel inclined to congratulate him on going to Gaboriau for the model of his detective rather than to the more artificial creation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. But we hope that, after this excursion into a field where to succeed is to fail, Mr. Stacpoole will be willing to return to that region of romance in which we hope and expect that he will do great things.

Paradise Court. By J. S. FLETCHER. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THIS is a not unentertaining story of the type which, we believe, is popularly associated with travelling on English railways on Sundays. In other words it is, as the publishers inform us on the cover, "a thrilling romance of love, mystery, and adventure," and as the love is wisely subordinated to the mystery and adventure, and as the book is not deficient in such thrilling properties as bombs, chloroform, hypnotism, motor-cars, and Russian spies, it should be duly successful. The heroine is a foreign governess of exalted birth, the hero is a brave and extremely foolish Englishman, capable of misquoting Matthew Arnold most vilely while under the influence of anæsthetics. The book is quite exciting, and ends happily.

Leroux. By the Hon. Mrs. WALTER R. D. FORBES. (Greening, 6s.)

WE have had more than enough of the so-called "historical novel," in which a feeble and utterly pointless love-story often makes a brave show owing to the fact that the hero receives a flesh wound on some famous battlefield or is honoured with the personal friendship of some well-known historical character of the time, dragged in for the purpose. Many a tame and insipid climax has gained a certain reflected glory from the fact that Nelson, his empty sleeve across his chest, is present at the marriage ceremony of a happy pair of lovers, or that Napoleon, in a characteristic attitude, has grunted a gruff benediction over them. "Leroux" does not belong to this band of imposters; it is a historical novel in the best sense of the word. The author's knowledge of the history of the period is sound and accurate, and though Napoleon Barras, and other men of the day, play a prominent part in her pages, the chief interest of the tale is centred on Leroux and Gabrielle de la Fontreille. The story is based on the fact that during the Reign of Terror a soldier of the Republic might claim a prisoner as his bride, thus transforming her from a condemned aristocrat to the wife of a good "citizen."

A Gentleman of London. By MORICE GERARD. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

THIS story is dedicated to the Lord Mayor of London. The hero, son of an alderman, becomes himself first Common Councillor, then Sheriff and Alderman, and finally Lord Mayor in 1815. Small wonder, then, if in style and substance the book reminds us somewhat of a City banquet, prosaic and rather heavy, but good of its kind. We have a succession of sufficiently exciting adventures served in methodical courses, described in admirable, if rather

pompous English, ending with cheerful conventionality with a wedding in the church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate. The villain—and a rare villain he is—is a Frenchman, which is just as it should be in so eminently British a romance. That the bride is also a "foreigner" is tempered by the fact that she possesses property in Devonshire.

Crossriggs. By MARY and JANE FINDLATER. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE little village of Crossriggs, near Edinburgh, doubtless exists under another name, for the story of the place and its inhabitants impresses the reader as a reminiscence rather than as a product of the imagination. A very kindly humour is shown in the description of the little circle, holding itself proudly aloof from "town," where their "surgeons and bootmakers" lived, though it was but an hour's journey by train. It was the custom, we are told, on alighting at the station after a day in Edinburgh, to "draw a deep breath" and remark with satisfaction: "How good the air tastes after being in town!" The book is full of such little intimate touches, which make it difficult to believe that Old Hopeful and his daughter, the Maitlands, the Admiral, and Miss Bessie Reid did not really live and move in the quiet village which seems such a pleasant memory to the two authors. Most of us have come across an "Old Hopeful," with his quixotic temperament, his hopeless foolishness, and his inextinguishable optimism, at some period of our existence, and can appreciate the gentle satire with which he is portrayed. Those who would know him and his daughter Alex better need not be daunted by the unusual length of the book; they will find it well worth the trouble of reading.

A Gilded Serpent. By DICK DONOVAN. (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.)

ACCORDING to the sub-title, this is the "Story of a Dark Deed," and the experienced reader of fiction will read no further description of the book than this. It is melodrama of the oldest-fashioned and most conventional type. The characters are puppets, and the incidents, to say the least of them, uncommon. There is a murder of which the hero is suspected, but which is really committed by some one not "in the story" at all. There is a villain who tries to marry the heroine and suborn false evidence against the hero; and lastly, there is a detective with "emissitious" eyes. Further description is surely needless. Those readers who like this kind of work may follow for themselves the trials of the heroine whose pulchritude (another of Mr. Donovan's choice words) is unexceptionable; and it would be a shame to forestall their enjoyment. For ourselves we must protest that we prefer something more closely related to naturalness both in style and plot.

The Finances of Sir John Kynnersley. By A. C. FOX-DAVIES. (John Lane, 6s.)

MR. FOX-DAVIES is a most ingenious man, and it is to be hoped for the sake of the security of property that he will be content to confine his ingenuity to the manufacture of fiction, and not himself practise the brilliant frauds and swindles which he ascribes to his hero. For brilliant in conception as the various frauds are which help to consolidate the finances of Sir John Kynnersley, the skill with which he covers his trail and renders detection impossible is even more brilliant.

The main idea of the book is revenge. Sir John has been "let in" to the extent of his whole fortune by an Israelitish financier—Moses Ikesteyn; and he determines to get his own back with interest added. This he succeeds in doing in various ways, each more galling than the last. And not only does he manage to hurt the Jew in pocket, but he also adds insult to the injury by making his victim supremely ridiculous. In the end, Ikesteyn, stung beyond all endurance, is bold enough to prosecute Sir John with fraud, but the latter has been so careful of every detail that not a single one of the half-dozen charges can be brought home to him, and his counsel secures him a triumphant acquittal. Altogether, Sir John collects about

£600,000, and retires into an honest private life, with the girl of his choice, whose story forms the last and most exciting chapter in the book.

The most noticeable point in the book is, perhaps, the skill with which Mr. Fox-Davies succeeds in keeping the readers' sympathy for his disreputable hero. It is not that Sir John is especially fascinating; he is, when all is said and done, a very ordinary character—clever, resourceful, and determined. But, in spite of his scoundrelism and dishonesty, he remains a "gentleman," to use a banal word for want of a better, and the reader forgives his dishonesty, at times even is inclined to hold him justified.

If for no other reason, the book should win success for its sheer audacity. It should also stamp Mr. Fox-Davies as a writer of clear imagination, and no little skill both in devising a plot and in its execution.

The Hand on the Strings. By RALPH RODD. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

FOR the first half of this book Mr. Rodd dabbles in mystery upon mystery. Two murders are committed for no apparent reason except mere vulgar revenge, and the reader wonders why such an important personage as the Earl of Diss, Minister for Foreign Affairs, is dragged into the story. And then, suddenly, the mystery reveals itself, and instead of being simply a murder story of the "Hansom Cab" order, the tale becomes Ruritania, and the highest of high politics prove to be its motive. Mr. Rodd is very skilful in the arranging and development of his plot. Surprise follows surprise, and disappointment succeeds disappointment, for his hero. "The Hand on the Strings" is the hand of a Dr. Smith, in reality Adolph Schmidt, Republican and Revolutionary of Neustria—a Ruritania State in Central Europe. His object is to prevent the accession of the son of the late King to the Neustrian throne, and his weapons are a mysterious poison, and a still more mysterious drug which makes men reveal their most secret thoughts. Such weapons should be absolutely irresistible, and the game should unquestionably be in his hands; but, unfortunately for himself and his political ideals, he has a heart, and his heart is wholly devoted to the heroine. Consequently he does not get rid of the hero as he should, and in return is checkmated. This action on the part of a callous political schemer is perhaps a little improbable, but Mr. Rodd allows but little time for reflection concerning probabilities or improbabilities, but carries the reader along with him at a breathless speed, and, what is much more, holds him interested right up to the last. "The Hand on the Strings" is one of the best books of its kind that we have read for some considerable time.

An Actor's Love Story. By ALICE M. DIEHL. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

In spite of the title, the actor does not appear until quite late in the book, and with his appearance the charm of the story dwindles. The opening chapters are certainly the best, and the description of the young girl fresh from her convent, and full of somewhat hysterical love for her nuns and the convent life, is very well done. But after that Mrs. Diehl fails. She has succeeded in gaining our sympathy for her heroine, and then brings on the scene Julian Strong, the fascinating actor-manager. There have been many pictures of actors in modern fiction, some fairly natural, others theatrical and unreal in the extreme. But of all the actors whom we have met in novels Julian Strong is, we think, the most "grease-painty" hero of them all. Mrs. Diehl is careful to tell us of his wonderful charm and power, but in spite of her insistence he remains a flashy sort of scoundrel, who has nothing in his character to attract such a refined nature as the heroine. None the less he does attract her, and she marries him secretly, only to find that he is already married. Had there been any reason for pitying the fascinating Julian, we might have had some pity for his victim; as it is, she develops from the hysterical school miss, whose obvious sincerity is a strong plea in her favour, into a shallow sentimentalist, whose untimely end leaves us unaffected, even uninterested.

The Lady in the Car. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

MR. LE QUEUX has been hailed by more than one literary reviewer as the Master of Sensation and Mystery. If such a title be deserved, more than usual may be expected from a novel with Mr. Le Queux's name on the title-page. In the present case it is to be feared that such expectations will be disappointed, for the incidents which are grouped together under the title of "The Lady in the Car," and in which the chief character is a certain bogus prince, are of very ordinary merit either from the sensational or the mysterious standpoint. Viewed as single short stories in any of the more popular sixpenny monthly magazines, any one of the chapters would serve to while away part of a tedious railway journey, but reprinted in book form they are on a different plane and challenge more serious criticism, and it must be admitted that this challenge is not justified. That Mr. Le Queux can do much better than these stories he has proved again and again, and it is a pity that he should choose to reproduce in a lasting form such ephemeral work.

The central idea of the stories is the career of a certain ex-public school man, who poses as a foreign Prince, and with the aid of quite a number of confederates commits various frauds and robberies. The lady of the title is generally the dupe of the Prince, although in one or two cases it is a case of diamond cut diamond. In the end the Prince, the Parson, the Chauffeur, and the rest of the gang are safely hidden somewhere that the author knows, but the police do not, and there (we fancy) the public will be quite content to let them rest.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE RESEARCH DEFENCE SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not know whether Lord Cromer's appeal to the public for support of the Research Defence Society will meet with response. If it does, I doubt whether it will be from those who have considered most carefully the subject of vivisection. In this day the exact sciences are conceded an almost autocratic right to control those who are incompetent to answer the expert, but the question may one day arise whether intellect, armoured by scholastic training, shall always dominate the gentler feelings that lie fundamental in our humanity. It is, indeed, not unlike that question, long ago answered, when brute force, privilege of pedigree, and material possessions claimed an inalienable right to control the simple and poor. And many, though they have not knowledge enough to distinguish between the rival claims of the men of science and the anti-vivisectionists, both of which classes are honest, yet neither altogether scrupulous in their arguments, yet hold to their aboriginal feelings; they remain suspicious of the physiologists' privileges and unassailable secrets. Nor will such be comforted by any cant praise of the physiologists' devotion to suffering humanity, nor by protests against the absurdity of questioning a scientist's goodness of heart. They may perhaps admit that all Lord Cromer's statements are correct and yet not feel justified in supporting the Research Defence Society.

Sir, I am no anti-vivisectionist in the ordinary sense of the word. Indeed, I grant that the physiologists have a good case. I admit even that the anti-vivisectionists spoil their own by inaccuracies and exaggerations. Nevertheless I sympathise most deeply with that man who doubts because, better even than he, I recognise the intolerable danger of allowing the physiologist the free hand that practically is accorded to him. It is no good shutting our eyes to the fact that quite unutterable barbarities have been again and again perpetrated in the cause of science, nor that there is little to prevent in our own country the horrors that are tacitly sanctioned in some Continental laboratories. Moreover, I see no reason for regarding men of science as more humane or less liable to deceive themselves as to the suffering they inflict than any other class of men. The habitual witnessing of suffering inevitably and always blunts the finer feelings unless, as in medical practitioners and nurses, suffering is studied solely for the sake of relieving it. It is not now questioned that in slave-owners, in jailers, in asylum proprietors, at one time, the daily witnessing of injustice and torture blunted the feelings and distorted the judgment of the interested parties. Yet the aboriginal feelings of the people in each of these cases have overcome privilege and wealth and authority. Slavery is abolished, prisons are

reformed, asylums are inspected, and the people no longer suspect either prison or asylum administration because the law has adjudicated between a native passion for justice and the doom of the criminal and the lunatic.

And some of us, in our anxiety to ensure that no unnecessary suffering be inflicted upon the creatures we love, do demand that the law shall look after the dogs in the same spirit as it has protected the jailbird and the madman from the callousness of authority. We want thorough inspection—as thorough and frequent and disinterested at least as that forced upon the private asylums. If we get this and a more stringent application of the existing law, many at least will cease to vilify the physiological laboratory as entirely as they have forgotten their hatred of the asylum doctor. Granted a more conscientious use of anæsthetics, the prohibition of curare, the discontinuing of experiments upon living animals for teaching students, and all need for the Research Defence Society will vanish.

But, Sir, there is another aspect to this appeal of Lord Cromer's. The medical profession are fully convinced that the less the public mind is concerned with medical matters, the better for its health. The converse is equally true of purely sanitary affairs, though perhaps no hard-and-fast line can be drawn between. The study of disease plants fear in the heart, while the pursuit of health makes it fearless. The making of the public familiar with disorders of the flesh, which misfortune the daily Press and such appeals as this now before us are unwittingly enforcing, finds some sort of antidote, no doubt, in Christian Science and other new religions; anything may be welcomed that will counteract the public fear. Some may deny the increase of this fear. But physicians know of it only too well. And that society conversation nowadays finds in the *appendix vermiformis*, premature burial, and Christian Science its chief *pièces de résistance* entirely justifies the claim that the fear of disease and the pursuit of quack remedies are undermining the decency and sanity of life. It is for such reason that I think Lord Cromer's appeal ought never to have been made. The physiologists have always proved their ability to look after themselves, and should be too proud to seek public support, especially when they realise full well the hunger of the public after unwholesome food. For God's sake let us reform vivisection if only that we may forget it.

GREVILLE MACDONALD.

April 28.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "SPITCHCOCK"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think that Dr. Skeat is probably right in connecting the word "spitchcock" with the words *spil* (M.H.G. *spiz*, G. *spiess*) and *cock* (G. *kocken*). The derivation from *spil* and *cock* were suggested in Annandale's "Concise Dictionary," 1892. Dr. Skeat offers evidence in support of this suggestion. There is one point on which I should like to make an observation. Dr. Skeat tells us that the *z* in the M.H.G. form *spiz* was pronounced with the *ts* sound. It had really a kind of *s* sound, as is proved by the modern German pronunciation *spiess*. Dr. Skeat seems to have confused M.H.G. *spiz* = G. *spiess*, "a spit, broach," with M.H.G. *spiz* (*spilz*, *spitze*), "a point, tip," from O.H.G. *spizzi*, where the double *z* was pronounced as double *ts*. For the twofold pronunciation of *z* in the older German language see Wright's "Historical German Grammar," 1907, p. 13.

A. L. MAYHEW.

Oxford.

IRONY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The amusing letter of "Australis" demands an answer not less amusing and ironic, but of this not every reviewer is capable. I will, however, venture to reply to that part of it which I presume to be not "facetious."

The sayings of ha'penny papers are not, of course, of the least consequence to your readers; nor does it greatly matter that Mr. W. Watson, in his *Fortnightly* poem (itself no lovely thing), should protest against the verse of various other poets—probably including Mr. Doughty. It is to be wished, indeed, that Mr. Doughty would himself take up the question of the technique of recent poetry, for his ideas of it are apparently as singular as his verse.

Full admission was made in these columns of the general defect of his style, but I would gently deprecate—as "facetious"—the suggestion that it is a *fustian* style. The obvious fault of it is due, firstly, to the author's scrupulous and severe economy of words. It is plain that, had he chosen to write "Adam Cast Forth" in the fluent style of the "Idylls of the King," the book would have been thrice its present length—and the "joke" thrice tedious to "Australis;" while the "Dawn in Britain" would be in eighteen books instead of a mere six.

Secondly, it is caused by his habit of sacrificing almost every grace to the austere virtue of strength; hence the licence, the barbarous lines, and strange inversions. Yet the verse (and this is the point) is not obscure. The expression may be harsh, but the meaning is never doubtful, as is the case with fustian poets, living and dead. There is too much rather than too little labour. It would be grotesque to compare it with Milton's verse, to Milton's disadvantage; it would be uncritical to condemn it because it is not Miltonic, or because it is unfamiliar. Mr. Swinburne was unfamiliar once, and Blake, and Coleridge.

But, recognising the faults of this strange poetry—which to imitate were deplorable, nay, surely impossible—it is wise to consider whether Mr. Doughty's book bears evidence of the imagination and qualities of form proper to poetry. If "Australis" cannot discover for himself evidence of imagination and a sense of form, cannot discover the simple beauty of poetry in many pages, with but the slight distraction of eccentric punctuation, if he is so discouraged by the faults of some verses as to be deaf to the music of the whole poem, then I am afraid there is no more to be said. His conception of verse is fundamentally different from that of

THE REVIEWER OF "ADAM CAST FORTH."

April 27, 1908.

"THE STIBBERT ART COLLECTION"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—At length it is reported that the King of Italy has signed a decree recognising the legal existence of the Stibbert Museum, and the English Colony in Florence may congratulate itself that the campaign, so ably conducted by the *Florence Herald*, has reached its first plunge successfully.

Alluding to the letter of "Experience" in THE ACADEMY of the 18th inst., the editor of the *Florence Herald* says:

With regard to the ground of the British Government's renunciation of the bequest, it is known to have been declined because the majority of the trustees were not of British nationality.

In any case the next few months will show us whether the Italian authorities are trying to do their duty in this matter.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Florence Municipality were much impressed by the indignation of the English Colony, and awakened the authorities at Rome to a sense of it.

A friend informs me that he foresees much still remains to be done before the Museum is in full working order, and that it will require constant supervision. Like "Experience," he prognosticates that a charge for admission will be made on the visitors, which seems preposterous after a fund has been bequeathed large enough for all purposes, especially as it is not intended to pay the curator more than 3,000 to 4,000 lire, or equal to £120 or £160 per annum.

"We must," says my friend, "watch matters closely."

Experience—I mean my own experience—teaches me that "watched Italian kettles never boil." At any rate they boil very slowly.

WILLIAM MERCER.

8, Stevenage Road, Bishop's Park, Fulham, S.W., April 25.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—By referring in your authoritative journal to the question of "The Stibbert Museum of Florence," and in publishing Mr. William Mercer's most appropriate remarks thereon, I believe that you have rendered a real service to the dignity and reputation of Florence in contributing to the cessation of what is certainly a reproach at least, if not a scandal—namely, the dilatoriness on the part of the local authorities in the opening of this Museum to visitors. The local authorities have certainly been most slothful in the matter, to say the least, and they may now perhaps, and it is to be hoped they will, bestir themselves and properly appreciate Mr. Stibbert's munificent bequest. It is to be desired that this most interesting and instructive Museum may soon be open to the public, as Mr. Stibbert wished and intended it to be.

From what you have published it is quite evident that you and Mr. Mercer are actuated by the most praiseworthy sentiments; you are strenuously and properly striving to urge the easy-going local authorities to appreciate rightly Mr. Stibbert's generosity—his genuine tribute to this city, so renowned for and jealous of its admiration, esteem, and respect for arts, science and literature. May your laudable efforts be crowned with all and speedy success, and may every right-minded, intellectual Englishman recognise that by your action in "stirring up" and "hurrying on" the procrastinating local authorities you have been instrumental not only in opening the doors of one more interesting, instructive, and attractive museum in Florence, but also that you have thereby contributed greatly to the perpetuation of the justly-

deserved fane acquired in Florence by a most worthy and exemplary Englishman.

At the time of Mr. Stibbert's death I likewise (as an English resident in Florence) paid a feeble tribute to his respected memory, copy of which I hand you for publication, if you think that it will gratify your readers to peruse it.

EDWARD ST. JOHN FAIRMAN.

Florence, Italy, April 20, 1908. No. 10, Via del Castellaccio.

[COPY].

IN MEMORY OF

CAVALIERE FREDERICK STIBBERT,

An esteemed, estimable, and widely-respected English resident of Florence.

Died Florence, 10th April, 1906.

CONSOLATION

To his affectionate Sister.

The death of Brother is a loss severe,
When he to loving Sister was most dear.
An aged stranger saw you by his bier,
And at your grief he shed a heartfelt tear.
He recognised the pain you had to bear;
With Sister's love no love can, certes, compare.

And when the service in the church was o'er,
And men along the aisle his coffin bore,
You left your seat in pew with hurried pace,
And took beside his bier the nearest place,
It truly seemed that coffin bore away
All that for which on earth you wished to stay!
You seemed to cling to him with anguish sore
And say: "Dear Brother, stay one moment more!"
Your Brother's death your heart with sorrow tore;
You scarcely had the strength to reach the door!

Your tearful eye, your falt'ring step, indeed,
Showed signs of how a Sister's heart can bleed
When Brother borne away, in solemn speed,
And in the hearse is laid with gentlest heed.
In your sad face each feeling heart could read
That but God's consolation was your need.

Aye! God His consolation certes will bear
To you, and He will bless your Brother dear.
He is not dead, but lives in heav'nly sphere!
Have faith in God, His Righteous Will revere.
Your Brother's love to you is ever near;
Fond mourning Sister dry your burning tear,
Your well-lov'd Brother, though he is not here,
Will pray for you in peace for e'er and e'er.
With ceaseless faith in God, O dry your tear;
Pure faith and hope in God your heart will cheer.
Your Brother fond on earth much good has done,
And has for such eternal peace, certes, won!
O may it soothe you in your anguish sore
To know that he is mourned by hundreds more.
His name will live for e'er in hearts refin'd,
For he possess'd a noble, cultured . . . mind.

EDWARD ST. JOHN FAIRMAN.

Florence, Italy, April 12th, 1906. No. 10, Via del Castellaccio.

PURE ENGLISH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Machen refers me to the A.V. of the New Testament in justification of his use of "that" for "who" in the sentence quoted last week, on the principle, it would seem, that a man suffering from "mental measles" might with advantage be advised to read the works of Mr. Hall Caine.

I suggest to Mr. Machen a reference to "The King's English," (pp. 75 to 84), where the proper and improper uses of "who" and "that" are clearly set forth.

Mr. Machen must pardon me if I express regret that in his able article on "Modernism" (p. 689) he permitted himself to use such a phrase as "we proffer all the comforts of home, and everything as nice as mother makes it."

H. P. H.

March 22.

[Mr. Machen writes: I think "H. P. H." must have misunderstood me; I had no idea of charging him with "mental measles." I do not even know the nature of the disease in question. My impression was that "H. P. H.'s" acquaintance with the great standard and example of pure English speech was, perhaps, rather limited. I cannot help feeling that his equation of Mr. Hall Caine's works with the New Testament is surprising. I wish

he would justify it at length. I am sorry to say that I have not read "The King's English," but I should be glad to hear more about it. I do not merely pardon "H. P. H." for his expression of regret; I am delighted with his friendly interest in my phrases. Again, I wish he would develop his views at length, not only for my information, but for the edification of all the readers of THE ACADEMY.]

FALSTAFF

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—That the fat knight in *Henry IV.* at first appeared under the title of "Sir John Oldcastle" is known to everybody; but whence did the playwright obtain the character that he grafted on to that blameless, if misguided, Wicliffite?

In 1562 Gerard Legh brought out the first edition of his "Accedens of Armory," and this is the opening paragraph of the section which treats of Rebatings:

The first: he beareth azure, a point dexter parted or. This may be for too much boasting of himself in man-hood and martiall actes. Such one was Sir William Pounder, much bragging of his knighthood, who seemed to be a Lyon by his countenance, but in his heart was no lesse than a fearful hare. If a man be of deede doughtie, yet is it not gentlemanlike to boaste thereof.

Is anything further than this known of Sir William? Did he ever exist, or is he, like the whole of the Theory and Practice of Rebatings, a figment of the imagination of Gerard Legh, or of some earlier heraldic writer from whom Legh copied?

It looks almost as though Shakespeare had been reading through all the eight Rebatings before he wrote his play, as thus:

2. A point champine; whoso killeth his prisoner with his own hand.
3. A point plain; that telleth lyes to his sovereigns.
4. A point in point; too slouthful in Warres.
5. Two gussets. But in rebating there is but one gusset, that is to say, if he be too letcherous the gusset is on the right side; if he commit idolatrie to Bacchus, then the gusset is on the left side. If both, then both.
6. A gore sinister; he that is a coward to his enemy.
7. A delf. To him that revoketh his owne challenge, as commonly we call it, eating his word, this is given in token thereof.
8. An escocheon reversed. He that discourteously entreateth eyther Maid or Widdow against her will, or flieth from his sovereign's banner, he shall bear his armes on this wise.

Nearly all these characteristics may be found buckled within Falstaff's capacious belt.

A. J. SMALLPEICE.

99, Cornwall Road, W., April 25.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the proposed Shakespeare Memorial, it appears desirable to make the following statement.

At a meeting of the General Committee, nominated at the numerous and influential public meetings held at the Mansion House in 1905, a Special Committee was appointed to consider what form a memorial to Shakespeare should take, and various proposals, including that of a National Theatre, were carefully considered. This Special Committee included Lord Avebury, Lord Reay, the late Sir Henry Irving, the late Sir R. C. Jebb, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, Mr. F. R. Benson, Mr. S. H. Butcher, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Walter Crane, Dr. Furnivall, Mr. G. L. Gomme, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Bram Stoker, Dr. A. W. Ward.

The recommendation made by this Committee was that "the form of the memorial be that of an architectural monument, including a statue."

The recommendation of the Committee was submitted to the General Committee, and unanimously adopted. An Executive Committee was then formed to act upon it.

A competition for the design is now being arranged for the erection of a monument by 1916, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death.

Whatever sum may be subscribed over and above the amount required for the monument will be applied to purposes best calculated to promote the dramatic presentation and literary appreciation of Shakespeare's work.

We need not reproduce here all the arguments for or against a national theatre as the primary form of the proposed Shakespeare Memorial. These arguments were fully considered by the Special Committee.

It may, however, be convenient to state that those who were

responsible for the decision arrived at were largely influenced by the fact that, although the matter had been under discussion for many years, no workable scheme for a theatre national in the ordinary sense of the term had been accepted by those able to appreciate the difficulties of the problem.

The late Sir Henry Irving estimated that a capital of £1,000,000 would be necessary.

The proposal for a national theatre appeared to be fraught with so many elements of controversy that the originators of the Shakespeare Memorial Movement who had set first among their aims a permanent memorial to serve as the token of a world-wide homage to Shakespeare came to the unanimous decision that the memorial should be an architectural and symbolical monument.

At the same time, in the Special Committee's report, the idea of a Shakespeare Theatre, "for the furtherance of dramatic art and literature," was singled out from the various proposals for future consideration as a possible subsidiary project, if the Shakespeare Memorial Fund permitted.

The functions, therefore, of the Executive Committee are, in the first place, to foster the movement for placing on record in the most suitable and perfect form, by means of the arts of Sculpture and Architecture, the fact that the people of this age are at one in their desire to pay homage to Shakespeare, and to attest the world's debt to his genius.

Yours faithfully,

PLYMOUTH,	THOMAS BROCK,
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JOHN BELCHER,	A. W. WARD,
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Members of the Executive Committee.

Office of the Shakespeare Memorial Committee,
32, George-street, Hanover-square, W.
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* These lists are now closed.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

WE have received several letters from correspondents applauding the views of Mr. St. John expressed in last week's ACADEMY on the dancing of Miss Maud Allan. We have also received a letter from the manager of the Palace Theatre. It would have been very easy for us to print this letter and make mincemeat of it in an editorial note. Without being unduly puffed up with our own conceit, we flatter ourselves that we are more than able to hold our own with the manager of a music-hall who is rash enough to attempt to teach us our business in the matter of literary allusions, style, and grammar. But we desire to "play the game," and as our position has been all through this matter one of absolute disinterestedness, we shall not give way to temptation. We have accordingly suppressed all the letters which we have received on this subject with equal impartiality. Our position remains exactly as it was before. We have not seen Miss Maud Allan's dancing, and we are therefore unable to pronounce an authoritative opinion thereon. As far as THE ACADEMY is concerned the matter is now at an end.

It is a truism that irony is a dangerous weapon to make use of. Only a week or two ago we received a letter from a correspondent who had made the mistake of attributing an ironical intention to a very appreciative and a perfectly sincere and serious review of a book by Mr. Doughty. This week we have received a letter which we are unable to print because its main subject is concerned with the dancing of Miss Maud Allan at the "Palace," and we have already explained our reasons for not giving publicity to letters on that subject. Our esteemed correspondent, after making flattering allusions to Mr. Machen's "brilliant pleadings for the Catholic faith," goes on to say:

And why, after Mr. Machen's articles to you, ask us to read about the Protestant gentleman to whom you devote nearly two pages in this week's issue?

We had imagined that the article referred to—"George Horbury: Recollections"—with its delightful parodies of certain doggerel school songs would not have imposed upon the credulity of any one of average intellect. It now becomes necessary for us to explain to our correspondent that the article in question was a skit, and in our opinion a particularly brilliant one, on the sort of nonsense that has been written about certain "great schoolmasters." It looks as if we should be obliged in future, when making use of the noble and powerful weapon of irony, to adopt the method of the late lamented Mr. Artemus Ward and to append a footnote, "N.B.—This is sarcasm."

The other day William Blake's spectacles were sold for £6. Not long ago as many of his wonderful visions might have been purchased on paper for that sum. The "Canterbury Pilgrims" was actually sold in 1853 for not much more, and that is in *tempera* upon canvas, a work of enormous toil and patience. We wonder what the owner of the spectacles will see through those wonder-optics—no more explanations of the prophetic books, we hope. We suggest that they should be lent in turn to the Trustees of the National Gallery. In spite of Romney, Lawrence, Chantrey, and Flaxman, and now notably of Sir William Richmond, it is useless to hope, as long as the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest have needy acquaintances, with no points of resemblance to Blake but the lack of a market, that they will be brought to realise that he was a great man who worked and nearly starved in England. His works are likely to remain a monument of the blindness, nepotism, and uselessness of art officials. It would be much better if the Chantrey Bequest were purged of any duties of selection based on merit, and its funds frankly devoted to a most laudable object—the needs of contemporary artists. The majority of its purchases might be re-sold for the benefit of the fund, to the great advantage of the public galleries, where they now take up valuable space and do much to render the English school of painting ridiculous.

We are glad to see that Mr. Fisher Unwin has issued a new edition of "Annie Besant: an Autobiography." It is not that the book is a literary masterpiece—the style is easy enough, with a tendency to slipshod—but its moral uses are invaluable. Mrs. Besant tells the story of how she found out Christianity, how, much against her own inclinations and feelings, and so forth, she was compelled to become a militant atheist, how she battled year after year in behalf of secularism, and how she met Madame Blavatsky, and was received into the fold of Theosophy. And we cannot help thinking of the familiar adage about straining at gnats and swallowing camels—nay, dromedaries, mastodons, pteradactyls, ichthyosauri. It is really difficult to follow many of Mrs. Besant's mental processes. She tells us that she was an earnest Churchwoman in her younger days, and yet the severe illness of her child was to her a demonstration that there could be no God. *Dixit insignius in corde suo*:

The presence of pain and evil in a world made by a good God; the pain falling on the innocent, as on my seven months' old babe . . . all these, while I still believed, drove me desperate. . . . All the hitherto dormant and unsuspected strength of my nature rose up in rebellion.

It is all very curious; it seems to show that Mrs. Besant was never a Christian in any true sense at all, but rather a sentimentalist who was for a time attracted by the Church, something of a curate-worshipper, and an authority on the "Black Letter Saints." But, however inadequate her instruction, however cloudy her devotion, it is singular to think that any human being could arrive at the age of twenty-four and be surprised by the discovery that there are such things as Pain and Sorrow in the world. Twenty-four is not a very advanced age, but most of us have had to make up our minds at fourteen that the day's work includes a good many uncomfortable things. At fourteen and twenty-four we shake our heads, like a dog who has just had a thrashing, and conclude, if we are sensible, that we do not understand all things; later, if we are wise, we often see that the thrashing had a meaning, that the Universe is a Process—and sometimes a very unpleasant process. And after all, if one thinks of it, the writing of a book is often a very unpleasant process, and it is only when the last line is written that one is able to recognise that horrible breakdown in chapter I. as a blessing in disguise. But the eyes of Mrs. Besant seem to have been firmly closed to such considerations as these; and so, with the help of her child's pains, and a "Harmony" of the Gospels, she decided that the Christian Religion was a malevolent imposture.

And the last words of her preface to this new edition of her life-story are :

When, in future days, a world rejoicing in a universal religion shall count over the great souls who laid thereof the foundations, not the least of those master-builders will be revered as H. P. Blavatsky.

It is true, indeed, that the whirligig of time brings in his revenges ; but, perhaps, one would find it difficult to adduce so savage a revenge as this. The woman of twenty-four could not believe in the Christ, and the woman of sixty-seven believes in the partner of M. and Mme. Coulomb. It is horrible—but it is sad, too. This is not the place to give a history of "Theosophy," to catalogue the detected tricks, the unclean intrigues, the unsavoury histories that have contributed to make a title that was once honourable disgraceful—Böhme was once known as "the German Theosopher"—but, again and again, how one wishes that poor Mrs. Besant could have listened to Dr. Pusey. She could not suffer the Gospels, she abhorred the Christ, she despised the saints, she spat upon the faith, she did her utmost to destroy the sense of the Eternal in the hearts of men—and she bows before the message—"Judge's plan is right : follow him and stick"—the message that was supposed to come from "Master." And despising the company of the saints, she has made herself the companion of persons who are unlikely to become recipients of the order of merit. Mrs. Besant is now the head of the Theosophical Society by virtue of "Master's" instructions. One would laugh at it all ; at the catalogue of follies, and cheats, and infantile trickeries and lies, if one did not remember that there are many in the world who are not over-wise, that a noble fish can sometimes be caught with the most trumpery bait. So, instead of laughing, it seems better to say :

Fratres, sobrii estote et vigilate : quia adversarius vester diabolus tamquam leo rugiens circuit quærens quem devoret : cui resistite fortes in fide.

Admirers of "Don Quixote" who do not read the quarterly statements of the Palestine Exploration Fund may be interested to learn the apparent origin of the episode in the judgment given by Sancho Panza. It will be remembered that when two old peasants were brought before that shrewd person, in a matter of the non-payment of a debt, the debtor, before swearing upon the cross that he had already repaid the money, handed his staff to the creditor to hold for him while he took the oath. When he had taken it, and the creditor had handed back the staff, and was disposed to accept the debtor's oath, Sancho Panza ordered the staff to be broken open. Out fell the money of the debt. It should scarcely be necessary to point out that the debtor adopted the *ruse* of concealing the money in the staff and handing it to his creditor, in order to avoid verbal perjury.

"R. A. S. M." points out in the Palestine Exploration Society's interesting little pamphlet that the trick repeated by Cervantes was played by an earlier debtor at the Dome of the Chain hard by the "Mosque of Omar," and was the cause of the chain's withdrawal into heaven. Before the use of the chain had been abused by the craft of man, it had hung suspended from heaven within reach from the ground, and had served to test the truth of evidence. If the witness spoke the truth he could grasp it, if he were forswearing himself it rose above his reach. "R. A. S. M." questions whether the story of the staff was borrowed by Cervantes, or whether its recital is a mere coincidence. It is surely quite evidently the adaptation of a story fairly familiar to Cervantes's contemporaries.

It would be interesting to know upon what grounds of conscience or other principle Mr. Clement Shorter figured in the "Rita" litigation as a witness for the defence. The *Red Letter* is, no doubt, a journal of the very highest consequence in the circles which "take it in ;" but that it should have the smallest interest for Mr. Clement Shorter is incredible. Consequently, it does not seem probable that he volunteered his services in the matter. Was he subpoenaed, or did he appear as expert witness lured on to

skittles, as it were, for a fee ? In any case the sooner Mr. Shorter and all persons of his kidney are brought to due knowledge of the fact that the Harmsworthian species of editor may not tinker and tamper with the writings of even moderate artists, the better will it be for them and Mr. Shorter. We should have imagined that Mr. Shorter was the kind of editor who would "boil with indignation" at the bare thought of any person blueing out either the essential or the inessential parts of a novel without the author's consent. We take it that he can learn at his own hearth that the editing of poetry is wicked—unless, of course, by consent. And it is even so with prose of the set fictional order. Therefore his appearance against "Rita" appears to us unnatural.

The writer "R. A. S. M." also tells very well an admirable story of the modern Fellahin at Abū Shūsheh. A gun belonging to a local intendant, a "Mr." Murad—why he should be caricatured by that incongruous appellation we do not quite know—was stolen by one of certain twelve men, but by which there was no evidence to show. The local Sheikhs therefore decided that the whole twelve should proceed together on a certain day to the tomb of a deceased *wely* (when will explorers discover some uniform and reasonable system of transliteration?), and take an oath of compurgation on his tomb. This *wely* is wont to detect culprits by means of his own. The morning of the appointed day was passed in deep consultation among the twelve. Since the *wely's* severity in matters of morals was well known, and since the thief was possibly of the twelve, and might take the oath, it would be no wonder if the *wely* struck him dead. If he did, the Government would be sure to hear of it, and would believe, or pretend to believe, that he had been killed by the eleven, and would consequently leave the whole village no peace for years. The twelve therefore decided not to risk the *wely's* judgment, but to subscribe together and purchase a new gun for Mr. Murad. How wise, just, and economical, and "what a lesson to us all !" It has been said before, "Agree with thine adversary quickly whiles thou art in the way with him ;" and a great Judge, recently deceased, is said to have given this advice to a young admirer, "Suffer anything rather than have dealings with the Law." Wits may argue that the advice was given after Lord Brampton had retired from practice ; but there is also the more serious explanation, that as death approaches, the soul, as it becomes detached, sees more clearly into human affairs.

The omens for a satisfactory settlement of the education question are distinctly favourable, and victory for the Church is within sight. Everything now depends on a firm stand being made by those people who are referred to by the enemy both within and without the Church as "extreme" men. It is extreme men who ultimately win all the battles. They don't often get the credit for it, but that does not hurt them, and being the only people who are absolutely sure of what they want, and mean to get, not for themselves but for the general good, they can afford to be magnanimous when the battle is won. The type of Churchman who is represented by the abject *Spectator*, which is for ever bleating about "moderate men of all parties," does not count one way or another in a controversy of this kind. Whether he knows it or not, he will ultimately be found doing exactly what the extreme men intend him to do. The *Spectator* from its permanent position on the fence may continue to exhibit alarm at the "dangerous" behaviour of those who really believe and mean what they say, but nobody will be influenced by it, and at the end of it all, when it steps in, as it surely will do, and claims the settlement of the controversy as a triumph for itself and the aforesaid "moderate men of all parties," those of us who, in THE ACADEMY, the *Saturday Review*, the *Church Times*, and a few other organs, have done all the real work, will be able to smile and say nothing.

Last week Dr. Ludwig Wüllner gave a recital at the Bechstein Hall. He is not yet known in London. The

number of empty seats bore silent witness to the melancholy slowness with which Londoners are wont to recognise the presence of a great artist. Wüllner stands alone and supreme as a "liedersänger," like Genée among dancers, like Duse among actresses, like Paderewski among pianists. He has a fine voice, but that alone would not give him his position; many singers are better endowed. His voice becomes a perfect instrument of interpretation, and his interpretative power is amazing. To hear Wüllner sing songs of Schubert and Schumann and Strauss is to hear them for the first time. They live again in all their perfect beauty. Their appeal is irresistible. Nor is it one mood, one shade of beauty, over which he is master; every mood and every shade of beauty are under his complete control. His range of expression is infinite. All the world's sadness seemed to be expressed in Schubert's *Totenfeier Heimweh*, all man's spirit of brave rebellion seemed to pass into the *Prometheus*, and all joy into the *Frühlingsnacht*. Nor is his mastery less sure over the lighter moods—in the humorous songs of Hugo Wolff with which the programme ended. But as many singers are able to express these, and no one can express like Wüllner the deeper and more solemn moods, we were a little disappointed at the large number of the lighter which prevailed. But his singing of Strauss's "Cäcilie" as an encore did much to alleviate this. In spite of the smallness of the attendance, those who were wise enough to be present were immensely enthusiastic, as who could fail to be? We hope that his next recital will be less of a reproach to those in London who care for music. To have missed hearing Wüllner is to have missed something rare and beautiful.

A SONG OF DEVON

Were I offered a city with streets of gold
 Ringing with music from dawn of day,
 Whose winds were laden with stories old
 Of lovers who linger and priests who pray,
 I would not listen nor change—not I—
 For the sun and the scent of this Devon lane,
 And the song of the brook as it wanders by
 Is music enough for a wearied brain.

Do you tell me of islands whose skies are deep
 Behind a lattice of steadfast stars,
 Where forests of crimson coral sleep
 And white foam murmurs on hidden bars?
 I will show you the moor and its sunny dells
 Crowded with foxgloves, shoulder-high;
 Hedges brimming with honey-bells,
 Garths of wild hyacinths, blue as the sky.

O, strong and loud is the rain on the leaves—
 ('Tis distant cavalry racketing past!)
 O, fine and clean are the windy cleaves—
 (Fairy cavalry, galloping fast!)

Three thrushes are whistling, deep in the wood,
 For the earth smells sweet as a thousand flowers;
 The banks are snowy with hawthorn-wood,
 And Summer and life and love are ours.

Shade in the valley, light on the hills,
 But at even, the sun through a porch of green
 Flames by the clustered tree-trunks, fills
 Each swift cascade with a rainbow sheen;
 Who would exchange for a Southern strand
 This grey old bridge, or this winding lane?
 Then sing for the dear, brave Devon Land
 Whose children must ever return again!

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

REVIEWS

ST. JEROME

The Life of St. Jerome. In Six Books. Translated from the original Spanish of FRAY JOSÉ DE SIGUENZA, 1595, Monk of the Royal Monastery of San Lorenzo, Madrid, by MARIANA MONTEIRO. (Sands and Co., 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is not a book of scientific history, and the translation is somewhat ponderous; but, for all that, it contains much information of a curious and interesting kind. No doubt the Most Catholic King, Philip II., regarded the author, a Jeronimite monk whom he lodged in the Escorial, as a walking lexicon of theology and ecclesiastical history. Indeed, as a Life of the great Doctor of the Church, written at the end of the sixteenth century, this large volume, divided into its six Books, is a marvel of painstaking labour in compilation.

The book on the origin of the Cardinalate in the Roman Church is amusing as well as illuminating in the style of the period. Fra José traces the office indirectly through the Seventy Elders of the Synagogue to Moses himself, and supports the theory by such exalted authorities as Popes Innocent III. and Sixtus V. At any rate, the inscription found in the church of Arezzo points to the fact that in the reign of Pope St. Damasus the title of Cardinal was in use, being given to those who exercised authority delegated at least from the Supreme Pontiff to act as his representatives. Fra José seems to prefer violent comparison even when more pointed similarity lies to his hand, for he compares the broad-brimmed, elongated hat worn by members of the Sacred College to "the wand or *caduceus* of Mercury, messenger between gods and men." We cannot help wondering whether he did not really mean the *petasus*. He claims more appropriately that the scarlet colour is symbolic of the wearer's duty to support the Apostolic See even to the shedding of their blood. In the time of the Emperor Frederick II. the scarlet may have had a grim practical significance, as indeed also during the latter part of the pontificate of Urban VI., the friend of St. Catherine of Siena; for there is considerable historical authority for believing that Urban caused several of his own Cardinals to be slowly put to death while he recited his breviary in the gardens of his palace, on account of their supposed intrigues with the French Anti-Pope. In view of the present spirit of Biblical criticism, which threatens to become feverish, it is well to recall the placid words of this Spanish son of St. Jerome:

To those who love the truth and are obedient to the Holy Church of Rome, the determination of the Council of Trent is sufficient, for it bids us receive the Sacred Books in St. Jerome's Vulgate Version as authentic, nothing being found in them but what is in harmony with the Christian religion and the doctrine taught by Holy Church, which she carries written not alone on parchments and paper, but engraven on the living tables of her heart by the very finger of God, which is his Holy Spirit.

The familiar legend of St. Jerome and the lion is naively and picturesquely told, reminding us of the pictures in the Church of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni at Venice. Carpaccio's subject was, of course, dictated by the fact that St. Jerome was born near Aquileia and translated the Scriptures into Sclavonic. Fra José tells us finally that he holds the story of the lion to be matter of fact, howbeit he relates it in a somewhat childish fashion.

The controversy between St. Augustine and St. Jerome takes up a whole book, and reminds us a little of the Manning-Newman episode in nineteenth-century ecclesiastical history, though we can hardly imagine the decisive and practical Archbishop of Westminster writing the following words to the more learned Oratorian priest:

Hence once more I beseech you with all simplicity and freedom to correct me, where you may see I need it, because, although according to the dignity of the titles, which are already received in the Church, the bishopric may be higher than the priesthood, nevertheless Augustine is less than Jerome; but, when corrected by an inferior, he should not then be despised.

On the other hand it is difficult to imagine Cardinal

Newman using the violent and acrid expressions of St. Jerome, though against St. Augustine he was in his milder mood. The Doctors of the Church were pre-eminently frank at the opening of the fifth century.

It is almost inevitable that misprints should occur in a volume of nearly eight hundred pages, but they are not numerous or of importance. A more serious blot is the omission of any index, for no volume of this nature and length should be published without one. We hope, now that Miss Monteiro has given us this translation from the Spanish of the sixteenth century, a task which she is thoroughly qualified to perform, that some one will give us a Life of St. Jerome written in accordance with the methods of modern scholarship for twentieth-century students. Such a Life would be particularly appropriate to an English scholar, since an eminent English historian, Abbot Gasquet, has recently been placed at the head of the Papal Commission for the revision of the text of the Vulgate. This is a compliment which Bible-loving Englishmen should specially appreciate. It is also noticeable that vernacular versions of the Scriptures made in the light of later research have generally tended to approach nearer to St. Jerome's stupendous work rather than to differ from it more widely.

SPAIN

The Soul of Spain. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)

In Spain. By JOHN LOMAS. (A. and C. Black, 6s. net.)

SPAIN is a country which the ordinary tourist either leaves unvisited altogether or neglects until he has completed the usual tour, a tour that may take him beyond the limits of Europe. Mr. Ellis speaks of Spain as an "unfamiliar country," and the reason for this unfamiliarity is probably to be found in the fact that, to quote the preface,

Spain is not an easy land to comprehend. . . . And, taken as a whole, is by no means a land for those who attach primary importance to comfort and facile enjoyment.

Yet Spain is always associated in the mind with romance, not only by its suggestion of fierce passion and fond adventures, but also for its history, its past enterprise, and for the spell of fear conjured up by the memory of the Inquisition. Mr. Ellis, however, is eager to destroy the popular conception of the cruelty of that historic Court, and is at some pains to show that :

The belief that the methods of torture used by the Spanish Inquisition were exceptionally cruel in their character or their degree . . . is due to sensational writers who have played on the credulity of their readers.

That our views have been disturbed by this means there can be little doubt, and we are also very apt to forget in reading these accounts of "sensational writers" that at the time when these methods were being practised by the Inquisition, torture was commonly applied also in the secular courts, and was accepted as a natural and inevitable part of many judicial proceedings. But Mr. Ellis is not chiefly concerned in this book of his with the destruction of preconceived ideas so much as with putting before his readers a clear if somewhat idealised conception of the people of Spain. It is because Mr. Ellis deals with his subject so much from this inner side that we would recommend all who are interested in the subject to read at the same time Mr. Lomas's book "*In Spain.*" These two works form an admirable contrast. The one, "*The Soul of Spain,*" being essentially a literary conception concerned with the life, the thought, the feeling of the nation ; the other, "*In Spain,*" giving us a description of the towns, the villages, the architecture, the topography, and what are known in the guide-books as "features of interest." Briefly, one treats of the animate interest, the other of the inanimate. Of Mr. Lomas's book we need only say here that it is a reconstructed and enlarged edition of his "*Sketches in Spain,*" a work published in 1884, and now out of print. The present

edition is copiously illustrated with many beautiful reproductions from original photographs, and the letterpress, if not altogether engrossing when read as a study of the country, is admirably descriptive of the places treated, and should serve to awaken interest in Spain as a land eminently worth visiting.

The work of Mr. Ellis deserves somewhat closer examination. His writing always calls for attention, and his matter, in the present instance, is of a kind that certainly merits recognition, inasmuch as it embodies a definite expression of feeling. Moreover, Mr. Ellis has committed himself to certain criticisms and statements of opinion which stamp his work as one of original observation and thought. As an example of these pronouncements we may quote a passage from the introductory chapter—a passage dealing with the effects of civilisation :

A nation that is alive (says Mr. Ellis) must needs borrow from other nations. The process is vital and altogether beneficial so long as the borrowed elements are duly subordinated to the development of the national genius. A nation that in its anxiety to reach the level of other more prosperous peoples moulds itself servilely in their ways, and lets go the hold of its own traditions, condemns itself to hopeless mediocrity.

This is a statement that embodies a truth, and is one that may well be remembered in the study of modern nations.

We must, however, find some fault with Mr. Ellis for the carelessness of his writing, in which there are at times lapses even from grammatical accuracy, and in the matter of style we think he might, for instance, have polished such a passage as the following :

It is so usual for writers on Spanish women to dwell on the eminence they have attained as queens and saints, that it seemed as well to point out that the great personal qualities of the women of this race have been very far from confining them to success in merely the more honoured avocations of the throne and the convent, or the more modern platform, but have also enabled them to inspire respect and admiration even in those walks of life which are counted least honourable. . . .

Space does not permit us to notice in detail the many sides of Spanish life which Mr. Ellis treats so sympathetically, but we would note the chapters on "*The Spanish People,*" "*The Women of Spain,*" and "*Ramon Lull at Palma*" as being especially full of interest.

INTELLIGENT TRAVEL

The Marches of Hindustan. By DAVID FRASER. (Blackwood, 21s. net.)

THIS is a delightful "record of a journey"—of most intelligent travel. Mr. Fraser tells us that he travelled through Central Asia with the express object of gaining some understanding of the physical and economic conditions obtaining in regions strategically adjacent to India. He has been very successful, and has produced for our reading a clear outline of the economic and strategical situation on the marches of Hindustan. The tale of his travel is told with an admirable sense of proportion. There is an absence of wearisome detail, and Mr. Fraser shows a wise discretion in his choice of anecdotes, which he tells with a restrained sense of humour. It may be fairly said that among the 516 pages that the book contains there is not one dull page.

The photographs are all interesting, some very pretty ; but there is nothing prettier in the book than the dedication :

To British officials abroad, from whom, wherever encountered, the author invariably received assistance, courtesy, and hospitality.

All of us can in some way share the thrill of pleasure with which this graceful tribute will be read in many far-off posts.

Mr. Fraser left Calcutta for Darjeeling in January, 1906. Thence he travelled into Thibet, taking advantage of the opportunity offered by the return of the Tashi Lama from India. With him Mr. Fraser entered Shigatse, and he tells the tale of the State entry and reception with a vivid sense

of humour. The national life in Thibet is brought near to us, and a favourable impression is conveyed of the Lama class from a moral point of view. Writing of the Tashi Lama, he says (p. 44) :

The Lama himself has clean living clearly written on his face, and the traditions of the Gumpa (monastery) and its many dependencies are all against indulgence. It is easy enough to hide licentiousness, but it is impossible to hide the nature of the soil wherein it might flourish.

But the Lama system spells paralysis for Thibet. More than a third of the adult male population is lost to the country. They are celibates and produce nothing, and there is lost in supporting them the labour of the rest of the community, which ought to be directed to other fields, notably to stock-raising, for which there is a great possible future.

Mr. Fraser insists on the influence which Thibet must always have on Buddhist India, and more particularly on Bhutan, Nepal, and Sikhim, and regrets that Lord Lansdowne vetoed in 1904 the proposal of the Indian Government to establish a representative at Lhasa.

Having returned from Thibet, our traveller :

Came to the conclusion that it would be impossible ever to rest content with knowing what, after all, is but a comparatively unimportant section of the Indian frontier (p. 83).

And so he undertook the long journey of which he has written. His road lay through North-east Cashmir into Chinese Turkestan, thence to Russian Turkestan, and so into Persia. Simla had to be visited to get necessary passports, and there, having equipped himself afresh, he took the road, riding and walking, but chiefly on foot. The Valley of the Sutlej evokes some beautifully descriptive writing (p. 85-86), worth picking up to read without context.

At Nagar a sportsman's paradise is found—a bear before breakfast, woodcock, pheasant, or chuckor during the day, a basketful of trout before dinner—and so into Ladakh, crossing some terrific passes and some lovely scenes. Ladakh is described as a paradise for women. Polyandry obtains, and a most amusing chapter is devoted to the institution (chap. x.). Divorce is simple :

Divorced parties are free to marry again—the man indefinitely, the woman up to nine times, after which propriety “enjoins widowhood” (p. 110).

Mr. Fraser found it a little difficult to get into Russian Turkestan, and a telegram had to be sent to the Ambassador at St. Petersburg. But once in the country, every courtesy and much hospitality was shown him, and he found among Russian officials very outspoken critics of their own bureaucracy. Very soon after crossing the border were found three Russian farms, worked entirely without native aid—presenting a great contrast to what English settlers can do in Asia :

Russian occupation with a vengeance ; and it is the fact that Russia is able to transplant her pure blood into her central Asian possessions with every assurance that it will flourish that gives her position in these regions a security and permanency which never could be achieved by military occupation alone (p. 301).

And later on in the book (p. 359-362) an interesting comparison is drawn between the attitude of Englishmen and of Russians towards their Asiatic fellow-citizens :

The keynote of our rule in India is justice, while that of Russia in Central Asia might be termed tolerance.

But Mr. Fraser records his view of the result of each attitude :

That the Russians are far more acceptable personally to the natives of Turkestan than are the British to the natives of India I have no hesitation in saying.

And this opinion is given after living seven “fascinating years” in India. The great unproductiveness of Russian Turkestan is demonstrated. There are 11,000 square miles of arable land, but 700,000 square miles of absolutely irreclaimable desert, with perhaps 40,000 square miles of poor pasturage :

The civilisations that extended back for over two thousand years got practically all out of Central Asia that was possible without scientific knowledge.

And scientific knowledge will not help very much in

irrigating Turkestan. But modern science has been productive of much activity in another field. Turkestan is connected with Russia by two lines of railway—one from Orenburg to Tashkent and Chernievo, one from Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian, to the same point. Mr. Fraser upholds that these railways are military rather than commercial—for the economic conditions of Turkestan do not excuse their construction. A branch line connects Merv with Kushk, on the Afghan frontier, and it is said that it is in contemplation to construct a branch from Samarcand to Termes, while a river service is organised to the same point from Charjui on the Amu Daria. Although the construction of these railways is much criticised, and although about one-fifth of their carrying power is absorbed by water and fuel, a vast army could be placed on the frontiers of Afghanistan in a comparatively short time—for Mr. Fraser considers that twenty-four to thirty trains could arrive daily.

Turkestan has been a battlefield from all time, and great names are connected with the struggles that have there taken place—Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, and Nadir Shah. Let us hope that the arising democratic spirit in Russia will curb the ambitions of the bureaucracy and prevent Turkestan being the stepping-off point for another great struggle—the invasion of India. At Tashkent Mr. Fraser saw the Governor-General of Turkestan, who did not encourage his lingering on the way. From there to Askabad, on the Persian frontier, to which point the passport committed him, the *rédacteur* of the *Times of India* was sped on his way.

And so we visit Persia with the author. A road has been constructed to Meshed, and is in course of construction to Teheran, subsidised by Russia. We pass through the comparatively fertile province of Khorasan to Meshed. Here is a mosque over the remains of one of the Imams, and where, too, lie the bones of Haroon-ul-Rashid. It is surrounded by a wall six to seven miles round, and here is sanctuary (*bast*) for criminals of all kinds, and a sanctuary where all necessities are obtainable.

Mr. Fraser shows that the trade of Khorasan and of fully half the well-populated districts of Persia must go to Russia, because of the propinquity of the Transcaspian Railway. But the idea of further railway development is much discouraged. Persia is surrounded by a girdle of mountains of difficult approach. The small degree of humidity, due to a very small rainfall, makes it impossible that Persia should ever produce enough to pay for the cost of railways, and minerals seem to be a negligible quantity. If railways were made, trade would not be furthered because the country has nothing to give in exchange for imports.

The want of success of most commercial and financial enterprises is stated emphatically. But the Imperial Bank of Persia (with a British charter) is now doing well, though after writing down one-third of their capital. Mr. Fraser describes the great want of sense of proportion among the Persians, both politically and commercially, and he does not take the reform party seriously.

We leave Mr. Fraser on the Caspian Sea, on his way home, the descent of the Elbury Mountains through the rich belt which stretches from their lower slopes to the Caspian affording an opportunity for graphic descriptive writing. And leaving him, we think that few of his readers will do so without regret that they have come to the end of a very fascinating book.

HORTUS INCLUSUS

Flosculi Graeci Boreales, sive Anthologia Graeca Aberdonensis.
Series nova. Decerpit JOANNES HARROWER. Aberdoniae : apud Typographos Academicos. MCMVII.

WE have seen in Scotland many a little garden, sheltered and cared for tenderly, where little flowers struggled with the snows that Nature never meant them to encounter. And so much love was lavished on them, so much pride

attended their brave attempts to bloom, that truly they made a better show than many such gardens in more favoured lands. That is why all gardeners are Scotchmen; and to some extent all Scotchmen are gardeners.

These little Greek flowers of the northland bear witness to the gardener's care. In imagination one can see them first as tiny seedlings in boxes; next comes the selective process, when the weaklings are discarded, and the more promising growths are pricked out into an array of 64-pots, and watched with loving pride as, gradually, they reach the stage at which they may be planted out to mature and burst into blossom beside their hardier brethren of the border; tender annuals all, whose work is done when they have blossomed once, save that their seed may yield another generation of delight: never reaching the glory of the full-grown plant upon its native soil, but rather serving as evidence of the skill and patience of the gardener. However diverse be their forms, all translations into Greek verse have this one characteristic in common of forced exotic growth. Be the writer ever so deeply imbued with a love of the Hellenic spirit of poetry, it is rare indeed to find that he possesses that spirit itself to a degree which will give him the power of original expression in his chosen medium. Almost always he imitates, almost never he creates; and, creating or imitating, he is hardly ever capable of sustained effort. If he can produce one flower upon his tiny planting, he has done his all.

In a great number of instances, too, another almost fatal influence is at work. The "little flower" is the product of an ill-assorted hybridism. Greek words are wedded, perforce, to English thought; Greek phrases are tortured to represent the ideas and the very language of an English-writing poet. The forms and the colours of the two parents do not blend happily—there is no true Hellenism of thought save that of Hellas—and the jejune growth must be lavishly decked out with palpably "wired-on" tags to present even a decently familiar Greek appearance.

The reasons for these things are manifold. But chief among them all is the obvious fact that all scholars are not poets, and only too often the man who can write good Greek cannot write poetry, whether in Greek or in his own tongue. Thus his understanding of, and sympathy with, Greek modes of thought are hampered by the necessity of seeking his poetical form in the work of a poet whose inspiration came from no Hellenic source. That is why even a mediocre translation from the Greek generally has more of the Hellenic atmosphere about it than the most polished translation from a modern language into Greek.

Once upon a time, when we were endeavouring to learn—or rather when our preceptors were endeavouring to teach to us—the art of "Latin verse composition," we used, to aid us in the task, an exercise-book in which various English passages were "set" and paraphrased for translation into verse. Among these passages was an American advertisement of a patent pill! No doubt the learned gentleman who first twisted that piece of vulgarity into elegiacs was mightily proud of his performance. But to our minds it affords a peculiarly poisonous example of the unhealthy tendency of the modern school of "classical" verse manufacturers. To many of these the writing of Greek and Latin verse is a kind of mental gymnastic. The *tour de force* is the highest achievement, and the more absurd the prostitution of their art the better they are pleased. They mate the sublime with the ridiculous, and chuckle over the monstrous offspring of the match.

Thus it is with especial pleasure that we record the complete absence from this beautiful volume of such abominations. We can safely say that there is not a piece among the hundred here, collected from the work of a score of hands, that cannot lay some claim to poetical and scholarly distinction. Many of them are of a length sufficient to banish reminiscence of the "fair copy" of the average classical lecturer, and even in the shorter iambic pieces we have no cause to complain of the fantastic over-polishing which spoils so many laudable efforts of the kind. Some turns of phrase are peculiarly happy.

"And count that moment immortality" is well rendered by Mr. J. D. Symon:

ἐπιμένει αὐτὸς ἐν θανάτῳ.

while a fortunate metrical experiment is the translation of Henry Newbolt's "The Only Son," by Mr. A. W. Mair, though there are undoubted harshnesses in the Greek itself. Admirably suited to the tone and subject of the original English is the very smooth rendering of Keats' "Happy Insensibility," in Anacreon's metre, also by Mr. Mair, to whom more than a quarter of the total number of contributions is due.

In the solitary strophic-antistrophic experiment we are doubtful about the propriety of disregarding synapheia, even at so clearly marked a point as the end of the turning line. But we are glad to note the strict observance of syllabic correspondence. This rendering of a "Lament" by the late Professor Geddes has, as a whole, considerable poetic merit. There are no really brilliant iambics. Perhaps, where the general level is high, we may give especial praise to Mr. R. A. Nicholson's translation of a passage from Ossian, which contains some fine lines.

Of the epigrams and similar short pieces the most interesting are the three translations by different hands of the well-known lines:

Upon thy mother's knees, a new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live that when thou tak'st thy last, long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

Of the three translations the happiest is that by Mr. A. Petrie:

Παῖς νεογνὸς ἐὼν ἐπὶ γούνασι μητρὸς ἔκειτο
ἡδόμενος πάντων μούνης ὀδυρόμενος
ὡδὲ βίον διέχους ὡς νήργετον ὕπνου ἐπισπείν
ἡδόμενος πάντων μούνης ὀδυρόμενος

for not only does it preserve the inversion in the second and fourth line, but also eliminates the superfluous "calm" of the original.

The inevitable "Nugae" are not offensive. "Mary had a little lamb" takes well to Anacreontics; but in:

They say the camel can go thirty days without a drink; but who the devil wants to be a camel?

Ἦματα πόλλ' ἀπότους ἀνέχουσαί φασι καμήλους
τὸν δὲ καμηλώδη τίς κ' ἀνέχοιτο βίον;

ἔξ is as fatal in the Greek as is "but" in the original. The translator has missed his chance.

But in Mr. J. A. Stewart's translation of Burns' cruel jest we have the real thing:

Κηρύσσω θάνατον, φυσίζους ἦναι Γαῖα
Ἄδην, εἴτε προῖν Μυρτίλος ὕστατ' ἐπνεῖ
ἀλλὰ σὺ γὰρ βέλτεστον ἀφῆρξας παράδειγμα
πῶς δρ' ἔγῃν σάβης μωρὸν ἀπεργάσασθαι;

The book is beautifully produced, and misprints are few and far between. It is with pardonable pride that the writers make their final boast:

Ἐξέλ' Ἀθηροδότην καὶ τὴν περιαιετώσαν
Ἥλιος οὐρανίας ἐξαπέλασε πλακούς.

THE EVOLUTION OF PLANTS

The Origin of a Land Flora. By F. O. BOWER, F.R.S. (Macmillan and Co., 18s. net.)

THIS book is not intended for the use of the layman, but for the advanced student, and even he must turn to its pages in grim earnest and read slowly. But it must not be supposed that the author has chosen to discourse in ultra-scientific fashion, or that he has been maliciously technical; the extremely difficult character of his theme left him no choice in the matter. It is an ambitious book, and one which will appeal only to the more philosophical botanist—who is unhappily in a minority. But he will find in this most learned treatise a peculiarly stimulating source of information, and a most laboriously thorough exposition on the evolution of the higher plants.

His object being to demonstrate the evolution of plants, he makes no reference to those simple organisms which

occupy debatable ground in the organic kingdom, and avoids all reference to the relations which these primitive microcosms bear to the vexed question of the origin of life. On the whole, perhaps, this is well, for even as it is his book is sufficiently bulky, and this subject has already been discussed on many occasions, with no very satisfactory results.

If Professor Bower does not begin at the very beginning of his story—according to our notion of the way it should open—he starts somewhere very near it, for he leads off, as may be supposed from our comments, with the aquatic algæ, and with the hand of the master draws for us a graphic picture of the earliest plants. He shows us that these simple organisms had their origin in the waters that bathed the shores of continents which have long since passed away; and he further traces their development into plants of more and more complex being—a complexity which gathered in volume as these lowly plants gradually acquired the ability to live upon dry land. The importance of all this the “mere man” probably seldom, if ever, realises. Yet it is a fact that but for this later development which gave us grasses, shrubs, and trees, none of what we are pleased to call the “higher animals” could ever have come into being.

It would be impossible in the space of a review to relate the sequence of events so skilfully traced by Professor Bower, but we may well indicate the scope of his work by a condensed epitome of his conclusions. Given in “tabloid” form, then, the algæ appeared first in the form of minute globules of protoplasm, such as may be met with even at the present day, often serving as indispensable allies to many of the lower animals and plants. Some of these humble and microscopic forms developed skeletons of exquisite beauty—such as are seen in the “diatoms,” for example—while others developed into the various types of bacteria, some of which are among the most potent scourges of the human race, while others are to be reckoned among its greatest benefactors! A further advance in algal development gave rise to the various types of “sea-weeds,” and other aquatic vegetation, such as the familiar confervæ and stoneworts and the fungi of various kinds—beneficent and otherwise. Simultaneously with these came the lichens and mosses, and later the ferns. These last, probably, gave rise to the higher forms of vegetation—the fir-tree and the stately oak, and the innumerable flowering plants, which may, perhaps, be considered the crowning glory of this wonderful drama of evolution, so full of mystery, so fraught with imaginary terrors to those who have not acquired the art of deciphering even the simplest of the hieroglyphics in which the book of Nature is written.

THE WONDROUS REIGN

The History of England during the Reign of Victoria (1837-1901). By SIDNEY LOW, M.A., and LLOYD C. SANDERS, B.A. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume completes the series of books on the political history of England which Messrs. Longmans have been issuing during the last few years. It is a series which no student of our Constitution can afford to neglect, and it is due to Messrs. Low and Sanders to remark that, in the matter of painstaking research, the concluding volume is no whit behind its eleven predecessors.

On the whole the historians have performed their task well. They have avoided that sin of partisanship which so relentlessly dogs the footsteps of the compilers of history, and, while achieving impartiality, they have contrived to escape dullness. Furthermore, they have made full use of the numberless sources of information which are open to the writer on Victorian politics and history. It can hardly be denied that they have been fortunate in their choice of subject. For the Victorian period is one which may well vie in interest with even the Augustan Age of Anne or “the spacious days of great Elizabeth.” In all those reforms that minister to the material side of life it stands unparalleled in our history. It was essentially the age of the dissemination of comfort. It witnessed the rise of the

railroad, the introduction of a penny postage, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the passing of the Factory Acts, the extension of the franchise, the development of the means of communication. Its statesmen included such names as Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Parnell, and that political will-o'-the-wisp, Lord Randolph Churchill. Among men of letters it boasted such figures as Browning, Tennyson, Newman, Ruskin, Carlyle, and, at a later period, Meredith, Hardy, and Swinburne. In religion it saw the rapid growth of the Oxford Movement, in art the enthusiasm of the Pre-Raphaelites. To the student of politics, however, it is chiefly of interest as exhibiting the conflict between two irreconcilable ideals of statesmanship. Disraeli and Gladstone usurp the political arena to the exclusion of all lesser figures. Messrs. Low and Sanders summarise the situation in a sentence that is more epigrammatic than truthful:

Disraeli brought back to English politics the spirit of Romance while Gladstone vindicated the claims of Righteousness.

This is hardly fair to either of the great protagonists; for he would be an ignorant and unscrupulous partisan who should hold that the Liberal party held a monopoly in righteousness—though we have heard such an opinion expressed in our own time—while even the middle-class Liberalism of the 'sixties was not devoid of its romantic elements. But our authors discover a certain perspicacity in recognising Gladstone and Disraeli as the typical exponents of the two systems of political philosophy which have become most closely identified with the later years of the Victorian period, while they indicate, in perhaps the happiest phrase in the volume, the limitations of both statesmen:

With all his acuteness Disraeli sometimes misunderstood the British people; and Gladstone occasionally forgot the British Empire.

The diplomatic history of the Victorian period is dealt with in great detail, and full justice is done to the important part played by the late Queen herself in many political questions. Especially admirable, too, are the chapters on the Indian Mutiny and the Boer War.

On the ecclesiastical side the volume is frankly unsatisfactory. “He who would understand England,” wrote Carlyle once in a pregnant phrase, “must understand her Church, for that is half the whole matter.” To Messrs. Low and Sanders, however, it would appear to be but an infinitesimal fraction of “the whole matter.” A brief and cursory reference to the Public Worship Regulation Act and to the ritual prosecutions which followed it, is practically all the information which is vouchsafed on one of the most stirring and eventful periods in our ecclesiastical history.

The summary of Victorian literature in the concluding chapter leaves much to be desired. The authors do not seem to have heard of Newman, whose name never appears once throughout the volume, though full recognition is accorded to the transcendent claims of such writers as G. P. R. James and Charlotte M. Yonge. Exception might justly be taken to the assertion that “The Ordeal of Richard Feverel” is the “masterpiece” of George Meredith, while the statement that the “Idylls of the King” revealed Tennyson

as a writer of blank verse which, if it lacks the Miltonic majesty, has a Virgilian sweetness, a magic of structure, rhythm, and phrasing never surpassed in English, and never equalled except, it may be, by Keats,

is only comprehensible in the light of William Cory's famous dictum:—

One's feelings lose poetic flow
Soon after twenty-seven or so.

These, however, are merely matters of taste, and, after all, it is not on the soundness of its literary criticism that the value of such a volume as this depends. As an intelligent, luminous, and reasoned summary of Victorian politics this book may be confidently commended. It is entirely free from those defects of taste which disfigure such a work, for instance, as Mr. Herbert Paul's “History of Modern England.” It is written, as we have before said, in a spirit of scrupulous impartiality, and it neglects no essential fact in the history of the political and social legislation of one of the most eventful periods in our annals.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

[FIRST NOTICE.]

THERE has been an Academy Dinner without speeches. Consequently it is of no importance for us to say who was at this dinner or what happened. The Royal Academy and its guests, we presume, took their food and said as little as possible. One can imagine a Lord Mayor's banquet without speeches. It would conduce to apoplexy and nothing else. The terror that keeps Ministers from over-feeding themselves at these orgies is the speech-making afterwards; so that Lords Mayor's banquets will continue, we hope, to be lengthened and adorned with oratory. Of course, questions of excess could not in the nature of things, arise at the dinners at the Royal Academy. They have always been understood to be elegant affairs, and a cut above the Lord Mayor's prandial functions. And the speeches have at time and time been admirable, witty, wise, and full of entertainment. But the glory is departed. at the request, it seems, of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Prince of Wales is not fond of speeches; who that hears so many of them would be. It is understood that his Royal Highness complained last year that, while there were galleries full of pictures waiting tremulously to be inspected, the Royal Academy kept its guests with their noses to the grindstone on what may be termed the speech lay. His Royal Highness's protest has been duly taken note of, and this year the speeches have disappeared. Beneath the Prince of Wales's feathers we have hitherto read "Ich Dien." For the future we shall read—that is to say, when we think about the Royal Academy—"Ichabod."

And consequent upon the aforesaid strange happenings, there would appear to have come over the present show at Burlington House an entirely unsatisfactory spirit. We called on Saturday, as is our custom, and went up an exceedingly ill-decorated staircase to the rooms or galleries. Lunch being just over, we found the place choke-full. Everybody was there who desired to be considered anybody. There were the usual Jews, the usual grinning critics, the usual publisher, the usual novelists, the usual shabby painter, and the usual decent people—these latter, of course, being very well tricked out in more or less excellent clothes. Indeed, the general effect of the place suggested a sort of indoor Ascot rather than a gathering of persons met together to consider pictures. As all the world knows, Burlington House is not so spacious that it cannot get crowded, and the crowd on Saturday was big, and determinedly, if deliberately, pushful. One required all one's energies to get round the galleries in anything like the quick time prescribed by journalistic exigencies, but with the help of a light foot and a side motion, we did our duty. As to pictures in the general sense of the term, the show is full and running over with them. We take it that all of them possess a certain merit; otherwise they would not be here, for we are not to suppose that the Committee accept things from the mere and sheer necessity of covering the walls. On the other hand, we are free to confess that there is little or nothing in the collection set forward which is likely to enthrall the minds of such unfortunate persons as may happen to visit Burlington House for Art's sake. We are not insensible to what may be termed the reasonable excellence of many of the exhibits. It would be rude of us to suggest that in a collection of new pictures, many of them bearing names which are supposed to be household words in the field of Art, there is nothing worth seeing and nothing worth buying. But this is just our trouble. Strive as one will to think nobly of England's brethren of the brush, whether hung on the line or skied, one is forced to the conclusion that they have departed as one man from the spiritual view of their craft and concluded that it is the business of all persons who paint to produce something worth buying. And when you consider the mob that foregather at Burlington House on Saturday afternoon, you would perceive at once that "something worth buying" must not mean in any sense edifying goods.

Out of the general depression of spirits which will inevitably fall upon anybody who looks on this year's Academy with a serious eye certain small satisfactions will arise. For example, one observes with a holy joy that there does not appear to be a picture of the year in the whole show. This comforting circumstance is, no doubt, due to the absence from our midst of any work by the extraordinary Sigismund Goetze, which abounding workman would appear for the nonce to have failed to come up to the scratch. Whether Mr. Goetze has really not painted an Academy picture this year, or whether, having painted one, he has been advised not to exhibit, we do not know. In any case, he is not represented among the exhibits, excepting by a portrait which cannot be considered of much particular account. We do not believe that anybody, save the reporters, will be very sorry. Failing their Goetze, the Academy mob have naturally found themselves somewhat gruelled for a canvas over which they might exuberate. They have looked to the right, and to the left, and to the centre, and even to the ends, and found nothing that could fairly be sensationalised. And the daily Press, with its usual regard for duty, has been compelled to come to their rescue. "What! no picture of the year," cries the daily Press, "then we will make one." And the daily Press immediately lays pencil to a specious and altogether unlovely piece of work by the Hon. John Collier, which is called, we believe, "The Death Sentence." It is a picture which represents an altogether too-handsome doctor telling an altogether too-healthy patient that he (the patient) has only got a few weeks to live. The Hon. John Collier is understood to have informed a reporter that the idea of this picture was imparted to him by "an elderly inmate of a workhouse." We can well believe it. The Hon. John Collier is also understood to have explained to a reporter that the patient in the picture is suffering from a disease "we are all afraid of." But probably in the interests of our common humanity the Hon. John Collier refuses to put a name on it. We are left to our own conclusions in the matter. The young man in the picture may have consumption, or aneurism, or a floating kidney, or drinking diabetes, or rickets, for anything the Hon. John Collier will tell us. The result is that many eminent physicians have been to look at the picture with a view to diagnosing the young man's complaint. And, singular as it may seem, not one of them can find any symptoms. This, obviously, is as it should be. On the other hand, it is purely idiotic art. We are at a loss to understand why the Hon. John Collier should lend himself to such performances. For "The Cheat," which he bestowed upon us some time ago, there was, perhaps, a shadow of excuse. The great world was bridge mad at the time, and cheating was rife in consequence, so that everybody understood what the picture was about; besides which, "The Cheat" was a sort of picture, even if you did not know what it meant. In the present instance, however, you have nothing topical, and nothing that concerns anybody but the young man under sentence and the Hon. John Collier. If the Hon. John Collier believes that one of the true purposes of art is to frighten gentlewomen and gouty old persons, he is justified of his picture; if not—! As the inspiration for the picture before us was given to him by an elderly inmate of a workhouse, we may hope that next year he will go for inspiration to a blind school. Meantime, we do not believe that, despite the kindly offices of the daily Press, the Academy mob is at all disposed to take Mr. Collier's picture for the picture of the year—at any rate without large doses of bromide.

Of course the faults of the Hon. John Collier are not to be credited to the Royal Academy. He sends in his pictures and they are accepted in the ordinary course. What happens in the cheap Press outside is nobody's fault. In the course of a further article, however, we shall have occasion to call the attention of the polite world to the extravagances of a popular painter for whom the Royal Academy would appear to be desirous of standing sponsor. But we must reserve this pleasant duty for next week.

THEORETICAL SOCIALISM

OF making books on Socialism there seems no end—some destructive, setting aside both past and present theories; others constructive, substituting new ideas by way of criticism; others merely speculative or even imaginative; others political, concerned with ideas of class war; while yet others, earnestly contending for economic progress, advance definite proposals of reform for the general social welfare. In considering such works, we may roughly divide them into two classes, theoretical and practical, assigning to the former the books now before us.

Mr. W. H. Mallock* brings his well-known critical faculty and wealth of striking and pertinent illustration to an examination of the theories of various—let us call them—Socialist denominations.

His first six chapters are taken up with an elaborate criticism of the Marxian axiom that "manual labour estimated in terms of time is the sole source of economic values or wealth," and of other resultant theories of the relation of capital to labour. The fundamental error of the Marxian theory, according to Mr. Mallock, is its omission of the important factor "directive ability."

Undirected and unorganised labour would leave the whole nation of workers in a condition only just above the level of actual bodily want:

Labour, from the most ordinary up to the rarest kind, is the mind or the brain of one man affecting that man's own hands and the single task on which his hands happen to be engaged.

The directive faculties are the mind or the brain of one man simultaneously affecting the hands of any number of other men, and through their hands the simultaneous tasks of all of them, no matter how various those tasks may be.

Mr. Mallock well draws out the distinction between manual labour and directive ability, and it is curious to note how strong an objection to this distinction comes from America—a country where, perhaps, more than in any other this power of direction has raised men from the position of manual labourers to that of millionaires.

Having disposed of the Marxian theories, Mr. Mallock claims that the intelligent and educated Socialists of to-day join with him in the repudiation of Marx, but merely to find themselves face to face with new difficulties.

Very cleverly he formulates the two crucial problems "which for Socialists may be said to be practically new," and on which he believes "everything will be found to turn":

One being the problem of how, under the conditions which Socialism would introduce, the ablest men could be discovered, and invested with the requisite industrial authority; the other being the problem of how, under the same conditions, it would be possible to secure from such men that full exertion of their talents on which the material prosperity of the entire community would depend.

These problems and other kindred difficulties are discussed at considerable length in succeeding chapters.

Mr. Mallock is no believer in bureaucratic Socialism, and he urges forcibly the loss of that energising motive, which ordinarily spurs on individuals if they become merely paid agents as a corporation of State officials. Of this loss, and the proportionate loss to the community, we observe that there is already abundant and striking illustration in the blundering of municipal corporations, their shameful waste of the ratepayers' money, and the contraction of vast municipal debts on a scale that would soon spell bankruptcy for the private capitalist.

But, unfortunately, Mr. Mallock's clever reasonings are likely to appeal only to his intelligent, highly-educated, and judicially-minded Socialist, who may be sought with a lantern by daylight. They are as words to the wise, and are not likely to penetrate the "long furry ear of the British public," to whom the Marxian and other exploded theories are as widely preached and as readily accepted as ever.

On the other hand, Mr. Mallock's illustrations are so telling that he might well consider the question of writing a shorter criticism addressed *ad populum*. We cannot

leave Mr. Mallock without noticing his trenchant remarks on:

the astounding ignorance of the world, and especially of the world of industry, which is betrayed with so much *naïveté* by the Socialist of the Christian pulpit.

Ignorant interference in economic problems is worse than useless. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Apart from his contact and sympathy with the unemployed and the poor, what does the average young clergyman who joins the Christian Social Union really know of the theories, aims, and proposals of Socialism? We have no doubt that Christian Socialists, so-called, are as keenly alive to the diseases of modern society as they are to the problem of original sin, with this distinction, that they are perhaps better able to propose remedies for the one than the other. So long as they inculcate the just performance of Christian duties, and do not play into the hands of men who want to render unto Cæsar the things that are God's, nor dabble in economic problems which they do not understand, they may help to extend that practical fulfilment of Christian brotherhood, which we believe was better understood in mediæval times than in our own, on principles widely different from modern pseudo-Socialism, even when called Christian, and still more diverse from the Socialism of, say, Mr. Blatchford.

But, as Mr. Mallock shrewdly asks:

How can any Christian clergymen—men presumably sane and educated—propose, whether their programme be really Christian or no, to re-organise society on the basis of a moral conversion which is confined to the few only—which would exact from the able minority the maximum of effort and mortification, and secure the maximum of idleness and self-indulgence for the rest of the human race?

Mr. Mallock concludes his work by showing that naturally he is not averse from practical reform, but that his aim has been to show:

That the improved conditions which Socialism blindly clamours for are practicable only in proportion as they are dissociated from the theories of Socialism.

To turn from Mr. Mallock's clear logic and acute reasoning to Mr. H. G. Wells's rhetorical writing† is like leaving the study for the popular lecture in a town-hall. His book is in great part a sort of apology for Neo-Socialism. Like Mr. Mallock, he sees that many old crude theories have been abandoned by the "intelligent" Socialist. But he fails to grasp the fact that the majority of modern propagandists really advance the old theories in new form. So Mr. Wells, in his best personal manner, as it were, takes your arm confidentially and says in effect, "Don't be alarmed." Then he hastens to reassure you:

The earlier Socialist was fierce and unjust to owners.

The modern Socialist is not a communist.

The modern Socialist has no designs upon the money in a man's pocket.

This is particularly comforting, especially when we are told that:

What is needed is merely a scientific public organisation of the general property in Nature (!).

How very simple. And then:

I think the State may prove a far more generous and sentimental landlord in many things than any private person.

After this nothing surprises us, not even to learn that

The advent of a strongly Socialist Government would mean no immediate revolutionary changes at all;

And that

In very truth, Socialism would destroy no property at all, but only that sham property that, like some wizard-cast illusion, robs us all . . . the property, the claim of the creditor, the mortgager, the landlord and usurer, the forestaller, gambling speculator, monopoliser, and absentee.

We believe the cry for *novæ tabulæ* is two thousand years old. But, whatever new worlds for old may arise, it is one not likely to be heeded even by a "generous and sentimental" Socialist Government.

* A Critical Examination of Socialism. By W. H. MALLOCK. (John Murray, 6s. net.)

† New Worlds for Old. By H. G. WELLS. (Constable and Co., Ltd., 6s. net.)

But Mr. Wells is a prophetic optimist, not altogether free from "wizard-cast illusions," and though personal optimism may be cheering (and amusing) in some directions, in others it is too often vague, elusive, and self-deceptive. Such are Mr. Wells's further views on Utopia as expounded in this book; his original "personal dream," "A Modern Utopia," he complains, "has not been read so widely as I could have wished."

We find it difficult to take seriously a book in which occurs such a passage as this (and there are many similar):

The county arms of Devon will be on the butter-paper, Hereford and Kent will guarantee her cider, Hampshire and Wiltshire answer for her bacon . . . I rather like to think of the red dagger of London on the wholesome bottled ales of her great (municipalized) breweries, and Maidstone or Rochester, let us say, boasting a special reputation for jam or pickles. Good honest food all of it will be, made by honest, unsweated women and men, with the pride of broad vales and uplands, counties, principalities, and great cities behind it.

In the contemplation of this delightful vision we may leave Mr. Wells. The unconscious irony of the title of his dream or revelation, "New Worlds for Old," is the best guide to its purport. But, after all, old lamps are sometimes better than new.

P. S.

THE FRENCH NOVEL OF TO-DAY

AT no period in the history of French literature has France been poorer in novelists than just at the present time. England has Thomas Hardy and George Meredith, but against such names as these France has no one to set in rivalry. It is, of course, impractical to take the bare date of the publication of a book—the "To-day" of Miss Winifred Stephens—and treat it as the limitation of a literary epoch. Huysmans, Zola, and even Alphonse Daudet are as much novelists of to-day as Bazin or Loti, though the former are dead. This artificial limitation, which an accident might vitiate to-morrow, and thus superannuate the claims to be included in her list of any one of the novelists, Miss Stephens writes about in "French Novelists of To-day" (John Lane), is not fair to the literature she is concerned with. It forces her to ascribe undue eminence to insignificant writers, to give a representative character to nonentities, and to exaggerate the quality and the importance of what is essentially mediocre, in order that her book may have an excuse for existence. English readers are liable to be led astray by Miss Winifred Stephens into thinking that modern French literature, in the department of fiction, has nothing better to show than Paul Bourget or Maurice Barrès, and, as the reputation of French literature of to-day stands deservedly high, the tendency of such an erroneous conception would be either to give to Bourget and Barrès a higher rank than they deserve, or to make one think less of contemporary French fiction than it really merits. De Goncourt, De Maupassant, Alphonse Daudet, Elémir Bourges, Zola, are all writers of to-day. They are the giants of the forest, with whose underwood Miss Stephens is mainly concerned. There is no more reason for writing about Marcel Prévost, Barrès, Bazin, and Pierre de Coulevain than about Pierre Louys, or Marcelle Tinayre, or Georges de Labruyere—they are none of them the leaders of schools, nor do they stand out as novelists of exceptionally individual gifts. With respect to M. Anatole France, it should be remembered that he has always, and on sufficient grounds, disclaimed the title of novelist. Miss Stephens tells us in her Preface that a "veteran in the world of letters" said to her, "Anatole France and Maurice Barrès are our only living novelists worth writing about." It would, perhaps, be impolite to hint that this anonymous veteran must be in his dotage, but it is difficult not to form this opinion when one remembers the reservation already made as to himself by Anatole France, and reflects that the real meaning of the word "novelist" is in its essence "writer of romance." Who could seriously accord this title to the pretentious egoist, the noisy literary clown whom the

Academy has recently elected to its membership?—not because Maurice Barrès could claim to figure on a level of intellectual or artistic quality with most dead or living immortals, but because when Georges Picquart was made a General it was good warfare on the part of the reactionary Academy to make Barrès an Academician. As for M. Edouard Rod, he is, or at least was, a Belgian. Neither Bourget, nor Prévost, nor René Bazin stands for the French novel in the sense that Zola, de Goncourt, Alphonse Daudet, and Guy de Maupassant did a dozen years ago. They are third-rate or fifth-rate survivors of a great epoch which they did little or nothing to inspire. Their influence upon literature has been practically *nil*. What have they to tell us outside of the commonest yarn-spinning; and what more do they mean to the earnest student of French literature than do Hall Caine, "Dick Donovan," or Conan Doyle to the student of our own literature? The popularity of such writers as these has little to do with letters. It is a purely commercial question, which concerns the printers' unions, the papermakers, the bookbinders, the lending libraries, but has no more literary aspect than the price of potatoes or the decline in the birth-rate has a moral aspect.

There is M. René Bazin, for instance, who writes (and unless he takes exceptional pains he writes poorly enough) for the lower-middle classes of France, the small land-owners, the metropolitan and provincial shopkeepers of the third or fourth degree, who have not yet fallen victims to Dufayel or the Bon Marché, and he would have us believe that he is *lu et approuvé* by the clergy. Approved he may be by them, but read is doubtful; the practice of the confessional makes it difficult for the clergy to read fiction. If he is popular with the lower-middle class, it is because he panders, not always artistically, to many of their least commendable qualities—their avarice, their unhospitality, their artificial patriotism. All René Bazin was revealed in a cruel study—life-like enough, by the way—which he made of an English governess, "Miss Ellen." The poor girl, shown over her employer's garden, admired the strawberries and the melons. M. Bazin adds that she admired them only because she expected to eat them—"j'observais seulement qu'elle appelait beau ce qui pouvait lui servir, et qu'elle se taisait sur le reste." Miss Ellen is dismissed, apparently for not diligently "reporting" her lazy young pupils, and M. Bazin follows her from the door with a bad butler's grin. A lesson to all such impecunious parasites of foreign birth, who have neither the price of a *pourboire* on them, nor the 2fr. 75c. for the purchase of a Bazin novel, to aspire to the strawberries and melons of a well-to-do French *industriel*!

If Bazin be but one degree above zero, where shall we place Bourget? Miss Stephens (if it be Mrs. Stephens, I beg her pardon) would place him high, to judge from the amount of space that she devotes to him, and she quotes Robert Louis Stevenson, whom she calls a "master of style," of having said of Bourget, "I may admire others with all my strength, it is with you I would choose to live." "Le style c'est l'homme." But she wisely balances this eulogium by quoting, not with absolute disapproval, the "Perfect Snob" as the title of a review of Bourget's last novel. Bourget is indeed a product, like the snob, of democracy. Allowing for certain differences of degree, he is the Tittlebat Titmouse of the French novel. The snob, that hard-to-be-defined *tertium quid* between the nobility and the mobility, proceeding from the destruction or the weakening of class distinctions—is a consequence of social revolution. There have never been so many titles in France as since the decree which abolished them. In the sliding scale of modern French literature, which has its *maréchaux* (among whom Balzac proudly claimed to be), its heroes and heroines, its martyrs, its criminals of both sexes, its simple gentlemen, and its honest artisans, Paul Bourget is the Papal Count. One cannot help feeling about him that in a sense, which is not meant to be at all offensive, he is entirely uneducated. For instance, had he known anything about geography he would not have been the last

Frenchman to discover America—though there will be others. What is the use of analysing such an analyst as this? what is the use of disputing the question whether Maurice Barrès was right or wrong (Miss Winifred Stephens says he was wrong) to espouse the Boulangist cause, and to oppose in the Chamber the rehabilitation of Alfred Dreyfus? Let us lay the soothing unction to our souls that nothing that Maurice Barrès ever said, did, or wrote matters one farthing dip to any human soul save himself. The Academician, whose mistakes in French are shortly, it appears, to be made the subject of a monograph by one of M. Barrès' contemporaries, the Nationalist, whose political methods establish him as one of the most valuable assets of the present anti-Nationalist Government, the anti-Semite leader who has materially helped to lose every battle for that interesting cause, the careful paradoxist who might have been manufactured out of a sheet of Mr. Robert Hichens's blotting-paper, after he had written "The Green Carnation," why tell the unsophisticated English reader that, as a social, moral, or artistic force, he counts! Why speak of him in the same breath with Anatole France, who, with all his faults and limitations, has nevertheless done some work which will live, or at least deserves to, though it cannot be strictly classified as novel-writing? Worst *bevue* of all, why hint that there can be any comparison between the diminutive *bourgeois* Barrès and the great aristocrat Châteaubriand?

Perhaps it is with the idea of giving importance to her subjects that Miss Winifred Stephens supplies her readers with an elaborate account of M. Marcel Prévost's artistic methods. Why she should have selected him in preference to Georges Ohnet, or in what respect either of them differs as an artist from the late "Ouida," it would be difficult to explain. The Marcel Prévosts and the Ouidas are always with us, and, until the novel ceases to appeal to the middle-class feminine mind, their sentiments and style are certain of survival, being enclosed in a vicious circle which passes from the keyhole of my lady's chamber to the kitchen-table, and back again. This is a literary phenomenon which has no more importance in France than in England.

Miss Stephens places Pierre Loti last in her list, when she might more justly have placed him first. His most recent work makes us regret "Mon frère Yves," "Matelot," and "Pêcheurs d'Islande;" but he is none the less one of the giants. As for Madame "Pierre de Coulevain," Miss Stephens quotes a remark made in Paris that "no one in France reads her or knows her." If this was the "literary veteran," we may forgive him.

ROWLAND STRONG.

THE DISCOVERY

DUE east and west went the high road, a broad, dust-coloured ribbon cleaving the trim Midland landscape. From where he stood the boy could see it stretching away before him, till it was lost over the shoulder of the hillside, where already a faint green was veiling the brown of the ploughed slopes. On the other fields, too, the grass meadows in which the lambs were playing together, a stronger colour had begun to show beneath the grey of last year's stubble, and here and there the dark hedgerows were dashed with a sudden foam of blossom. From his halting-place, this point at which the road dipped to the little hollow which was his goal, he could look back over a great part of the way by which he had come. It was a familiar way enough by this time, yet never travelled by him without some sense of mystery, of adventure, and (a little strangely perhaps in this connection) a kind of consolatory peace. But the Roman road held in the boy's life a place apart, not easily to be explained.

In the distance—miles upon miles away it seemed, though

as a fact it was not more than eight or nine—the roofs and spires of the town still showed like faint smoke on the horizon; above them all the tower of the school from which the boy had but now been set free. He turned his face resolutely from it, and began to run down the hill. At the foot was a farmhouse and a disused gravel-pit in a field that was entered by a gate on the left-hand side of the road. This was the end of his journey.

Years afterwards he was to remember that afternoon as one on which the peculiar magic of this secret haunt of his was more than commonly manifest. The familiar aspects of the place, the close turf, the ragged sides of the pit, tawny yellow at the edge, especially seen against the clear sky, even the clang of the gate swinging to behind him—these things had never before seemed so intimate, so comforting. He flung himself face forward at full length upon the side of the pit, burying his hands in the grass, and putting his cheek so close to the ground that he could feel the reflected warmth of it beating back on him full of the undefinable earthy smell—the special breath, as it were, of this one spot, unlike any other—that always affected so strangely.

For a long time he lay thus, motionless, thinking of nothing, but content only to let the happy associations of the place sink into him with that delightful sensation of peace which, whatever his mood, they never failed to produce. It had always been so, ever since the half-holiday afternoon years ago when he was quite small, and had found it for the first time, coming upon it unexpectedly at the end of one of those long solitary walks of his, of which even then he had been so fond. After that first discovery it had become his chosen refuge from the troubles of a rather lonely and miserable school-life. Fortunately no one else seemed to know of what to some would have been its sole attraction, which he himself had only by accident found on a second visit—the scraps of broken pottery, Roman and British, that were to be unearthed here and there among the gravel, showing its origin as a station on the great road. So he was always sure of being alone. But there was something in its charm for him beyond mere solitude, something strangely more human. The boy could hardly, even to himself, have given this thought a definite expression; but unconsciously he had come to look upon the Roman field as though it had been actually the home of a friend to whose sympathy he could turn certainly for consolation. It filled for him the place that the living comrade, longed for with such lonely heart-aching, could never hold; had come to be indeed, in a sense, that other self which his own brooding and over-sensitive nature had always so passionately and vainly desired. It was the balm of companionship, idealised and half-fanciful, as of the embodied genius of the place, that was comforting him now as it had done before in many of his desolate moods.

He lay so still that presently the rabbits, which had scuffled away at his coming, began cautiously to peer from their burrows again. One by one he saw them hop very silently out into the sunshine, pausing each on the threshold for an anxious instant, long ears curiously pricked, and nostrils aquiver against the wind. Soon the whole slope was astir with their odd, mechanical-looking movements, till suddenly the most venturesome dislodged a fragment of something hard, which fell tinkling from stone to stone, and on the instant the whole company had vanished panic-stricken.

But the noise had roused the boy too. He sat up, noticing as he did so the position of what had fallen, a gleam of dull red upon the sand at the foot of the pit. Samian ware; it was a find! The sight of it woke all at once a quite different feeling within him, the primitive, universal excitement of the treasure-hunter, the instinct of hide-and-seek. Yes, it was that exactly that gave the simpler element to the double fascination of this place that had once formed part of all the mystery and magnificence of Rome. The very contrast with its present aspect, so silent and deserted in the sunshine, did but make more wonderful the uncertainty of what message from the

past a chance look might reveal, or of what, at that very moment perhaps, one had passed over, hidden only by the slightest covering that a touch would have dispersed. In a secret corner of the boy's study at school he guarded jealously a little store of these—a clasp, a battered coin or two, even a rusty spear. Small wonder that, while he scrambled eager-eyed about the shifting slope of sand and gravel, the old pit should seem changed. It was no longer only a refuge for his dreams, it had become itself a dream, full of glorious possibilities. It was El Dorado, John Silver's Island, the Cave of Ali Baba, and something better than all these, more intimate to the boy himself; as though indeed, the old Romans had hidden their forgotten treasures just here with the very purpose that he, and he only, should discover them. Thrillingly, one seemed at the thought almost to touch their actual fingers.

It was upon him now—this feeling of expectation, of suspense, stronger than he ever before remembered it. Often in the solitary hours that he had spent here he had had the fancy that he was being observed, that the dead lords of the place were still present, very close about him, so that at any moment an unexpected turn might surprise them, watching. To-day, as soon as he began to search, he was almost overpoweringly conscious of this. He had stooped to gather the piece that had fallen (a fragment of a Samian cup, dull-red, with a pattern of raised leaves) when all at once the feeling became so insistent that he stood up, straightening himself uneasily, for the first time a little afraid. Somehow the very silence seemed to have grown strange, to have taken suddenly a new significance. The rabbits had disappeared; there was nothing before him but the empty, sun-steeped quarry on three sides, and behind and beyond it the quiet English country, where far away a few sheep were leisurely cropping the new grass. And yet—had not something moved, ever so slightly, there, close beside him, where a white gleam, the lip of a broken vase perhaps, now showed half buried in the sand to his left? He had not noticed this before, but the movement, if indeed there had been one, and not merely the shadow of a passing cloud, had drawn his eyes. His heart was beating unreasonably fast as he went towards it.

And then—the wonderful thing happened that was ever afterwards to set that day of his life apart from all others, that (as he came to look back upon it) seemed in some way to explain what had before been strange in the influence upon him of the place. For, as he put out his hand to touch it, he saw the gleaming thing suddenly for what it was—no vase, but the bones of a skeleton arm thrust outwards from the sand, the slender, undeveloped bones of a child—a lad perhaps of his own age—and upon them, where the wrist had been, a narrow circlet of bronze. For a long moment the boy stood staring, white-faced, then with an involuntary cry he saw that the whole ledge of sand from which the arm came was beginning to move. . . .

It slipped downwards and fell, breaking in a little avalanche about his feet, and there before him lay, uncovered, the figure whose burial-place this had been. It lay upon its side, one arm upon which also was a bracelet like the first, thrown across the breast where the small ribs had fallen in, crushed by the centuries-long weight above them. In the sand and gravel upon which it lay were other things—beads of a strange blue colour, and a brooch, of which the pin, thick with the rust of two thousand years, still moved in the clasp within which the dead fingers, so infinitely far away, had fastened it. So the secret of the place was told; he had found him, this other boy who had been his friend, whose possessions these once were. Very reverently he took them in his own hands; and, as he did so, surely before the magic of their last human touch had left them, did not he, too, catch for one blinding instant a vision of that mysterious life from which they came to him, as it were, still warm. For an instant only, then the link was broken. He looked round him, shivering a little and bewildered, as one awakened suddenly out of a dream. He was quite alone.

ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

LONDON'S LOST MAY-DAY

Is London to lose its May-day as completely as it did when under the yoke of those Puritans who hacked down Maypoles, and also, it may be recalled, made it illegal for a mother to kiss her child on the Sabbath? Is the domination of the devils of hustle and gain to win a triumph over the charming old popular street merry-makings, even more enduring than that won by the Covenanter? It looks like it. Within living memory the London chimney-sweepers on each May-day put off for the nonce what Charles Lamb called the "obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement," to assume a moving habitation of verdant green, escorted through the street by pipe and drum. Was any Jack-in-the-Green seen in London town last Friday? Within two memories, pretty milkmaids, "in comely colours drest," and bearing a "garland" consisting of an erection of polished silver plate decorated with ribbons and posies of fresh flowers, danced before the doors of their customers' houses. The motor-'bus to-day would make short work of dancing milkmaids, if indeed even a milkmaid should have the heart to dance in the blue reek of petrol-fumes by which we have replaced the clear air breathed by our grandfathers.

In that clear air, untainted by the poisonous exhalations of "progress," and in the leisure of their reasonable lives, those grandfathers lived a jolly town existence undreamt of by their anæmic descendants. Where we have foul smells, pestilent dust, the clanging roar of an Inferno, and life taken at hurricane pace, the Londoner of old enjoyed—yes, actually enjoyed—his streets. For three hundred years he danced round his London Maypoles every First of May. Then came the Puritan interlude. Then as far back as we can see, even to Chaucer's time, his May shafts stand surrounded with their merry throng.

To take the older chronicles first. How splendid was the pageant by which the restoration of Maypoles was inaugurated in London on the First of May, 1661:

Let me declare to you (says the writer of a rare tract) the manner in general of that stately cedar erected in the Strand, one hundred and thirty-four foot high, commonly called the *Maypole*, upon the cost of the parishioners there adjacent, and the gracious consent of his sacred Majesty with the illustrious Prince, the Duke of York. This tree was a most choice and remarkable piece.

The "remarkable piece" was brought with a streamer flourishing before it, with drums beating all the way, and other sorts of music. The "handy-man" of the day was called in to erect it, as it was supposed that landsmen could not possibly raise it. So the Lord High Admiral of England commanded twelve seamen to the task, and after three great crowns had been brought by three men, bare-headed, with more drums and music, then, to the sound of trumpets, the pole was raised, and the shouts of the people "did ring throughout all the Strand."

Next came a Morice dance, with "Tabor and Pipe as the ancient Musick," round the pole; the dancers, who were finely decked in purple scarfs and "half shirts," thereafter dancing "the rounds of their liberty." And as a perpetual honour to seamen, and to give light in dark nights, and to shine "so long as the pole stands," three great lanthorns were hung on the pole, one for the Lord High Admiral of England, one for the Vice-Admiral, and the third for the Rear-Admiral. So London had again a Maypole worthy of the city's state, and, says our chronicler:

Little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying golden days began to appear.

In its old age, in 1717, the Maypole, then falling into decay, found honourable retreat, at the request of Sir Isaac Newton, in a park in Essex, where it supported the largest telescope then in existence, and which measured 125ft. in length.

History is dumb as to what became of the three great lanthorns, the "three honours" of English seamen, which were to shine on the wild and brawling Strand of the

Restoration. But that their light was needed is shown by the fact that, six years after the splendid erection of the Maypole, one Mr. Robert Perceval was found lying dead near its site, with a deep wound in his breast, and "his sword, drawn and bloody, lying beside him." He was but nineteen years old, and had fought as many duels as he had lived years.

Yet another London Maypole made some figure in those Restoration days. This was the Drury Lane Maypole, set up by a smith, at the north end of little Drury Lane, to commemorate his daughter's good luck in marrying George Monk while he was but a private gentleman, and in sharing his elevation to the dukedom of Albemarle—whereby hung a pretty tale and three trials at the Bar of the King's Bench, opponents of the new Duchess asserting that she possessed a prior husband, yet alive, in the person of one Thomas Ratford with whom she had

Lived at the Three Spanish Gipsies, in the New Exchange, and sold wash-balls, gloves, and such things.

We do not hear whether the Drury Lane Maypole took part in the King's Bench trials; but assuredly it may claim to be the only Maypole intimately associated with a bigamy case.

London's most famous Maypole—famous for the tragedy that brought about its deposition, and for the high comedy of its final destruction—was that of the "shaft" on Cornhill, fixed every May-day morning before the south door of the Church of St. Andrews, the steeple of which it out-topped, the church thereby coming to be known as *St. Andrew Undershaft*. Chaucer, himself a Londoner born, mentions this (the earliest known of London's Maypoles) when he speaks of a vain boaster:

Right well aloft, and high ye bear your head,
As ye would bear the great shaft of Cornhill.

During some two hundred years the London lads and lasses played their "May games" round the towering shaft, until the tragic occurrences of Evil May-day, as the First of May, 1517, was named. For at that time there was great jealousy in the city against foreign artificers, and these sixteenth-century Tariff Reformers had lusty ways with them. On April 28th, says Stowe:

Divers yong men of the citie picked quarels with certaine *strangers* as they passed along the streets, some they smote and buffeted, and some they threw in the channell: for which the Lord Maior sent some of the Englishmen to prison.

Then suddenly rose a secret rumour, and "no man could tell how it began," that on May-day next following "the citie would slay all the aliens." This rumour coming to the King's Council, the Lord Cardinal on May Eve sent for the Mayor and bade him preserve the city's peace. The City Fathers met in the Guildhall at seven o'clock that evening, and Sir Thomas Moore and the Recorder brought them back word at the Guildhall at half-past eight that no man after nine of the clock should stir out of his house, but himself and his servants stay within shut doors till nine o'clock of the May morning. Conceive our modern London commanded to keep itself and its servants within doors from nine at night till nine the next morning! The Guildhall Conference having broken up, it being then near nine o'clock, an Alderman, one Sir John Munday:

Found two young men in Cheape playing at the bucklers, and a great many of young men looking on them.

And Sir John bidding them desist, the 'prentices cried:

"Prentices, prentices, clubs, clubs!" and out at every door came clubs and other weapons . . . and forth came serving-men, watermen, courtiers, and others, so that by eleven of the clocke there were in Cheape six or seven hundred.

And then the vigil of "Evil May-day" merged into the famous midnight riot of the day itself. The "Counter" prison was broken open. Sir Thomas Moore, taking stand at St. Martin's Gate, vainly desired the "rebellious rout to cease;" men were sore hurt, houses and unhappy Frenchmen were "spoyled," and the May morning riot held till

three o'clock, when the Mayor, overpowering the mob, no less than three hundred were sent to Newgate, the Tower, and the Counters. The Lieutenant of the Tower, by the way, "shot off certain peeces of ordnance against the city;" but, says Stowe, "did no great hurt."

On May 4th following the Duke of Norfolk entered the city with 1,300 men; and the prisoners were brought through the streets

Tyed in ropes some men, some lads but of thirteen or fourteen years old.

Thirteen were adjudged to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and ten pair of movable gallows were set up, to go on wheels

From street to street and from doore to doore, whereas the prisoners were to be executed.

The Tudors encouraged no nonsense about humanitarian executions; if they hung and quartered a man it was for good reasons, and they were careful to let his fellow-subjects know it, and to give them a good view of the deterrent painfulness of the operation. So on the seventh day after the black May-day, divers adjudged to die were drawn on hurdles to the standard on Cheape, and there the hangings began; but no sooner had the first been executed than a respite came from the King, and his Majesty and many lords, on May 13th following, came to Westminster Hall, whither the prisoners were brought,

Bound in ropes, in a ranke, one after another, in their shirts and every one had a halter about his necke, being in number 400 men and 11 women. Then the King, after admonishment, gave pardon, the gallows were taken down, and the citizens kept for ever after on May Eve "a strong watch in armour in remembrance of Evill May-day."

The curious may read a fine old ballad in which the whole story is told; and there we learn that the 'prentices made so great a slaughter of "foreign strangers in the street" that all the "channels" ran with blood, and that the wild youth of London were at last awed by the simple expedient of

hundreds hang'd by martial law
On sign-posts at their master's door.

The ballad of the period seems to have savoured somewhat of the posters of our own 3d. Press, but Stowe's sober account finds confirmation in the fact that Chaucer's shaft of Cornhill lay unrequited, hung up on iron hooks over the doors of the houses in *Shaft Alley* for nearly fifty years, from this evil May-day until in 1552 its long existence was ended in high comedy. For then a curate, preaching at Paul's Cross, denounced the Maypole as no less than an idol. Wherefore the neighbours, greatly moved by the curate's sermon, and, says Stowe, "after they dined to make themselves strong," fell upon the shaft, sawing it in pieces; and thus, concludes our chronicler, was "his [the curate's] idoll . . . mangled and after burned." This frenzied attack on Cornhill's historic shaft recalls the description by another sixteenth-century writer of the town and village Maypole as a "stinking idoll."

Saner things, as we have seen, came in with the Restoration, and the Londoner recovered and retained his Maypoles for another three hundred years. At least one London Maypole is known to have survived till about 1795, standing near Vauxhall Road, and being "much frequented, particularly by milkmaids." If we may credit with accuracy the writer of some pleasant verses, dated May 4th, 1825, and beginning:

In London thirty years ago,
When pretty milk-maids went about,
It was a goodly sight to see
Their May-day Pageant all drawn out—

the decline of London's May-day set in as early as the opening of the nineteenth century. Our modern creators of pageants might do worse than restore some of the glories and jollity of his lost May-day to the denuded Londoner of 1908.

G. M. GODDEN.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Saints in Art, with their Attributes and Symbols alphabetically arranged. By MARGARET E. TABOR. With Twenty Illustrations. (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.)

Not long ago the Professors of a well-known School of Art were heard to express great surprise at the erudition of a bystander who alluded to a picture of an ancient bearded man accompanied by a lion and a Cardinal's hat as a St. Jerome, without any previous consultation of a catalogue. Miss Tabor's handy little volume is, therefore, likely to meet "a felt want." The stories of the Saints which she gives do not pretend to be more than adequate to explain most pictures in which they figure—and she attains her object. Though in her small catalogue of some two hundred and fifty Saints and Patriarchs she necessarily omits a vast number represented in painting alone, she manages to include some dozen or more, locally celebrated, which are often omitted in much more comprehensive catalogues. Such are the Bergamesque Saints, Alexander and Adelaide; St. Giovanni Colombini; and St. Torpé or Torpet of Pisa. "La Jussienne" may prove a useful explanation of St. Mary of Egpt, but we distrust "Apolline" as a French form of Apollonia, and must deny that "Diego" is Spanish for Didacus. Once again, Triphon, Triphone, Trifo, or Trifone is not Italian for Tryphonius. "El putu Triphone" is the little boy with the singing basilisk; nor is the Latin form of his name Tryphonius, any more than that of the philosopher's is "Platonius." It is Tripho; the "Acta Sancti Triphonis" should prevent this common error. Surely any one with sufficient intelligence to look at pictures might guess that "Mattias" is a form of Matthias, without being told so, in a book, which only gives the foreign names of some few saints. Miss Tabor must, by the way, insert the "h" in her next edition, it has dropped out of the English form in her index. Since she names Fra Angelico as a painter of the martyrdom of St. Cosmo and St. Damian, it would have been more logical to add to her list the names of their brothers, Antimus, Leontinus, and Euprepus, and especially of the two youngest, the two exquisite figures which alone appear alive in the well-known last panel of the predella, the only one of the series which is in the Louvre; for she does include in her list the names of other "Companions."

In fact, Miss Tabor's defects, such as they are, are those common to the numerous ladies of literary and artistic tastes, quite qualified to write useful and pleasant volumes on their favourite subjects. They cannot make up their minds what their exact object is, and carry it out. If Miss Tabor intended to produce a pocket-book, she should have sacrificed her nicely chosen illustrations, and substituted for them succinct descriptions of such easily described garments as the dalmatic and the scapular, so useful in distinguishing—the first, deacon saints—and the second, the Confessors of the Religious Orders which wear scapulars, from those which do not. If she intended her book for reference at home, she might have added with advantage a vast number more names and attributes, with very little extra trouble. Nevertheless we welcome her nice little book, and our criticisms must be taken as a mark of appreciation, and we hope that they may be useful in indicating the line of improvement, when she prepares her second edition.

Records of Stirring Times—1726-1822. By the Authoress of "Old Days in Diplomacy." (W. Heinemann, 10s. net.)

THE editing and publishing of old letters is not always commendable or even defensible, however interesting they may be, unless two conditions are fulfilled—the clearing up of undetermined points of history and the filling of *lacunæ* in hitherto ragged stories. This book of records is more than justified; it would have been a sin not to have given them forth, for they enlarge the knowledge on several debatable points, and dot the i's and cross the t's

of much that has been guesswork. The actual owner of the many letters reproduced is the granddaughter of Queen Charlotte's Vice-Chamberlain, Colonel Disbrowe (a variation of Desborough), the close friend and adviser of the family of George III. Her father's eldest sister married Sir Herbert Taylor, the confidential secretary, consecutively, of the Duke of York, George III., Queen Charlotte, and William IV. The letters are varied in value and matter—some trivial and of merely domestic interest, others of considerable State import. They are written by Queen Charlotte, King George, the Princess Elizabeth, and most of the notabilities about the Court of the period. One obtains a very intimate insight into the political intrigues of the day, and more than one or two open issues are explained, so as to make the shadowy history of those stirring times more lucid and understandable. The editing, by M. Montgomery Campbell, leaves nothing to be desired, and there is a full and useful index.

Women of Florence. By ISIDORO DEL LUNGO. Translated by MARY C. STEEGMANN. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net.)

To gain a true insight into the cause and effect of historical events we must step aside from the high-road of politics, where our eyes are dazzled and blinded by the progress of kings and the tramp of armies, and penetrate into those obscure byways where dwells the nameless multitude of humbler folk who live and die unknown to fame. History as a rule is a record of prominent personages, written, moreover, from the point of view of man alone. The "Women of Florence" is a historical study of a different nature. In this delightful collection of stories Professor del Lungo deals not with the exploits of the noble and the mighty. He gives us instead glimpses of the intimate life of the men and women—chiefly the women—of that day, wives and mothers and maidens who played their modest parts in the drama of life and died, as they had lived, unknown. With this object Professor del Lungo has investigated sources of information ignored or lightly passed over by the official historian—those family archives, domestic papers and records, inventories of wedding outfits and household property which now possess such inestimable value in enabling us to reconstruct the inner history of a bygone time. Here, indeed, the actual woman is revealed with all her frailties and virtues, her prejudices, loves and hatreds. And how much more alive she is than the great queens and dames of high lineage whose fortunes are told and retold in the pages of history! What a clear idea we get of her relation to man from the farewell letter of the Florentine mother to her daughter on the eve of her marriage! Many and stringent are the injunctions given to the young bride as to her future conduct towards her lord—the second of these commandments being that she should

Seek to know what viands he most prefers at dinner and at supper and see that these be prepared for him. And if it should happen that those dishes do not please thee, I would have thee, nevertheless, feign as though they did please thee; for it is seemly that a wife should conform unto the tastes of her husband.

Not a few of the other twelve admonitions given by this wise and gentle dame would kindle the wrath of the emancipated woman of to-day. But such rules came out of the heart and out of the reality of life.

Del Lungo is a historian of distinction, and his book is no mere compilation of dates and facts; indeed, we occasionally feel the lack of precise information in the shape of dates and authorities. He is a scholar and a classic, and this probably accounts for the florid style of his writing, which is not quite suited to the description of the trivial particulars and details of family affairs. Nevertheless, in some measure perhaps owing to the skill of Miss Steegmann, who has adapted rather than translated the original Italian to suit the English taste, the book is singularly attractive. The illustrations, too, some in colour and some in half-tone, and the binding, which is copied from a late cinquecento pattern, are worthy of the letterpress.

Vie de Michel-Ange. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. (Hachette, 2f.)

IT is a terrible and pathetic picture that is drawn for us by M. Rolland of the great spirit of the Italian Renaissance. The little book is designed on strange lines, for it seeks to communicate to us the author's sympathy with Michael Angelo by throwing into lurid relief all the weakness of his personality, all the misery, mental and physical, of a man for whom his genius was too great. Michael Angelo, says M. Rolland, was a being strangled and buffeted by an outrageous and overweening spirit of Art within him. Neither his mind nor his body, neither his natural disposition nor his natural ambitions, were those of this spirit, and it was almost in spite of himself that the morbid, pusillanimous man was forced to become the great, the stupendous artist. Not that he fought against his genius; on the contrary, he spent himself, wore himself out, in a furious endeavour to keep pace with it. But the inherent weakness of the man prevented the artist from carrying out his projects. The utter indecision of character of the proud and sensitive bourgeois of Florence made him as bad a master to the genius as even Pope Julius himself, with his ever-varying schemes and gusts of savage fury. Inherited tendencies in the man, whose father and brothers were brutal and grasping, subserviency, vacillation, suspicion, panic, ill-temper—these were the foes of the divine inspiration which was imprisoned with them in one overwrought body. Yet it seemed as though that body drew fire from the spirit, and that the same purifying flame drove out the weaker qualities of the man. For in the actual service of his Art his patience and his devotion were unending. Only the bitterness of unaccomplished tasks pursued him to the end.

We have heard so much of Michael Angelo the artist—so little of Michael Angelo the man. And M. Rolland has succeeded well in this book; for, to realise the intensity of suffering through which the man went, which would never have been his save for the artist in him, is to know the man, and thereby to understand the artist. And in the figure of "Night" we can read the weary waiting for that day, which the artist dreaded as the end of human endeavour, and for which the man longed as the beginning of divine rest:

Beata l'alma, ove non corre tempo!

Kafir Socialism. By DUDLEY KIDD. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. KIDD's name is already closely associated with the intimate study of the Kafir by his two previous books, "The Essential Kafir" and "Savage Childhood." The present book is intended to be an Introduction to the Study of the Native Problem in South Africa, and consequently, has politics as its base rather than ethnology or anthropology. The two latter sciences, of course, are prominent in the book, but only as the means or guide by which the solution to the Political Problem may be reached.

As an Introduction to the Problem the book is necessarily short; but there is no scamping of detail where detail is necessary for the satisfactory proof of the author's point. When Mr. Kidd publishes—as he undoubtedly should—an exhaustive work on the same subject, there should be at once a most interesting and complete treatise on a subject that is as important as it is fascinating—a work at once welcome to the philosophical student, and absolutely necessary to the politician and builder of Empire.

Mr. Kidd divides his book into two parts—Kafir Socialism, and The Dawn of Individualism. In the first he discusses primitive Socialism, Kafir conceptions of justice, and the native franchise; in the second he deals with the education of the Kafir, and offers constructive criticism as regards the future development of the race, and the solution of the native problem. We have, then, a study that is at once retrospective and prospective; at the same time, contemporary conditions (as is only natural) hold their own in the horizon of the author.

On the first page Mr. Kidd makes sure of his position,

for he offers a definition of that vexed and doubtful term Socialism, and the use of the word throughout the book must be understood in those terms. He says:

The word Socialism is used in these pages to connote an organisation of society in which the means of life—whether production, distribution, or protection—are held in collective ownership.

Whether this definition is adequate or no need not be discussed here. Such a discussion may be left to Fabians and other philosophic Socialists. But there does arise a question in connection with this definition which is most germane to the subject of review. That under the Clan-system of the Kafirs all goods, means of life, and even life itself are held in collective ownership for the good of the Clan, and ultimately of the Tribe, is evident and undeniable. So far the Kafirs are indubitably Socialists. But beyond this Socialism there is something else. This Socialistic tenure is subject absolutely to the will and judgment—too often, perhaps, to the caprice—of the paramount chief, and in this aspect the Kafirs are subject to an autocracy as unquestioned and irresponsible as it is possible to conceive. There is no "government of the people by the people for the people." Such an idea is, according to Mr. Kidd's reiterated statements, entirely hostile to true Kafir thought, and is only to be found among the "half-baked" educated Kafir, who has shaken off all Clan duties. Mr. Kidd would draw a hard-and-fast line between this Democracy and the true Socialism of the Kafir, and consequently readers, in order truly to appreciate his meaning and point, will have to keep constantly before them his definition of the word in use:

The Native Problem is the problem of the native. This is so obvious when once stated, that one would be ashamed to say it unless it were so constantly forgotten. Before we can understand the bearings of the Native Problem, we must study native customs and thought.

These words in Mr. Kidd's preface show the line of his whole argument, and he judges the good or evil effect of our "Reforms" not only by the evident actual results on the subjects of our experiments, but by the attitude towards those reforms of the subjects themselves. For example, we have at any rate emasculated, if not entirely destroyed, the Clan system, and the result is that we are not thanked for our efforts; nor, on the other hand, have we succeeded (speaking generally) in improving the Kafir in spite of himself. That we should be thanked by the Kafir for improving him was, of course, not to be expected. He is evidently most conservative and stationary by nature, and lives and rules by tradition. But that we should have improved him in spite of himself, if he was capable of improvement, might surely be expected. That he is capable of improvement Mr. Kidd proves quite conclusively in the chapters "The Education of the Kafir" and "Can the Ethiopian Change his Skin," but it is equally clear that such improvement is in spite of our methods rather than because of them. The fatal mistake which we seem to have made in our dealings with the Kafir is, according to Mr. Kidd, that we have consistently tinkered with symptoms and not gone to the causes of the evils which we have set about to cure, and that we have striven for uniformity of legislation for a race whom different environment has transformed or varied into quite divergent natures. Adaptation to environment has produced such great changes among this migratory race that whereas, for example, at King Williams-town the natives are quite ready for the Glen Grey Act dealing with land tenure, their cousins in Natal have developed along quite different lines, and the Act would be neither "welcome or useful." In this connection Mr. Kidd notices a strange phenomenon. In his personal research among the Kafirs he has noticed that the further south they have penetrated the lower they have sunk in the social scale, and he states that the Kafir in Cape Colony is degenerate as compared with the Kafir of Nyassa or Tanganyika.

After all this destructive criticism by Mr. Kidd of our education of and legislation for the Kafir—by-the-by, he is convinced that the franchise is not wanted by the Kafir, and would be an immense weapon for harm in his hands—some constructive criticism will be demanded by his

readers. This he gives us in his last chapter ; and here we feel that the limits of his book as an introduction have hampered him. At the same time he gives in the Preface a very valid excuse for thus confining his discussion :

There is a further and final reason for not attempting a complete discussion of the Native Problem. It is a most unsuitable time to make such an attempt, because the present Liberal Government, by reserving the affairs of the Kafirs in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony for its own special care, and by interfering in the native affairs of Natal, is virtually stifling discussion ; for what colonist cares to waste his time in presenting a reasoned statement of his views concerning a thousand details of administration when he has every reason for feeling certain that the party that meditates interference in the domestic affairs of South Africa will be guided not by facts and sound sense, but by the uninformed sentiment of "moral experts" ?

At the same time, we are given at least one most fruitful suggestion—the foundation of an Ethnological Bureau, which, from the close and careful study of the folk-lore, tradition, religion, and customs of the Kafir, may reasonably be expected to arrive within an appreciable distance of the Kafir mode of thought, and so may be of immense assistance in legislating for him in such a way as may at the same time give him the boasted British justice, and yet not appear to him to be hopelessly unjust.

As Mr. Kidd says, it is difficult for the white man to think black, but it is certain that until he does he can never hope to succeed in his well-meant efforts to develop and improve the Kafir.

FICTION

Marotz. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. (Constable, 6s.)

It is very rarely that we find in a present-day novel the qualities that combine to make "Marotz" a great book. Simplicity and spiritual force have no place in the number of tricks and mannerisms which constitute the so-called technique of novel-writing. Our ears are troubled with much violent writing about intellectual bullies and the emotionally insane, and our eager vivisectors would have us believe that the human mind is a place of harsh and perpetual clamour, where vice wages endless war with prudence. It is pleasant to leave all this hysterical cleverness behind us and to read the life of a good woman as Mr. John Ayscough has told it with a simplicity which in itself is sufficient to make the book before us unconventional. In spite of this quality, however, we were surprised after reading the book to find on reflection how lacking in sensation had been the life which Mr. Ayscough had made so interesting. Marotz is born of noble Sicilian blood, and she is beautiful. This we should have known even if the author had not told us. When she is seventeen she enters a small convent as a postulant, but leaves it after two years because she is not sure that she has a vocation. She marries a bad man, but soon separates from her husband and brings up her son until he reaches years of indiscretion, when he falls under the influence of his father, and is only saved from utter corruption by the latter's tragic death. We leave Marotz when she is about to marry the man who has always loved her. All this is simple enough, and even the majority of the events we have enumerated are rather mentioned than described. For it is spiritual and emotional happenings that interest Mr. Ayscough, and it is with their aid that he has given us a portrait of a woman, so beautifully and truthfully drawn that we must include Marotz in the small number of fictional characters who have become more real for us than the men and women who share our conscious life. Nor is it only in his treatment of his principal character that the author shows his deep understanding of human nature. "Marotz" contains at least a score of portraits which startle us with their vividness and their lack of conventional values. "Poor Sister," the foundress of the convent, with her ready gift of loving and her gentle humour ; San Vito, the blunt grandfather of Marotz, whose death affords one of the finest chapters of the book ; Hals, her philosophic father ; Maso, the miserly

robber ; and Piccolo, her ardent, wayward son, are just a few of the men and women whose images stay in our memory and increase our obligation to the author. As we have suggested, Mr. Ayscough handles these characters in a quite unconventional way, and for the practised reader of novels who has acquired the habit of deducing the contents of each page from the course of events on the page preceding it "Marotz" provides endless surprises. And yet there is no straining after the unusual nor is there any passionate recording of the commonplace. It is merely that Mr. Ayscough adopts a point of view to which our sheep-like novelists have not accustomed us, and that he has the power to convince us that his resulting impressions are as accurate as they are stimulating. There is something of the same freshness in his style, which, at its best, is quite admirable, though here and there it shows traces of the malign influence of foreign languages. We must mention, too, that there are some striking descriptions of Sicilian scenery, though this is, as it always should be, carefully subordinated to the characters who hold the stage. And, finally, there is Marotz. Her we have not endeavoured to describe, for it would seem like an impertinence to condense the author's loving study into the limits of a review. We have narrated the bare facts of her story, and we must refer those who wish to meet and love the living woman herself to Mr. Ayscough's work. Here we will content ourselves with noticing that "Marotz" is dedicated by permission to the King of Sweden. We hope his Majesty deserves it.

The Fifth Queen Crowned. By FORD MADDOX HUEFFER. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

THIS is, apparently, the third of a series of novels dealing with the life of Henry VIII.'s fifth Queen, Katharine Howard. Not that there is anything in the book itself, except its general air of incompleteness, to show the reader that it is a sequel ; but from the advertisements at the beginning and end we learn that the two previous volumes were very good. After perusal of the volume in front of us we find it difficult to believe in the excellence of the forerunners, "The Fifth Queen Crowned" having both in matter and style very little to recommend it. There are at least two ways of writing an historical novel, the discreet and the indiscreet. "Esmond" and "John Inglesant" belong to the former method, where the principal characters of the book are unknown, or unimportant historically, and the great personages of history are only there incidentally and as a setting. In this case the principal characters are Henry VIII., Archbishop Cranmer, the Duke of Norfolk, and Katharine Howard, and their most intimate thoughts and intentions are given at length until the mixture of fact and fiction becomes a folly. Even this defect might have been overlooked to some extent if there had been beauties of style and workmanship in compensation ; but the whole book—the narrative part as well as the conversations—is written in a style which has now become commonly known as "Wardour Street English," from that well-known Soho thoroughfare where antiques and, more especially, sham antiques were to be found in such abundance. Mr. Hueffer, indeed, gives us the impression that he has had at his elbow the catalogue of some second-hand emporium. We have no doubt that much of this antiquarian lore will pass muster, but we should very much like to know whether the little chapel of Edward IV.'s reign was really round-arched.

There is another impression, too, to be gained from this sham archaic writing, and that is that it has been chosen in order to conceal the author's incapacity for writing plain English. It is always dangerous to point out errors where such a method has been adopted, but we think it will be difficult for any one to justify the following examples that have been culled here and there from the many instances which gave us pause :

As if with the furtive eyes and feathery grace of a blonde fox Cranmer's spy came round the great boards.—It was not till very lately since this canon of wedding by a holy friar hath been derided and contemned in this realm.—May the God to whom you have prayed,

that softened the heart of Paul, soften *thine* in this hour.—Near the doorway it was all shadow, and soundlessly she faded away among them.

The italics are all ours. Errors and inelegances peep at us from every page, and we have found it quite impossible to count how often the different characters speak or look "sardonically," or "swallow in their throats," or find their "eyes suffused with blood;" this last unpleasant trait is, we hope, a strictly Tudor one, and is perhaps the result of Mr. Hueffer's antiquarian researches. But we did take the trouble to count, and we found that he has used the word "heavy" in a figurative sense seven times in the first two short pages, and has even had to help it out with "weighty," which occurs twice. No, not even the *Outlook*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, and others, aided by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, whose commendations figure so aggressively on the fly-leaves of this book, shall deter us from saying that "The Fifth Queen Crowned" is a sham, and a "heavy" sham at that.

The Ancient Law. By ELLEN GLASGOW. (Constable, 6s.)

It is some considerable time since America—that land of strange surprises—has furnished us with a genuinely finer novel than "The Ancient Law," by Ellen Glasgow. The book is one of those rare exercises in the art of fiction-writing that deserve to be dignified by the term "a work." The theme of the book is expounded in the large manner that is now so seldom met. The chronicle of Daniel Ordway is related, as all tragic history should be related, with a calm, almost literal, simplicity that at times through its very subject-matter is tinged with an unhappy splendour. The story is really the biography of Daniel Ordway from the time he leaves prison. His after-life is minutely described in all its many varied phases, and we learn in graduating periods, from a slow but precise undertone that runs like a thread of silver fire through the gloomy texture of the entire history, the growth and expression of the man's expanding spirit. Every character in the book is etched with a sure hand that has mastered technique and the relative values of light and shade. Banks, "the impossible;" Baxter, the benevolent tobacco merchant; Milly Trend; Lydia, Daniel's wife, who lives in an atmosphere of anæmic sainthood; Alice, Daniel's prodigal daughter; Beverly, the inconsequent relic of the old Southern aristocracy; and lastly, the woman who loved Daniel and was beloved by him, are all portraits in Miss Glasgow's picture-gallery that stand out with a boldness of outline that is astonishingly life-like. There is little in the book that is dramatic, and nothing that can be called theatrical. The story might easily have degenerated into a sequence of cheap situations and tawdry climaxes. It offers very obvious temptations for an author to produce meretricious effects, but all these Miss Glasgow has avoided with a restraint that is as commendable as it is rare. She has preferred to tell her story of Daniel Ordway with a serene disregard for melodrama or sentimentalism. Yet all the thought in the book is expressed through feeling, and the clear, sonorous prose that rolls out this history of courageous enterprises, immutable sufferings, and the consolation to be found in moments of transient compensation, carries in its burden a depth of emotion that is beyond the compass of shrill or exclamatory expression. Miss Glasgow knows her America well, but for the most part the America to be discovered in "The Ancient Law" is not the habitation of "Tammany," or the "Great Trusts," or the "Jungle." It is old Southern America, beaten, impoverished, and wellnigh forgotten, but touched with the dignity of defeat and a pathos irresistibly associated with the crumbling dissolution of any State or human community that has been driven into the backwaters of the world. Such a background, breathing the autumnal spirit of decay, makes an admirable—it would seem an inevitable—setting for Miss Glasgow's powerful and very actual story.

Anne Page. By NETTA SYRETT. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

In her latest novel Miss Netta Syrett's manner is at direct variance with her matter. The former is almost cloyingly

sentimental, the latter almost brutal. The whole story is powdered over with fine sugary sentiment, embellished with innumerable floral decorations, and heavily sweetened with a liberal allowance of that syrupy substance which is, perhaps, the chief constituent of schoolgirl romance. This style of writing is harmless enough when it is utilised to express a congenial theme, but in Miss Syrett's case the ugliness of her story is accentuated, and in places rendered positively repellent, by a method of narration so utterly unsuited to its subject. We start well enough in the old approved fashion of tea-garden sentimentalism. We are introduced to the soft afterglow of the sunset, the sweet-scented lilac trees, the lichen-stained sundial, the cool, plashing fountain, and last, but not least, the quiet-mannered, beautiful woman, whose face "had the delicacy of a white rose," and whose eyes were as blue as corn-flowers. Truly a promising start, and, having concluded the first chapter, we come unreservedly to the conclusion that "Anne Page," or "Sweet Anne Page," as she is called throughout the story, would make an ideal companion for all our little girls when they return home for summer holidays. However, our conclusions, built somewhat rashly upon slender premises, were rapidly proved to be erroneous. After a time we are translated from "the lavender garden," the parsonage, and the general atmosphere of quiet English country life into a Paris that is all art and naughtiness. We discover that "Sweet Anne Page" has "a past." She had been the mistress of a painter and a genius. She had refused to marry this shadowy personage, but had decided, nay, had even invited, a casual union from motives that, properly considered, can only be regarded as the baser appetites of the flesh. Moreover, Anne Page's indiscretions appear to be of an alarmingly common variety amongst the women who inhabit Miss Netta Syrett's "lavender gardens." The local doctor's wife also visits Paris, and is also apparently quite willing to become the mistress of another painter and genius, a gentleman of light conversation, who was an intimate of that other great man of Gallic origin, who had formerly enslaved the passions of Anne Page. However, the doctor's wife agrees to return to her husband, and, upon Anne Page's advice, to deceive him. Even here the full catalogue of Miss Syrett's erring ladies is not exhausted. The local clergyman's daughter is preparing to start for America with a theatrical company under the guidance of the traditionally wicked manager, when the ubiquitous Anne, whose tastes, it should be remembered, lie all in the direction of Parisian painters, intervenes. The end is very much after the fashion of the beginning. We have June roses, and sundials, and sunsets, and fragrant country gardens once more. The only reflection aroused by this curious novel is a reassuring belief that the ladies who adorn our English country life are neither so incontinent nor so inherently stupid as Miss Syrett would have us suppose. Our author's style in parts and places possesses an actual charm.

The Grey Knight. By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE. (Smith and Elder, 6s.)

To open a new novel by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture is to experience a feeling of pleasurable anticipation. She is the possessor of a style that is always distinctive, and an art of happy narration whereby the most threadbare incidents are redeemed from the commonplace. "The Grey Knight" is an excellent example of her method. The story has been told before more than once, but in the hands of Mrs. de la Pasture it acquires a more vivid interest and a deeper pathos. It is, in brief, a love-story in which the man is many years older than the woman. He is a widower, she a widow. "A common greyness silvers everything." But the grey turns rose with the dawning of love. Sir Harry Gwynn is not in externals an attractive character, but he is capable of a deep-rooted attachment, and he cannot bear to think that the woman he loves should be unworthy of his adoration. In order to live he must idealise—it is one of the marks of the egoist. Louise, the loved one, is guilty of a momentary indiscretion. It is, at

the worst, a pardonable fault, due rather to weakness than to folly, but in the eyes of the infatuated lover it assumes the aspect of the unpardonable sin. Complications ensue, and there is much unhappiness for two fond creatures whom freakishness rather than fate has kept apart, but in the end the expected happens. In the meanwhile there is much diverting by-play, and a charming picture of life in a country house. Mrs. de la Pasture has a finished touch, and her minor characters are to the manner born. Anna Owen, with her uncompromising and wholly exasperating honesty, and Gwenllian Cadoc, that perfect embodiment of English girlhood, are especially delightful, nor would one willingly forget Dr. Morgan, and his Dresden shepherdess of a wife. The author, indeed, has but one fault that matters. She is too conscious of her background, and is for ever taking the reader out into the garden to see the marigolds in blossom. This is an excess of literary hospitality. But it has, nevertheless, to be said that in "The Grey Knight" we have a novel which for a certain quiet charm and sweetness of atmosphere it would be hard to match. It is a worthy successor to "Peter's Mother."

The Trailor's Wife. By W. H. WILLIAMSON. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THE most noticeable thing about this book is the style in which it is written. Owing to the fact that it is composed almost entirely of short, dry sentences, the reader is propelled through it by sharp jerks which are distinctly disconcerting. He is left with a confused impression of anarchist plots, beautiful Russian countesses and villainous Government officials; but what really remain in his memory are trenchant statements such as these—"Ideals have more power than individuals;" "Those who work in the dark must expect to work double!" "Silence is of the beasts that perish, speech is man's glory;" "Experience teaches!" "Nothing can upset power but power;" "The joy of a crowd is to destroy;" "So many things in this world come too late." Extreme brevity sometimes leads to confusion, and when the bewildered reader is told that "he dropped a white handkerchief over his car," he is led into the wildest conjectures as to the relative sizes of pocket-handkerchiefs and motor-cars in Russia.

The Gates that Shall Not Prevail. By HERBERT M. FARRINGTON. (Lane, 6s.)

SHOULD Mr. Farrington be prevailed upon to follow on the footsteps of Mr. Hall Caine and dramatise his book—a step which we should sincerely regret—he would be sure of instant success at Drury Lane and in the provinces. The story speaks for itself. A well-known artist of atheistical tendencies is engaged on a picture in which the central figure is that of a monk. He is still searching in vain for a model who will realise his conception of this monk when Lord Mauverne, an elderly *roué*, offers to introduce to him a certain Paul Servain, commonly known as "Brother Paul," in whom he takes a mysterious interest. The artist meets "Brother Paul":

A man in the prime of life, . . . tall, sinewy, . . . with a broad forehead, . . . firm-set mouth and jaw, . . . wonderful dark eyes,

dressed in

a monk's gown of rough brown stuff, girt round him with a cord of the same material;

takes him as his model and finishes the picture, which is, of course, the success of the year. He then visits "Brother Paul" at his Settlement in the East End, and makes the acquaintance of several of his friends, notably one Bunker Bill, king of the sandbaggers, and excellent material for melodrama. Having once been thoroughly pummelled by the indomitable "Brother," he has dedicated his life to the pummelling of all Servain's foes. Unfortunately a frail but alluring beauty, Violetta by name, casts a jealous eye upon Servain, and many intense and dramatic "situations" ensue. The last scene, in which Violetta makes a violent repentance and Lord Mauverne acknowledges Brother Paul as his son, would be described by a Drury Lane

audience as thrilling. We are led to believe that Violetta ends her life as a district visitor.

The Primadonna. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. (Macmillan, 6s.)

"THE PRIMADONNA" is an excellent example of Mr. Crawford's work. Although he must be by now the author of nearly forty volumes, this, his latest, may be accounted amongst the best. No other writer of to-day could have given us such a blend of exciting adventure and skilful character-drawing. Furthermore, the author begins by giving us the impression that his heroes are all villains, but the subsequent "whitewashing" is done with a gracefulness that disarms criticism. Margaret Donne, the primadonna, possesses a personality, half real, half theatrical, that influences everybody with whom she comes into contact. Mr. Van Torp and others come under her influence for a time, but the millionaire is really in love with Lady Maud, a married woman with a Semitic appetite for hard cash that is strangely blended with a delicate sense of honour. Amid all the complications of a murder mystery and the persecution of Van Torp, the suspected murderer, Margaret Donne, the American, Lady Maud, and Logotheti work out their salvation, finally assorting themselves into the couples convention demands in a modern novel. There are several other persons of importance to the literary skill of Mr. Crawford, if not to the story he sets out to tell. The mannerisms of singers, in society and out of it, are excellently described, and there is a great deal of humour, quiet and cynical, which will be thoroughly enjoyed by the reader whose sense is not numbed by a recital of adventures. Readers of "The Soprano" will not be disappointed in "The Primadonna." The latter is in every way an improvement on its predecessor, and is really one of those rare instances where a sequel marks an advance in method. The publishers are to be congratulated on the make-up of the volume. The book is pleasant to handle and the type gratifying to the eye.

Marozia. By A. G. HALES. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

It is not to be expected that one man should be able to write twenty-two good short stories—the number embodied in Mr. Hales's new book—and if the author of "Marozia" fails to hold the reader each time, he is not to be blamed for failing to accomplish the almost impossible. "Marozia" is the name of the royal adventuress who dominates the first eight stories, and there is never any doubt as to the original of the character. Mr. Hales writes with a certain cosmopolitan glamour, and he introduces us to Balkan mountains, brigands, and caves with a familiarity that suggests the born traveller and romancer. There is plenty of colour in his stories and a superabundance of fighting and love-making. Marozia, a sort of modern Lais, provides the author with material for eight love-stories, and, as this is much above the Mrs. Grundy average, the character of the queen can be easily guessed. The other contributions to the volume are not so well written, with the exception of the last, "The Fiddle of Death"—which is quite the best thing in the whole book—and, after the enticing adventures of Marozia, such episodes as a murder, a duel, and a battle seem tame enough. It is scarcely necessary to emphasise Mr. Hales's skill as a writer of romance, for he is rapidly becoming one of our most prolific novelists, but it is to be feared that he may write too much. "Marozia" is an interesting and well-written collection of short stories of the super-magazine type. Whether literature of this kind is worth reproducing in volume form is doubtful, though it can be said that Mr. Hales very nearly justifies it by his latest volume.

Where Passion Swayed. By W. ASHLEY LARKINS. (12s. net.)

IN his essay on Fontainebleau Stevenson wrote sympathetically of "the last heart-throbs of that excited amateur who has to die in all of us before the artist can be born." The phrase recurs to us irresistibly in connection

with the novel under notice. It is not merely that Mr. Ashley Larkins publishes his book himself in an ugly binding at an improbable price, nor would we venture to call Mr. Larkins an excited amateur for his Preface alone, though therein he modestly proposes to preserve order in the world by writing fiction. But on every page of this book there is the mark of the amateur, the man who has not taken the trouble to learn his trade of writing as he might have learnt it, and the result is a quantity of undigested thought flung together at random and expressed in the vilest of English. The book appears—for the author's incoherence is at times almost pathetic—to be a kind of allegory, in which Mr. Larkins seeks to express his disapproval of passion and lawyers. But the whole thing is incredibly stupid, and we have deemed it kinder to tell Mr. Ashley Larkins the truth than to leave his nonsense unnoticed.

CORRESPONDENCE

POLITICS WITH A VENGEANCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am wondering what measures will be taken to make you sorry for having published this week's paragraph concerning the pledges given to Manchester's Asiatic Colony by the candidate with the double-barrelled nationality and allegiance.

If the paragraph had appeared in a daily journal it would have been promptly followed with the withdrawal from its columns of the advertisements of Dr. Defraudemstein's Lightning Cancer Cure, of Swindleitch's Free Diamond Ring Offer, of Swettenberg's 11s. Overcoat, and of other profitable patronage. But, unfortunately, a weekly literary journal is not such a suitable medium for advertising sovereign remedies, "free jewellery fakes," and sweat-shop clothing as are the various organs of Atheism, Semitism, Anglophobia, and Anti-Nationalism that are published daily, and so you will have to be made to realise the error of your ways other than through the medium of THE ACADEMY advertisement department.

How you could have been so reckless as to publish the paragraph I cannot understand. If a writer for a halfpenny daily were to pen anything of that character he would be shipped back to New York by the very next steamer. If the naturalised Italians, Germans, or Frenchmen in this country were so regardless of their oaths of loyalty to their adopted country as to attach greater importance to the unrestricted immigration of the harpies, paupers, prostitutes, lepers, criminals, and lunatics of their race than to any matter affecting the interests of the mere natives; and if some semi-foreign politician in exchange for their votes were so false to his duty to his country as to pledge himself to secure the further abrogation of the law designed to exclude these alien undesirables, any unfavourable comments you might make on his conduct would be excusable. But when you condemn the action of a semi-Yankee politician who promises to play the traitor in order to secure the votes of members of the noble breed which has furnished our country with 90 per cent. of its brothels, sweat-shops, usury offices, and gambling dens, which has enriched our population with a huge swarm of perjurers, thieves, swindlers, procurers, souteneurs, white-slave traffickers, etc., and supplies, at least, one of our political parties with its campaign funds—you prove yourself to be an anti-Semite of the deepest dye.

But perhaps, Sir, you did not mean it, and are already sorry, and anxious to make amends. If such be the case, you should hasten to communicate with the private secretary of Sir Percy Mosenstein, c.o. C-bd-n Club, the popular leader of the powerful Jewish Party in the Commons, the "glose bersonal frendt of dot sblendit veller ———," the big contributor to the Radical Party funds who arranged that little deal whereby all the principal opponents of the Aliens Act were, with one exception, given important posts in the present Government, and the Chairman of the Society for Promoting the Colonisation of Britain with the Superior Races of Mankind.

Upon forwarding your letter, you will receive a series of articles showing the great benefit Great Britain derives from the 50,000 "religious refugees" who come here each year to fill the gaps made in our population by the disappearance of the 300,000 natives who, thanks partly to the generous pecuniary assistance of Sir Percy and the great Lord Hoggstein, are enabled each year to seek a living in other lands. By publishing these articles in THE ACADEMY, and the letters signed "Modern Huguenot," "British Patriot," "Anglo-Saxon," "Fair Play," etc., with which you will also be supplied, and which contain some very caustic comments on the narrow-minded persons who selfishly want to

keep Britain for the use of the subject race, you will atone for the wicked anti-Semitic outburst you have been guilty of.

JOSEPH BANISTER.

Bickleigh Lodge, Shoot-up Hill, Brondesbury, N.W.,
May 5, 1908.

CATHOLIC MARTYRS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—On Monday, May 4th, the Catholic Church keeps the memory of "All our Blessed English Martyrs since the schism of 1534."

At Tyburn alone ninety-one perished, usually after hideous tortures. The roll of martyrs included the monks from the Charterhouse, priests (secular and regular), undergraduates from the Universities (especially Oxford), laymen, and artisans.

Many of them died praying for England and the King. Standing on the site of the ancient Tyburn, near the Marble Arch, is one in a row of handsome houses. This has been purchased by a convent of nuns who keep alive there the memory of the martyrs. The drawing-room has been turned into a chapel. Over the door, beneath the cross, is inscribed the word "Tyburn." In this chapel for three days, May 1st to May 4th, is kept a solemn festival in honour of the martyrs. Behind the altar, with its white draperies, is hung the English flag, and before it stand two large candles, marked "For the King" and "For England."

ETHEL ROSS BARKER.

THE JUDGES AND FLOGGING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a recent Memorial to the Prime Minister, the Secretary of the Humanitarian League stated that three of our most experienced criminal Judges steadily refused to award the lash for robbery with violence. These three Judges all bear Catholic names—Russell, Brampton, Mathew. Lord Justice Mathew was identified with the work of the Criminal Law and Prison Reform Department of the League, while Baron Brampton was in friendly touch with its Hon. Secretary, Mr. Collinson, to whom he wrote in 1899:

The victim of the lash will become a brutal outlaw.
Flogging brings out the very worst in a man's nature.

In naming these three great administrators of the law the Secretary of the Humanitarian League was unconsciously giving Catholics a point that is not likely, I think, to pass wholly unnoticed in polemics; for, in the words of a writer in the *Tablet*:

Here, at least, is a category in which the formula "one man in three" is not an over-statement, but an under-estimate in Catholic and Protestant proportions.

OBSERVER.

May 5, 1908.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am not aware if the literary Press has noticed the circular recently issued by the Simplified Spelling Board. Having regard to its influential backing, the document is important and likely to have far-reaching consequences. Many spelling changes are proposed, and many more implied. It is a safe prophecy that in a generation most of them will be firmly embedded in the literature of America. They do not seem to have been yet ratified officially, so that if any debatable points arise out of them the present seems the time to state them. THE ACADEMY was so friendly to the reform movement during the late controversy that it may take upon itself to elicit the British view of the present phase of the question.

The S.S.B. is doubtless acting on the best American advice. The Board itself carries weight, and it has the co-operation of an Advisory Council specially formed for the purpose from among prominent professors of the language and educationists drawn from many of the States of the Union—a body manifestly intended to nationalise the movement.

The new proposals are familiar enough to those who have followed the many endeavours to effect reforms in this country—the substitution of f for ph, the preterit ending of -ed changed to -t where so pronounced, elision of that unsightly relic of our guttural forbears -ugh, and of final e and ue where not lengthening the preceding vowel. There is an unclassified list of revised spellings:—Aile for aisle, ake, agast, gost, bild, foren, forfit, surfit, gard, hight, iland, quire, sissors, sithe, siv, sent for scent, soveren, curtesy, crum, det, lim, thum, wier, wierd, yoman, etc.—forms obviously simpler, and for all of which historical warrant is claimed.

It would be comforting to know that the Americans are not

going to take unwarrantable liberties with our language. Professor Skeat, Drs. Murray and Wright, and other British members of the Board have probably seen to that. But have they not been caught napping in allowing to pass such spellings as docil, facil, hostil, servil? It is news that these words are so uttered in America. It cannot be pretended that they are so spoken here.

A SPELLING REFORMER.

A SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your notice of the Arundel Club's publications encourages me to write to your columns on a matter which has several times occurred to me before. It is the possibility of formation of a similar club whose members would receive reproductions of contemporary pictures of a kind seldom reproduced. Perhaps something of the sort is now in existence, or has been started in the past, but failed for lack of support. I do not know. And, not knowing, it seems to me that such a club, besides fulfilling a very useful function, would receive a large measure of support. Its success would depend on three things. Firstly, the strength of the committee. That is an essential point; classic names by all means, and also well-known members of the New English Art Club or other of Mr. Wake Cook's Little Bethels. Secondly, the attitude of the artists and owners of the pictures. I cannot see why it should be anything other than favourable. And, finally, the support received from the picture-loving public, which would depend to a great extent on the way in which the first two conditions were fulfilled.

Reproducers of modern paintings confine their attentions pretty closely to the atrocious and the stupid. Personally, I should like to possess copies of works by—well, who knows?—Brangwyn, Ricketts, John, Arnesby Brown, Strang, Bone, and scores of equally well-known and less-famous men. Further, I believe many others think like myself.

Modern colour reproduction presents alluring possibilities which a Committee would decide on in individual cases.

A. J. A.

Liverpool, May 1, 1908.

BOOKBUYING VERSUS BORROWING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Just a year ago the so-called Book War was raging, and the book-world was in the throes of a bitter dispute as to the fate of the six-shilling novel. The experiment of issuing new fiction at half-a-crown was attempted by my own firm and a few others, but was successful only for a time, being killed mainly by the apathy of the Book Trade. The six-shilling novel we have still with us, but beyond a few libraries and beyond a few favoured authors its sale has fallen to a very low figure indeed. It is in a sorry plight, and thousands are being sold to remainder-dealers for a few pence. The booksellers who refused to support the fair and reasonable price of half-a-crown for fiction and endeavoured to bolster up the six-shilling novel now find themselves faced with far cheaper fiction, which they are bound to sell because the public demand it. To-day, in spite of the general slackness of the Book Trade, there is quite a boom in shilling fiction. Let any one look at any railway bookstall and see the piles of such recent novels as Rider Haggard's "Ayesha," Keble Howard's "Girl who Never Lied," the Baroness Orczy's successes, and a host of others such as "Sinless," "The Sands of Pleasure," "Brewster's Millions," etc., all attractively produced, many in cloth, and selling by the hundred-thousand. What is the reason of it all? Just this, it seems to me, that the great reading public will buy their books instead of borrowing them if they are issued at a price within their reach. A shilling is a very low figure, but it is possible, if a book is a good one, able to command a large sale. Half-a-crown was a better price still, but the Book Trade would not have it, so now they have much lower-priced books to handle. Yet, if they can only look ahead, they should see how the cheap good book means the salvation of their business because it means reaching a buying public instead of a borrowing one. France has already proved what enormous sales are possible at reasonable prices. Only the other day I picked up a copy of René Bazin's latest novel; it bore the inscription "forty-seventh edition," and this within a month or two of issue. The boom in the shilling novel has not so far been noticed by the Press, but it is a movement that is spreading so fast that it seems worthy of consideration and perhaps comment.

CHARLES P. SISLEY, Managing Director, Sisley's, Ltd.

Charing Cross, April 30, 1908.

BOOKS RECEIVED

EDUCATIONAL

Scott, Dukinfield Henry. *Studies in Fossil Botany*. Black, 6s. net.
Pensées, maximes et réflexions de Pascal La Rochefoucauld Vauvenargues. Macmillan, 2s.

HISTORY

Avery, Elroy McKendree. *A History of the United States and its People*. Vol. IV. Cleveland: Burrows.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Annie Besant. *An Autobiography*. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.

FICTION

Gerrard, Edith C. *The Unexplained*. Digby Long, 3s. 6d.
Lathbury, Eva. *The People Downstairs*. Alston Rivers, 6s.
Syrett, Netta. *Anne Page*. Chatto and Windus, 6s.
Albanesi, Madame. *Drusilla's Point of View*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
Never Say Die. By the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowich. Collier, 6s.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. *Scarlet Runner*. Methuen, 6s.
Cleeve, Lucas. *What Woman Wills*. Long, 6s.
Deledda, Grazia. *Ashes*. Lane, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Gasquet, the Right Rev. Abbot. *The Great Abbeys of England*. Chatto and Windus, 20s. net.
Nelson's Sixpenny Guides: Ilfracombe, Aberystwith, Hastings to Bexhill, Plymouth, The Wye Valley, Torquay, Llandudno, Brighton, Bellws-y-Coed and Snowdon, York, Scarborough, Falmouth. Nelson, 6d. each net.
Nelson's Guide to Paris. 9d. net.
Noyes, Ella. *The Story of Milan*. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.
The Invisible Glory. Selected Sermons preached by George Howard Wilkinson. Mowbray, 5s. net.
Romanes, Ethel. *Bible Readings, with Comments*. Mowbray, 3s. 6d. net.
Stories by Gautier. Jack, 1s. net.
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No. 1880

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LIFE AND LETTERS

If the children's *fête* in aid of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children at Claridge's on Tuesday last cannot claim any space in these columns under the heading of "Letters," it can anyhow claim to have been a piece of "Life," and very pretty life at that. Now we come to think of it, there was also an element of "Letters" about it, for Mrs. Walter Cave's little play, *The Three Wishes*, without having any pretensions to being a serious piece of literature, was nevertheless a very charming and pleasing affair, and many more pretentious dramatists might learn a lesson from that clever and cultivated lady as to the value of simplicity and directness. The whole *fête* was a brilliant success in every way. It was in reality a Beauty show of the very first order, a striking and almost bewildering witness to the beauty, grace, and charm of English children. There were beautiful women there too, and if we were inclined to draw such a dull thing as a moral out of such a *faëry* spectacle, we might point it by saying that it was rather a curious thing to observe that the women who looked most beautiful, most young, and most happy were precisely those who do not hunger and thirst after "Society," but who are content to live their lives according to their best lights, without troubling their heads for one instant about whether "Society" from the Top (with a big T) to the bottom approves of them or not. "Society" is full of noble and splendid women with beautiful souls in beautiful or ordinary bodies; on the other hand, it is equally full of mean, foolish, spiteful, and backbiting women with ugly souls in beautiful or ordinary bodies. In other words, it is made up of individuals, and the wise are those who realise that, while individuals can benefit or hurt "Society," "Society" as a whole is powerless against the individual unless with his own consent. "Society" can neither hurt nor help a great man or a great woman. Resist "Society," and (unlike the Devil) it will run after you.

It appears that there is a paper published in the neighbourhood of Tudor Street which is edited in part by a gentleman whose real business lies in Mincing Lane. This gentleman's feeling for letters will be understood when we mention that he prints in large type under his own name such pretty sentences as the following :

His frock-coats are immaculate, and has he not rendered the flannel collar fashionable among the gilded youth (and the youthful guild which studies fashion at Hope Brothers)?

As a sort of side-line this gentleman's paper devotes much attention to "cheap sugar" and fortune-telling with the

help of stale ribbons. And he appears to have concluded that he is a great judge of other matters; for he takes it upon himself in his current issue to decide between ourselves and a certain music-hall manager. His decision is of no consequence whatever. But he makes certain suggestions which are without foundation. He has evidently misconstrued the whole matter—which is not surprising in view of his alien connections. If he values the good opinion of his readers, we should advise him to stick to his sugar-boiling and his fortune-telling, and leave matters which are beyond his comprehension to take care of themselves.

A letter from Mr. R. W. Raper in the *Times* of May 6th on the Preservation of Mountain Scenery, and a previous letter from Mr. Salt, deserve notice. Mr. Raper pleads practically for the preservation of beautiful scenery by means of nationalisation, with due regard to the rights of private property. Particularly he advocates the institution of a Department of State for this purpose. He suggests that such a Department should form part of the Board of Agriculture, the Local Government Board, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, or that the National Trust should be constituted a Department of State for the purpose. Though we fully agree with Mr. Raper in desiring the preservation of the remaining natural beauties of this country, we cannot advocate any increase of Government, whether national or local. We should naturally prefer the former as the less stupid and corrupt of the two, but we doubt whether any existing political party would not readily sacrifice all the mountains in these islands in favour of the commercial syndicates on whose support they depended. It appears to us that far more can be done in the matter by societies than by legislation.

We desire to congratulate Mr. Birrell on the safe passage through the House of Commons of his Irish Universities Bill. It is a very cheering sign of the times to find that the Nonconformists, and Protestants within the Anglican Church can only muster thirty-eight votes on a division. It is only another indication of the extraordinary force of the Catholic revival in the English Church which is now going on. When taken in conjunction with the fact that the Nonconformist bodies are on every side deploring heavy defections in their numbers, it forms a most unexpectedly hopeful state of affairs. We do not seem to hear much nowadays of the National Protestant Alliance, and we have for some time past been blissfully free from any public demonstrations on the part of Lady Wimborne. That the baneful influence of Protestantism in the English Church is not, however, quite extinct there is, unfortunately, sufficient proof to be found in the deplorable and scandalous action of the Bishop of Newcastle in connection with the Mission of the Holy Resurrection at Newcastle. We have before now drawn attention to this disgraceful state of affairs, but apparently nothing can be done. The Bishop of Newcastle, in acting as he does, is flouting the opinion of all the churches in his diocese, and there are undoubted signs that his presence as Bishop in that diocese is becoming intolerable to the clergy and laity alike.

Mr. R. J. Campbell, speaking at the City Temple the other day, made use of the following words :

Since the day when I first stood here as your minister I have become the best-hated man in the British pulpit.

Now it is a lamentable thing that Mr. Campbell should make such a foolish mistake as to imagine that he is hated. It is a typical result of the theological fog through which he is groping his way that he should confuse hatred of his doctrines with hatred of himself. Nobody hates "the New Theology" and all its works more than we do, and yet we can honestly say that never at any time have we been within a thousand miles of hating Mr. Campbell. One only has to look at his face to see that he is a decent, clean, straight man. We recognise that Mr. Campbell's errors are entirely

due to his present state of "invincible ignorance." We have not the least doubt that Mr. Campbell will become a good Catholic before long. (Need we say that by the word Catholic we do not necessarily mean Roman Catholic?) It seems to us inevitable in the case of a man of his nature, and he is probably much nearer to it than he imagines. Our advice to Mr. Campbell is to stop preaching for two years, and during that time to read and listen and think, and cultivate intellectual humility. It will be a very difficult thing to do; but it can be done, and he ought to do it. In the meanwhile he may take it from us that nobody of any consequence hates him or wishes him aught but well.

An exhibition of jewellery made by Miss Violet Ramsay will be held at Leighton House from May 22nd until June 4th. We take this opportunity of calling attention to Miss Ramsay's work, not only on its own merits, but as representing a society of artists and craftsmen and a technical school which have not yet received the attention which they deserve. Miss Ramsay's exhibition is confined to her own work, but it does great credit to the Sir John Cass Society of Arts and Crafts, of which she is an active organising member, and further, to Sir John Cass's School, which alone supplies members to the Society and is solely responsible for Miss Ramsay's technical training. Sir John Cass's School is fortunately well-endowed, and has not the opportunity for self-advertisement entailed by the necessity for begging. That the School forms excellent craftsmen has been shown by the two exhibitions already held by the Society, and we hope that the School will take its proper place at the approaching Art Conference. The Society is the product of the School, though constitutionally a separate body. Its two exhibitions—the first at Mr. Goldman's house in the summer of 1906, and the second at the Rowley Gallery on Campden Hill in the autumn of 1907—were unfortunately of such short duration that they missed much notice. At these, besides Miss Ramsay's jewellery, Miss Ethel Agnew's beautiful translucent enamelling, and Mr. Arthur Hughes's metal-work—to mention the work of but three exhibitors—showed the fine temper of the School's technical teaching, which leaves the pupils to develop in whatever style of design commends itself to their taste. We were glad to see that the exhibitors were little influenced by *L'Art nouveau*, and those we have named, not at all. Miss Ramsay's work is characterised by technical skill and accuracy, and by a sound knowledge of the principles of design. This enables her to give proper play to her individuality when it is least easy to do so—namely, in geometrical designs—as may be seen in the simple pectoral cross which she has made for the Bishop of St. David's and will exhibit at Leighton House. Though the best examples of her work are, of course, those in which she is unrestricted as to design and material, she shows much taste in making the utmost of stones intrusted to her for resetting, even when they are of a very unpromising sort. This particular faculty naturally brings her many clients.

In the interests of Technical Education in spheres of work suitable to women, and gentlewomen in particular, we have pleasure in calling attention to the Exhibition which was opened on Monday, the 10th, in Prince's Skating Rink at Knightsbridge, and will continue open until May the 30th. While we have much sympathy with the individual stallholders who are *bonâ fide* engaged in women's works, we have very little with the Yellow Press taste which appears in the vulgar title given to the Exhibition and in the official general catalogue. For this the stallholders are in no way responsible; indeed, considering that they represent in the main serious and useful work, they have reason for considerable annoyance; and if we are accurately informed that space was let to them on the distinct understanding that their stalls would not have to enter into competition with those of London shops, they have ground for more than annoyance. While giving every credit to the promoters of the Exhibition, for the

kindest intentions, we doubt whether it is wise, considering that the sense of humour is not entirely dead, to advertise the Bishop of London's blessing on a purely commercial undertaking, which includes the sale of "The Children's Encyclopædia"; nor do we credit the many shrewd and capable women who have invested in stall-spaces with any tendency to rely on spiritual subsidies for their commercial success.

Among the most interesting stalls we notice that of Miss Crooke's School of Gardening, French Gardening, and Poultry-keeping, established at Bredon's Norton, near Tewkesbury. It is the only representative in the Exhibition of the admirable and sensible French system, and can easily be found by its being arranged as an unglazed greenhouse adorned with climbing roses, and by the scarlet gardening jackets worn by the principal and her helpers. Besides great natural advantages of soil and climate, the School possesses an attraction shared by no other—a Ladies' Club. This is housed in an old manor-house on the estate of Miss Woodhull, who has furnished it for its present purpose, and takes much interest in its success and development. The Club serves as a residence for students, and for workers already trained, who wish to take up land in the neighbourhood, and for visitors wishing to attend special classes at the School or in Cheltenham. It also provides meals at very reasonable rates for members living in cottages, and forms a general nucleus to the working gentlewomen who revolve more or less round Miss Crooke. Many of our contemporaries have already written of the whole centre in enthusiastic terms from personal investigation, and we are glad to add our approval to theirs, from the accounts which we have received from independent sources. We regret that we have not space to notice the many excellent products offered on other stalls, the results of good technical training; they range from garden-produce, confected food of all descriptions, with needlework of every kind, to the breeding of dogs and donkeys, while such activities as secretarial work, motor-driving, and rifle-shooting are also represented.

THE ACADEMY is not the *Lancet*, so we must speak with some diffidence as to the present position of the old controversy of Homœopathy *versus* Allopathy. One is under the impression that the debate has died a natural death; but it is interesting to find that the method of Hahnemann is being applied in other regions. Last Sunday a certain Anglican cleric, preaching on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society, chose his text from the story of the Pool of Bethesda, where an angel troubled the waters, and, before going on to his assumption that all the poor sick folk were brought to their sad condition by their sins, he favoured his congregation with a very pretty *obiter dictum* to the effect that the pool doubtless possessed "intermittent mineral properties," due to the bubbling up of a spring. Here, then, is an instance of what may be called Spiritual Homœopathy; the preacher had no doubt noted the prevalence of a certain malady called Modernism, and was resolved to cure any incipient cases amongst his hearers by the exhibition of his famous "Mineral Properties" Globule. *Similia similibus curantur*; our cleric felt sure, we may assume, that any "Modernist" present would make a rapid recovery after this dose of the angel translated into mag. sulph.

On any other hypothesis the preacher's remark would be hard indeed to justify. The careful and honest and scholarly investigation of the Bible, conducted by scholars for scholars with all reverence and reserve and precaution, is, without doubt, an admirable duty. The scholars and theologians to whom such duty belongs are aware of the infinite incapacity of the human intelligence, of the propensity to fallacy which lurks in our ratiocinative faculties, of the immense danger of leaping to conclusions from faulty premises, or from no premises at all. They will remember the case of the "Higher Critic" who decided

that writing was unknown in the time of Abraham—a few months before the discovery of a great store of documents written at a date prior to the Patriarchal period. They will remember, too, how the "Higher Criticism" has had to yield position after position as to the genuineness and authenticity of the books of the New Testament; they will even be taught by physical science that all sorts of events, which would have been pronounced "impossible" a hundred years ago, are now things of common knowledge. The Stigmata, which once "proved" the chroniclers of the life of St. Francis of Assisi to be peculiarly impudent, and foolish and superstitious liars, are now the subject of medical investigation in the hospitals. The "dwarfs" for which Herodotus was derided were giving shows in the London music-halls quite recently. Such considerations might be multiplied indefinitely; and above all our theologians will remember the great consideration that, the Christian religion being confessedly a "supernatural" religion, there is no antecedent improbability in the mention of the "supernatural" in its records. And, to conclude, they will beware of an error which medical men as a rule have the sense (and the kindness) to avoid; they will not disturb the minds and hearts of the lay-folk by all kinds of premature and uncertain disclosures of highly dubious "results." The quack doctor may announce his "Powders to Cure Cancer," but the honourable physician is more cautious. He works, and watches, and experiments, and waits—and the public are not asked into his laboratory or his dissecting-room.

It is surely not necessary to labour the fatal and enormous folly of the opposite course, either in medicine or theology. On the supposition that the preacher who has furnished us with our text was not a spiritual homœopathist, if he did *not* equate the angel with mag. sulph. with the intention of disgusting his hearers with Modernism and all its works for ever, his conduct was utterly and wholly indefensible. Most of those present were simple folk who in all probability went away with the impression that the Bible was not true and that angels had no existence; and readers of THE ACADEMY will recollect the case of the cobbler mentioned by Dean Swift. He had heard that there was some doubt in the minds of the learned as to the text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses. "If that be so," said he (to give the substance of his remarks), "I can get drunk as often as I please, and beat my wife whenever I have a liking to do it." And, the utter mischievousness of "Mineral Properties" apart, think of the folly of it! Are the big miracles to be saved by throwing the little ones overboard? Is there any class of men who are quite willing to believe in all the (humanly) incredible events in the New Testament, so long as you allow that there was no angel, and that the Pool of Bethesda was no more wonderful than Bath and Baden? It is a pity, indeed, that a man cannot hear a Mass without being troubled with such stuff as this.

SELEUCUS OF LESBOS

Seleucus his new vessel brazen-lined

Dipped, at Arcturus' rise, in dimpling seas;
On his return the drowning Hyades
Through scudding drifts drew over him the blind
And vexèd deep. His bones the mews will find,
And in the thin-grassed dunes no goat will browse,
The tempest hollowed his last dwelling-house
Where grey sea-hollies toss before the wind.

There beating the same circuit in still flight,
The mews melt into sliding sparks of light,
And the unrelenting wind is rarely stayed;—
Earth, sea, in pity of his shadow dim,
Upon the sands where his bright bones are strayed,
Do thou be light, and thou, be still, for him.

M. JOURDAIN.

REVIEWS

THOMAS MORE AND THE "UTOPIA"

The Utopia of Sir Thomas More. Translated by RALPH ROBINSON. With Introduction and Notes by H. B. COTTERILL, M.A. (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.)

THIS is a very good school edition of the "Utopia." Its editor knows all the facts and dates; he is able to draw parallels or point out discrepancies from Plato; he can tell his readers to "Note this" and "Note that;" he has studied the original as well as Robinson's translation, and he lacks the smallest spark of sympathy with his author, the least vestige of comprehension of his strange and baffling personality. It is a very good school edition; it is a very bad edition for any one but a schoolmaster, an examiner, or a University Extension student.

Let us do Mr. Cotterill justice. He tries hard to be fair. His resentment that the author of "Utopia" should be a Catholic, should have lived a life of the strictest piety and conformity to Catholic rule, should have upheld the Catholic faith not only as a private man and as an author, but as a Judge and a Chancellor, and should have died for that faith on the scaffold—the resentment at this, which must remain a puzzle to all who, however well they may know Thomas More's times, do not know Thomas More, Mr. Cotterill keeps manfully in the background. His unfairness is due to inability to understand, not to any desire to misrepresent. But it is a great pity that he should not have read—since Father Bridgett's attitude is clearly too hard for him, and Nisard's probably that of a fool—the illuminating little volume on the Blessed Thomas More by M. Henri Bremond, published in "The Saints" series, and translated, with others of that series, into English. Had he done so, we should have had less nonsense about More and tyrannicide, More and the punishment of heretics; we should have been spared the vulgar and antiquated misinterpretation of the words used by Erasmus—

Maluit igitur maritus esse castus quam sacerdos impurus—

to explain More's renunciation of his hopes of being worthy to live the religious life. (Must it really be pointed out again that what prevented him from becoming a Franciscan was not the corrupt lives of the religious of his day, but precisely the fear whether he himself was strong enough to endure the necessary renunciation?) Finally, had Mr. Cotterill approached his author under the guidance of M. Bremond—or, indeed, under that of Nisard, or Bridgett, or even Hutton, or any one who was not cramming the subject for a school-book—we should have been spared the impertinent assurance that when More made Hythloday claim the authority of Christ for the communism of Utopia, he was not joking:

More did, in spite of all the meshes of mediæval superstition which cased him in, feel in his heart the longings for the light of a truer Christianity.

Could anything better prove the absolute unfitness of a man to edit the work of the Blessed Thomas More than that astounding and disgusting sentence?

One thing necessary to the comprehension of the "Utopia" and its place in More's life is, of course, a knowledge of dates. Mr. Cotterill has this knowledge—has it, at any rate, sufficiently to make out a "Chronological Summary" for his pupils. His work—in spite, we repeat, of his obvious desire to be fair, to "make allowances" for what he cannot understand—shows but few traces that the knowledge of dates has been brought to bear on the formation of his opinions. We have to search for a particular passage in the Introduction to assure ourselves that Mr. Cotterill really does know that "Utopia" was written in 1515-1516; that the "Ninety-five Theses" did not come till 1517, the burning of the Bull till 1519, and the "marriage" with Anne Boleyn till 1533. But a much

more important thing to know is the nature of the man who wrote the book, and of this knowledge Mr. Cotterill shows nothing at all.

There are three things to remember about More before the first step in his acquaintance can be made. The first and greatest is that throughout his life, from his birth to his martyrdom, he was a Catholic; the second that he was a humanist; the third that, in public and private, on the Bench and in his family circle, with a pen in his hand and when his head lay on the block, he was, in his own favourite phrase, a "merry" man—a jester, a wit. Like some few other great intellects who have succeeded in puzzling a matter-of-fact world, he not only had ideas, but played with them.

If these three characteristics are kept in mind it becomes futile to ask—Did he mean what he said in "Utopia"? Of course he meant it, meant it all. He dreamed of an ideal State, and he saw it, like all such dreamers, in the light of the actual condition of his own times. This and that are the causes of our own shortcomings and unhappiness. Let us imagine them away and see what happens. Sheep-farming, oppression of the poor, ostentation and extravagance, an excess of clergy in proportion to laity, war, rapine, political and commercial dishonesty—he dreamed of a State where these things were not known, and the dream provides a valuable criticism of the England of his day. But—and it is a very big "but"—it is one thing to dream of an ideal State, and quite another to put your ideas into practice on the existing condition of things. And if it is important to remember that "Utopia" was written seventeen years before the "divorce," it is still more important to remember that the author of the book was, without reservation or exception, a Catholic. It would be, no doubt, extremely pleasant if England were an ideal State, in which the partial religious toleration and free discussion introduced by King Utopus were possible. But when truth—truth absolute and immutable—is attacked by pernicious error, when not only the safety of the realm, but the peace of religion is endangered, it is no time for the dreams of the humanist, for gracious imaginings, for that mood of pleasure or merriment which can create beautiful ideas and play with them, while a half-smile of amusement at the baffled pundits of posterity crosses the writer's mouth. In face of virulent disease, doctors do not theorise on the perfect man; they administer nasty and powerful drugs to the actual man, to the discomfiture of the evil thing. And when More's life is examined from his own point of view, the wonder is not that the dreamer on religious toleration punished heretics, but that the Catholic attacked so mildly as he did the disease, that was making such strides among his people. For once, and for that once only, the two men in More were at war; and it was not the humanist but the Catholic who went to the wall. He could jest with Silver; and Silver's apt reply so delighted the "merry" Judge that he let the heretic go free. In another aspect of the battle against evil the Catholic and the wit were at one. Whoever knows not More's controversial writings knows not More.

The great difference between the state of religion in Utopia and in England was this: that in the former several religions existed side by side, their adherents even agreeing to such an extent that they could worship all in one temple (surely a Cowper-Temple); while in the latter the only aim and hope, the breath of life, the very *raison d'être* of the "new faith" was the destruction of the old truth. Had the "reformers" on their side been Utopians, More's dream might have been translatable into practice. That they were not, that they directly assailed the Church, and that anything but

Peaceably, gently, quietly, and soberly, without hasty and contentious rebuking and inveighing,

scarcely needs to be pointed out. Even in Utopia itself the mildest-tongued of the "reformers" would have been "decreed banishment or bondage" for "vehemently and fervently in this cause striving and contending." It was

no case of amicable arrangement; it was a case of a violent attack on what was the sole religion of the country, and More would have been less than a Catholic, less than an honest man, had he failed to take his share in repelling the invading monster.

There is the obvious explanation of the supposed inconsistency which has puzzled generations. We feel that we ought almost to apologise for stating again a truth that has been better stated many times by More's apologists; but our excuse must be that it is clear from Mr. Cotterill's book that there are still well-intentioned if inadequately enlightened people who find it necessary to make excuses for More, and continue to hand on a false idea of him to the young of the country for which he died.

It is fruitless to speculate on what might have been; but it is easy to understand how deep must have been More's mental sufferings during the last years of his life. No one knew better than he the abuses within the Church which called for reform; no one must have regretted more than he that the work of reform should have fallen out of the hands of the men of education, faith, intellect, and humour, of whom he was one, into those which were destined to drag it so through the mire. He knew that the house needed to be set in order; all the more must he have suffered at the spectacle of the rude and violent hands laid upon it, and trembled at the excesses of brutality, the worst of which he did not live to see. And the fate which actually befell the Church, in England as elsewhere, is not the only thing that makes sadness in the hearts of students of the life and writings of Thomas More. Anything that touches him touches them, merely because he suffered in it. His fascinating personality, his wit, his learning, his piety, his ardent friendships, his "merriment," his home life, the very contradictions in his nature, which at once puzzle and allure—all these combine to make him one of the most living of dead men, one of our closest friends among those honoured of the Church.

THE MYSTERIOUS REPRINT

Eothen. By A. W. KINGLAKE. (Blackie, 1s.)

Goethe's Poetry and Truth. Two Volumes. York Library. (Bell, 4s. net.)

Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets. Universal Library. (Routledge, 1s.)

Cobwebs of Criticism. By HALL CAINE. Universal Library. (Routledge, 1s.)

THESE are fairly representative of the variety of reprinted books which the publishers are continually offering to an avid and apparently insatiable public. Here are but four of forty which have been sent forth during the last few months, and one might be tempted to think that there is a feverish anxiety to read on the part of many millions. More or less attractively produced, and in the main astonishingly cheap, these abundant new editions are, you would say, certain to accomplish a speedy improvement in the public taste; yet novels nasty and noisy, and commonly silly, still sell by thousands, and the lowest journalism thrives increasingly among the very classes to which cheap books are calculated to appeal.

This is a great mystery, from which any plain movement seems unlikely to resolve. Nevertheless, the mere fact that these reprints are so frequent and varied is a brighter rather than a darker sign. Quite apart from this question, however, there are works in the long list which even sound and hearty bookmen may excuse themselves for having overlooked. Not every reader, who is not a professed critic, may have read Kinglake's little masterpiece; yet it is one it were pity to pass by. Vivid and natural in style, the record of Kinglake's journeys in the Holy Land, in Egypt, and through the desert, and of a visit to the singular Lady Hester Stanhope, has a sustained interest and brightness, a certain individuality, which have sufficed to preserve it until now as a living book.

Of Goethe's "Poetry and Truth" it is late to speak. It is autobiography on a generous scale, the two volumes before us, of some eight hundred pages, being occupied with the story of only the first twenty-six years of the poet's life. Had it been taken on to a later stage in Goethe's long journey of eighty-two years it would have been indeed formidable. It is a book one does not soon forget. Reading it you are constantly reminded—by mere contrast—of that other great autobiography, Rousseau's. His own aim has thus been described by Goethe :

To represent the development of a child who had grown to be remarkable, how this exhibited itself under given circumstances, and yet how in general it could content the student of human nature and his views ; such was the thing I had to do.

"A noble commentary, instructive in many ways," Carlyle calls it, and speaks of the "magically-recalled scenes of childhood and manhood."

Hazlitt's "Lectures on the English Poets" is a well-known book in the familiar, hearty style of the Table-Talker, to which Keats's phrase, "indescribable gusto," may fitly be applied. Much of it is hardly criticism, as we have come to understand the term, but it is Hazlitt. These eloquent proclamations of personal preference, brilliant gyrations around great names, are perhaps of rather limited value to us after a century of earnest and minute criticism ; but while the love of letters lasts Hazlitt's fine virile commentaries will last also. We wish we could have heard these lectures, of the delivery of which Talfourd has left such an admirable description. We wish we could have seen Keats there, his great Odes yet unwritten, listening to the ardent and just praises of the poets—Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton—he loved so passionately, and of whose renown he was the destined inheritor. Is there not something of Hazlitt's inspiration in "Bards of Passion and of Mirth" ?

The last book on our list indicates how widely the publishers' net is cast. Mr. Hall Caine has provided a new Introduction for his "Cobwebs of Criticism," first issued in 1882 ; and in the last sentence of this Introduction—"I am not an author with a grievance"—he disclaims the only conceivable reason for resuscitating the volume. We could very well understand that, in order to discount the criticism which his work has received when it has been noticed at all, he should be at the trouble of reviving an early book in which is set forth a catalogue of critical "howlers" of a past generation, and, remembering that Wordsworth and Coleridge were once heartily abused, should console himself with the not very obscure inference. It would appear, so far as we can ascertain, that this fresh edition is meant as a renewed impeachment of criticism—which is very proper in an author who can appeal, with evidence of defiant prosperity, from the critics to the public. Well, THE ACADEMY will accord the book the only merciful criticism which such a tangle of incoherencies as the Introduction can demand for it—silence.

A MORALIST OF THE FIRST CENTURY

TACITUS: *Dialogus, Agricola, Germania*. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by W. HAMILTON FYFE, Fellow of Merton. (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

It is as a moralist and rhetorician, rather than as a historian, that the greatest prose-writer of the Empire presents himself to us in the "Dialogus," "Agricola," and "Germania." In these treatises Tacitus shows hardly at all his greatest quality—his amazing power of psychological analysis. In the "Agricola," however, we have an occasional glimpse of the barbed arrow of that mordant vein which is so characteristic of the "Annals" and "Histories." In the "Agricola," c. 12, he tells us that the British sea produces pearls, but they are of a dull leaden hue, adding :

Some attribute this to the divers' lack of skill ; for in the Red Sea the oysters are torn alive and breathing from the rocks, while in

Britain they are gathered as the sea casts them up. Personally, I could sooner believe the pearls deficient in quality than mankind in greed.

His Life of Agricola, as well as his "Germany," is full of covert criticism of Roman life in the first century of the Christian era. They remind one of Xenophon's "Cyrus" and Johnson's "Rasselas." Thus in "Agricola," c. 21, in dealing with the Romanising policy of the Roman Governor, he writes :

Even our style of dress came into fashion, and the toga was often seen. Gradually the Britons yielded to the seduction of our Roman vices, and took to lounges and baths and elegant banquets. This was all part of their slavery. The ignorant called it "civilisation."

In the same spirit Calgacus, in c. 30, is made to describe the British *raj* :

To robbery, murder, and pillage they give the false name of Empire, and when they make a wilderness they call it Peace. Nature has willed that men should love best their children and their nearest kin. Our children are carried off by levies into foreign slavery : our wives and sisters, if they escape the enemy's lust, are brought to shame under a pretence of hospitality and friendship. Our goods and fortunes go in tribute, our fields and the year's yield in gifts of corn, while the strength of our hands is exhausted amid blows and insults in clearing woods and marshes. Slaves that are born to their position are sold once for all, and their masters feed them. Britain pays its masters every day, and finds them daily food. In a household the last new-comer is a butt among his fellow-slaves. So it is with us. In this old household of the world we are the worthless new-comers who are marked out for destruction.

On the question whether Agricola was poisoned by the emissaries of Domitian, Tacitus does not pronounce an opinion ; but he seems to think that the universal admiration and affection with which he was regarded could not have failed to prove fatal to a great public man under an Emperor whose

Cruel red face was his natural bulwark against shame—*sacvus ille volutus et rubor quo se contra pudorem muniebat*.

The last two chapters of the "Agricola" are perhaps the finest examples of eloquence that Latin prose literature has handed down to us ; and they are finely rendered by Mr. Fyfe, whom the reader will already have recognised as a brilliant translator. He is sometimes, perhaps, a little too brilliant, importing into his rendering figures and fancies not to be found in the original, as in ("Dial.," c. 6) :

The crops we plant and cultivate ourselves are pleasing, but Nature's wild-flowers give the greatest pleasure—

Quae seruntur atque elaborantur grata, gratiora tamen quae sua sponte nascuntur.

There is nothing about a rainbow in "Agr." 10, where we read :

Where others have embellished their ignorance with rainbow rhetoric, my story will simply rely upon facts.

Nor is there anything about a lion in "Germ." 22, where the translator gives us :

as is natural where winter takes the lion's share of the year.

However, these modernisms give an easy air to the version, and do not mislead the reader. As brilliant renderings not marred by supposititious graces we would quote a phrase used ("Dial." 25) in distinguishing ancient from modern eloquence :

I am ready to admit that there was something lacking in their style. It was still in its teens, and had not reached its prime ;

again ("Dial." 31) :

he will be able to feel the pulse of his audience—*tenebit venas animorum* ;

and ("Dial." 34) :

they secured rivals and opponents who fought them in real earnest with the butt on off their foils—*ferro non rudibus dimicantes* ;

and in "Germ." 18 :

In Germany no one laughs at vice nor calls mutual corruption the spirit of the age.

But the tone of the Latin is lost in "Germ." 20 :

In Germany it does not pay to be childless : *Nec ulla orbitalis prelia*.

The interesting criticism of Cicero in "Dial." 22 runs very smoothly and easily :

I come now to Cicero, who fought with his contemporaries the same battle that I am fighting with you. They admired the ancients, while he preferred the style of his own day. His superiority to the other speakers of his own time is above all shown in his critical taste. He was the first to perfect literary style by paying attention to the choice

of words. He made writing an art. He even attempted flowery passages and invented some good sayings of his own, at any rate in the speeches of his later period towards the end of his life, when he made progress in the art, and learnt by experience what was the best style of oratory. His earlier speeches are not free from the vices of the antique style. His introductions move slowly; his narratives are longwinded, and his digressions tiresome. His feelings are not easily roused, and he seldom glows with emotion. Few of his periods are neatly rounded off or end effectively. There is nothing to pick out and carry away with you. He reminds one of primitive architecture where the walls are strong and durable but lack finish and ornament. A rich householder is not content with a mere shelter to keep out the wind and rain; his house must delight the eye. Nor is it enough for him to have in it merely such furniture as he positively needs; he wants gold and jewels which he can handle and view with pleasure. So it is with the orator. There are some things which he should avoid as musty and old-fashioned. He must not use rusty archaisms, or allow his sentences to halt and drag like the early annalists. He must shun low and tasteless jokes, and vary his periods, not letting them all end in one and the same rhythm.

There is no recognition of anything like the "Clauselgesetz" in the "Dialogus." We meet hexameters in "Germ." 32 and 39:

Maiores apud Chattos peditum laus quam Tenciteris,
Auguriis patrum et prisca formidine sacram.

The two themes of the "Dialogus" are the relative merits of (a) poetry and eloquence, (b) ancient and modern eloquence. In the latter the question is raised, When does the modern epoch begin?—a difficulty which besets the study of history as well, and which has not been answered satisfactorily. We find ourselves in an ancient Battle of the Books, where the vigour of Gracchus and Crassus is compared with the "affected flourishes" (*calamistri*) of Maecenas and the "jingling assonances" (*linitus*) of the Gallio who "cared for none of these things." Tacitus recognises that high eloquence, like great poetry, flourishes more in troublous times, but gives his vote for material wellbeing rather than the promotion of Art:

I do not maintain that it was worth the country's while to produce traitors in order to provide her orators with materials for great speeches, but, as I constantly remind you, we must not forget that the art of which we are speaking flourishes the more readily in times of trouble and disturbance. Nobody denies that it is more pleasant and profitable to enjoy peace than to be troubled with war: yet war breeds more great soldiers than peace. It is the same with oratory. The more often an orator has taken his stand, as it were, upon the stricken field, the more blows he has dealt and taken, the greater the adversaries and the fiercer the contests he has encountered, the more is his style heightened and elevated: it wins distinction from his dangers, and lives on the lips of men, whose nature it is to praise enterprise while they prefer safety.

Both in the "Germany" (c. 33) and the "Agricola" (c. 12) Tacitus praises the policy of fomenting factions among the dependent States. In the former passage he recognises "the white man's burden," and moralises in a cynical vein on the annihilation of the Bructeri by a coalition of the neighbouring tribes:

Perhaps they hated the pride of the Bructeri: perhaps they were tempted by the prospect of loot: or it may have happened by a special intervention of Providence in our favour. For we were even permitted to enjoy the spectacle of the battle. Over 60,000 of them fell, not under the swords of Rome, but, what was far more magnificent, simply as a show for our gratification. If the natives will not love us, long let them hate each other. May that spirit never die among them. The destiny of empire is a heavy burden. No gift of heaven could be more welcome in these days than disunion among our enemies.

From a literary point of view the bringing together of these treatises is highly interesting and instructive, as showing the evolution of the Tacitean style from the flowing Ciceronianism of the "Dialogus," through the brisk terseness of the "Agr." and "Germ." to the crisp impressionism of the "Annals" and the "Histories."

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE SPECTACLE

The Diary of a Looker-on. By C. LEWIS HIND. (Eveleigh Nash, 7s. 6d.)

THE looker-on, it is said, sees the most, and certainly Mr. Lewis Hind is a striking exemplification of the truth of this frequently reiterated adage. For there is not much that

escapes his inquisitorial, if sympathetic, scrutiny. But it may be well doubted whether the looker-on *knows* the most—knows, that is, not in the mere sense of amassing information, but with that certitude which belongs to the man who has succeeded in penetrating, if only for a moment, beneath the outward veil of phenomena. For the rules of the game are not invariably confided to the bystander. Mr. Lewis Hind contrives to preserve at all moments his interesting and amiable individuality, his enthusiasms are never ill-regulated, his emotions are always tempered by an admirable discretion. If he never lapses from the perfect level of good taste, he never soars into the exalted regions of ecstasy. He views life as the man in the stalls views the bioscope at the Palace Theatre. To him the world is a spectacle, not a battlefield, a succession of shadow-shows, not a series of conflicts. In the ardours and agonies of the man in the fighting line he has no share. It would not occur to him that:

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

But from his study windows he watches the blossoming of the flowers, the tall trees in the meadows, and the sailing of the great ships. Life has its compensations for the looker-on. The skies are blue, women are pleasant to look upon, and ah there is a redness in the wine. To such an one detachment is of the very essence of enjoyment. Of this manner was Montaigne. Mr. Hind is a lesser Montaigne. He lacks, indeed, many of the advantages of the great Frenchman, for it is not given to this generation to witness the unfolding of a new world or the recovery of a lost culture. But humanity is a subject of perennial interest, and there is a world to be said yet of art and music and literature, and the vagaries of men and women.

We would not be understood as censorious in these remarks—as, indeed, other than deliberately appreciative. "The Diary of a Looker-on" is a delightful book. Especially delightful is it when its author contrives to get away from his pet subjects, and to treat of emotions and experiences which are the common property of man—when, for instance, he writes of:

A midnight walk through a desolate country, the impalpable night, ominous, mysterious all around, cottage windows dark, lanes with banks so high that the stars are nearly hidden, furry things darting across the road, the long-drawn-out wail of a dog winding from some remote farmhouse, the moan of the wind in trees, and that torture of the imaginative wayfarer—the sound of footsteps somewhere behind that stop when you stop, and patter again on the silent road when you step breathlessly forward.

When, too, he remarks of Mr. Hall Fielding's literary style that it is "candid as a child's face," we feel that the thing is finely, and even finally, said.

And, after all, there is something to be said for this attitude of isolated appreciation. It carries with it certain unmistakable blessings, among them being a wide and all-embracing charity—a charity which enfolds even Dr. Torrey. By virtue of this charity the looker-on is always and everywhere exquisitely at home. He is equally happy in the *salons* of the learned or when listening in some stuffy Welsh chapel to the vapid outpourings of a ranting revivalist. He is sensitive to the antique charm of Oxford, but he has a good word for tramps. He venerates Rodin, but thinks that we are inclined to underestimate the importance of the sportsman. He loves music, and shares the pride of the Englishman in his local rifle-club. It is only when confronted with the deeper problems of life—the problem of pain, the mystery of suffering—that we feel he has nothing of value to tell us. What, we keep asking ourselves, is his attitude in the face of ultimate things, those things which, being not seen, are eternal? Well, it would appear that to Mr. Lewis Hind, Life, "with all it brings of joy or woe, is just"—a note of interrogation. And it is precisely at this point that Mr. Hind's philosophy breaks down and that his limitations become most immediately apparent. For the Wisdom that was before all worlds is hidden from the eyes of an acolyte at the altar of Laodicea.

THE "TIMES," MR. MURRAY, AND MR. WILFRID BLUNT

WE cordially congratulate Mr. Murray on the result of his action against the *Times*. That result, needless to say, causes us no surprise. The *Times* never had a leg to stand on, and it was from the first only a question of how much in the way of damages Mr. Murray would obtain. The *Times* has appealed against these damages, so we will say no more on that point, it being still *sub judice*; but we should like to draw a moral from the verdict and to call the attention of our readers to a striking fact. That fact is that the methods of the *Times* in dealing with Mr. Murray form an exact parallel to its methods in dealing with Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, to which we drew attention some little time ago. In the case of Mr. Blunt, exactly as in the case of Mr. Murray, a violent, abusive, and, in our opinion, libellous article was written, and immediately afterwards an equally violent and abusive letter, purporting to be a *bonâ fide* communication from an outside source, was printed. In both cases the article and letter were written or directly inspired by some one person inside the *Times* office. In Mr. Murray's case the person was Mr. Hooper, in Mr. Blunt's case it was Mr. Moberly Bell. As we pointed out at the time of the publication of Mr. Blunt's pamphlet, "Mr. Blunt and the *Times*," from which we gave copious extracts, the manoeuvres of Mr. Moberly Bell were discreditable and fatuous and utterly unworthy of a great paper like the *Times*; and in some respects the case of Mr. Blunt was even worse than that of Mr. Murray. In the first place, Mr. Blunt had been an unpaid contributor to the *Times* for more than twenty years; and, in the second place, the *Times*, with unparalleled effrontery, absolutely declined to print any reply from him to the ridiculous, offensive, and inept attack which it had made on him. These circumstances, which did not exist in the case of Mr. Murray, undoubtedly aggravate the conduct of the *Times*, and should Mr. Blunt do as we hereby strongly advise him to do—namely, take an action against the *Times*, there can be no two opinions as to what the result would be. Will Mr. Blunt take action? We sincerely hope he will; it is a duty he owes to himself and to the best interests of journalism, which have been so sadly smirched by the recent discreditable tactics of the paper which ought, from its exalted position, to set an example of strict probity and honesty to other papers. The *Times* has never apologised to Mr. Blunt, and it has refused point-blank to withdraw its remarks about that gentleman, who is notoriously a man of unblemished reputation, of great achievement, and assured and honourable position in the opinions of every man of consequence in this country, whether they agree with his views or not.

When Mr. Blunt's daughter was married in Cairo to Mr. Neville Lytton, it was Lord Cromer (his greatest political opponent) who, in Mr. Blunt's unavoidable absence, gave her away. Could there be a more striking piece of evidence as to the esteem and respect in which Mr. Blunt is held by all honourable men? And yet the *Times*, in its obstinacy and ignorance, refuses him that fair treatment which is due to every Tom, Dick, and Harry. Not only has the *Times* refused to apologise to Mr. Blunt, or to give him the privilege which is allowed, as a matter of course, by every decent paper in the world—that of replying to an attack, but it absolutely ignored the indictment made against it in THE ACADEMY of December 7th, 1907. It bore in meek silence the very strong and caustic comments both of ourselves in these columns and of Mr. Blunt in his pamphlet. Any effort to represent this abject attitude as

one of "silent contempt" would only expose it to the ridicule and inevitable laughter of those who read our former article, and who have seen how it has been justified by events, and, indeed, of any one of ordinary common sense. If the *Times* thought at that time that it could afford to treat THE ACADEMY with contempt it certainly does not think so now. The contempt, as it must be painfully aware, is all on the other side. Those brilliantly "keen business men" Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. Hooper have succeeded by their childish manoeuvres in landing the *Times* with a heavy pecuniary loss, and a still more damaging blow to its prestige and reputation.

And this brings us to our moral. It is one that chiefly concerns newspaper proprietors, whether they be individuals or syndicates, and it is this: Never let your business manager get the whip-hand of your editor. The editor must be supreme on his own paper. A manager may or may not be a "keen man of business," but in the long run it will generally be found that his "keenness" is apt to be devoted rather to his own interests than to those of his paper. Does any one in his senses suppose that if Mr. Buckle had been allowed to use his own discretion he would ever have let the *Times* get into its present ghastly and discreditable situation either with respect to Mr. Murray or to Mr. Blunt? The idea is unthinkable. No, it was the "keen business instincts" of Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. Hooper that were responsible for the silly fiasco. Mr. Buckle was probably told that he was not a man of business, and that he had better confine himself to the literary side of the paper—just as if a man who edits a paper with any sort of success could possibly fail to be a man of business. We have lately been led to form a rather poor opinion of "men of business," and, indeed, if we may say so without offence and in a general and epigrammatic sort of manner, we have sometimes been tempted to think that of a great proportion of them it might justly be said that half of them are vain fools and the other half clever knaves. (That there are brilliant exceptions is of course obvious.) We will back a poet, provided he is a real poet (a somewhat rare article), against any business man in the world. It is quite true that in the ordinary course of events poets are not interested in business, and consequently know and care nothing about it. But if once circumstances force them to become acquainted with business methods and business tricks they become formidable people to deal with. The explanation is very simple: nobody can be a great poet without possessing a great brain and a great intellect, and any one who has a great brain and a great intellect can soon learn to be more than a match for the ordinary business man. We seem to hear some one say, "How about Henley? He was a great poet and he edited several newspapers and never made one of them pay. He was a sink for the money of those who backed him." Now there is an answer to this, but we do not propose to give it; it might seem unkind to the admirers of Henley, who are estimable people for whom we have respect and with whose illusions we should not like to tamper. But perhaps some of our readers may say, "All this about poets may be very interesting, but how does it apply to the case of the *Times*? Mr. Buckle, the editor of the *Times*, is not a poet." To which we reply, Exactly so, that is precisely what is the matter with him; if he had been a poet he would never have allowed Mr. Moberly Bell to behave in so foolish and childish a fashion; if Mr. Buckle had been a poet he would have exhibited a fine frenzy and told Mr. Moberly Bell to keep himself in his proper subordinate place, or, alternatively, to go to the deuce. The further moral of all this seems accordingly to be, If you want to find a good editor endeavour to get hold of a poet, and if you are fortunate enough to secure one do not interfere with him or allow him to be interfered with by "business men," whether of the "keen" or of the merely foolish variety.

ISRAEL, WINSTON, AND MOLONY

IN the sweet city of Oxford the other week Mr. Israel Zangwill delivered an address on Women's Suffrage. Now Mr. Zangwill is an Ebrew Jew and proud of it; for the which nobody will blame him. On the other hand, one might reasonably expect from him a certain soundness of judgment. Hence one is bound to take him more or less seriously. And in the course of this marvellous deliverance of his in the sweet city of Oxford aforesaid, Mr. Zangwill is reported to have informed his auditory that he was a Suffragette. "One of those noble beings stands before you," quoth Mr. Zangwill, "absolutely incarnating the ancient ideal. I am a Suffragette, and I think you will admit that I am ugly, elderly, masculine, and eye-glassed." If Mr. Zangwill can afford to be rude to himself we shall not protest. We have long suspected that he was a Suffragette. For the rest he has said it himself. And here you have a pretty picture.

And while we are picture-seeing, let us look at another and apposite work provided for us at Dundee so lately as last week. The scene is a shed at a gas-works, and there is scarcely room to swing a cat. The furnishings include an old table and a packing-case. On the old table sits Mr. Winston Churchill "repressing his indignation with difficulty." On the packing-case stands a Miss Molony "haranguing the assemblage in her most voluble style." It is Mr. Churchill's meeting, but Miss Molony, of bell-ringing fame, has forced her way into it, and she declines absolutely to allow Mr. Churchill to speak. And in the end the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, Member of his Majesty's Government and President of the Board of Trade, is compelled "to get down from the table and light a cigarette." A Minister of the Crown shut up by a shrew, falls back on nicotine! Here, as we have said, is another picture, and we respectfully beg for it the attention of some such artist as the Hon. John Collier.

In Mr. Zangwill's oratorical denial of his manhood and in Mr. Churchill's base discomfiture by the Molony we see the same trouble at work. In a sense, it is the newest of all the troubles which have overtaken the human race. From the earliest times the animal man has found it expedient to indulge grave suspicions about the animal woman. Early in his chequered and variegated career he discovered that the other and better part of himself, though charming and amusing to a degree, was not really to be trusted. Hence he took particular care to keep her under his thumb, and when his thumb grew tired, he would employ his heel rather than let her go free. This was nobody's fault; nobody should be upbraided for it; nobody had the smallest right of complaint. It was Nature or the Order of Things who arranged matters as they were arranged, and it is not for the creature to improve however so little upon the views of the Power who created him. We shall spare the reader fat disquisitions upon the middle history of this strange relationship, contenting ourselves with the observation that right down to the present silken epoch the creature man has insisted upon being "lord of the fowl and the brute."

And in spite of thousands of years of tradition, and thousands of years of broadening down, as it were, we find ourselves face to face with what is probably the most annoying and least edifying portent that has ever threatened to interrupt the orderly processes of civilisation, the said portent taking the shape of the Screaming Cockatrice and her loose-witted male supporters and victims. It is worth noting, at the risk of triteness, that the behests of the Order of Things cannot really be disobeyed. Wherever you find unnatural action or unnatural thought, there, if you look closely, you will surely find the authentic law silently insisting upon correction. Which is to say that all foolishness, howsoever applauded, or howsoever supported, comes in the end to be a sort of triumph for wisdom. A straw will serve to show how the wind blows. There is Mr. Zangwill, for example, and his pretty avowal of

turbulent and rebellious femininity. At the New Gallery, or some such show, they are just now exhibiting, among other choice products, a life-size statue of Mr. Zangwill seated in a chair with his head thrown proudly rearward, and his legs boldly crossed. The artist has done full justice to Mr. Zangwill's manly front, and has given him somewhat of the air of Ajax defying the lightning from the safe seclusion of a club saddle-bag. And on a slim pedestal at Mr. Zangwill's immediate right there peeks down upon him, so to speak, the short bust of a handsome and suitably *coiffured* young lady, who, it is understood, is Mr. Zangwill's wife. It seems to us (taking into account the dates) highly probable that at the time Mr. Zangwill was calling loudly for justice for women at Oxford he and Mrs. Zangwill were giving sittings to the sculptor of the redoubtable group to which we have referred. And here we have the Order of Things going about its business in the surest and most insistent manner. Mr. Zangwill believes in his heart and acknowledges in his brain that woman is the equal of man, just as good and, if anything, a little better than her master; and so great is his faith that he goes to Oxford and proclaims it to an assemblage of purring old ladies, wearing the while metaphorical intellectual petticoats. Yet when it comes to having one's family done into imperishable marble or terra-cotta, it never occurs to Mr. Zangwill to have two chairs on the dais and two Ajaxes defying the lightning. Not a bit of it. The woman must stand on the shelf like a cracked china ornament. At Oxford Mr. Zangwill would have put himself up for the bust and seated Mrs. Zangwill beautifully in the chair. At home he takes his natural place as a man and a brother. Furthermore, Mrs. Zangwill acquiesces, and the sculptor agrees that it is great business. We do not complain in the least. Far otherwise. But the lesson is obvious.

Then let us turn to "dear Winston," the cigarette-smoker. We find this gentleman in very proper arms against the Molony. He "represses his indignation with difficulty." He "will not apologise." He fills the shed with shouts in a wild endeavour to outshout the Molony; and, ultimately, he falls off his rickety table in a mangled heap, as it were, and takes refuge in the noxious cigarette. Mr. Churchill cannot, gallant man though he may be, bring himself to love the Suffragettes. Though he would not say so, we should like to wager that he believes them to be prime daughters of the devil. Yet is he a burning and shining light of the political party out of which, and out of which only, the Suffragettes might hope to extort a trifle of honest approval. The Liberal Party sets itself up as the Party of justice and broad freedom. The Suffragettes say that there can be no political justice and no broad freedom while themselves, lily-wristed darlings that they are, remain voteless in outer darkness. But the Liberal Party has had its fill of Suffragettes, and its heart is hardened against them. So may it, and so will it, long remain; because the primal law is still good and not capable of being deflected or diverted by a hair's breadth.

England, as the poet Wordsworth put it, is more or less of a fen, and we, to make open confession, are wretched men. We have sprawled in our noble rage and admiration for this fairest of God's creatures and we are reaping something of the whirlwind. To put it another way, we have taught the parrot to speak, and we have allowed her out of her gilded cage. She flops about in startling plumage and shrieks her phrases with an assiduity which shows her to be a bird of pluck and perseverance. But she is becoming an obvious and dangerous nuisance. She disarranges the room. She rings bells. She shouts for apologies. And she will not allow poor papa to get on with his Elections. What is he to do? We say it with regret, but there is only one thing that he can do, to wit, he must place the bird back in her cage. His irresolute hands will probably suffer in the process. If she can't bite them she will peck them. All the same, the time has come for severe and firm measures. The ringing of bells under the noses of poor gentlemen whose only desire in life is to hop easily into safe seats should be made, and we believe is, according to the statute book, a misdemeanour.

If a male person did it he would be torn limb from limb and fined forty shillings. If he went on doing it, he would be imprisoned, and if he went on doing it again he would probably find himself in the padded arms of a lunatic asylum. Gallantry forbids the tearing of Molonies limb from limb, but the other things remain to us, and we must make use of them or render the whole conditions of existence too ridiculous for tolerance.

DISSENTING LOGIC

"I COULD never bring myself to any admiration of the schoolman's famous formula, *Credo quia impossibile*." These are the first words of Dr. Horton's Preface to his book, "My Belief: Answers to Certain Religious Difficulties" (Clarke). It would be very interesting to know the name of the schoolman in whose works the cited phrase occurs; but it would have been as well, perhaps, if Dr. Horton had given the true source of the paradox. Qu. Sept. Flor. Tertullianus, who lived about a thousand years before the great period of the Scholastic Philosophy, writes as follows:

Natus est dei filius; non pudet quia pudendum est: et mortuus est dei filius; prorsus credibile est, quia ineptum est: et sepultus resurrexit; certum est, quia impossibile. *De Carne Christi. V.*

However, a trifling point such as this does not obscure Dr. Horton's meaning. "For my own part," he goes on, "I believe only what appears to me certain," and he assures us that he is only to be convinced by strong and irrefragable arguments. This being the author's position, it may be interesting to examine one or two of the arguments on which, as he says, Christian Belief may most certainly be founded.

Personally I was very much struck by an argument to prove the authority of the Bible. Dr. Horton, it may be said at once, dismisses all authority of Church or Chapel; the Bible, he says, will not fail to prove itself if you read it without any theories whatever.

Here is one instance from thousands which can be quoted: A man was in Durham gaol, doing a term of penal servitude for attempted murder. A Roman Catholic, he had registered himself as a Protestant for certain supposed advantages in the prison life. He therefore found a Bible in the cell, and read it to pass away the time. One day, as he read the New Testament, it occurred to him: "If this book is true, the priest is not. I can pray to God myself." He knelt and asked forgiveness; he vowed that he would go back to the village where he had committed the crime, to show that he was changed. . . . He began to speak as a local preacher; his work was blessed, and now he is a missionary in India.

"A book that works in that way," says Dr. Horton, "carries its own authority with it." It may be so; but it seems to me that the corollary to the story and the deduction is that a mind which works in Dr. Horton's way carries very little authority with it. The prisoner in question was a murderous ruffian, he was a lying ruffian, he was also a hypocritical ruffian, and, above all, he was an excessively ignorant ruffian. "I can pray to God myself!" Will Dr. Horton be so kind as to cite the rule of the Roman Catholic Church forbidding any layman to pray to God by himself? As for the conversion, it may have been honest; but I believe that the life of a Protestant missionary in India is often a comparatively comfortable one. In another place the author shows that the "historical trustworthiness" of the New Testament is established "beyond the reach of critics"—by the reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society. These are the "reasons" which convince our sturdy follower of argument, our stout Protestant, who will not believe unless under the strictest logical compulsion. But they are interesting, as they serve to illustrate the very important distinction between paradox and nonsense. The *credo quia impossibile* is paradoxical in expression; its meaning no doubt is: I believe in certain religious mysteries, amongst other reasons, because they are mysteries, because they transcend all the facts of every-day and commonplace experience; because religion, by its very definition, implies transcendence; because a religion which propounded nothing beyond

average human knowledge would not be a religion at all, though it might be a capital moral code. This is the "schoolman's" paradox which our cautious, hard-headed Doctor cannot away with. It is seen in analysis to be reasonable in the highest degree; while Dr. Horton's "reasons" are clearly no reasons at all, but rather the effervescences of a somewhat weak sentimentality. That Durham prisoner who was so evidently determined to be as comfortable as possible, those famous missionary reports—in cold logic they amount to something less than nothing. Even if these instances had been advanced to prove the proposition: Many men have been affected by reading the Bible: they would be weak enough; but, cited as they are to show the authenticity of the New Testament, they are almost incredibly impertinent. The truth of the Koran, of the Book of Mormon, and of Madame Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine" could easily be proved by such "arguments" as these.

Let us take another instance of Dr. Horton's logical abilities. He argues that, since a man without religion would not be a man at all, therefore there is no such thing as a man without religion. Technically, the enthymeme seems fallacious, and there is the confusion between potency and actuality; every man, no doubt, is born with the one, but there are very many men who never attain to the other. It is true that the author would call a man who was afraid of spilling salt or going under a ladder, or believed in carrying a *mascolle* to the roulette-table religious; but this is to give a word which is generally, if vaguely, understood a new meaning and a confusing meaning. And it is, moreover, certain that there are many people quite devoid of religion who do not even believe in "luck" or fate. It seems, then, on a comparison of the Preface in Praise of Argument with one or two casual instances of the arguments actually employed by the author, that he would be wiser to rely on his intuitive rather than on his ratiocinative faculties. He is no doubt right in his conclusion that the New Testament is trustworthy, but this conclusion is not legitimately drawn from the premises of the converted gaolbird and the Bible Society. The Serpent, Dr. Horton will remember, rose up to Daath in the Tree of Life, while the higher faculties remained uncorrupted.

I am afraid that a further examination does not do much to shake my conclusion as to Dr. Horton's weakness in the mere logical process. I hasten to say that there are some excellent things in the book, though it must be noted that the author refrains himself with sedulous care from the paradoxes that he derides in that old "schoolman" of the Preface. Perhaps Protestantism discourages brilliance; perhaps our amiable Doctor agrees with Cartwright, who wrote, "Being the Canon bars me wit and wine," for there is nothing that can be called striking either in matter or manner from one end of the volume to the other. But though in one place the author cites material prosperity as evidence in favour of Protestantism, he recants this most unbiblical, most unchristian, and most wicked position in another chapter, and says, very sensibly, that the motor-race will no more promote true happiness than did the *mela fervidis evilata rotis*. It is melancholy that any one calling himself a Christian should dare, in the face of the express words of the Christ, to say that material riches and their results are an evidence of the Divine favour, and a testimony to the truth of Protestant dogma or no-dogma; but it is well, at all events, that the author throws over the motor-car, even if his logical consistency is again in question. It is charitable to suppose that there was a good deal of truth in the accusation uttered the other day at the Baptist Conference. The ignorance of the Bible, it was said, was scandalous, even in candidates for the ministry. Still, this is more or less of a domestic matter; and, though the Catholic Church has always urged the extreme importance of Biblical studies, the tolerance of the present day would not suffer us to compel Dissenting preachers to read their Bibles.

But, to proceed with our examination of "My Belief:" Dr. Horton desires to prove that God is not unknowable, since we can surely know Him by His works. As, the writer

says, I know the mind of Holman Hunt by his pictures, so I know the Mind of God by the evidence of created things—of the Universe. This granted or (in Dr. Horton's mind) proven, he proceeds to deduce from the consideration of the aforesaid Universe a God of Wisdom, Beauty, and Benevolence. For example :

If a wound is made in the body, immediately a process is set up which can only be compared with a gang of workmen sent post-haste to a wrecked train. . . . It is an Intelligence other than my own which restores the balance, invigorates the weak part, heals the wound.

And, again, all things, animate and inanimate, are said to be "steeped in the magic of beauty." And, further : history shows that there is a continuous progress, a perpetual ascent of man. "The ape and tiger within us gradually but surely die. Man is in the course of appearing." And this progress is highly moral ; witness the fact that Henry V. was smitten down with disease within a few weeks of Agincourt, that the Crown of England lost its possessions in France for ever. Furthermore, we may infer the nature of God from human nature, with all its faculties and powers. I believe, by the way, that there is an error of fact in one of Dr. Horton's instances from Nature. He says that bees are mere automata, that they "have not the sense to overcome the slightest unaccustomed obstacle." The threatened lack of a queen is surely an unaccustomed crisis in the hive, and we know that the bees in such a case will administer "royal food" to a common grub, which thereby becomes in due season a queen. An even stronger instance is that of the experimenter who tilted the bees' house to one side, endangering the equilibrium. A sufficient number of bees immediately mounted to the other side to maintain the balance, while another gang tried to make the hive secure in its new position.

However, these instances do not affect the main argument, to which we now return. Take the case of the wound. The *vis medicatrix naturæ* proves, according to the author, a God of Wisdom and Benevolence. What does suppuration prove, then ? What do inflammation, mortification, and death of the patient prove ? That gang of healing workmen declares the goodness of God ? Whose glory, then, is declared by the other workmen whose operations are Plague, Tetanus, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Smallpox, and the rest ? What sweet influences are manifested by the fair sisters Sarcoma, Epithelioma, Carcinoma ? All things, too, are steeped in the magic of beauty ? The Pterodactyl, the Hippopotamus, the Rattlesnake, the Cobra, the Devil Fish, for example ? And is it so absolutely clear that there is a continual ascent of man, a continual progress to better and holier things ? Is it, for example, certain that Chicago is infinitely superior in all things to Athens in the days of Sophocles ? Are its morals better ? Is its Wisdom more exalted ? Is its Art immeasurably more beautiful ? Is its literature as noon-day to twilight compared with the literature of Athens ? Can it produce a drama which would drive Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides to despair and suicide ? Is it socially more pleasant to inhabit ? Is it politically more pure ? Do its public buildings cause the Parthenon to appear a mean hovel ? Would its police-courts abash the Judges celebrated in the Eumenides ? Or—with a change of scene and time—would Plato have sat humbly at the feet of Dr. Aked, that fervid social reformer, and chaplain to Mr. Rockefeller ? And the Tiger and the Ape ? I read the newspapers now and then, and I seem to have detected, not infrequently, the tracks of these beasts. It will be noticed that I have chosen Athens, which was pagan, I regret to say ; I think the case might have been more strongly presented by the instance of a mediæval city, but I am aware that Dr. Horton does not hold with Popery. And as to the moral purpose of history, this is shown, it seems, by the illness of Henry V. and the loss of the English possessions in France ; the moral being, of course, that theft does not prosper. How then was it with the case of the Saxons who stole Britain from the Britons, with the Normans who stole England from the English, with the colonists who stole the country of the Massa-

chusetts ? I would instance the Turk, who is still at Constantinople, but I must not do so, because the inhabitants of Byzantium were not Protestants. Dr. Horton has visited Cairo, and, the Coptic Christians not being Protestants, he confesses frankly enough that the intelligent onlooker might hesitate between the claims of the Christian Church and the "splendid mosque on the citadel." And then there is the argument from the nature and powers of man. How do we know that Casanova, Tiberius, and Charles Peace were not the really typical men, the examples that we ought to follow, the indices pointing to our true source and origin ? Nay, how do we know that savagery is not our proper state, that history is not the record of our lapse from happiness, while that which we call "civilisation" is the cause of all our miseries ? Shakespeare was a man ? Certainly ; and the dunce, the fool, the monomaniac are men too.

Now it must be said that in a later chapter Dr. Horton admits a great deal of all this ; he does not perceive, it would appear, that the earlier argument is thereby nullified. He is content to say that on a shipwrecked vessel the useful man is he who gets out the boats and points to the shore. Most certainly ; but the handy man in question would not shout through the swelling storm that it was getting calmer every minute ; he would not assure his fellows that the boiling waves were firm land ; he would not point to the savage rocks and say, "Look at the pier ;" he would not say that the dozen or so of unhappy wretches just swept overboard were safe ashore ; he would not deduce from the general circumstances and surroundings of the moment the safety and, indeed, luxury of going to sea. The other passengers might possibly regard such an one as a dangerous lunatic and as the crowning misery of their misadventure. Again, I must say that it is a pity that Dr. Horton does not study the Scriptures more carefully and thoroughly ; if he were to do so he would discover that the Bible does not depict the world of Nature or the world of Humanity as a kind of Cokayne, or pleasant Lubberland, where the ripe fruit drops into the open mouth, where the gaping wound is invariably and automatically healed, where the fiercest animal is a tabby kitten, where vice is perpetually being punished and virtue is always finally rewarded. This sort of conception has become obsolete even in that most conventional of all spheres, the stage ; it is odd, indeed, that a Dissenting teacher should compose a scenario of the Universe which makes one think that he has confused the Creator of all things with Messrs. Sims and Pettitt. Let him search the Scriptures ; he will not find that the world is at all like an old-fashioned Adelphi melodrama. We often hear sectarians speaking with awe and respect of "the spirit of the age." In the Bible, too, we are told somewhat concerning the Prince of this World ; but the Personage in question and his dominion are not precisely held up for our admiration.

I have noticed several statements in "My Belief" which seem to me questionable, or more than questionable :

If God is the one Power He can and will make Himself plain.

Well, if God has made Himself plain to the Holy Catholic Church, then He has not made Himself plain to Dr. Horton. Dr. Horton says it is better to be a Buddhist, a Mahometan, an antique pagan, or an atheist of the Continental type than to be a Catholic Christian, Catholic Christianity being a pest and a scourge. This sentiment is expressed in various passages throughout the book ; it is tersely and distinctly enunciated on p. 80 :

If Catholicism is Christianity, the world must deliver itself from Christianity if Catholicism as it is known to us in history is the best that Christianity has to offer, the world which is bent on liberty, light, and truth must consent to let the dream of Christianity die.

It seems that the world has changed in the course of the centuries. There is no need now for the consolatory declaration, "I have overcome the world," since the world (of Latin Atheism) is bent on liberty, light, and truth. I

have always been under the impression that the world in question was chiefly bent on Loot, or, as they call it in France, Liquidation. Still, however that may be, the problem remains. Dr. Horton says that God has not made Himself known in Catholicism, nor yet in Calvinism or early Protestantism—only, it would seem, to Dr. Horton and his Hampstead congregation. *Patiens quia Æternus* indeed; and one is a little reminded of the Welsh preacher's sermon. He was enumerating the Redeemed, according to their denominations, somewhat in this manner :

Baptists—a few. Wesleyans—a few. Independents—a few. Presbyterians—a few. Churchmen—a few. (With sudden vehemence) Welsh Calvinistic Methodists !—*a great multitude!*

Then there is a place which contrasts "simple Christian teaching, which finds its ready entrance into every unprejudiced human heart, the teaching of the New Testament itself," with the "corrupt historical systems"—i.e., of course, with the Catholic Church of Christ, as before. Now, one would like to ask Dr. Horton, the Logician, the Friend of Reason, whether there is an *a priori* probability that Religion, a scheme of things which professes to give an everlasting, heavenly clue to the whole Universe, would be "simple." Is the human heart "simple"? Is Psychology "simple"? Are the Sciences "simple"? Is Philosophy "simple"? Are the Arts "simple"? We know that none of these is simple; we know that in the speck of dust in the sunlight there lie latent all the mysteries, all the tremendous problems which have awed and perplexed the hearts of the greatest sages from the foundation of the world. Is it then reasonable to suppose that a system which professes to be the clue to the awful labyrinth of all things could possibly be a simple system? Then, passing from probability to certainty, was the religion of Christ, of His Apostles, of the New Testament, in fact a simple religion, winning its way to every heart which was not fortified against it by violent prejudice? If this be a true description of Scriptural Christianity, why did the disciples murmur and say, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it?" Why did many of these disciples go back and walk no more with Him? Why was Christ crucified? Why was St. Stephen stoned? Why were the saints hewn asunder, thrown to wild beasts, hideously tormented, burned with fire? Why was the Gospel a stumbling-block to the Jews, foolishness to the Greeks, and felony to the Romans? Why were the companions of the Lord, the Holy Apostles themselves, in darkness more or less complete till the very Day of Pentecost? Why was it said that no man could know the Lord save by the miracle of the Holy Ghost? Nay; but the disciples and the Apostles surely had no prejudice against the truth; the Jews were a devout people, the Greeks were the most eager enquirers after Truth that the world has ever known, the Roman law was amazing in its broad-minded toleration; every cult was welcomed by it—except that one cult, which, according to the Sage of Hampstead, is so "simple," so entirely self-evident. But it will be said, perhaps, that Dr. Horton believes that the ancient world was stubborn, prejudiced, "invincibly ignorant"—to borrow a phrase from the enemy—while since the coming of the Christ the universal human heart has been transmuted and changed. But this is not so; for Dr. Horton is explicit as to the doctrine that all religions of all ages and all climes are revelations from God. Judaism was a revelation :

But so also was the religion of Bel-Merodach in Babylon, the worship of Athene and Apollo in Greece, the jejune cultus of ancient Rome.

It is impossible, then, to regard the ancient world as fortified against this "simple" faith of Christ by obstinate and demoniacal prejudice, since the ancient world was in possession of "the revelation of God according to its capacity and willingness." In fine, then, though Christianity is so "simple," so self-evident that all but the most inveterate are compelled to give it their assent, at the same time the very Apostles of the Lord failed to grasp its meaning, and Jewry, Greece, and Rome rejected it and its

teachers with vehement disgust. And at the same time this self-evident religion, so simple as to be axiomatic, became hopelessly corrupted in a century or two from its foundation, the corruption being otherwise known as the Catholic Church; and this faith, which no one in his sober senses can escape crediting, is at present so far from being credible in modern England that

The proletariat of an English city . . . probably come nearer to being *without religion* than any other population in the world.

Also :

Thoughtful and intelligent Europe is now non-Christian ; and

Christians are in a minority, derided by the intellectual, railed at by the workers, ignored by the fashionable.

It seems to me that Dr. Horton has been unjust to himself in his famous Preface. He says that he cannot receive the *Credo quia impossibile*. Surely he is mistaken; he can do much more than believe in a verbal paradox. He can believe at once that all A is B and that some A is not B—a feat so novel and so surprising that I do not remember to have seen any technical name for it—in the Logic Books.

To proceed. On p. 64 we learn that :

Christianity was a Judaism which discounted the external and ceremonial side of religion, laying the whole stress on the inward life, the state of the heart.

This statement is, I must say without circumlocution, absolutely and entirely false—directly at variance with the plain and literal text of the New Testament, at variance with the express words of Christ and His actions, at variance with the express words of the Apostles and their actions, at variance with the express words of the immediate successors of the Apostles and their actions. I cannot weary the readers of THE ACADEMY with the catena of texts that I have cited on other occasions again and again; I will not insult them by supposing that they are ignorant of the rites and ceremonies of Baptism, the Lord's Supper, Unction of the Sick, Bestowal of the Holy Ghost; I will not insist in detail on the plain and notorious fact that the Christ gave His solemn approval by word and deed to the whole system of the ceremonial law. I simply declare that Dr. Horton's statement as quoted above is not true, and I refer him, in the approved Protestant fashion, to Rev. xxii. 15.

My materials are by no means exhausted, but my space is limited. I have approached "My Belief" from the logical point of view, because Dr. Horton himself indicated that point of view in his Preface. "For my part," he says, "I believe only what seems to me certain;" and, again, declaring his belief in mysteries, he points out that the steps which lead up to these mysteries are "strong and irrefragable arguments." I have examined a few of these strong and irrefragable arguments; and now I should like to lighten the end of this review with a point which is more or less a matter of taste :

I recall (Dr. Horton says) a feeling which came over me in Athens; after studying the noble remains of ancient art, the ruins of the Acropolis, the temple of Theseus, and the sculptured reliefs of the Ceramicus, I felt a strange and sickening revolt against the tawdry mummery of the Orthodox Church, which seemed not only lifeless, but deadening.

Now we will not be so uncharitable as to suppose that Dr. Horton formed his judgment as to the "commonness of this *ci-devant* Christianity" on the evidence of a casual, hurried visit to a ceremony which he did not understand. The American gentleman certainly did form his judgment on English justice in some such manner, but I will not condemn Dr. Horton as guilty of such folly as that. We will rather believe that he has made an exhaustive study of the Eastern Church—of that Church which has kept the faith through centuries of sword, impalement, torture, and cruel oppression, which offered up anew its martyrs a few years ago. We will credit the Hampstead Doctor with a careful examination of the Eastern Liturgies also; and we can only regret that he found nothing in the Orthodox Church of the East but commonness and tawdry mummery.

Here is a bit of mummary from the Divine Liturgy of St. James :

We render thanks to Thee, Lord our God, for that Thou hast given us boldness to the entrance in of Thy holy places, the new and living way which Thou hast consecrated for us through the veil of the Flesh of Thy Christ. We therefore, to whom it hath been vouchsafed to enter into the place of the tabernacle of Thy glory, and to be within the veil, and to behold the Holy of Holies, fall down before Thy goodness ; Master, have mercy upon us ; since we are full of fear and dread, when about to stand before Thy holy altar, and to offer this fearful and unbloody sacrifice, for our sins and for the ignorances of the people. Send forth, O God, Thy good grace, and hallow our souls and bodies and spirits, and change our hearts to holiness, that in a pure conscience we may present to Thee the mercy of peace, the sacrifice of praise.

And here is a vulgar, deadening prayer from the Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom :

None is worthy among them that are bound with fleshly desires to approach Thee, nor to draw near, nor to sacrifice unto Thee, King of Glory ; for to minister to Thee is great and fearful, even to the heavenly powers themselves. Yet through Thine ineffable and measureless love, Thou didst . . . become man, and didst take the title of our High Priest, and didst give to us the Hierurgy of this offering of the unbloody sacrifice, as being Lord of all ; for Thou only, O Lord our God, rulest over things in heaven and things on earth, who sittest upon the cherubic throne, Lord of Seraphim, and King of Israel, only holy, and resting in the holies.

This sort of thing must be very disgusting to a man accustomed to the stately ceremonial, the dignified ritual of the English Independents.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

[SECOND ARTICLE]

WE have been to the Royal Academy for a shilling, and we have rubbed shoulders with the gaping art-loving shilling multitude. As the Royal Academy puts up but one price of admission, the shilling multitude should be fairly representative. For a shilling, of course, sections of the same crowd go to Earl's Court—of which more anon. On the other hand, at Earl's Court, there are side-shows and opportunities for eating and drinking which do not somehow arise at the Royal Academy. Besides having gone patiently to the 140th Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts with the general public, we have taken immense pains in the examination of the first few pages of the Royal Academy's current catalogue. We have learnt, to our extreme joy, that the hours of admission to the Exhibition are from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. The 8 a.m. idea is excellent, affording one exceptional facilities for the combination of picture-viewing and early rising. We have promised ourselves that in the near future we will be round at 8 a.m. On another page we find a portentous list of Honorary Members, Academicians, Associates, and "Professors." And on the title-page we discover the most significant thing of all—namely, a motto which the Royal Academy would, one assumes, have us take closely to heart. The motto in question appears to have been compiled by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it runs as follows :—"The excellence of every art must consist in the complete accomplishment of its purpose"—which is most admirable, if a trifle mechanical and over-true. But as writing of gold for the Royal Academy it is simply delightful. We have already indicated humbly our view as to the real "purpose" of the average person who exhibits at Burlington House. Whether that purpose invariably obtains "complete accomplishment" is another question. There can be no doubt, however, that it has a good try.

Now, as we have more than once suggested, it is not proper to be too severe upon the Royal Academy. If genius of the proper sort does not happen to be painting just now we must not wholly blame the Royal Academy, any more than we should blame the farmer when the "turmits" are not all ten-pounders. At the same time, it would be idle and unseemly of us to allow our charitable feelings toward this august body to run away with us. The Royal Academy takes the public's shillings, and is consequently susceptible to common

criticism. We admit that its difficulties are, or should be, enormous. The nature of those difficulties will readily occur to the intelligent, and we need not dilate upon it. For all that, we are of opinion that the Council has, in setting forth the present year's exhibition, committed at least one error of a most glaring and flagrant kind. We refer to the hanging in a prominent position of Sir Hubert von Herkomer's phantasmagoria, "The Council of the Royal Academy, 1907." It seems to us that the Royal Academy are to be held responsible for this extraordinary piece of portraiture in a far greater than usual sense. In other words, it is fair to assume that Sir Hubert von Herkomer did not compose this canvas with the almighty assistance of a surreptitious snap-shot photograph ; it is fair to presume that Sir Hubert von Herkomer went about his work in something approximating to a decent manner and was careful to get sittings from the members of the Academy Council, and it is fair to presume that each member knew why and for whom he was sitting, and was acquainted also with the fact that the result would figure in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1908. Consequently we have in Sir Hubert von Herkomer's canvas something which is tantamount to an expression of opinion on the part of the Royal Academy that Sir Hubert von Herkomer is a great portrait-painter. On the face of it, such an expression of approval, coming as it does from so presumably high a quarter, is most flattering to Sir Hubert von Herkomer, and if Sir Hubert happened to be Sir Hubert von Herkomer, Limited, instead of a simple, uncapitalised English painter, his stock would be materially uplifted in consequence. It is possible, of course, that it has never occurred to Mr. Sargent to whisper sweet nothings about painting a collective portrait into the Council's ear. It is possible, also, that if the thing did occur to Mr. Sargent, he felt himself to be altogether too busy to undertake so vast and temerarious a work. And it is possible, even, that when Sir Hubert von Herkomer made his advances on the subject the Council were a trifle upset, and consented merely out of courtesy. Anyway, we will do them the justice to suppose that they now look back upon their acquiescence with touches of regret. Frankly, we are of opinion that it is a great pity that the picture hangs where it does, and that it is a still greater pity that the hobbledhoys from provincial art schools who visit the Exhibition with a view to inspiration, delight, and instruction should be invited to suppose that Sir Hubert von Herkomer's effort is great portraiture. In point of fact, we believe that even the stout boys who paint huge round moons in the provinces will do their best to decline to be deceived, and will probably tuck away in the back of their uncouth minds the half-thought that the Royal Academy Council is not quite so profound a judge of the portrait as one might expect it to be.

We are not concerned to heap abuse upon either the Royal Academy Council or Sir Hubert von Herkomer. Neither are we concerned to puff Mr. Sargent at anybody's expense, or to puff other more or less distinguished painters of portraits who have managed to find corners for themselves on the Academy walls. But we believe that if it had been in the least necessary that the Royal Academy Council of 1907 should have its picture painted, there is more than one comparatively unknown or unpushful painter now exhibiting at Burlington House who could have done better than Sir Hubert von Herkomer. If Sir Hubert would care to know what we mean, let him repair to one of the southern corners of Gallery No. 4. Here he will find a picture marked 253, "George and Lucy, Children of Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., of Succoth." The painter is Mr. Sholto J. Douglas, and we do not say that the work in question is equal to some of his past performances. But we think that if the Academy Council should ever again desire to be painted it might send for Mr. Douglas. And if it comes to "fashionable" persons, even Mr. Solomon J. Solomon or Mr. Arthur Hacker might prove serviceable.

And now to Earl's Court. Life has its small compensations, and it is notable that when you get tired and a little

eye-sick and heart-weary over Royal Academy Exhibitions, of whatever year, you may depend on finding within a stone's throw of the Welcome Club a scratch collection of pictures by such-and-such foreign artists. This year it is the Austro-Hungarian community who furnishes forth the funeral baked meats, as it were. There are probably but two hundred pictures in the Earl's Court gallery. Some of them are bad and, one might almost say, horrid. But the best of them will not disappoint you in the least. If one may say so, they are too good to be where they are. We should advise the Royal Academy Council, not forgetting Sir Hubert von Herkomer himself, to take a swift char-à-banc and proceed for an afternoon's instruction to Earl's Court. They will see one or two things there which are bound to edify them, that is to say, if they be—as we believe them to be—unbiased and reasonable members of their profession.

THE MADNESS OF SPRING

If we accept Johnson's definition of madness as a perturbation of the faculties, we must acknowledge that there is more than a conventional association between madness and the earlier months of the year. While the buds are breaking, the faculties of all of us are perturbed with a vengeance, and never a green leaf unrolls beneath the sky but one of us tramples under foot the laws he has made for the guidance of his life. Sometimes our mania is clear to every one, sometimes we are the most cunning of madmen, only wearing the straws in solitude, and duly imitating the lives of our grandfathers before our suspicious neighbours. But, however this may be, we are all mad in the spring, and though their perturbations vary as widely as the new leaves, our faculties sing drunken songs together along the wind-swept streets of the world.

This is a period when it is very good to be young, and so I willingly sympathise with the madness of my friend Florizel, who drives about London looking for his lost youth in a taximeter filled with children and chocolates. There are moments, he tells me, when this annual search seems to be crowned with success. Perhaps for an hour he recovers the forgotten ignorance of his early years; the children treat him with the genial rudeness of comradeship; he is patronised by ticket-collectors and policemen. But he goes home an old man. No less do I sympathise with the youthful and agreeable Hamlet, who staggers along the Charing Cross Road at this season with his arms and pockets filled with books. These are not, alas! the spoils of a conqueror, but the sacrifices of the vanquished, for every spring Hamlet falls in love, and madly sells his books for flowers and art jewellery. His dream-girls are always of the practical kind, and their affection for Hamlet appears to pass with his library; but Hamlet loves the spring nevertheless. So too, I suppose, does Pericles, whose madness, however, fills me rather with envy than with sympathy, for to him the spring brings a passion for work that enables him to squander the summer hours at Lord's or the Oval like a capitalist. There is something immoral in being able to perform prodigies of work when all the world is stretching from its winter sleep. But so it is with Pericles, and his friends will know him no more until these delicious months are over.

In truth there is no harm in these vernal follies; they are only the fuller expression of that self over which our conventional cunning has no control. Perhaps if we were honest and not quite so civilised we should dance blithely along Piccadilly every day of our short lives. Perhaps if we understood our neighbours better we should endue every night with the dreamy colours of our desires. As it is, it is only in the spring that we are willing to acknowledge the charm—I might almost say the virtue—of wise excess. Over a certain section of one of the London parks there used to rule a policeman so dour that he never wearied of condemning himself for the frivolous character of his dreams. He felt that the midnight caperings of his spirit went far to counteract the rectitude of his conscious

life, and over all his asceticism there hung a bitter consciousness of its futility. At last, on a golden day of spring, he proposed to and was accepted by a nursemaid of obscure charms, and the kingdom of paradox knew him no more. He traced his fall to a bed of tulips.

But most cruel of all are the dealings of this wanton season with those of us who write about little things with wide, splendid words. Never, it would seem, are our emotions more trivial, never are the words with which we hold them wider and more splendid. It is true that this verbal insanity affects us in different ways. Me does the coming of the almond blossom afflict with adjectives—great and gorgeous adjectives in merry companies—fallen together by the chance of the road, but surely inseparable thereafter. There is nothing to be done with these blithe comrades but to enshrine them in note-books and sigh a requiem. For, fine as life is, there is nowhere anything on the earth worthy of such epithets—and I lack my note-book when I wander in the city of dreams. Moreover, this futility extends to the ideas themselves that are bred in our minds during this happy, bitter season. On a fair morning of spring I seemed to have discovered what really should be done with H.M.S. *Buzzard*, that promising gun-boat which lies off the Embankment for the encouragement of the naval volunteers. As in a vision, I saw her captured at night by twelve decadent millionaires, hopeful of winning the ultimate sensation by their piratical enterprise. Thereafter the tale pursued a pleasant and profitable course. Their number raised to thirteen by the volunteering of a romantic small boy, my millionaires diverted themselves by singing sentimental songs to the tall white masts and by scattering explosive shells like roses all over London. Beaten at last by the invincible force of the British Navy, they blow a magnificent hole in the bottom of the ship, which sinks some three feet, it being low tide, and there are god-like laughter upon the decks. Finally, I think the survivors, being three of the millionaires and the small boy, were to drift down the river towards the sea in a leaky boat, talking pleasant philosophies as they went.

Here was a fine tale with never a woman in it, yet, nevertheless, it was of the spring. For when, in an autumnal mood I revisited the *Buzzard*, I saw that even the most decadent of millionaires or the most romantic of small boys could not hold that wretched vessel for five minutes against a handful of marksmen. So passed my screaming shells, my armoured tramcars, my ploughed and reddened decks. Before the first puff of saner weather my visionary galleon sailed back to the harbour of dreams.

Yet withal, when the last joss-stick of winter dies in the room and the scent of the violets in the flower-girls' baskets comes singing through the open window, it is only the more cowardly of us who quaff the cautious iron and quinine. Those of us who are lovers know that there are troubling days before us in this season of finite sorrows and infinite joys, and, amateurs of pain as we are, we would not have it otherwise. It is enough for us, though our feet be lame and bleeding, that, from the grey morning and through the hot day and down to the cool time when the stars light up the sky, our love fares on. We may mock ourselves with speech of green-sickness and of faculties devilishly perturbed; we may turn a sorrowful eye on a morrow inevitably grey; but our hearts are for the spring.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Doctrine of the Trinity. Apologetically considered by J. R. ILLINGWORTH, M.A., D.D. (Macmillan, 6s.)

In an age which demands of the clergy feverish action and over-organisation rather than study and thought, the Church of England may well be thankful that there are some scholars left who devote their lives to spiritual philosophy. Of these, Dr. Illingworth is surely pre-eminent. This profound writer now adds one more

remarkable book to a learned series, in which he has shown himself to be a student not only of ideas, but also of life, in reference to the deepest problems which stir humanity. In the Preface Dr. Illingworth truly observes that

There are signs that the doctrine of the Trinity is again likely to become the battle-ground that it has so often been before in Christian history—the battle-ground on which the contention for the faith will have for the time to be carried on.

No one will doubt this who has read Mr. Campbell's recent amazing utterances.

Dr. Illingworth boldly faces the theories of doctrinal development. We have seldom read a more convincing argument than the first chapter—*Evolution Presupposes God*. In the "region of religious experience, the spiritual history of souls," we must divest ourselves of that arrogance which finds expression in the

Common assumption that our modern knowledge is universally greater than that of bygone ages. . . . We may be scientific, but the leading minds of other days were spiritual specialists.

While clearly pointing out that fundamental truth is complete in itself, Dr. Illingworth shows that doctrinal development is not, as some would have us think, an addition to that truth, but a deeper penetration into the truth :

The doctrine of the Trinity, for instance, confessedly underwent development, as regards the *language* in which it was expressed, by the adoption, for example, of such terms as substance, person, eternal generation, circumincession, double procession.

In the chapter "*Omnia exeunt in mysterium*" Dr. Illingworth considers intellectual objections to the doctrine of the Trinity on the ground of its mystery, which has "been thought to impart fresh difficulty to the already difficult conception of God." But, as he well asks, "Can anything increase that difficulty?" We agree that to reject a mystery because it is a mystery is illogical and unscientific.

Throughout this book Dr. Illingworth lays emphatic stress on the mystery that permeates the universe :

The greatest wonder of the world is its existence. When we pause to philosophise, that is, to wonder, our own existence is our greatest mystery ; and the crux of that mystery is not "how," but "why" we exist.

The practical conclusion of the matter is thus stated :

When objections are urged against the doctrine of the Trinity, on the ground of its metaphysical and abstract character, we may point with confidence to the magnitude of its results. It may not, indeed, be more comprehensible than any other conception of what is essentially beyond our comprehension ; but it has enabled a more vivid apprehension than any other of God's various relations to men, and proved in consequence, if we look below the surface of history, the most practical of powers.

Dr. Illingworth's style is so clear, his method so lucid, his reasoning and philosophy at once so simple and profound, that this book is no mere treatise for the abstruse metaphysician, but rather a guide and apology which we confidently commend to all students of the Christian faith, lay and clerical alike, who desire a thoughtful discussion of the "popular difficulties" which are raised on all sides to-day.

Sermons and Memoir of Rev. S. Singer. (Routledge, 4s. 6d. net.)

Sermons to Children of Rev. S. Singer. (Routledge, 4s. 6d. net.)

Lectures and Addresses of Rev. S. Singer. (Routledge, 4s. 6d. net.)

THE Jews are always interesting ; and if any one wants to know where they are now dwelling in the world of thought, he cannot do better than read these three books. Singer was the chief reforming Rabbi among the Conformists. He introduced Bible-reading in English, prayers for the King, and children's services into the synagogue. He was also alive to the fact that the status of women needed reconsideration in Israel. He elucidated what romance he could from the Talmud, reformed the Marriage Service—required the express consent of the bride, hitherto of no account—and he set himself to educate and lead the

devotions of the Jewesses. He supported a policy, not of making the Ghetto a colony from some unreal Palestine, but of supporting the national hosts, with pen, purse, and even sword. He sent the young Jews to serve in the Army and to learn in our public schools and Universities. He opposed the Zionism which would start by a rush to the Jerusalem which is below. He thought Canada a better land for emigrants. He was, in fact, a shrewd, sane Jew, who saw what might be made out of Judaism with a little faith and a good deal of pluck. Consequently he was a tribal leader rather than a prophet. Of his lectures the most interesting are that of the Messianic idea in Judaism, and that on the Jews' relations to other races. In this latter are some most interesting figures. The Jews form one-eightieth of Germany, but they hold one-thirteenth of the professorial chairs, and one-sixth of the *Privat-Dozenten* are of this persuasion, a sufficient proof of Jewish ability, if one were needed. The ugly and vulgar side to the Jew may also be gathered even from the cover, which calls the author "Rev. S. Singer." The sack often follows the sample. What could be in worse taste than the Rabbi's assaults upon the Christian Confessional, which he nesciently assures all Israel

Lends itself to frightful abuses, exercising a tyranny over the souls of men and women, encouraging the worst forms of hysteria, slackening the cords of conscience, injuring the spirit of self-respect, undermining a sense of personal responsibility, and entailing a consequent enfeeblement of character ; it casts the shadow of the priest across the most sacred intimacies of family life ; creates thoughts of sin by the suggestion of sin ; it is as great a peril to the character of the priest as to that of the people.

These silly assaults upon the religion of their hosts damage the reputation of these guests of Christian nations ; but in spite of several such *gamineries*, the books contain much that will make the reader say with the Duenna, "So little like a Jew and so much like a gentleman."

Round about the North Pole. By W. J. GORDON. (John Murray, 15s. net.)

READERS of the "Water Babies" will remember how Tom, on his journey to The-Other-End-of-Nowhere, came "to shiny Wall, to the Great Gate that never was opened," and, diving down, came up in Peace Pool, where the good whales go. In the present book Mr. Gordon tells the story of the brave men who have tried, through the centuries, to conquer that barrier of ice and find that smooth water round the Pole where, according to the story told at Amsterdam to Joseph Moxon, Hydrographer to the King, in 1652 :

No land was seen, no ice, and the weather as it was in summer at Amsterdam.

The story of the struggle of man with Nature, fierce, relentless, ever-watching, is always fascinating, whether success or failure crowns the unequal fight. The path of the pioneer attracts far more than the beaten track of the known and open road, and perhaps because the struggle in the cold, barren North is more especially with Nature herself and not with other creatures of her making, its story surpasses others of different climes both in the horror of failure or the magnificence of success. Cortez, "silent upon a peak in Darien," fires our imagination and enthusiasm, just as the cry of the Ten Thousand has always done, but the thrill is more intense, the grip is harsher when we read of Colwell's rescue of Greely on June 22nd, 1884 :

There was a tent wrecked by the gale, with its pole toppling over, and only kept in place by the guy-ropes. Ripping it up with a knife, a sight of horror was disclosed. On one side, close to the opening, with his head towards the outside, lay what was apparently a dead man. On the opposite side was a poor fellow, alive, but without hands or feet, and with a spoon tied to the stump of his right arm. Two others, seated on the ground, were pouring something out of a rubber bottle into a tin can. Directly opposite, on his hands and knees, was a dark man with a long, matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, with a little red skull-cap on his head, and brilliant staring eyes. As Colwell appeared, he raised himself and put on a pair of eyeglasses.

Colwell crawled in and took him by the hand, saying to him, "Greely, is this you?"

"Yes," said Greely, in a faint, broken voice, hesitating with his words, "yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying like men. Did what I came to do—beat the best record."

Near at hand were ten graves. The bodies, despite Greely's remonstrances, were taken up and removed for burial in the United States. . . . One of these . . . had a bullet in it. He had been shot, at Greely's written order, "for stealing sealskin thongs, the only remaining food."

This is but one of many supremely dramatic moments in Mr. Gordon's book; others are, perhaps, more familiar, while the meeting of Jackson and Nansen:

"Aren't you Nansen?"

"Yes I am."

"By jove! I'm damned glad to see you!"

is as famous as "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Mr. Gordon claims that among the many books about

The Polar regions there is none quite like this, dealing with the gradual progress of exploration towards the north along the different areas of advance within the Arctic Circle.

This method has the advantage of system, for he begins from Spitzbergen, and works eastward, through Novaya Zemlya, Franz Josef Land, to Bering Strait; thence to the American mainland, to Baffin Bay, and Greenland. He thus can compare the efforts of succeeding explorers in the same zone; but as the interest of the ordinary reader is probably personal rather than local, it might have made for greater popularity had Mr. Gordon taken each man's work separately, no matter how wide was the extent of his field.

Putting this question of method, however, on one side, and lamenting only in passing the absence of a complete map of the Arctic Circle, in addition to the small sectional maps throughout the book, there is nothing but commendation due to Mr. Gordon for his work. From its nature there is but little that is original, but Mr. Gordon's research and collation are most careful and thorough, and he has succeeded in telling the story of the conquest of the Pole in a manner which is at once clear and fascinating. Names, great and familiar, crowd through the pages, and it is with surely not unworthy pride that we notice that no small number of them are of our own race. From the days of the Merchant Adventurers and the Muscovy Company, when Adrian Gilbert and Frobisher were certain of finding gold as well as a passage to Cathaya somewhere among the ice, down to the modern days of Franklin, Markham, and Jackson, England has borne her full share of the sacrifice, and won her full share of the glory of the conquest of the Northern Seas. Here, as elsewhere, we have paid our price of Admiralty to the full.

Lolus Leaves from Africa and Covent Garden. By ISRAFEL (David Nutt, 3s. 6d. net.)

AUTHORS who would be precious tempt the critic to point out the two rival ditches into which this slippery path sometimes ensnares those who choose it—an elaborate frigidity or an ornate nonsense. Even Pater sometimes fell into one or both, and who can hope to escape when he did not? The reader who likes colour epithets and is not too particular about shape, and does not wince if the song of birds is called crystal or crystalline, will find plenty of bright description of North African scenes, and some unequal musical criticisms. It is not true, for instance, that Beethoven is:

Interested only in God and Nature; not at all in humanity, or that he is as cold, salt, and stinging as the sea:

To complete a Turkish bath in Gounod—who is all hot, enervating sweetness—or a Russian bath in Tchaikowsky, you should take a cold plunge in Beethoven.

This is a fair specimen of the criticism of effort, rather than of power. But the remarks on Elgar are happy:

Some people, as you know, one runs down and likes; others one praises and does not care for. Elgar is of the former kind.

By the way, one cannot be precious and slangy too, and it is a pity to use the word "cheeky" when one aims at being an artist in prose.

H.M.I. By E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY. (Macmillan and Co., 8s. 6d.)

THIS is a pleasant, garrulous book, redeemed from being an ordinary chestnut-pudding by the fact that it is spiced with some audacity and flavoured with a little mild indiscretion. The school inspector gives us some amusing light upon the rogueries of the Welsh, off whom, to use a racy country idiom, he "lifts the blanket." He explains, too, the exceeding badness of Matthew Arnold at his trade, tells queer tales of parsons, Roman priests, mixed minds, howlers, fiascos, lunches, drinks, pretty maids, and slow-coaches. Altogether this is a book for the hot weather, unless it fall into the hands of those who naturally feel warm whenever they endure the Balliol tone. These should avoid it.

FICTION

Emotional Moments. By SARAH GRAND. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

MADAME SARAH GRAND takes herself very seriously. She gives us twelve short stories, of the conventional type for the most part, and prefaces the collection with a dissertation on men and manners that is a re-hash of the usual diatribes against those mysterious beings who go to make up what is termed "Society." But it is sufficient to say that the Preface is quite unnecessary. As for the stories, where the subject is good the treatment is bad, and *vice versa*. That entitled "The Condemned Cell" verges on the ridiculous. The spectacle of "Lady Charlotte Templemore" awaiting execution for the murder of her husband is too artificial to be taken seriously. We will admit that it is quite possible for a lady of title to murder her husband, but Madame Grand's precedents are few, if they exist at all, and this attempt to create a sensation is a failure. "The Baby's Tragedy" tells of the whims of a lady who sacrifices her baby for the sake of her figure. It is written sufficiently well to deceive the uninitiated. "The Undefinable" and "The Man in the Scented Coat" are laboured efforts with trivial results. Nowadays, when nearly everybody knows the secret of writing bad short stories, such a batch as "Emotional Moments" has little chance of success. Something more than painstaking efforts to re-point old morals is necessary. Originality and freshness of treatment are essential, and Madame Grand shows neither of these in "Emotional Moments." Consequently it must be voted commonplace, despite the Preface.

The Sword Decides. By MARJORIE BOWEN. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

It is not unlikely that every book Miss Marjorie Bowen writes will be a great success. She possesses the art of writing the essentially modern novel—the series of short, snappy paragraphs, unburdened by too much descriptive matter, deftly welded together to tell a story. Of this class is "The Sword Decides." One can see that there was no hard work spent in building up the necessary "local colour." The writer merely takes a dose of history in order to aid her imagination, and the rest is easy. "The Sword Decides" is, nevertheless, more than a readable novel. It is distinctly above the average, but it does not reach the heights of English composition claimed by some of the reviewers. Perhaps no writer is ever as bad or as good as his or her critics declare. In any case Miss Bowen is not the great novelist her friends say she is. Giovanna of Naples is the storm-centre of Miss Bowen's new work, and around that romantic personality she has woven numerous adventures and love-stories which make the book exciting and pleasant reading. "The Sword Decides" opens with an account of the journey of Andreas, brother of the King of Hungary, to Naples to claim his unseen wife, Giovanna. The latter is, of course, anxious to succeed her grandfather, and though the dying monarch bequeaths his throne to Andreas, she succeeds in keeping

him out of his inheritance for a time. When she is compelled to flee from the city she hides in a monastery, and here Andreas follows her. The tenth chapter, which describes the murder of Andreas, is quite the best piece of writing in the book, and that, be it said to the writer's credit, despite the fact that the subject is not the easiest to handle. Giovanna takes more than a passive share in her husband's treacherous murder, and it is this degree of guilt that provides the motive of the rest of the book. Ludovic, King of Hungary, who comes to avenge his brother's death, is ensnared by the charms of Giovanna, and, until he reasserts his manhood, Andreas is forgotten, and the plannings and plottings for supremacy in Naples continue. The finish is not conventional, and may disappoint some readers, but the thrills and shocks of the exciting narrative should compensate. "The Sword Decides" will add many recruits to Miss Bowen's army of admirers.

The Cardinal and Lady Susan. By LUCAS CLEEVE. (Greening, 6s.)

LADY SUSAN VERMOYLE, the nineteen-year-old daughter of an English Peer and an Italian-American mother, comes, on the death of the latter, as a self-invited guest to the house of Cardinal Sapponi, who had been jilted by her mother some twenty years before. Mixed blood, wealth, and an American upbringing have combined to make Susan rather a handful, and, after shocking every one within reach by means of her Yankee outspokenness, she proceeds to fall desperately in love with the Cardinal. Here is a situation that, in spite of its improbability, offers considerable opportunities to the novelist, and the author has evidently been at pains to elaborate the character of the terrifying Susan and in a minor degree that of the perplexed Cardinal. That the result is wholly satisfactory we cannot say. In spite of the author's care Susan remains improbable and a little artificial, and the Cardinal leaves but a faint impression on the reader's mind. However, the book is, on the whole, interesting, and the author shows deftness in her handling of the situations. The *dénouement*, which the publishers describe as "original and startling," appears to us to be needlessly unsatisfying.

The Coward Behind the Curtain. By RICHARD MARSH. (Methuen and Co., 6s.)

THOSE who like melodrama in its crudest and most violent form will be grateful to Mr. Marsh for his latest novel. The interest of the story centres round a girl who, hidden behind a curtain, watches a struggle between two men, which terminated in one of the combatants striking the other on the head with a champagne-bottle. Her subsequent escape from the room and the manner in which she contrived to elude police inquiries occupy the remainder of the volume, which runs to 310 pages. The book is not one that calls for serious criticism. It is an orgy of absurdities and extravagances. The characters are frankly maniacal, and the author evinces a reckless disregard for probabilities that would scandalise even the writer of a *Daily Mail* feuilleton. As Mr. Marsh continues to produce stories of this genre in rich profusion, it is evident that there is a demand for them. We have read this volume conscientiously, but we trust we shall be spared a similar ordeal in the future.

The Enchantress. By EDWIN PUGH. (John Milne, 6s.)

WE are not quite sure which quality to admire the more in Mr. Pugh—his cleverness or his audacity. He is undoubtedly clever, for he succeeds in compelling us to read his story right to the very end, although every moment increases the feeling of nausea which the story arouses. And his audacity in his choice and treatment of his subject leaves us gasping. Old "Mrs." Gantry had in her youth been betrayed by Joel Parradyne. Lydia, the daughter of this *liaison*, has been trained by her mother to regard her sex as an asset in her business-dealings with men. Chance throws her in the way of Jeremiah Parradyne, a cousin of Joel. At her mother's bidding she sets about trying to fool and deceive him—to get him in her

toils, to drain him of everything he had, to do all she could to ruin him. Naturally enough, she is beaten in the battle of sex; but later, when she becomes the most celebrated dancer in Europe, instead of only being a member of a touring troupe she has another chance of vengeance on the Parradyne family, in the person of Sir Moses Parradyne, in whom Mr. Pugh reaches what surely must be the limit of revolting realism. Lydia marries this horrible, decrepit satyr, whose description might have won even Swift's envious admiration; but even there her vengeance on the Parradynes is not complete. On the night before her marriage she contrives to meet her old lover, with the result that an heir is expected when Sir Moses dies, whose father is really the man whom he will disinherit. In the end Lydia marries a rather colourless individual who has loved her all through, and whom we are assured she loves. In our opinion the question of morality is not one that has any relation to artistic or literary criticism, but the question of taste undoubtedly does arise. Mr. Pugh must answer others than ourselves on the former count; on the latter, in our opinion, he stands convicted.

The Ivory God. By J. S. FLETCHER. (John Murray, 6s.)

A VOLUME of short stories reprinted from popular magazines is always difficult to criticise fairly. In their original form they are judged as they, presumably, are intended, as ephemeral and for the amusement of an idle hour. But when they are collected and reprinted in book form they are taken out of the realm of ephemeral work and assume a claim to endurance which otherwise would never be thought of. In such a case how are they to be judged? What standard can be applied? It seems reasonably fair to take as a test whether they will stand re-reading. In the present case it is only possible to apply this test in one instance. Of the twenty-seven stories—some of them quite short character-sketches—which compose this book we have only chanced to meet one before. But *ex pede Herculem*, and Serjeant Murphy's Waterloo easily survives this test. For the others, we may say that, though certainly of unequal merit, they are all readable, some of them more than usually interesting, and in one or two instances really striking either in idea or execution. They vary considerably, both in subject and method, and the most catholic taste should be satisfied. In the story which gives its title to the book Mr. Fletcher works on the idea of the obsession of an opium-eater by an ivory image of Ganesh; while some half-dozen of the stories are simply sketches of Yorkshire village characters. For ourselves, we prefer Mr. Fletcher when he is serious, especially when he introduces just a touch of mysticism.

Drusilla's Point of View. By Madame ALBANESI. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

A CAPITAL story, well told, with a strong, original plot, and characterisation at once clear and sympathetic—such is the fare that Madame Albanesi offers in "Drusilla's Point of View." And what more can any one desire? The only quarrel which we are likely to have with the authoress is over the title. It strikes us (to speak frankly) as weak, and not a little clumsy. But that, after all, is but a small matter, and the charm of the book itself is possibly enhanced by the title's lack of attractiveness.

Some critic has said that in English fiction there are three women with whom one would like to be in love—Beatrix Esmond, Di Vernon, and Elizabeth Bennett. Without exaggeration we are tempted to add Drusilla as the fourth Grace. Certainly we cannot call to mind any heroine in modern fiction to compare with her either in charm or real loveableness. Of course she is not perfect—she would be intolerably dull if she were—but her faults are principally those of a spoilt child, and when sorrow comes her nature is strong and true enough to overcome them. Madame Albanesi has succeeded very cleverly in showing the development of her character under the influence of sorrow and love, and unqualified praise is due to her for her delicate yet sure handling of her heroine.

Of the other characters, by far the most sympathetic and attractive is Bertha Heronworth. Her love for Drusilla, and her intense desire to save her sorrow, even at the cost of her own conscience, are shown without the least trace of artifice, and her nature contrasts admirably with the more buoyant charms of her adopted sister. Had Fate allowed her to grow old she might have reappeared as another Miss Matty—though of a far stronger, though not nobler type; and then, like Fanny Price, we might think that “we are all of us better when she is near us.”

As a contrast to these two characters, Madame Albanesi has drawn the picture of an evil-minded woman, whose tongue is as poisoned as her thoughts. But with Aunt Edith, as with Drusilla and Bertha, she preserves a due restraint; and black as the picture undoubtedly is, the colour is not laid on too thickly, and the portrait lives as a consistent and natural piece of work.

It may be said that Madame Albanesi has not been quite so successful with her men as with her women. But we are rather inclined to think that this apparent lack of success is only relative, and that Carlingford and Keston suffer by comparison with Drusilla and Bertha. Viewed by themselves they stand out clearly and naturally—sketches of strong, honourable men.

A Comedy of Mammon. By INA GARVEY. (Grant Richards, 6s.)

THE greater part of this book—“Blanche’s Diary”—has already appeared in *Punch*. Miss Garvey has now added extracts from two other diaries—Amy Robinson’s and Mabel Frothingley’s—and by doing so has turned what was simply a bright satire of the “smart set” into a complete story, somewhat melodramatic, slightly vulgar, and with no touch of humanity to redeem it from its callous, worldly wisdom. It must not be thought, however, that we wish to condemn the book. Miss Garvey is undeniably clever; she has the knack of catching the right note for her purpose; as her heroine, Blanche, would say, her writing is quite snappy; and while we were reading the book we enjoyed it and laughed with the authoress. But the taste left behind was bitter. Of all the characters, with the possible exception of Mabel Frothingley, not one has any “heart” at all. Even Amy Robinson, whose tragedy is compelling if commonplace, is quite content—even eager—to adapt herself to the exigencies of her newly-found fortune; and we feel that she will prove an apt pupil of old Lady Lacksiller, and perhaps become a serious rival to Blanche herself. The latter is the most prominent character in the book. She is a clever study of the society beauty—a dodo brought up to date. At times she shows some glimmerings of honour, and at the end there is just a hint that she may even develop that “funny old early-Victorian appendage, a conscience;” but the promise is very faint, and we feel that the laughter of her friends—Babs, Wee-Wee, and the lapdog Norty—will prove too much for her, and that she will end as she began, hide-bound by the conventions of her class.

Perhaps, however, this is too serious criticism for Miss Garvey’s butterfly. The book is a satire, meant to win a laugh, and as such it should be treated laughingly. It is all to Miss Garvey’s credit, too, that her whip stings; the pity is that such a whip should be necessary.

The Tree of Heaven. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. (Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd., 6s.)

MR. CHAMBERS can scarcely be congratulated on his incursions into the regions of occultism. He has long since mastered the art of the short story, and, technically considered, these tales leave little to be desired. But they produce in the mind of the reader a painful impression of lack of sincerity. Whether Mr. Chambers believes in occultism or not, he has not succeeded in convincing his readers that he believes in it—which is, after all, the thing that matters. An exception must, however, be made in the case of a singularly perfect little story entitled “The Bridal Pair.” The remaining stories—there are ten in all—are only redeemed from the commonplace by their obvious

straining after novel and bizarre effects. “The Tree of Dreams” is the kind of story that Mr. Le Gallienne would have liked to write. “The Swastika” is a tedious narrative about a vulgar flirtation. In “The Carpet of Belshazzar,” “The Sign of Venus,” “The Case of Mr. Helmer,” and “Out of the Depths” the mystical element predominates; but, with the best intentions in the world, the author’s machinery is a little rusty, and, do what he will, our flesh refuses to creep or our hair to rise. The publishers find the “Tree of Heaven” “reminiscent of Stevenson’s shorter stories.” We have failed to detect any such resemblance.

MUSIC

LUDWIG WÜLLNER

ON Friday, May 8th, Dr. Ludwig Wüllner gave his second song-recital, which was far better attended than the first—fortunately, those will think who look upon his coming as an event. And an event such an evening as Friday most assuredly is. For Wüllner, as an ACADEMY note proclaimed last week, is a master of interpretation, and what he interprets most clearly is the highest form of beauty. Musicians great as Schubert, or Brahms, or Rubinstein, or Wolff, or Richard Strauss have chosen from poetry, lyric and dramatic, just such works as they desire to deck with music, and Wüllner interprets the beauty of the poem and the new beauty with which the music vivifies it. That is to say, he makes the doubly-inspired life of the song live again, so that while he sings you seem to be in the presence of the most vivid form of life—which is beauty—trebly inspired with vitality. Wüllner’s particular greatness lies in his perfect standard of values: he holds the balance with exactness. Some singers are able to render the notes of a song with accuracy, and the feeling evaporates as they sing, though the notes may be separate sounds of astonishing purity; other singers are dominated by feeling so fiercely that the music falls into a secondary place, which is highly unfit for it. With Wüllner the two are incomparably blended, as they can only be in the work of the very greatest artist. They are forces which do not mingle easily; they must be welded by the power of the man’s personality, like the perfect fusion of his body and his soul. You feel in the presence of a being who has fought his way through all the personal moods of life to complete annihilation of self, so that the joy and the sadness, the terror, the endeavour, and the love which the various songs express seem to be not those of one man, but of all humanity. That is the impression which great art gives.

The amazing thing about a singer like Wüllner is the diversity within his scope. Whether the song be Schubert’s “Wanderer,” that lament of the great man’s loneliness, or his “Doppelgänger,” which tells of the lover revisiting the town where his lady dwelt, or the “Erkönig,” with all its goblin fear and goblin charm, Wüllner’s expression is sure and convincing in its absolute “rightness.” Within the space of thirty minutes his power creates these varying emotions; and he makes those who listen more and more susceptible and pliant to his power. In the next group were six songs of Johannes Brahms, which ended with the triumphant—

So willst du des Armen
Dich gnädig erbarmen?

and the very spirit of joy seemed suddenly to be moving through the hall as he sang it. But the most extraordinary contrast of all was, perhaps, found in the last three songs by Richard Strauss—“Frühlingsfeier,” “Lied des Steinklopfers,” and “Cäcilie.” By that time every one was with him, and the effect of his rendering was unique. He was considerate enough, in spite of the length of the programme, to give two encores.

It is to be hoped that when Dr. Wüllner pays another visit to London his recitals will be better attended and better managed. On Friday evening half the audience

were unable to obtain the book of words, and a pianist was engaged who, for all her fluent brilliance, was deplorably at variance with the prevailing spirit.

H. DE S.

DRAMA

"THE THUNDERBOLT" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

It is probable that Mr. Pinero has never written a play of such excellence as this one, which was produced last Saturday night. But at the same time there is little doubt that it will not meet with the same enthusiastic support as has been accorded to some of his earlier productions; indeed, on the first night it was evident that there was a certain portion of the audience that was by no means pleased. From the artistic point of view this is of little importance. The more nearly a work of art approaches perfection the less likely is it to be properly appreciated; but in this case there were reasons not very far to seek why some amount of dissatisfaction might be expected. But these reasons, it seems to me, entirely proceed from the manner of presentation, and not from the play itself.

The play itself owes, perhaps a little too patently, obligations to Mr. Granville Barker's great play *The Voysey Inheritance*; in each of them there is a scene in which there is a family council round a dining-room table where the financial position of the family is hotly debated. In each case this scene is the crisis of the play and the one which makes the greatest appeal to the audience. To my mind there is no reason why Mr. Pinero should not use this particular idea, though it would be a pity if it became as common in contemporary plays as the inevitable tea-table conversations of the last few years. Otherwise the play was a marvel both of lucidity and of construction. The different characters—the three brothers and their wives, the brother-in-law and his wife—are all introduced to the audience at the same moment with the highest art and ease, and the discussions which ensue show up the idiosyncrasies of each in the most vivid manner. From the first it is sufficiently obvious that the dead man has left a will benefiting his illegitimate daughter Helen Thornhill; but the expectancy of all the next-of-kin is kept keenly alive up to the very end, and the dramatic confessions as to the destruction of the will only fan the greed of the various beneficiaries. It is a very powerful play, with singularly little of the usual love interest, and the end comes naturally and is satisfactory.

In spite, however, of some really fine acting, the play at times leaves one cold. There is not the least doubt that this is due to the fact that Mr. Alexander is badly placed as Thaddeus Mortimore, whose wife has destroyed the will, and who tries unsuccessfully to take the blame on his own shoulders. Mr. Alexander makes the part far too sentimental. Sentimentality is what is expected from Mr. Alexander on all occasions, but in so realistic a play as *The Thunderbolt* it becomes painfully out of place. He has his plain choice, but that does not permit his appearing himself in such a play. Mr. Norman Forbes, too, as one of the grasping brothers, Stephen, introduced a farcical note that was quite as jarring as the sentiment, and this farcical element at times even affected those two admirable actresses Miss Kate Bishop and Miss Alice Beet. On the other hand, Mr. Louis Calvert as the eldest brother gave a most vigorous and finished performance, and the same must be said of Mr. Wilfred Draycott as Colonel Ponting, and Mr. J. D. Beveridge as an old solicitor. It is very rare to see such fine acting. Miss Mabel Hackney did not altogether please me as the repentant wife who had destroyed the will. It was, no doubt, a powerful performance, but her great scene in the third Act was so entangled with the sentimental methods of her husband that it lost a good deal of its force. One of the greatest

successes of the evening was Miss Stella Campbell's appearance as Helen. The memory of her mother Mrs. Patrick Campbell's triumphs on these same boards is so vivid that it is partly with surprise, and yet with no surprise, that one watched this charming young lady's first appearance in London. She had a part which required much gentleness and restraint, and she succeeded admirably. Perhaps my feeling as to what was wrong with the play can most readily be apprehended when I say that there was a moment when the great scene round the dining-room table suddenly took the form of a kind of "Last Supper," with the Rev. R. J. Campbell in the principal part. I wonder how Mr. Alexander managed it.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

LIFE ON MARS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The public mind has recently been exercised over a controversy which, for all that it has attracted some of the most scientific minds of the day, can scarcely be pronounced instructive, nor even logical. The question raised is: Is Mars inhabited? The real and logical question should, of course, be: What manner of life prevails on Mars? The former would imply the fantastic and scientifically untenable suggestion that amidst the many millions of actually existing celestial bodies, of which our earth is seemingly one of the most insignificant, it alone has been fitted with the apparatus suitable for maintaining physical life. The idea seems, when we inquire into particulars, so monstrous as to have passed over the dividing line and become ridiculous. Nature, said the old philosophers, abhors a vacuum; and, however we may smile over the original application of the supposed rule, it is nevertheless the case, so far as our limited experience on this earth goes, that, wherever a practical opening for life exists, Nature has stepped in and filled it. The earth as a planet does not occupy a very distinguished position; she is, it is true, the leader of the second class of secondary stars revolving round the sun. Venus is very little less in size, and only a little less in mass, so that the conditions of gravity are very much alike. She is a little warmer, yet not so much so but that her Arctic regions, to all appearance, are covered with ice and snow. Why should she be wasted? Is it not folly to suppose that she was only put where she is for the purpose of directing the secular motions of the earth, and by altering during long periods the eccentricity of her orbit so change her momentary climate that in differing ages her companion may become a suitable place of residence for alternative forms of life? Such is certainly not the habit of Nature in cases where we can see her workings in close quarters; and there is no reason to believe that she works differently in localities so little removed. Of course we can never, with our present means of observation at least, be able to see what goes on in Venus, though, for the matter of that, her distance betimes is less than two-fifths of that of Mars, but the fault lies in our thick and misty atmosphere which so refracts and reflects, and generally distorts the light in the neighbourhood of the sun, that a clear definition of her surface has hitherto been impossible. Under the circumstances, and very properly so, the attention of our astronomers has recently been very much directed to Mars.

Mars to the astronomers of the earlier part of the last century seemed in all particulars so like our earth that it was a not unnatural conclusion that he should be inhabited by beings much the same as our own orb. With the instruments then in use we saw, or thought we saw, ocean and continent; when turned away from the sun his poles were markedly white, as if covered with snow, and his ruddy colour seemed to denote an atmosphere not unlike our own. We knew for certain scarcely more than one thing about his surface, but that indicated a difference; gravity on him was less than one-eighth of that on the surface of the earth. How that affected living beings we had no means of knowing; some folk thought people in Mars should be giants, some saw them as pigmies. Seemingly a man, were he there, could do eight times the amount of work possible on earth, and, if so, it seemed possible that, if we looked carefully, we might find some evidence. He was not always immersed, like Venus, in the solar glare, and definition was fairly good, and our telescopes might be increased almost indefinitely in power. Naturally it is the unexpected that ever happens, and when the astronomers commenced to use their new and more powerful telescopes they began to find out that if Mars had an atmosphere at all it must be an infinitely thin one; so likewise they found he had no oceans, and his ice-caps could be little more substantial than ordinary hoar-frost. Then they found what the first observers were

convinced were great canals conveying much-needed water over the dried-up continents, and the canals were plausibly attributed to the efforts of intelligent inhabitants. Now the existence of even water is denied, and the so-called canals are alleged to be mere volcanic rifts spreading across the arid plains. We shall probably, with the progress of observation, and perhaps the utilisation of other means of investigation as yet undreamt of, come to know in the near future what are really the conditions of the surface of Mars. At present we seem to have sufficient evidence to show that, although the Martial tabernacle of self-consciousness, and, it may be, intellectual life, be composed of the same elements (carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, calcium, &c.) as on earth, their whole form and mode of combination must be entirely different, so different that we cannot form even a conception of the probable result.

But Venus, the earth, and Mars together form but a minor, almost insignificant part of the solar system, compared with such giants as Jupiter and Saturn, not to mention Uranus and Neptune. What reason other than anthropomorphic have we for believing them uninhabited? We know too little of any of them to venture on anything beyond a crude guess. We have actually never seen Jupiter, which is, nevertheless, the best known to us of the lot. We know that he is surrounded by an atmosphere thousands of miles deep, which has its own period of rotation, and from a peep now and then through a rift we have reason to believe that the body of the planet itself is at least red hot. As such a temperature would dissociate any organic compounds of carbon with which, at least, we are acquainted, we must look for life in some other combination of the elements; but there is no logical reason in our state of absolute ignorance of life itself why we should not consider this as perfectly conceivable.

But our solar system is but a single unit amongst known millions of others—some, we know, immensely greater, others, we have every reason to believe, greatly smaller. So far as we can reason from the known to the unknown, every one of these has its own attendant planetary system, so that our earths, our Mars, and our Jupiters must be indefinitely multiplied. Are we justified in reasoning that our earth is in this matter of life the one exception in the entire universe? Having gone so far, we are justified in carrying the argument still further. If we must fairly allow Jupiter to have his inhabitants framed on an entirely different model from those of our small earth, can we refuse to allow inhabitants to the sun, or Sirius, or even Canopus, the biggest sun with which we are as yet acquainted? True, as we noticed in the case of Jupiter, the form must be entirely different, but here, again, we are not justified in putting any limit to Creative Power. We know that, as an element, silicon, *e.g.*, is nearly as protean as carbon itself, and we know that the sun is composed, in the main, of practically the same elements as our earth. There is nothing contrary to our experience in supposing compounds of iron and silicon, for instance, assuming definite form and shape at temperatures equal to that of the sun. They may not be solid, they may be gaseous; but surely there is nothing inconceivable in imagining life controlling gaseous any more than solid or liquid bodies. The objections are, it seems, fantastic and anthropomorphic rather than real or logical.

The result of any intelligent course of reasoning seems to lead to the conclusion that life, like energy, is universal. One of the greatest, if not the greatest absolute generalisation of the nineteenth century was the doctrine of the indestructibility of energy; may it not be reserved for the twentieth to place on a similar footing the conservation of life? We may sever its connection with the particular mass of matter with which it is momentarily associated as we may alter the form of energy momentarily actuating it. We may transform heat into electricity, or either or both into molecular motion. We may burn down a huge forest and leave but an insignificant mass of blackened stumps, but we do not destroy the life; it is there all the while, ready to form new associations of carbon and hydrogen and oxygen, and, when the time arrives, will appear as the actuating cause of just such another combination of the same elements; it may be in the same place, or it may even be in another quarter of the globe, if it be that, like its prototype, it has not actually left our small globe and moved to the furthest limits of space.

THOS. W. KINGSMILL.

Yuhang Road, Shanghai, April 9, 1908.

AN ENQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My brother has picked up some old books out here, some of which seem to me to be really good. I should be very glad if any of your readers could tell me if they are worth bringing to England. The best to me is "Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book," "with poetical illustrations by L. E. L.," published in 1839,

the engraving being very good. Others are: "The Tourist in Italy," by Thomas Roscoe, called the "Landscape Annual, 1831," with drawings (twenty-six plates), by S. Paret, F.S.A. "Friendship's Offering," a "Literary Album," edited by T. K. Harvey, 1826 (thirteen plates). "Landscape Album"—I. "Great Britain Illustrated," 1832, sixty views by W. Westall, A.R.A., description by T. Moule; II. "Great Britain Illustrated," 1834, with fifty-nine views. "Library Souvenir," edited by Alaric Watts, published by Hurst Robinson, 1826 (twelve plates); and others.

The climate here is very bad for books and so is the constant moving about, and I want to rescue these from harm if they are good.

INQUIRER.

India, April 19, 1908.

THE PIRATE LODBROG

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Could any of your readers give me information as to the pirate Lodbrog, who, tradition says, was taken prisoner by Ella of Northumberland and condemned to die in a dungeon full of snakes? Where was Lodbrog taken captive, and is it known in what castle that dungeon was situated?

NORTHUMBRIAN.

London, S.E., May 9, 1908.

"INSIGNIUS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I ask what is the meaning of "*Dixit 'insignius' in corde suo*" in a quotation in the paragraph on Mrs. Besant's "Autobiography" on p. 751 of this week's ACADEMY? It must surely be a misprint. Can it be for "*insipiens*"? *Dixit insipiens* is the title of one of the Psalms.

J. C. REGNALS.

Oxford, May 10, 1908.

["*Insignius*" was, of course, as our correspondent surmises, a misprint for *insipiens*.—ED.]

"KEATS'S SONNET TO A CAT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The recent publication in THE ACADEMY of the story of Thomas Hood's fabrication of an article attributed to Charles Lamb confirms me in the opinion I had formed and expressed some years ago in the column of *Notes and Queries* that the "Sonnet to a Cat by the late John Keats," which first appeared in "Hood's Comic Annual" for 1830 (page 14), was not written by Keats, but was the production of that arch-mystifier John Hamilton Reynolds. Reynolds had acquired some reputation as the author of "Peter Bell," which many people believed was by Wordsworth, and the "Sonnet to Vauxhall," by Edward Herbert, Esq. (one of Reynolds's assumed names), in the same volume of the Annual, beginning:

The cold, transparent ham is on my fork,
is quite in the Keats vein, and is as good, if not better, than the "Sonnet to a Cat."

JOHN HEBB.

RESEARCH DEFENCE SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I cannot help thinking that your correspondent, Mr. Greville Macdonald, has really hit the nail on the head.

The question of vivisection is one on which both parties take extreme and, probably, untenable positions. The antivivisectionists, while denying, of course, that anything has been discovered by experiments on animals, maintain that, in any event, we have no right to gain useful medical knowledge at the cost of animal suffering. This seems contrary to all usual ethics of the treatment of animals, whom we kill and in various ways cause to suffer for our benefit—if we are sportsmen, for our amusement. The suffering caused and the suffering averted by experimentation can sometimes be quantitatively compared. Suppose that by artificially propagating a disease, say cancer, in, it may be, a large, but still a limited, number of animals, we are able to find the cause and so the cure of the disease. Then the suffering that we save is infinite, while the suffering that we cause, even if it is the same in the animal as in the human being, comes to an end when the experiment is complete.

But is the doctors' position any more tenable? According to this, it is impossible to tell what line of investigation may develop practical results. Therefore any qualified person should be allowed to make any experiment he chooses to elucidate any point in physiology. The physiologist is to be at liberty to plunge his knife into the quivering flesh just as freely as the geologist

uses his hammer or the botanist cuts up a plant. Nay, some physiologists avow that they take no account of the suffering of the animals. Any suggestion that the vast powers claimed may possibly be abused is treated as an unwarrantable insult.

Surely to state such claims is to answer them. If we start from the surely undeniable proposition that animal suffering is an evil—if it reaches a great degree of intensity, a frightful evil—then it follows that animal suffering must not be inflicted except for an adequate reason. The question then comes to be—Can the adequate reason—*i.e.*, the probable practical benefit—be judged of beforehand, or are we to fall back on the doctors' plea that any possible experiment which it may enter into the mind of any experimenter (perhaps the man who tells us he takes no account of the pain he inflicts) to make, may possibly result in some epoch-making discovery? Surely it would be against all reason to doubt that many ill-considered, unnecessary, and unproductive experiments may be made and are made, and certainly some vivisectional experiments sound to the outsider very idle.

As a matter of fact, familiarity with pain has the effect of destroying sensibility, so much so that, if I remember right, an advocate of vivisection before the first Commission deprecated physiological demonstrations to medical students, on the ground that that would be to let a lot of young "devils" loose on the public. But it is not necessary to insist upon that. It is enough to suppose that physiologists are like other students. Surely every one must see that a lot of, say, philological and historical research is of the meagrest practical benefit. Fortunately, in these cases no harm is done save the consumption, voluntarily made, of the student's time. Were these researches to involve serious suffering, not to say torture, to any sentient being, they would not be permitted for a single moment. I see no reason why physiological research should not sometimes be equally idle. The argument that all knowledge is equally and infinitely valuable is surely nothing but a gigantic paradox. As has been said, the knowledge that my neighbour's cat has kittens is knowledge of a kind, and might, in certain extraordinary circumstances, be of importance to us, but generally we should treat it as valueless.

To require special proof of reasonable necessity before each separate experiment involving pain is (I presume) impracticable. But what is impracticable in each individual case may, nevertheless, suggest a perfectly feasible general policy.

I would therefore suggest, in addition to what Mr. Macdonald proposes to mitigate the evils of vivisection, the following: Let additional inspectors be appointed (not necessarily with any power of interfering at their own hand, but with unlimited power of access to laboratories and experiments), some of whom to be in the full confidence of the anti-vivisectionists. Then require of all applicants for licences that they (like the applicant for a patent) shall in a general way define the objects and purposes of their intended experiments—and by objects and purposes I do not mean only such as have in view immediate practical applications; I mean also to include the establishment of theoretic principles which may be reasonably expected ultimately to lead to practical results. Then, finally, call upon the experimenters to furnish reports showing how their experiments have answered to their expectations. Surely a procedure like this would go a long way to show where and in whose hands and in what directions fruitful lines of research were being followed.

A. A. MITCHELL.

7, Huntly Gardens, Glasgow.

THE BRITISH SUNDAY AND THE EXHIBITION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was glad to see the letter from the Honorary Secretary of your Sunday Society in the *Times* yesterday. As Mr. Judge truly says, the public of France are waiting to learn whether the great Exhibition is to be open on Sundays. I may say that they are anxiously waiting for the answer to the question, for on it depends whether thousands of our people will or will not be able to visit the Exhibition, in which the Fine Arts section will be of such exceptional value that the *Times* properly describes it as "by far the finest collection of works of art, French and British, that has ever been brought together in this country" (the United Kingdom).

The very idea of closing such an Exhibition on Sunday surprises a Frenchman, for with us it is just on Sundays that such exhibitions receive the largest number of visitors. We, however, take into account the habits of the different countries. Sunday rest has for more than two hundred and thirty years formed part of the legislation of the British people, and has entered into their customs. I understand, therefore, why the industrial and commercial parts of the Exhibition should be shut on Sundays, but need this extend, even in England, to the art collections? As set out in the address of the Sunday Society to the French people, the national collections of art in London are now open on Sundays. Has this opening of the national museums and galleries exercised

a bad moral influence? Can it be said that the seeing of artistic objects does not form part of a people's education? It must surely be of educational importance to afford opportunities for the study of the scientific and artistic achievements of two such countries as Britain and France, and draw comparisons between them. Is not that, indeed, the *raison d'être* of the Exhibition? Well then, let us facilitate visits to the Exhibition as much as possible. It is most important for the French visitor that these science and art collections should be visible on Sundays. Sunday will be the central day of most visits, and it would be regrettable if the Exhibition should be completely shut on that day.

Nowadays the inspection of scientific or artistic treasures is no longer regarded as an aristocratic privilege. But the workman who took a day from work in order to visit the Exhibition would pay heavily for it. In addition to the admission there would be the loss of his day's earnings. With Sunday closing the tendency would be to make the Exhibition a privilege for the well-to-do.

With the liberal policy now adopted by the British Parliament in regard to the Sunday opening of the collections in your national museums and galleries, we cannot believe that similar collections in the Exhibition will be shut on Sundays. If one allows that the result is good in case of works of the past, would it not be the same in the case of contemporary art and science?

YVES GUYOT.

95, Rue de Seine, Paris, May 12, 1908.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent "A Spelling Reformer" must, I think, be added to the already considerable number (judging by recent contributions) of those who write on phonetics with an imperfect knowledge of the subject, or who, if they have not imperfect ears, must mingle largely with uneducated people. I have lived in the London district for the last twenty-five years, and was educated in the North of Ireland, where English is more correctly used and spoken, I believe, in educated circles than it is elsewhere. Among well-educated persons, *facile* always, and *servile* and *docile* very often, are pronounced with short *i*. I, however, was taught to say *hostile* (with long *i*), and still pronounce it so. In America educated persons use short *i* in all four words. I might note here a tendency I have noticed in the London district which to my ear is offensive. I mean the use of long *i* in the word *opposite*. The variety in such cases is no doubt owing to the study of Latin, which has *i* long only in *hostile* and *servile*, but it is too much to expect that a modern language should show a "facile" or "servile" obedience to Latin quantities. The "opposite" is generally the case, and your modern Englishman, if not actually "hostile," is usually "indocile" to such influences.

J. G. ANDERSON.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Cust, R. H. Hobart. *Leonardo da Vinci*. Bell, 1s. net.

BIOGRAPHY

Duncan, David. *The Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer*. Methuen, 15s. net.

Bielschowsky, Albert. *The Life of Goethe*. Vol. III. Putnam, 15s.

DRAMA

Davidson, John. *Mammon and his Message*. Grant Richards, 5s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

Ford, H. G. *A School Latin Grammar*. Methuen, 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY

The Apocalypse of St. John, I.-III. By the late F. J. A. Hort. Macmillan, 5s.

Cohu, the Rev. J. R. *The Old Testament in the Light of Modern Research*. Parker, 4s. net.

POETRY

Jones, Thomas S., Jr. *From Quiet Valleys*. New York: Browning, n.p.

Moore, Thomas. *Irish Melodies and Songs*. With an Introduction by Stephen Gwynn. Routledge, 1s. net.

FICTION

Ralli, Constantine. *Julian Steele*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.

Applin, Arthur. *The Butcher of Bruton Street*. Grant Richards, 6s.

Carling, John R. *By Nevada's Waters*. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Tracy, Louis. *The Wheel o' Fortune*. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Viebig, Clara. *Absolution*. Lane, 6s.

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A NOVEL QUARTETTE

¶ In introducing A NOVEL QUARTETTE I have in mind the general verdict passed upon THE LITERARY FOUR-IN-HAND. The chorus of praise that these four volumes received far exceeded my most sanguine hopes, and from the appearance of the first reviews the success of each and every book was assured. I have no doubt that A NOVEL QUARTETTE will prove as acceptable as THE LITERARY FOUR-IN-HAND.

A GREAT ENGLISH NOVEL

in playing with fire. There will be ten illustrations by W. STORY.

A GREAT AUSTRALIAN NOVEL

¶ There are two things that a publisher is always anxious to discover, a Great Australian Novelist and a Great Irish Novelist. When I received my reader's report upon THE BISHOP'S SCAPEGOAT, by T. B. CLEGG, I felt that perhaps one of these discoveries was about to be made. The following quotation will perhaps justify me to some degree: "In my opinion Mr. CLEGG is a novelist who will at no very distant date achieve one of those successes which make a big reputation. Perhaps THE BISHOP'S SCAPEGOAT will be that book. It is instinct that makes a novelist, and Mr. CLEGG has that instinct. He tells only what is necessary to the development of his story; he concentrates; and above all he convinces both as regards description of places and the drawing of character. The Bishop of Capricornia is a fine figure of a man who accepts his punishment without murmur. I can with some amount of reason look forward to a real success for this novel."

A GREAT GERMAN NOVEL

¶ On the publication of CLARA VIEBIG'S remarkable book ABSOLUTION in Germany last autumn, a two-column review appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, from which the following passages are selected: "In Germany, this book of the sombre purple cover and the design of a halo surrounding the strange title is everywhere. It is on train and steamer, in little odd bookshops of sleepy country towns, and (often in strange company) among the best-displayed wares in the shop windows of the main streets of great cities. 'It is a terrible book,' people say, as they sit poring over its pages, but we doubt whether any one, having taken it up, lays it aside as too 'terrible' before he has reached the abrupt, dramatic end. . . . The face of a woman, young and proud, and very beautiful, haunts the pages of the new novel by the most powerful of the woman writers of Germany. In the pale face burn the dark, unfathomable eyes, in which, by turn, the passion of heavenly and earthly love flares up and does battle against the childlike simplicity and innocence of heart that makes the woman a danger to every man who crosses her path."

A GREAT FRENCH NOVEL

¶ If ABSOLUTION created a sensation in Germany, THE CHILD OF CHANCE (Le Semeur) had no less a vogue in France. It was the book of the season, and as such immensely discussed in Paris. The heroine of ABSOLUTION is a woman to whom man is the Lover, to Marie-Cécile in MAXIME FORMONT'S NOVEL man is essentially the Father. The justification of illicit love has formed the subject of many plays and novels, but the rights of maternity have been grievously overlooked. Can the maternal instincts in a woman blot out her "shame," and justify her for a, to her, necessary and inevitable act of disobedience to conventional standards? The portrait of Marie-Cécile offers a partial solution to the problem. The audacity of the book is equalled only by its restraint. M. FORMONT knows that he is dealing with a delicate subject, but he deals with it as a man, one who not only recognises the cry for motherhood but knows what it portends.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE intervention of babes and sucklings in the affairs of the nation is rapidly assuming an aspect which would be merely comic if it were not also a disquieting sign of the times. If the editors of our great daily papers had any sense of humour and any sense of proportion they would realise that it is ridiculous to print the account of the reception given by Mr. Asquith in his private room in the House of Commons to a party of Liberal Members of Parliament, and to follow this up by a letter from Miss Christabel Pankhurst solemnly denouncing Mr. Asquith's proposals as being inadequate and unacceptable to her. *La petite* Pankhurst goes on to say that "our policy of opposing their (the Government's) nominees at bye-elections, which has proved so successful in the past, will be vigorously pursued." The plain truth is that the Suffragettes' senseless policy, so far from having been successful, has been absolutely unsuccessful. In as far as it has had any effect at all at recent bye-elections, the effect has been solely that of helping the Liberal candidates. Hundreds of people at Dundee voted for Mr. Winston Churchill simply as a protest against the rowdy misconduct of Miss Molony and her pack of silly schoolgirls. We have no desire to be hard on Miss Pankhurst and Miss Molony; they are the victims of designing persons, and it would be unkind to take them too seriously. The right way to deal with them would be to catch them and shut them up in a schoolroom and make them write out five hundred times in their best copper-plate handwriting—"Little girls should not interfere in matters which they do not understand."

What was somewhat cumbrously called the "Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre Demonstration" duly took place on Tuesday afternoon. Lord Lytton was in the chair, and round him were grouped the burning and shining lights of the drama with a member of Parliament or so, an odd "literary gent," and a number of persons of no importance. One listened to the polished rhetoric of the speakers till one yawned. That of course was neither the fault of Shakespeare nor the fault of the proposed National Theatre. But from the flow of oratory we reaped certain conclusions, the principal of which is that the gentlemen assembled on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday afternoon do not really want a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre so badly as they want a national endowed or subsidised theatre. And we can well understand why they want that. Meanwhile it is only due to them to say that they on their part well under-

stand that the name of Shakespeare is a much better name to raise money in—whether that money has to be extracted from the public or from Parliament—than the names, say, of Mr. Edmund Gosse and Sir John Hare. If the Lyceum demonstrators have their way, a huge memorial fund will be started, and to this fund the people of England will be asked to subscribe on the ground that it is a Shakespeare Memorial Fund. But the real object of the fund is to establish a National Theatre. There was no speaker on Tuesday who was in the least prepared to go to the stake or rather to the subscription-sheets for Shakespeare the English poet. Even Mr. Edmund Gosse, who was put up to represent literature in the discussion, did not want a memorial to Shakespeare *quâ* Shakespeare. What he wanted was a theatre in which Shakespeare would be represented from time to time with Goldsmith and Sheridan, and possibly even some of Mr. Gosse's contemporaries to help the thing on as it were. For ourselves, we do not think that there is the smallest need for a national theatre in this country, and if there be such a need we think it should be met without the dragging in of Shakespeare, who, to be precise, is much more the possession of literature than he has ever been or is ever likely to be of the drama. If the Shakespeare Memorial must be invested with some active form, it might just as well be an endowed Shakespeare printing concern, or an endowed school of literature, or an endowed sonnet-manufactory, as an endowed theatre. It is all very well to suggest that the great actors of London are in need of a haven of rest where they may realise their boldest ambitions on snug salaries, and at the cost and charges of the people. But this same truth applies to a good many publishers and to a good many poets. And we believe that Shakespeare is a poet's man and a publisher's man, and not an actor's man.

Mr. Runciman, in the course of a preposterous speech in the House of Commons on Wednesday, made the following preposterous statement:—"Nonconformity was growing with increasing rapidity all over the country, and, not for the first time, the Established Church found itself in a minority." Whether Mr. Runciman knows it or not, this statement is absolutely untrue. Even in Wales, the stronghold of Nonconformity, it is very doubtful whether the Nonconformists number more than half of the whole population. In the rest of England the proportion of Churchmen to Nonconformists is above five to one, and this, as we have explained before, accounts for the unwillingness of Nonconformists to submit to a census. It is an unwillingness that can be explained in no other way. We use the word "Churchmen" in its broadest sense. There are thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of men in this country who rarely or never go to church, much less communicate, but, all the same, they are Churchmen in the sense that they were baptised in the Church, they desire the teaching of the Church for their children, and in a crisis they will support the Church against her enemies by votes and by influence. Can a more striking comment on Mr. Runciman's absurd statement be found than the fact that not more than three weeks ago some Nonconformist body (we believe it was the Wesleyan Methodist) was deploring the defection from its numbers of 6,000 members during the last year? Mr. Runciman will find that these sort of inaccurate statement "go down" in a meeting which is packed with Nonconformists, but he will only cover himself with ridicule when he talks such nonsense in the House of Commons. The further the Government go with their Education Bills, the deeper do they flounder in the mire. Mr. McKenna's Bill, as they know, is dead, the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill is also dead. Instead, therefore, of wasting the time of the House of Commons by unnecessary and meaningless debates, let them call in those who are capable of helping them out of the muddle into which their obstinacy and incapacity has landed them.

The promoters and directors of the Franco-British Exhibition are to be sincerely congratulated on the typical

weather which attended their opening ceremony of the 14th inst. A large and good-natured crowd ascribed the general mismanagement and incomplete state of the buildings entirely to the rain. The rain perhaps prevented a serious riot. In the sunshine the emptiness of the Exhibition would have been too obvious; even the structures are incomplete, and the decoration and furnishing of interiors in many cases had not commenced; the whole thing was a wilderness of matchwood and brickfields. But what is so serious is the conspiracy on the part of the Press to conceal these facts, although Fleet Street admitted the entire failure of the organisation and the complete fiasco of the inaugural ceremonies. Unfortunate French people will be lured over here in the next two or three weeks under the impression that there is something to see in this "City of Palaces." About July, or perhaps the end of June, there may be something to inspect, and it is only fair to state that, with characteristic punctuality, three essentially English institutions have set an example to the directors. The stalls of the "Religious Tract Society," "The Oxford University Press," and "Fry's Chocolate" are all ready, and should certainly come in for an unusual amount of attention from our French visitors, who will not have very much else to look at for some weeks to come.

The Stadium itself is certainly a wonderful piece of construction, only spoilt by a large advertisement of an esteemed evening paper on the top row of the auditorium. For the Olympic Games let us hope this may be covered, otherwise we shall never get the illusion necessary for their success. Last week how far we were from Olympia, how near to Shepherd's Bush, was emphasized by the extraordinary entertainment which commenced with a procession of some spotty young cockney athletes, and a group of unattractive females in immodest costumes, from the Polytechnic. The second item on the programme was the even more surprising and more painful exhibition of some old and middle-aged gentlemen floundering in a tank. The Prince and Princess of Wales left immediately afterwards, and several of the audience who had come a long distance, at great expense, in the expectation of enjoying themselves, burst into tears.

An interview in the *Daily Mail* with Mr. Imre Kiralfy has a certain piquancy in view of what occurred:

Every moment doors opened—for the room, like a scene in a French farce, had several—and people came in to ask him questions. A secretary sat on either side of him. To one he dictated rapidly in English, to the other in French. He could do the same in German, Italian, and Hungarian if there was any need.

Those secretaries must have got a little mixed in taking bilingual instructions from their accomplished chief. The element of *farce* was contagious. But the cream of the interview follows:

"He used to be rosy and plump," said his son, with a glance of concern at the harassed eyes and the drawn features of the Commissioner-General (that is his official title). "But for weeks past he has been over-working, getting too little sleep and irregular meals. He used to be full of fun, always joking and taking his work as if it were play. There are times now when he is almost irritable."

Mr. Kiralfy must still be "full of fun," and we decline to believe that he is ever "almost irritable." Even dictation to many different secretaries in many different languages cannot have taken a sense of humour out of the Commissioner-General, if, as the *Daily Mail* suggests, he alone is responsible or conceived the programme of the inauguration of the Franco-British Exhibition.

There is a very large class of books—some specimens of which are now and then reviewed in THE ACADEMY—which is above all conspicuous by the stress which is laid on something called, more or less vaguely, "the spirit of the age," "the modern spirit," or "the trend of modern thought." This mysterious entity, whatever it may be, is definition is not to be expected—but so far as one can not precisely defined—perhaps we shall see that precise

discover it is meant to represent the general body of vague and floating opinion entertained by the majority of half-educated people on subjects which they have not investigated with any particular care. And it is interesting to note that "the trend of modern thought" varies in its distinctness of expression, according to the subject-matter on which it is exercised. For example, a well-known morning paper, commenting a few days ago on a book called "Anglican Liberalism," draws attention to Dr. Rashdall's pronouncement that disbelief in the Virgin Birth should not disqualify a candidate for Holy Orders in the English Church, and the reviewer styles this *dictum* "the last word in advanced theology," the word "advanced" meaning, presumably, enlightened. In the same way, any denunciations of creeds, or ceremonies, or the Decalogue will find ready expression and that kind of welcome which the critic accords to Dr. Rashdall and his fellows:

Here the book is [he says], and whoever wilfully shuts his eyes to its pleas and assertions will be as wise as the legendary ostrich, which sought safety by burying its head in the sand.

But there are other questions on which "the spirit of the age" is quite as resolved. For example, it is clear that the vast majority of people prefer "puzzle-pictures" to works of art. The trend of modern thought is distinctly in favour of paintings which set such questions as "Which is the cheat?" "Which chauffeur was in the wrong?" "Was the wine corked?" It has but little to say to masterpieces ancient or modern; it would certainly like to enclose in a lunatic asylum those French artists who impoverish themselves by destroying thousands of pounds worth of goods because they consider these "goods" unworthy of a high and austere standard. This state of mind finds expression to a certain extent; "Was the wine corked?" is noticed, advertised sufficiently; but it is not stated in so many words that the man who does not prefer the masterpiece in question to a wilderness of Turners is an ostrich. And, to get on ground still more "advanced," the trend of thought which pronounces mutoscope machines more entertaining even than puzzle-pictures finds no expression at all. There is no doubt, of course, that the "art" of the mutoscope is far more in accordance with the spirit of the age than the art of the early Italian painters, but—it would not quite do to say so in print. One would run the risk of being called an ass—a worse title than ostrich.

But, to return to "modern thought" considered generally and not particularly, one would like to know more of it. To use an obsolete technicality, what is its *differentia*, what distinguishes it in a palmary manner from thought which is not modern? Well; veiling one's head in the sand with all reverence and fear and modesty, one would like to say that its chief difference is to be sought in the fact that it is ready to assent in all gaiety and sincerity to the following syllogism:

All A is B,
No X is Y,
Ergo *gluc*.

In other words, though the modern spirit has discoursed of "reason" till our ears are deafened and our minds are weary, it is utterly deficient in the faculty of "reasoning." Its "conclusions" are nonsensical, and they are drawn from premises which prove nothing. The trend of modern thought is the child of the Chimæra that buzzed in the Void, by an Ignoratio Elenchi that fell into Tohu Bohu during the prosperous reign of King Anarchos. The position may seem a little strenuous, but the evidence in its favour is strong. Here is an extract from Dr. Duncan's "Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer." Spencer is writing to a friend on the study of history:

My position, stated briefly, is that until you have got a true theory of humanity you cannot interpret history; and when you have got a true theory of humanity you do not want history. You can draw no inference from the facts and alleged facts of history without your conceptions of human nature entering into that inference; and unless your conceptions of human nature are true your inference will be vicious. But if your conceptions of human nature be true you need

none of the inferences drawn from history for your guidance. If you ask how is one to get a true theory of humanity, I reply—study it in the facts you see around you and in the general laws of life. For myself, looking as I do at humanity as the highest result yet of the evolution of life on the earth, I prefer to take in the whole series of phenomena from the beginning as far as they are ascertainable. I too am a lover of history; but it is the history of the Cosmos as a whole. I believe that you might as reasonably expect to understand the nature of an adult man by watching him for an hour (being in ignorance of all his antecedents) as to suppose that you can fathom humanity by studying the last few thousand years of its evolution.

Frankly: what is to be said of this? So far as one can gather, the object propounded is the getting of "a true theory of humanity." It is of no use to study history, since you cannot do so without your conceptions of human nature entering into that study—in other words, you cannot divest yourself of your own personality, of your humanity in fact, when you open Herodotus or Stubbs. This is certainly true; a man reading a history book remains a man: we have got far. How, then, are we to obtain our "true theory of humanity"? By studying the "facts" around us and "the general laws of life." To the student, who is a mass of fallibility, the best of all possible fallacies when he reads the codified experience of the past, becomes purged and infallible when he seeks his "theory" in the weltering chaos of modern events and passions and incidents and "laws," and at the same moment he is endowed with the grace of an intellectual insight immeasurably superior to that of all the thinkers and writers who have lived from the foundation of the world! That quarrel between Mr. Giles the farmer, Nokes the labourer (some said "poacher"), and Mr. Justice Shallow, as discussed in the thirty-four fully-licensed houses and in the fifteen beer-shops of Little Pedlington, finally (some said unjustly) decided by a full quorum of Justices of the Peace in petty sessions assembled, is infinitely more instructive and illuminating than all the history books that have ever been written, and the reporter of the *Little Pedlington Gazette* is to be given a confidence denied to Thucydides—even though the said reporter was well known to be Mr. Giles's cousin? And that last paragraph; because you cannot understand an adult man by watching him for an hour, you are to know all about him by glancing at him for the tenth of a second! Or rather—to be quite fair—you are first to read a treatise on embryology, then you must avoid all possible sources of information about your man from his birth to the present day, and, finally, you bestow on him that one piercing glance of a moment as he catches the last train. Ergo *gluc!*

TO A CUCKOO INTERRUPTING PRAYER.

Cuckoo, thou comest unawares
As with a question to my prayers.
Full am I of my soul's annoy—
And thou, indifferent in joy,
Dost toss thy voice, as if a ball,
Dost chase, and fling, and let it fall—
Tempted am I to thy free-faring:
Cuckoo, but there is no comparing!
The apple hung upon the bough
When, renegade from Eden, thou
To thy freebooter's life broke loose.
My teeth have pressed against the juice,
The foaming juice of sin's delight:
Christ my offences doth requite—
He died upon the Cross for these,
To win back my Hesperides:
And I remain upon my knees.

MICHAEL FIELD.

REVIEWS

VOLTAIRE, MONTESQUIEU, AND ROUSSEAU

Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England. By J. CHURTON COLLINS. (London: Eveleigh Nash, 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. COLLINS' sketch of three singularly interesting episodes in the literary relations between France and England, namely, the visits of Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau during periods extending respectively from the spring of 1726 to the spring of 1729, from the autumn of 1729 to the spring or early summer of 1731, and from January, 1766, to May, 1767, constitutes one of the most important contributions that has been made for some time past to the history of French eighteenth-century literature. It is sincerely to be hoped, for their own sakes, that French students of this literary period will be made aware of the existence of Mr. Collins' valuable work, which amply merits to be translated into French, and is, in fact, indispensable to a proper understanding of the literary lives of the three famous men with whom it deals. If Mr. Collins' book had appeared a little earlier, M. Jules Lemaitre would have been in possession of many characteristic and picturesque details of Rousseau's sojourn in England which would have amply confirmed him in his severe judgment of the author of "*La Nouvelle Héloïse*," and would have saved him from a few ridiculous mistakes, notably in the spelling of Marshal Keith's name. That Rousseau was both a "madman" and a "*miserable*," which appears to be M. Jules Lemaitre's final verdict, is the conclusion which any one must come to after reading Mr. Collins' description of his adventures in England. The one fault that we have to find with Mr. Collins is that he does not sufficiently recognise the genius and the splendid sanity of Voltaire, and that he is disposed to attribute too much importance to the idle gossip of the time, according to which Voltaire had acted as a political spy and left England in disgrace. The evidence in favour of his having shown more than the natural curiosity of a man of such vigorous mentality into the political events amidst which he was moving is purely trivial—"il n'y a pas de quoi fouetter un chat"—and there is multiple documentary proof that to the day of his death he remained on excellent terms with prominent members of the English aristocracy, which would hardly have been the case had he been obliged to quit England under a cloud. Mr. Collins might have quoted, though he does not, that curious letter in the "*Correspondance Générale*" of Voltaire, addressed to Lord Lyttleton "at my castle of Ferney," for it not only shows that Voltaire, at any rate towards the end of his life, was not quite a master of English idiom, though he wrote English remarkably well, but also that English noblemen were in the habit of addressing themselves to him to secure valuable introductions at the Court of Louis XV. The old man must have felt that one at least of his aristocratic English friends did not sufficiently appreciate his importance in his own country, for he says pompously:

I live in my own lands in Burgundy . . . my manors and my castles are in Burgundy, and if my King has been pleased to confirm the privileges of my lands, which are free from all tributes, I am the more addicted to my King.

And he signs himself "Gentleman of the King's Chamber." We know how brutally Frederick of Prussia sneered at him for his fond use of this title, and vanity was, no doubt, in some measure one of Voltaire's weaknesses, but his courage and achievements were so splendid that one may forget his harmless foibles in the contemplation of his real greatness. To write of his "monkey-tricks," as Mr. Collins does, is out of place and ungenerous, especially towards the brilliant Frenchman, whose admiration and affection for England were so whole-hearted and constant, and so weightily and wittily expounded.

As for Rousseau, Mr. Collins would have been justified

in formulating a criticism in much less measured terms than he actually employs, and only the fear of Mr. John Morley seems to have stayed his hand. But on this subject M. Jules Lemaître has said almost everything that need be said with a vigour which no English historian need seek to rival. Rousseau behaved throughout the whole of his residence in England with that peculiar ill-breeding and total lack of honourable principle which are an outcome of certain forms of mental disease. *In dementia veritas* would be a true saying, and a man who is by nature a cad will be a cad to the *n*th power when he loses his mental balance. The reverse of the proposition is also true: *exempli gratia* Don Quixote. All that was rascally and contemptible in the Swiss ex-valet came out in Rousseau when his mind went, and to a large extent, of course, even before his wits were hopelessly bemuddled. How far one can condone the vile conduct of wretched beings like him in whose excuse a certain irresponsibility may be pleaded, it is difficult to say. The seclusion of a madhouse is probably the best place for them. But so long as they are at large, sentimental or kind-hearted people will always be found who are ready to extend sympathy and hospitality to them, to defend their interests loyally, and even to take their side against their real or supposed enemies, until they, too, become the madman's victims. For this type of *crétin* no lie is too vile, no action too mean, when the object is to vituperate or injure those who have befriended him. And it not unusually happens that he wins over a certain section of public opinion to his side, for it is difficult to believe that a man of whom the victims themselves have once spoken in such laudatory terms can be really such an unscrupulous scamp. An insane ruffian of this sort will, moreover, always find plenty of other blackguards to back him up who have not the excuse of insanity; jealousy, or a far-off scent of blackmail will rally them to his banner. This was the unfortunate experience of Hume in his dealings with Rousseau, and Hume was neither the first nor the last generous man of letters who has had occasion to repent the folly of offering kindness to a specious madman with a fluent pen and the inborn manners of a hog. It had been foretold to Hume by "the philosophers of Paris" that he could not conduct Rousseau to Calais without a quarrel, but the worthy Scotchman was convinced that he could live with him all his life in mutual friendship and esteem. The gushing Mrs. Cockburn wrote to Hume that the English were not worthy of Rousseau, and yet she urged him to bring over "the sweet old man . . . dear old Rousseau." History repeats itself, and "sweet old man . . . dear old Zola!" was a feminine shriek in London society less than a decade ago. It must be said for the author of "La Terre" that he behaved himself in London better than he wrote. With Rousseau it was the other way round. Mr. Collins quotes an opinion of Dr. Johnson on Rousseau which M. Jules Lemaître would do well to note, for Johnson was certainly one of the soundest critics of men and manners that our island has produced:

"If you mean to be serious," said Johnson to Boswell, "I think him (Rousseau) one of the worst of men, a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him, and it is a shame he is protected in this country. . . . I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who had gone from the Old Bailey these many years."

Johnson, of course, had no suspicion that Rousseau was mad. This uncomfortable fact was left to Hume and his other friends in England to discover to their bitter cost. Mr. Collins' picture of Rousseau at Wootton, in Derbyshire, the seat of a Mr. Davenport, who had extended a most graceful and generous hospitality to the poor degenerate after the quarrel with Hume, does not justify to the extent that he would have us believe the analysis which Mr. Morley has made of Rousseau's character. Mr. Morley opines that its chief feature was the exaltation of emotion over intelligence, and that Rousseau was at bottom a character:

As essentially sincere, truthful, careful of fact and reality, as is consistent with the general empire of sensation over untrained intelligence.

This is really little better than nonsense in face of the facts, and it shows how difficult it is for a politician to be either historian or critic. The facts which Mr. Collins brings forward lead to only one conclusion, which is Hume's, and inconsistent with that of Mr. Morley—namely, that Rousseau was:

A composition of whim, affectation, wickedness, vanity, and inquietude,

and Hume adds:

With a very small, if any, ingredient of madness.

In view of the circumstances described by Mr. Collins the condemnation is complete. One cannot help feeling that Mr. Morley's political prejudices make it impossible for him to throw Rousseau morally overboard altogether, but that the earnest seeker after historic truth must accept Hume's view of the man, whom Hume knew and with whom he had lived, and against whom he bore, as he subsequently showed, no active ill-will whatsoever. Rousseau produces the impression of a sort of bad moral ape that is constantly trying to bestride people's consciences. Both Gibbon and Adam Smith saw in him, as Mr. Collins points out:

A cunning and despicable knave, black with ingratitude and treachery.

The truth seems to be that he was all this, and that vice had brought on a cerebral degeneration which had unbalanced his mind.

It is a relief to turn from this poor scarecrow to the courtly Montesquieu, who without being Anglophile like Voltaire, nor as Anglophobe as Rousseau, criticised the English manners of his time with keenness of insight and a fine impartiality. He had no very high opinion of English politicians:

They have, he remarks, no fixed purpose, but govern from day to day. Purely selfish and destitute of all principle, their sole aim is to get the better of their opponents; and to attain that end they would sell England and all the powers of the world.

Certain recent by-elections might be quoted to demonstrate that the "English politician" of to-day is not very far removed from his predecessor in the days of Montesquieu. There are still unfortunately many political candidates whose sense of their own importance is stronger than their love of their country's welfare.

ROWLAND STRONG.

THE FATHER OF HISTORY

Herodotus, Books VII., VIII., and IX. With Introduction, Text, Apparatus, Commentary, Appendices, Indices, Maps. By REGINALD W. MACAN, D.Litt., University Reader in Ancient History, Oxford. Vol. I., Part I.; Vol. I., Part II.; Vol. II. (Macmillan, Three Vols., 30s. net.)

SHOULD any one, well enough instructed in Greek to read that language with ease, ask himself what was to him its most precious heritage, he would probably reply, Homer and Herodotus. In some ways Herodotus is a prose Homer, the early books resembling the "Odyssey" and the three latest the "Iliad." It is hard to decide which is the more attractive. Some will give the palm among the nine to the second book, some to the eighth. The history plainly falls into three sections, the last dealing with the invasion of Xerxes and being wholly Hellenic, the first non-Hellenic, as treating a civilised but barbarian world, while the intermediate, telling the story of the Ionic revolt and the first invasion, is largely ethnological, and places Herodotus among the fathers of anthropology as it is now understood.

Dr. Macan's work is monumental. What with the elaborate Introductions and Appendices, written in so sprightly a style that they do not seem boring, though they run to between 600 and 700 pages, together with the full and scholarly commentary, critical and exegetical, the volumes now before us, along with those containing Bks. IV.-VI., edited by Dr. Macan in 1895, constitute what may be fairly

described as the most important contribution yet made to the exhaustive study of a Greek historian either in England or abroad. Many of our readers doubtless will learn with surprise that the last section (VII.-IX.) was composed first and the others subsequently, so as to embrace the whole epic conception of the struggle between the East and the West, through the medium of those invaluable digressions which Herodotus tells us that his history throughout affects. The section now before us deals with only two or three years, from the mustering of the forces in the year 481 B.C. to the capture of Sestos in the spring of 478.

The view that the last section was the first composed is not now put forward for the first time. It was advanced by Dean Blakesley in England in 1854 and A. Schöll in Germany in 1855, apparently independently. It was accepted by Rawlinson and Bauer; but the present editor has now for the first time dealt at large with the question of the priority of Bks. VII.-IX., and he has, in our judgment, established his view beyond all reasonable doubt. He thus states the case:

The genesis of the work is a legitimate subject for speculation, and what theory is at once more simple and more consistent with the work as we find it than the view that Herodotus first projected, and to a greater or less extent first elaborated, the History of the Persian War in Bks. VII.-IX., though not in the exact form or with all the details now presented in those books; and that afterwards there developed before his mind the possibility of working up into a vast prelude to that main theme materials amassed during many years of study, research, inquiry, travel—a prelude that should portray the historic antecedents, both Barbarian and Hellenic, of the great struggle, and present in vivid colours a panorama of the two worlds that clashed together in the final duel?

The most striking of the general considerations in support of the priority of Bks. VII.-IX. are drawn from the text itself. There are only two express references in Bks. VII.-IX. to the earlier books. The first (VII., 93) has all the appearance of a gloss; the second (VII., 108) is certainly not a gloss of a scholiast or copyist, but looks very like a subsequent interpolation or addition by the author's own hand. A still stronger argument is drawn from the absence of such references. The Army and Navy Lists in Bk. VII. show no cognisance of the fact that the same tribes and nations are described in I.-IV. Persians, Medes, Scythians, Libyans, Arabians, Æthiopians meet us in the seventh book as if we had never heard of them before; and the conquest of Egypt, as told in the third book, is ignored; so is the Scythian expedition of Darius. The historian's amazement at the bridges and canal of Xerxes is not natural in one who had already described the bridges and canal of Darius—"the latter at least a far more stupendous work." Then there are passages in VII.-IX. which clash with passages in I.-VI.; and the latter would not have been allowed to stand if composed subsequently to the former. Many pedigrees are given in the third section which would have come in far more appropriately in the first; and several persons are introduced in the later books apparently for the first time, as is shown by the use of the patronymic, though they had in the earlier books been mentioned, sometimes with some biographical details.

Vol. II. contains nine Appendices, maps, and Indices, and runs to nearly 500 pages. The fifth Appendix deals in masterly fashion with the real causes of the failure at Thermopylae, and the sixth with strategic aspects of the Battle of Salamis, and the tactical problem, about which the rival theories of Leake, Blakesley, and Goodwin are carefully considered, as well as the differences between Herodotus and the "Persae" of Aeschylus. The other Appendices deal with more general subjects. On p. 3 we meet with a shrewd remark:

Reading between the lines of our Greek authors, we can see for ourselves that the Greek question was not such an all-absorbing topic at Susa as was the Persian question at Athens, at Sparta, at Argos, at Thebes. Probably the Achaemenid Kings—like the Arsacidae and the Sassanidae—were more constantly occupied in securing or extending their frontiers to the north and to the east, and in maintaining their supremacy over the Asiatic provinces and kingdoms than in dreams of indefinite extensions westward.

In connection with authorities other than Herodotus for

the Persian War, Dr. Macan refers to a Fragment of Pindar (189), which alludes to the crossing of the Hellespont by the Persians, and another in honour of Alexander of Macedon (fr. 120):

Can he have written, asks the editor, that *Enkomion*, and have made no reference to that prince's real or supposed services to Hellas in the war with the Barbarian? Was it not that poem above all which moved "the great Emathian conqueror" to spare the poet's house when all the rest of Thebes was razed to the ground?

He describes Aristophanes as a "Little Attiker" on the analogy of "Little Englander" as regards his views about the Persian policy of Pericles. He thinks Aristophanes would have endorsed the motto, "L'empire c'est la paix," and he holds that we take too seriously as a politician one who is really a poet, a wit, and a true lover of culture. "The vulgarity of the new men is what mainly strikes him."

Dr. Macan's estimate of the commanding position of Themistocles in Athenian politics is higher than that of most historians, and is fully borne out by the "Constitution of Athens," attributed to Aristotle. The disappearance of Themistocles immediately after his signal triumph in 480 is implied by Herodotus and expressly stated by other writers. Certainly his name does not appear among the Strategi of 479-478, and his former rivals, Aristides and Xanthippus, are prominent. Ancient historians accounted for this by the jealousy excited by the honours heaped upon him by Sparta. But this is a trivial explanation. Modern scholars interpret his disappearance as the result of a protest against the theory that the war was to be conducted wholly at sea, and a growing demand that Sparta should act energetically on land, with a view to saving Athens from a fresh invasion. Dr. Macan shrewdly asks, did he disappear? We cannot assert positively that he did. We have no complete list of the Strategi for the year. He does not come under the limelight, but there is no reason why we should not believe that he was quietly co-operating with Aristides in organising a Peloponnesian advance by land for the protection of Athens. We are misled by modern party-government:

We cannot be too careful to avoid corrupting our vision of the inner history of the ancient State by misleading analogies from modern politics. . . . It is reasonable to conclude that the Athenian policy of 479 was the policy still of Themistocles, even if the hands chiefly charged with its execution were those of Aristides and Xanthippus.

We have taken leave throughout to spell the Greek names in the pre-Grobian fashion. Dr. Macan would desire to follow the lead of Browning, who writes *Athenai*, *Thonkudides*, *Slugian*, not to mention utterly erroneous forms like *Peiraios*, *Aigispolamoi*. But Dr. Macan stops so far short of this that we have ventured to employ the old-fashioned transliteration. We think forms like *Thermopylae*, *Aischylos* quite indefensible, as being neither Greek nor Latin, and we look on them as blots on charming essays.

But this is a work which calls for the broad bounds of a *Quarterly Review*. We have space for no more detail, though the material is abundant. We especially commend to our readers the editor's criticism of the Herodotean account of the Battle of Plataea, in which he finds no less than twenty *cruces* (pp. 367 ff.), and his enumeration of the chief shortcomings of Herodotus as a historian (pp. 406 ff.).

The textual criticism of Herodotus is a simple matter, turning chiefly on the choice between dialectic forms. Dr. Macan has availed himself of the best authorities, and used them with careful discrimination. Seldom does he admit a conjectural emendation, but of course in VII. 96 he gives *φρίξουσι* for *φρίξουσι*. The spars of the wrecked vessels after Salamis were carried in great quantities to the strip of shore called Colias, on the coast of Attica. Thus was accomplished an ancient prophecy of an Athenian soothsayer, Lysistratus:

Colian dames shall cook their cakes with the oars from the wreckage
This is much better and more oracular than with *φρίξουσι*, translated by Rawlinson:

Then shall the sight of the oars fill Colian dames with amazement.

Dr. Macan is a most generous critic of the work of his fellow labourers. Among those whom he delights to

honour some have made bad blunders. For instance Stein, who, however, has done much good work for Herodotus, on I, 155 makes an error of planetary magnitude. In the phrase *κεφαλῇ ἀναμάξας φέρω*—"I now bear the forfeit" (lit. "I wipe off on my own head")—he takes the participles, not from *ἀναμάσσω*, but from an unheard-of and utterly impossible *ἀναμάγω* which he supposes to mean *coacervo*. Now this is a monstrous form, conflicting with the "royal rule" of Scaliger, that a verb cannot be compounded with any part of speech but a preposition without undergoing a change of form. This is the reason, as Donaldson pointed out, why "telegram" is a barbarous formation. The word implies *τηλεγράφω*, a barbarism. The right form, *τηλεγραφέω*, would give *τηλεγράφημα*, and in English "telegrapheme." However, we do not grudge Dr. Stein the high honour which he has received in being coupled with van Herwerden and Holder in the dedication of Vol. I. Vol. II. is dedicated to three Irishmen—Mahaffy, Butcher and Bury, by Dr. Macan, himself an Irishman. It is an enviable distinction for any scholar, however eminent, to be associated with a work of such wide compass, accurate scholarship, and vast learning.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS

Memories of Eight Parliaments. By HENRY W. LUCY.
(William Heinemann, 8s. 6d. net.)

FEW men are better qualified to write of modern Parliamentary life than the author of this volume. For many years "Toby, M.P.," has, from his point of vantage in the Press gallery, watched the drama of debate. He has witnessed the breaking-up of an ancient tradition and the coming of a new order, the rise and fall of successive Ministries, the advent and the passing of many memorable figures. The scenes, indeed, change with an almost kaleidoscopic quickness. Even since the publication of this volume there have been not a few displacements in the political arena. A new Prime Minister presides over the destinies of Empire, and within the last few weeks death has claimed at least two statesmen of first-rate importance—the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—while the veteran champion of philosophic Radicalism has sought refuge in the Peerage.

Mr. Lucy has a light and agreeable style, though there are occasional indications of careless writing. He tells us, for instance, that towards the close of the 1874 session a "glamour" seemed to fall upon the Prime Minister. "From the most skilful he became the most maladroit of Ministers," he adds. Truly a strange "glamour!" It is unusual, too, to refer to an individual as an "animosity" (p. 262). And what are we to make of the following estimate of the Labour members?—

Presumably, since they have been selected to represent them at Westminster, the flower of their respective flocks, they have in one session added appreciably to the esteem with which public opinion in these modern days regards the working man (p. 320).

Mr. Lucy contrives to disguise alike his prejudices and his predilections with an admirable success. He appears to admire Lord Courtney and Lord Rosebery with equal fervour, and he is generous in his praise of his political opponents. In matters of fact he is seldom at fault, but we must take leave to question the accuracy of the following statement:

It was Gladstone who, discerning in close companionship the ability of the young Lord of Dalmeny, nominated him as his successor. Few actions of the right honourable gentleman gave greater pleasure to Queen Victoria, with whom Lord Rosebery was a prime favourite.

Is this correct, however? We have it on the authority of Lord Morley that the day before Gladstone's resignation the Prime Minister had said that if the Queen asked his advice he should nominate Earl Spencer as his successor. "As it happened," adds Gladstone's biographer, "his advice was not sought." This statement seems curiously irreconcilable with Mr. Lucy's version.

One of the most interesting appreciations in the volume is that of Lord Randolph Churchill, with whom Mr. Lucy appears to have been on closely intimate terms. The phrase of the baffled ex-Chancellor, "I had forgotten Goschen," has now become historic, though Mr. Winston Churchill has thrown some doubts on its authenticity. We are glad, therefore, to have the facts from Mr. Lucy, who was himself responsible in the first instance for giving currency to the phrase:

... This may be a convenient place for stating my authority. It was Lord Randolph himself. "A little less than a week after I had written to Lord Salisbury resigning the Chancellorship," he said, in words of which I made a note at the time, "I was walking up St. James's Street, when I met—" (mentioning the name of a lady well-known in political and social circles). "She was driving, and stopped the carriage to speak to me. She asked how things were going on. I said I thought they were doing nicely. Hartington had refused to join them; and whom else could they get? 'Have you thought of Mr. Goschen?' she asked, in voice and manner that indicated she knew more than the innocent inquiry indicated. It all flashed on me in a moment. I saw the game was lost. As I confessed to her, I had forgotten Goschen."

Mr. Lucy is at best when writing of the froth and foam of Parliamentary life and of the oddities of character which are even yet to be found in our legislative assembly. He describes delightfully the vagaries of a Kenealy, a Biggar, an O'Gorman, and a Pyne. He has an interesting chapter on the method of ventilation adopted in the House of Commons, and in another he discusses the intricate subject of Parliamentary procedure. The book, if not of permanent value, is yet of interest as affording some welcome sidelights on the drama which is nightly enacted at St. Stephen's.

THE POSITIVIST PHILOSOPHER

National and Social Problems. By FREDERIC HARRISON.
(Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN this book Mr. Frederic Harrison has collected various papers written by him on "burning questions" many years ago. Certain of the questions are still burning somewhat furiously, and the author has the satisfaction of remarking rather frequently, in his footnotes, that, in effect, "This has happened just as I told you." He writes of Egypt, Italy, Afghanistan, the Boer War, etc., in the section devoted to National Problems; of Industrial Co-operation, Trades-Unionism, Moral and Religious Socialism, in the section named Social Problems.

Mr. Harrison is always eloquent, whether he is writing of books or men. You would say that his style is that of a great orator; but he is not a great orator at all. There is, even in his early books, a tone and manner of rhetorical authority; no doubt his first sentences were at once reasonable and severely magisterial—just as his latest are. And since his utterances, though so plainly authoritative, so emphatic, have been so often disregarded, he has come to write more and more prophetically, and threateningly; for, unfortunately, our latter-day prophets never prophesy pleasant things. So in this present book he has written sombre denunciations of this and that iniquity, social and national, and has prefaced the whole with a chapter of lamentation in which he disclaims, with a rather excessive emphasis, any fellowship with other prophets. He seems, indeed, to favour the description of himself as a Conservative Revolutionist—with reservations, but his party is always a party of *one*; and we are tempted to say, after all, that it is hardly a matter of supreme importance by what term Mr. Harrison may choose to call himself as a political thinker and social reformer. It is his aim in the present volume to show the practical effect of his well-known system, the Philosophy of Common Sense, in moulding opinion on the great questions of Nations and of Society. He makes the mistake, surprising in so thoughtful a man, of identifying theology with religion, and calmly ruling out the influence of Christianity because theology has no call to meddle with earthly politics! Of the hope of the race he writes:

Humanity has sufficed to raise herself, by slow and certain stages, from the brutality of the bushman to the dignity of Shakespeare and Descartes—

another statement to which we might very reasonably demur.

Mr. Harrison is of course handicapped by the necessity he is under of referring all questions to the adjudication of his Religion of Common Sense. Yet what he says is no more than any earnest and upright man would say—quite apart from the impulse of any religion, old or new—who is persuaded that things are ill done, whether in Egypt, or India, or at home. No one can deny the sincerity, the eloquent fervour, of Mr. Harrison's writings and addresses upon current topics; no one can fail to see that he has striven continually to preserve the national conscience from its modern hardening tendency. But this, we think, plainly comes from Mr. Harrison himself, not from his Positivism. It has needed no new religion to make him a prophet, and a properly lugubrious, though intensely earnest one. To say that he is an impressive one would be to set him beside his great contemporary Ruskin; and Mr. Harrison, with an integrity as manifest as Ruskin's, has not a thousandth part of Ruskin's real authority and essential importance. We do not want to make impertinent and ungracious comparisons. Mr. Harrison, who has known Ruskin well and loved him more, would not dream, we believe, of any comparison. But our point is this: that Ruskin gained infinitely in power and authority by reason of the intensity of his religious faith, while we cannot see that Mr. Harrison—in his present book at least, which is intended to show his system of philosophic religion in action—has gained aught from his faith, if faith it can be called, or that his readers gain either. And indeed it is not to be expected that the case should be otherwise. To what ideas is the Religion of Common Sense—which may not unjustly be termed the Religion of Commonplace—likely to give impulse and energy beyond those already within general apprehension? Renounce faith and you lose the impulse of faith. You cannot transfer the impulse from a living religion to a "philosophic system."

We do not wish to depreciate the merits of the present volume in making these distinctions or reservations. On the whole the chapters were very well worth reprinting; indeed, the freshness of several is rather surprising, and will doubtless be noticeable even to the "lightning reviewer" of the author's contempt.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

Dyott's Diary, 1783-1845. Edited by REGINALD W. JEFFERY, M.A. In Two Volumes. (Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd., 31s. 6d. net.)

THE Georgian period, with all its defects, had certain outstanding advantages. It bred, for instance, a race of gentlemen, the passing of whom has left our political and social life noticeably the poorer. These, too, had the defects of their qualities. They were frequently violent and arrogant, they drank deeply, they swore lustily. They had, at the most, but a nodding acquaintance with the arts. But they were men of an inflexible honesty of purpose, tenacious of their convictions, fired, moreover, with a deep and unquenchable loyalty to king and country. Their sincerity has never been called in question, and as for their administrative capacity—well, we have it on the authority of Gladstone (no very zealous apologist for the old order)—that England was never so well governed as in the years that immediately preceded the Reform Bill of 1832!

Of this breed was General William Dyott, the worthy scion of an ancient and honourable Lichfield family, and sometime *aide-de-camp* to his most Gracious Sovereign Majesty King George III. He was not a man of brilliant attainments. He lived for close upon eighty-four years, and it is not on record that he ever said a clever thing or ever did a particularly wise one. But throughout the whole of his long and not uneventful life he acted like a gentleman. Unfortunately, he wrote like one. His style, indeed, invites blasphemy. Here is a characteristic passage:

I was amazed and hurt in the extreme by the receipt of such a letter,

feeling conscious, and which I now declare (and which I mean should be read, and I hope it will be believed, by my children when I am dead and gone), that it was ever my most anxious wish and desire to show the kindest affection, love, and attachment to my wife that it was possible; this from motives of real attachment to her.

To us his main—indeed, his only—interest consists in the fact that he kept a diary. In its original form this diary consisted of about 500,000 words, and extended over a period of sixty-four years. The copious extracts which form the material of these two portly volumes will, however, amply suffice for the purposes of the average reader.

William Dyott, second son of Richard Dyott, of Freeford Hall, Staffordshire, was born on April 17th, 1761. He was educated at Lichfield, Ashbourne, and Nottingham, and in 1781 he entered the Army as an ensign. Of his youth we hear little. He seems, however, to have been a man of convivial habits. "Got very drunk," "Got a good deal inebriated"—these are phrases which occur with an almost monotonous frequency on practically every page in the earlier portion of the Diary. In many of these carousals he enjoyed the company of Prince William, who was afterwards to become King William IV., and in November, 1788, we find him writing, in a strain of brooding melancholy, of his friend and patron:

Take him altogether, I think I never saw or heard of a finer character. He is, I will venture to say, from experience, as honourable a man as ever held a commission in the British service. He has a generous and noble spirit, and will, I am convinced, when an opportunity may offer, render an essential service to his king and country (Dyott, by the way, subsequently rescinded this opinion). I had the honour, I may say, of living with him for three months, and in that time one may be able to judge of a man's character. I believe I never shall spend three months in that way again, for such a time of dissipation, etc., etc., I cannot suppose possible to happen.

Dyott had a distinguished military career, serving in Nova Scotia, and afterwards in Grenada, whither his regiment had been despatched to assist in quelling a military insurrection. In a subsequent campaign he assisted at the siege of Alexandria under General Hutchinson. He married late in life, and with disastrous results. After bearing him three children, his wife's affections were suddenly transferred to a man named Dunne, with whom she eloped. Dyott bore this misfortune with a stoical resignation. No hint of reproach or bitterness can be detected in these pages, and when, many years later, the woman died, Dyott refers to his loss in a spirit of tender regret. The later years of his life were devoted to the pursuits of an English country gentleman. He shot occasionally—though he does not appear to have been a very keen sportsman—and farmed on an extensive scale. He was an enthusiastic politician, with unmistakable Tory sympathies. He watched the growing power of the democracy with mingled feelings of horror and distrust. He was bitterly opposed to Catholic emancipation, which he believed would induce "to the support of a religion we are taught by Holy Writ to protest against." He was an ardent Protectionist, and enjoyed for many years the friendship of Sir Robert Peel, whom he regarded as the champion of the landed interests. When his son contested Lichfield as a Conservative Dyott threw himself into the campaign with characteristic ardour. He appears to have discharged his duties as a magistrate in a conscientious spirit, though it may be safely assumed that his treatment of poachers would not err on the side of leniency. For literature he does not seem to have cared, and there is no positive evidence that he ever read a book in his life. He was fond of travel, and keenly enjoyed his occasional visits to town. He attended church regularly, though he would probably have disdained anything in the nature of religious enthusiasm. He was a kind and indulgent parent, betraying a pathetic fondness for his daughter Eleanor, who appears to have been one of the greatest friends and confidants of his declining years.

It remains to be said that Mr. Jeffery has performed his task as editor with scrupulous care, and his numerous footnotes will be found of great assistance. One is grateful for this portrait of the old general. He is typical of a class now unhappily extinct—a man with many limitations and innumerable prejudices, but a rugged, honest, and entirely loveable nature.

FOR SHAME, MR. SHAW!

It was with feelings of some trepidation that we attended the *malinée* of Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play at the Haymarket last week. We have for long been sincere admirers of Mr. Shaw's brilliant gifts, and we have in this journal from time to time emphasised our great appreciation of him as a writer of comedies. But on this occasion we had been warned by many competent judges that we were likely to find the pill of *Getting Married* rather a hard one to swallow. We were told, in effect, that we should probably find the first Act very amusing, the second Act rather less amusing, and the third Act a very serious bore. These anticipations were only partly realised; but, in justice to the prophets, we are bound to say that we did not give them a chance of allowing their prophecies to be completely fulfilled. We regret to say that we did not find even the first Act amusing. On the contrary it "got on our nerves," so to speak, from the very first. We "stuck it out" manfully for about twenty-five minutes, and then our courage failed us and we fled. The fact is, as Mr. Shaw himself has publicly stated, *Getting Married* is not a play at all, but a conversation, and, for the time being at any rate, we must confess we are "fed up" with the conversation of Mr. Bernard Shaw. We did not during our period of martyrdom retain sufficient control of our faculties to discover even so much as the name of one of the characters. We saw two ladies, a waiter, and a general. The waiter (Mr. Bernard Shaw would probably call him a butler, but we repeat that he is a waiter) talked in somewhat the same style as the waiter talked in Mr. Shaw's least successful comedy *You Never Can Tell*. His conversation seemed to us to be not only dull, but immoral, and we are beginning to be aware of new lights on Mr. Shaw's feelings concerning the censorship of plays. Frankly we do not think that the censorship should have passed the play. The waiter disguised as a butler told us, among other things, that his mother was very fond of men, and was in the habit of bringing them home at night. This remark was received with pleased merriment and giggling appreciation by the serried rows of respectable British matrons from the suburbs and elsewhere who thronged the theatre. We noticed with regret that these amiable women had in many cases brought their equally amiable offspring to the "feast of reason and flow of soul" provided for them by Mr. Shaw. We cannot think that these youthful people were edified. We wish we could think they were bored; but apparently they thought it all very amusing. After the waiter had retired from the scene we were presented to a lady and a general in full uniform. The lady was, of course, the typical young lady of the Shaw variety, who is much rarer than Mr. Shaw supposes. She evidently shared Mr. Shaw's own views about, among other things, the "filthy habit of smoking," and she publicly and shamelessly expressed her regret that the idiotic conventions of society precluded her from having babies without being under the necessity of living in the same house as "a horrid man who smelt of smoke." Our readers will perceive that Mr. Shaw has said all this before, and even the general repeated the old jokes which we find in *Arms and the Man* as to the superiority of cowardice over courage, and so on and so forth. These jokes of Mr. Shaw's can be made effective and amusing when they arise out of the action of a play, but in a play which is admittedly only a "conversation" they are both boring and irritating.

Last week we extended certain advice to Mr. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple. We have come to the conclusion, like the young lady in one of Oscar Wilde's

plays, *The Ideal Husband*, that the best thing to do with good advice is to pass it on to somebody else. Mr. Campbell has probably had enough of our advice by this time. We will therefore request him to pass it on to Mr. Shaw. The advice was "to stop preaching for two years, and during that time to read and listen and think and cultivate intellectual humility." Mr. Shaw is a very clever man, but he talks a great deal too much, and our duty to our readers will not allow us to invite them to go and be bored to death at the Haymarket Theatre. Readers of THE ACADEMY are not likely to be damaged either intellectually or morally by listening to the sparkling trivialities of Mr. Shaw. The general verdict on Mr. Shaw among people of higher intelligence may be summed up in some such words as the following—Mr. Shaw is a very able, brilliant, witty, and amusing writer. At one time we even thought that he was a deep thinker and that his pronouncements on social questions were entitled to a very respectful hearing. We have given him that hearing for a space of time extending over, at any rate, several years. Our opinion as to Mr. Shaw's ability, brilliancy, and wit remains unchanged, but we are unable to take the views of Mr. Shaw on social questions seriously, and we decline to believe that he takes them seriously himself, in spite of his repeated assurances to the contrary. Briefly, we prefer the wisdom of all the ages, to which we are the heirs, to the wisdom of Mr. Shaw. Readers of THE ACADEMY, we repeat, will not be damaged by Mr. Shaw's impertinent treatment of serious subjects, but it is far otherwise with the blameless British matrons and their young to whom we have referred in the earlier part of this article. They, taken as a whole, are not possessed of sufficient intellectual ability and have not sufficient sense of humour to appreciate Mr. Shaw's pyrotechnics at their true value. They gape and they giggle, and, returning to their fastnesses in Bayswater or Balham, they take steps to render unbearable the lives of their blameless and respectable husbands, and when remonstrated with justify themselves by references to "that brilliantly clever man, Mr. Bernard Shaw."

Mr. Shaw, in short, is beginning to make serious inroads on the British home, and if he had his own way he would break it up altogether. But the British home must not be broken up. We may make jokes about it, but we must respect it.

Mr. Bernard Shaw gave himself away completely in the preface to one of his plays, where he described himself with deadly accuracy. He said he was a prude and a person of almost old-maidish ideas. We don't profess to give his exact words, but that was their general sense. Mr. Shaw might have said more accurately quite old-maidish. We are sorry to have to say it, but it is our deliberate opinion that, for all his brilliant cleverness and ability, Mr. Shaw does not possess a masculine intellect. A vegetarian who never touches alcohol, who thinks smoking "a filthy habit," and who raises hysterical shrieks about cruelty because a mother visits her child with a well-merited and salutary smacking, is not the kind of man to whom this country is going for instruction in sociology or morality. Mr. Shaw will always be able to amuse and to stimulate us (at least, he always used to be able to do these things and *Getting Married* is probably only a temporary lapse); but the sooner he learns that he is not in a position to preach to us the better it will be for him. Of course, if he obstinately persists in his present courses and refuses to write any more delightful comedies like *Man and Superman*, *Candida*, and *John Bull's Other Island*, if, in short, he continues to preach and to substitute conversation for drama, he is doomed. He will become that most terrible of all things, a dangerous bore. We refuse to believe, however, that he will persist in his errors of judgment. He is too clever and too fond of popularity for that.

THE ENGAGING CRIMINAL*

DR. WILSON dedicates his book, "by permission," to

DR. HUGHLINGS JACKSON,
The founder of the Science of Neurology,
Physician and Philosopher, Leader of
Thought and Research, honoured
and beloved by all who
know him.

We are willing to take Dr. John Hughlings Jackson on Dr. Wilson's estimate of him, but we could wish that nobody had founded the science of neurology. We say this in full knowledge of the broad facts which Dr. Wilson would no doubt have us recognise. For it seems to us that the neurologists—professional and lay—are becoming far too thick upon this fair earth of ours, and that, despite the excellent intention which is at the back of their propaganda, they do not altogether serve mankind in a satisfactory sense. In the Preface to the present work Dr. Wilson assures us that

There are many burning questions, as education, marriage, and crime, which are in a chaotic condition, the subject of party strife; and yet there is only one way in which these difficulties can be met. That way is by bending to the laws of science, of biology, of philosophy, and psychology.

As the founder of the science of neurology Dr. Jackson would probably support Dr. Wilson in this statement. And yet it is a statement which does not appear to us to be generally true, and will not really bear examination. Dr. Wilson's book is literally alive with pictures of sensory nerve-cells, motor-cells, nerve-terminals, brain-lobes, and so on and so forth. And most interesting they are, just as the letterpress concerning them is interesting. But we doubt whether they have the least to do with what may be termed the burning part of the questions which Dr. Wilson perceives to be in a chaotic condition and the subjects of party strife. The scientists of the moment, not even excluding the popular scientists of the moment, are, it seems to us, quite too apt to imagine that the world is to be saved with the microscope and the scalpel, *plus* a sheaf of comparative statistics. They forget that the human race is a fairly old-established concern, and that in all probability it is doing worse for itself in this age of neurological science than it has been generally in the habit of doing for ages past. If we are to follow the strict scientists in their hope for mankind we shall be compelled to abandon the forces upon which we have hitherto depended—forces which are in the main of a spiritual nature—and set up in their places the thing called knowledge. Now, although it does not come to us from a scientific quarter, there can be no doubt that the adage about a little knowledge being a dangerous thing is well grounded in fact. When all is said, even to the length of Dr. Wilson's 300 closely-packed, highly interesting, and entertaining pages, one is compelled to the conclusion that the knowledge of the scientists continues to be little, and must always continue to be little. The old invincible mysteries remain for Dr. Wilson even as they remain for the merest of God's creatures who "musing in the furrow stands." Dr. Wilson himself would be the first to admit this much, though we do not suppose for a moment he would admit that the stock of knowledge which he lays before us with so generous and unstinted a hand is in essence of a dangerous and deleterious character.

Boiled down, Dr. Wilson's volume amounts simply to this: if a man's brain be not normal the man ceases to be a normal man: which, on the whole, is what we naturally expected. It has been common knowledge, time out of mind, that unfed children cannot be depended upon to flourish. Dr. Wilson proves, or rather brings statistics to show, that little boys of less than average normal weight are sometimes "bad boys." He brings also into high relief the desirability of suitable environment for the younger generation. We know not how many centuries ago some one remarked, Train up a child in the way it should go.

* *Education, Personality, and Crime.* By ALBERT WILSON, M.D. (Greening, 7s. 6d. net.)

We believe, for the credit of the race, that the large mass of mankind has a full and instinctive knowledge of these truisms, and is really engaged in doing the best it can in the circumstances. Pictures of the cortex of the brain, or the brains of murderers, are not going to help in any great measure. And as to the burning questions, education, marriage, and crime, the scientists certainly did not invent them, and they are quite incapable of settling them. Practically the only good tidings Dr. Wilson has to offer us is that every little boy and girl that's born into this world alive is in effect a normal human being, and this in spite of its parentage. Of course there are exceptions, but the exceptions are few, probably less than five per cent. Here, need one say, we have a direct denial of the principle of heredity so far as heredity may take us away from the normal. But as the scientists, and the scientists alone, set up that principle, there it is nothing very tremendous in their disposition to knock it down again. If from the beginning wicked persons had been compelled to produce wicked offspring, or one-legged persons one-legged offspring, the world would have been in a much worse pickle than it is at the present moment. The human babe is like the proverbial Scotchman. Catch him young and you may do anything with him, which is a principle of the most vital and comforting kind; though, of course, it is as old as the everlasting hills.

Apart from the scientific view of its own powers in the process of producing good men, there is naturally a great deal to be said for a book like the one before us. People who are sick of the ephemeral fiction of the time may turn to Dr. Wilson, and find refreshment combined with instruction. The work is full of wise saws and modern instances. There is plenty of predigested physiology, biology, and psychology, and a good deal of entertaining anecdote. The publishers, who should know, assure us on the cover that Dr. Wilson advances "some new and interesting facts and theories on the subject of criminals and education." They add

The book contains notes selected from the study of about two hundred ex-criminals. It also contains a very full and illustrated description of a murderer's brain. Education is treated in a way which will assist both teachers and parents. The remarkable phenomenon of dual personality is fully described and illustrated by cases.

All of which is exciting. We cordially recommend the volume to be read.

PRACTICAL SOCIALISM*

APART from theory, there is a general desire to know what are the real aims of Socialists in England, to find an answer to the baffling question "What is Socialism?" There is a vast number of books and pamphlets on Socialism, vague, bewildering, controversial, and contradictory, which in no way satisfy the practical inquirer. What is wanted is a plain and definite answer to the further and more searching question, "What does Socialism mean as a matter of practical business?" Writers who would tell us this must leave the theories of *doctrinaires*, and simply formulate and examine the known proposals of Socialist leaders and teachers. This is the object of Mr. Ellis Barker, in his comprehensive and exhaustive work. He says:

It does not suffice to study the doctrines of Socialism by themselves. In order to understand Socialism we must investigate its practical proposals.

To the same purpose Mr. Arnold-Forster has published, in a useful popular handbook, a series of articles contributed to the *Standard*. Although they show evidence of what we may term hasty gleaning, and certainly require some revision and rearrangement, still the political aspect of English Socialism and its chief proposals ("this being the Socialism that matters") are fairly grasped and criticised.

* *British Socialism.* By J. ELLIS BARKER. (Smith, Elder and Co., 10s. 6d. net.)

English Socialism of To-day. By the RIGHT HON. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER, M.P. (Smith, Elder, and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

Practical Socialism is based on this avowed doctrine :

That the Socialist State will arise by Natural Development, and it will handle business more efficiently than do Private Individuals.

In the last part of this proposition lies the root of the whole matter. The words "more efficiently" merely beg the question, which remains unproven. But those who believe this have drawn up definite programmes, which embody the actual schemes of Socialist Federations and others. The study of these is very important, for they clearly express the positive aims and intentions of Socialist men of business. They are therefore the concern of every voter in the country. It is unwise to neglect their consideration, indolent to simply ignore them.

We may divide these proposals into two classes—first, those which are quite impracticable, or, if attempted, likely to result in civil war or revolution ; secondly, those which, whether we think them advisable or not, are at any rate within the range of practical politics.

Among the first we enumerate :

Repudiation of the National Debt.

Nationalisation of all Land.

Abolition of the Regular Army.

Destruction of Private Property and Enterprise.

Abolition of Christianity.

We believe that a great number of intelligent people have but the haziest notion that proposals of this extravagant nature are made in sober business earnest. But they are. We can understand that it may seem well-nigh incredible, that business men can hold that a country could deliberately repudiate its just debts, abolish its standing Army, and yet continue to maintain its position in the commonwealth of nations. But they do. For your thorough-going Socialist has apparently little idea of such a commonwealth, or of the importance of international commercial relations.

That the abolition of Christianity is the wild hope of many Socialists will perhaps astonish those who are unfamiliar with Bax's "Religion of Socialism," where the abolition of Sunday is suggested "to root out the very memory of Christianity."

Not without cause do Mr. Barker and Mr. Arnold-Forster draw a parallel between the French Revolution and the schemes of modern British Socialists. The only reason why so many treat lightly the trend of Socialism is, either because they are ignorant of its real aims or, if they do hear of these proposals, they ignore them as merely impracticable, forgetful that the attempt to realise mistaken and impossible "ideals" may result, as before in history, in revolution.

A study of the "Socialist Catechism" and of the "Red Catechism" taught in Socialist "Sunday"-schools would open the eyes of many.

But we are not surprised at the general indifference displayed towards those Socialist proposals which are deemed impracticable. History affords similar parallels up to the very breaking of the storm. And meantime one serious fact remains. The seeds of a terrible and destroying discontent are being widely disseminated :

We are accused of preaching discontent and stirring up actual conflict (says Mr. Hyndman). We do preach discontent, and we mean to preach discontent, and we mean, if we can, to stir up actual conflict.

We preach the Gospel of Hatred (writes Mr. C. Leatham) because, in the circumstances, it seems the only righteous thing we can preach. . . . Those who talk about the "Gospel of Love," with Landlordism and Capitalism for its objects, want us to make our peace with iniquity.

The "good news" of hatred is news indeed ; and since Mr. Leatham's lecture, which has run to four editions, is entitled "The Class War," we agree with Mr. Arnold-Forster, that the qualification that "hatred of systems, not of men, is preached," may be taken for what it is worth, and that there is some justification for his comment "that Socialism as it is now being taught does involve the preaching of Civil War and the 'gospel' of Hate."

The second category of Socialist proposals, those which may be regarded as in some degree practicable, are ably criticised and discussed by Mr. Barker. Such questions as :

The Nationalisation of Railways.

Payment of Members of Parliament.

State Maintenance of all attending State Schools.

Universal Eight Hours Day.

Public Ownership of Hospitals, &c.

Disestablishment and Disendowment of State Churches.

Public Control of the Drink Traffic.

Insurance and Old-age Pensions.

These are at least matters which it is possible to discuss rationally, and which may be treated constitutionally and from the point of view of economic welfare. They may or may not be carried into effect. But each can be studied on its own merits, and the country can vote on each after special appeal.

In a thoughtful chapter, "Is Socialism Possible?" Mr. Barker points out that the universal philanthropy which some Socialists picture is based on the unattainable, the perfection of human nature :

The voluntary co-operation of all for the benefit of all presupposes the existence of wise, virtuous, and unselfish citizens.

Did not Plato found his ideal commonwealth upon perfectly wise and virtuous men ?

How do Socialists propose to meet the difficulty ?

Very simply. By bold assertions and prophecies. That which all religions and all philosophers have been unable to accomplish during 3,000 years, Socialists will effect as by the touch of a magician's wand, for "Socialism," they say, "will change human nature."

But

History teaches us that revolutions based on plunder, euphemistically called confiscation, expropriation, or Socialism, have indeed altered human nature, but they have altered it for the worse.

We are of those who believe that the real evolution of human progress has been in the direction of an escape from Socialism in any communistic form.

In a useful Appendix, Mr. Ellis Barker gives the official programmes of various Socialistic Federations, adding a capital Bibliography, which he has been well qualified to compile, having studied, he tells us, no less than a thousand books and pamphlets. We advise all who would know something of the real aims and proposals of British Socialists, all who wish to be in a position to differentiate true reform and progress from a policy thoroughly dangerous to the State, to read and digest one of the best books of reference on current Socialism which has so far been offered to the public. We do not think that the publishers make any over-statement of claim in describing Mr. Ellis Barker's work as a "compendium and almost an encyclopædia of British Socialism." It has the merit of being eminently practical.

P. S.

SYMBOLS

He was standing in a wild, bare country. Something about it seemed vaguely familiar ; the land rose and fell in dull and weary undulations, in a vast circle of dun ploughland and grey meadow, bounded by a dim horizon without promise or hope, dreary as a prison-wall. The infinite melancholy of an autumn evening brooded heavily over all the world, and the sky was hidden by livid clouds.

It all brought back to him some far-off memory, and yet he knew that he gazed on that sad plain for the first time. There was a deep and heavy silence over all—a silence unbroken by so much as the fluttering of a leaf. The trees seemed of a strange shape, and strange were the stunted thorns dotted about the broken field in which he stood. A little path at his feet, bordered by the thorn-bushes, wandered away to the left into the dim twilight ; it had about it some indefinable air of sympathy, as if it must lead one down into a world where all earthly things are forgotten and lost for ever.

He sat down beneath the bare, twisted boughs of a great tree, and watched the dreary land grow darker and yet darker ; he wondered half-consciously where he was and how he had come to that place, remembering faintly tales of like adventures.

A man passed by a familiar wall one day, and, opening a door before unnoticed, found himself in a new world of

unsurmised and marvellous experiences. Another man shot an arrow farther than any of his friends and became the husband of the fairy. Yet this was not fairyland; these were rather the sad fields and unhappy groves of the underworld than the abode of endless pleasures and undying delights. And yet in all that he saw there was the promise of great wonder.

Only one thing was clear to him. He knew that he was Ambrose; that he had been driven from great and unspeakable joys into miserable exile and banishment. He had come from a far, far place by a hidden way, and darkness had closed about him, and bitter drink and deadly meat were given him, and all gladness was hidden from him. This was all he could remember, and now he was astray—he knew not how or why—in this wild, sad land, and the night descended dark upon him.

Suddenly there was, as it were, a cry, far away in the shadowy silence, and the thorn-bushes began to rustle before a shrilling wind that rose as the night came down. At this summons the heavy clouds broke up and dispersed, fleeting across the sky, and the pure heaven appeared with the last flush of the sunset dying from it; and there shone the silver light of the evening star. Ambrose's heart was drawn up to this light as he gazed: he saw that the star grew greater and greater, it advanced towards him from the air, its beams pierced his soul, as if they were the sound of a silver trumpet, an ocean of white splendour flowed over him: he dwelt within the star.

It was but for a moment: he was still sitting beneath the tree of the twisted branches. But the sky was now clear and filled with a great peace; the wind had fallen, and a more happy light shone on the great plain. Ambrose was thirsty, and then he saw that beside the tree there was a well, half hidden by the arching roots that rose above it. The water was still and shining, as though it were a mirror of black marble, and marking the brim was a great stone, on which were cut the letters:

FONS VITAE IMMORTALIS.

He rose, and bending over the well, put down his lips to drink; and his soul and body were filled as with a flood of joy. Now he knew that all his days of exile he had borne with pain and grief a heavy, weary body. There had been dolours in every limb and aching in every bone; his feet had dragged upon the ground, slowly, wearily, as the feet of those that go in chains. But dim, broken spectres, miserable shapes, and crooked images of the world had his eyes seen, for they were eyes blurred with sickness, darkened by the approach of death; now, indeed, he clearly beheld the shining vision of things immortal. He drank great draughts of the dark glittering water, drinking, it seemed, the light of the reflected stars; and he was filled with life and with light. Every sinew, every muscle, every particle of the deadly flesh shuddered and quickened in the communion of that well-water; the nerves and veins rejoiced together; all his being leapt with gladness, and as one finger touched another, as he still bent over the well, a spasm of exquisite pleasure quivered and thrilled through his body. His heart throbbed with bliss that was unendurable; sense and intellect and soul and spirit were, as it were, sublimed into one white flame of delight. And all the while it was known to him that these were but the least of the least of the pleasures of the kingdom, but the over-runnings and base tricklings of the great supernal cup.

He saw, without amazement, that though the sun had set the sky now began to flush and redden as if with the northern light. It was no longer the evening, no longer the time of the procession of the dusky night. The darkness, doubtless, had passed away in mortal hours while for an infinite moment he tasted immortal drink, and perhaps one drop of that water was endless life. But now it was the preparation for the day: he heard the words:

DIES VENIT DIES TUA

IN QUA REFLORENT OMNIA.

They were uttered within his heart, and he saw that all

was being made ready for a great festival. Over everything there was a hush of expectation, and as he gazed he knew he was no longer in that weary land of dun ploughland and grey meadow, of the wild, bare trees and strange, stunted thorn-bushes. He was on a hillside lying on the verge of a great wood; beneath in the valley a brook sang faintly under the leaves of silvery willows, and beyond, far in the east, a vast wall of rounded mountain rose serene towards the sky. All about him was the green world of the leaves: odours of the summer night, deep in the mystic heart of the wood, odours of many flowers, and the cool breath rising from the singing stream mingled in his nostrils. The world whitened to the dawn; and then, as the light grew clear, the rose-clouds blossomed in the sky, and answering, the earth seemed to glitter with rose-red sparks and glints of flame. All the east became as a garden of roses, red flowers of living light shone over the mountain, and as the beams of the sun lit up the circle of the earth a bird's song began from a tree within the wood. Then were heard the modulations of a final and exultant ecstasy, the chant of liberation, a magistral *in exilu*; there was the melody of rejoicing trills, of unwearied glad reiterations, of notes ever-aspiring, prophesying the coming of the great feast, and singing the eternal antiphon.

As the song aspired into the heights, so there aspired suddenly before him the walls and pinnacles of a great church set upon a high hill. It was far off, and yet, as if it were close at hand, he saw all the delicate and wonderful imagery cut in its stones. The great door in the west was a miracle: every flower and leaf, every reed and fern were clustered in the work of the capitals, and in the round arch above, moulding within moulding showed all the beasts that God has made. He saw the rose-window, a maze of fretted tracery, the high lancets of the fair clerestory, the marvellous buttresses, set like angels about this holy house, whose pinnacles were as a place of many springing trees. And high above the vast, far-lifted vault of the roof rose up the spire, golden in the light. The bells were ringing for the feast; he heard from within the walls the roll and swell and triumph of the organ.

He knew not how he had taken his place in this great procession, how, surrounded by ministrants in white, he too bore his part in endless litanies. He knew not through what strange land they passed in their fervent and admirable order, following their banners and their symbols that glanced on high before them. But that land stood ever, it seemed, in a clear, still air crowned with golden sunlight; and so there were those that bore great torches of wax strangely and beautifully adorned with golden and vermilion ornaments. The delicate, smokeless flame of these tapers burned steadily in the still sunlight, and the glittering silver censers, as they rose and fell, tossed a pale cloud into the air. They delayed, now and again, by wayside shrines, giving thanks for unutterable compassions, and, advancing anew, the blessed company surged onward, moving to its unknown goal in the far blue mountains that rose beyond the plain. There were faces and shapes of awful beauty about him; he saw those in whose eyes were the undying lamps of heaven, about whose heads the golden hair was as an aureole; and there were they that above the girded vesture of white wore dyed garments, and, as they advanced, around their feet there was the likeness of dim flames.

The great white array had vanished, and he was alone. He was tracking a secret path that wound in and out through the thickets of a great forest. By solitary pools of still water, by great oaks, worlds of green leaves, by fountains and streams of water, by the bubbling, mossy sources of the brooks he followed this hidden way, now climbing and now descending, but still mounting upward, still passing, as he knew, farther and farther from all the habitations of men. Through the green boughs now he saw the shining sea-water; he saw the land of the old saints, all the divisions of the land that men had given to

them for God ; he saw their churches, and it seemed as if he could hear very faintly the noise of the ringing of their holy bells. Then at last, when he had crossed the Old Road, and had gone by the Lightning Struck Land and the Fisherman's Well he found between the forest and the mountain a very ancient and little chapel ; and now he heard the bell of the saint ringing clearly and so sweetly that it was as it were the singing of angels. Within it was very dark, and there was silence. He knelt, and saw scarcely that the chapel was divided into two parts by a screen that rose up to the round roof. There was a glinting of shapes as if golden figures were painted on this screen, and through the joinings of the beams there streamed out thin needles of white splendour, as if within there was a light greater than that of the sun at noonday. And the flesh began to tremble, for all the place was filled with the odours of Paradise, and he heard the ringing of the Holy Bell, and the voices of a choir that outsang the fairy birds of Rhiannon, crying and proclaiming :

*Glory and praise to the Conqueror of Death :
To the Fountain of Life Unending.*

Nine times they sang this anthem, and the whole place was filled with glory. For a door in the screen had been opened, and there came forth an old man all shining white, on whose head was a gold crown. Before him went one who rang the bell ; on each side there were young men with torches. And in his hands he bore the Mystery of Mysteries wrapped about in veils of gold and of all colours, so that it might not be discerned ; and so he passed before the screen, and the light of heaven burst forth from that which he held. Then he entered in again by a door which was on the other side, and the Holy Things were hidden.

And Ambrose heard from within an awful voice, and the words :

Woe and great sorrow are on him, for he hath looked unworthily into the Tremendous Mysteries, and on the Secret Glory which is hidden from the Holy Angels.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE RIVER AND THE SEA

NORTHIN HILL rises hugely from the umbrageous miles and miles of Northin Plain. From afar it seems but a great hump, dominating rudely the prettiness of rolling meads and fragments of ancient forestry. It is sudden and very solitary to the north, black and forbidding, with none of the friendly beauty desired of man. But on the southern slopes, gentler and lavish in verdure, are spread the town and suburbs of Ammeter, so large and new and noisy that you forget there has been for many hundred years a small contented cluster of houses hardly worthy to be called a town, now absorbed and almost lost amid late and ugly accretions of mazy brick.

Round more than half the circuit of the hill the River Rothing flows shining. It is a barrier between the wildness of the hill and the soft luxuriance of the plain. Footing across these level leagues when the sun is sinking and smoking redly among the shaggy trees you will notice something strange and rare in the darkling magnificence. For it is a Faery Land that rises in front of you, with promise of peril and unavertable enchantment ; and once over the broad River you are engaged, surely, against subtle and potent legionaries of earth and air, who may not themselves pass the waters' guard, but are confined to the rocks, and hollows, and bogs, and mists that make the hillside fearful and wonderful.

Drowning heedlessly at evening on the hill-bank of the River I heard strange voices that might have been in the air or under the earth. I know not whence they came ; I only know they were not human.

"Are you tired of carrying all these ships and men, day and night, down to the Sea ?"

"No, for I hardly feel them, hardly more than birds."

"But it seemed that you sighed just now ?"

"Yes, I sighed—not because of the ships, but because of all this."

I looked and saw filth and waste heaving slowly along, the obscene refuse of a great, prosperous town.

"I am tired with carrying all this down to the Sea. It never ceases—coming down from Ammeter, more and more every day."

I saw how the filth and garbage washed against the reeds and broader rushes and lodged there, and made the lips of the water iridescent with evil slime.

"Thirty miles I carry this. Once I was clean and bright, and no great ships sailed up and down, and no burden like this was poured into me. Then, long ago, there came up boats from the Sea, and there was fighting, and men built their huts where they slew their foes."

"Was it then that you began to carry their offal down to the great Sea ?"

The evening birds called and answered now and then ; else unbroken was the profound silence and calm of the hour as the voice, that seemed part of the silence and calm, murmured again.

"Not then. I bore their war-galleys, and was made gay with their flags. Wine was poured into me when their warriors rowed away. I was fought for as a great possession. Once, by night, they floated upon me a great flaming bark, bearing the dead body of an ancient warrior and wise man ; they dragged the floating bier, as all one flame, down towards the great Sea, until the fire crept lower and touched me, and I put it out and covered all the burning up."

I thought of the free, unpolluted River of so long ago, every little wave a syllable in the praise of heroic strength and wisdom ; and I marvelled as I marked the sad, muddled waters. The voice went on :

"Sometimes men were tossed for me to hide, and I have hidden them ; and the bright stain of red—their blood—has spread in me and dimmed in a moment, and become invisible. And once, long ago, all day I had delighted in their shouting and clanging, and I knew there was great fighting ; and I wondered if they would cast the stained, wounded bodies to me, to wash and hide. When night fell there was still the crying and replying, more and more broken, until slowly it ceased ; for at night men sleep. But there were some who did not sleep, and when all was quiet they put out in a boat and rowed softly from the shore ; and I knew from the oars that struck me that the men were weary with fighting. Then there was noise of alarm from the land, and the men in the boat grew strong from fear ; and their leader, as he bent forward and pulled back, sang to me :

'Hasten, O River, towards the great Sea !'

And when I heard him I gathered my waters and sprang to his stroke. Behind there came another boat, with men eager for blood ; and they shouted as they broke through the darkness.

"But the singer in the first boat sang to me again :

'Hasten, O River, and I will pour wine to thee !'

And again I drew my short waves swiftly under his keel.

"Then the men in the boat that pursued ceased shouting, and put all their strength into speed ; and I tossed my waters back at them, and caused them to row uncertainly. And again the singer sang to me, but more slowly :

'Hasten, O River, and I will pour Gold and Pearls to thee !'

"But the dawn began to creep into the sky and over your head, brother Hill, and there came light upon my waters. The men in the first boat said no word when they saw it, but I felt a shudder in their oars ; and their leader, as he bent forward and tugged sharply back, cried again, but gasping :

'Hasten yet, O River, and I will make a Song of thee, which men shall sing for ever !'

Their oars quivered as they struck me, and the men in the following boat set up a sudden dreadful shout to see their foes within reach ; and they cast javelins, which fell short and wide and sank through me to the soft bottom, until one man's hand was stuck through to his oar. So the first

boat began to lose way, and another man was struck through the neck as he bent forward; and he died without a cry.

"Then the pursuers drew furious against them and hacked madly at the remaining oarsmen, who pulled on helpless, being weaponless. And the leader, with none left to command, cried to me:

'Hide me, O River, and I will bless thee dying!' and sprang in, and I took his body down, nor once did it rise to them who raged and cast red steel after it, blood-thirsty. And I washed him clean of blood and sweat, and hid him under a great stone, safely from all his enemies. And when the flesh fell softly apart, the large bones still lay under the stone, with gold shining on the arms and wrists as my waters crept between."

"Many years past is that, O sister Rothing!"

"Many years! and now no more gallant bodies are cast into me, but this, and this, and this . . . ever and ever."

I saw the triple shudder pass over the River's breast.

"Day and night I take this evil load down to the Sea, swollen with tributary filth from the Lear and the Eppon; until one day the Sea itself will surely be filled, and the burden will come back with the tide. And all upon you will be cast, O Hill."

There was a long silence. The sun had gone, and the last trembling reflection of it. Cool gusts touched me from the Hill side, and struck against the trees overhead. Sighs seemed to labour up from the Sea, and become slowly, obscurely articulate.

"Fear not, weary Rothing, if your waters are so sick and confused with hateful burdens that it seems I shall be choked with them. All the Rivers in the world, carrying away the manifold impurities of men in all the world, cannot choke the Sea. I take all the impure waters and wash them, and cleanse the shores, and even the far inland towns."

There was silence a space, and then:

"I hear thee, O wise and ancient Sea. . . . But the men, the men, who do all this!"

The Sea answered, on a long sigh:

"The men, too, fall silently into a continual River, which flows down and is lost in a greater Sea than I."

The sound ceased like a faint air in heaven. Overhead was nothing but large trees and handfuls of bright stars among the quivering branches; and I lay thinking of that continual soiled stream flowing down to the great Sea that washes around our human shores, cleansing them of all mortality.

JOHN FREEMAN.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Notes on Scottish Song by Robert Burns. From an Interleaved Copy of the "Scot's Musical Museum." Edited by the late JAMES C. DICK. (Frowde, 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS little book has more weight than many much bulkier volumes. It not only vindicates Burns as a musical man, which is of small moment; it proves that he had an enthusiastic sense of the value and importance of folk-song, and was indeed the first literary god-father of that hitherto neglected study. It is strange that the legend should ever have arisen that Burns was unmusical. He played the fiddle, he danced, he sang with a harsh, strong voice; but he sang in tune, and he danced in time. Above all, he wrote dainty lyrics, which no unmusical person could do. He had excellent notions of harmonising folk-song, which might well be studied by the too self-obtruding editors of some late collections. Here are his directions for setting "When she came ben she bobbie":

Let the harmony of the bass at the stops be full and thin, and dropping through the rest of the air, and you will give the tune a noble and striking effect.

If it were only to vindicate Burns's musical sense these MS. notes were well worth printing. But when the

"Museum" was published in 1787 there were only 130 Scottish melodies in print, and Burns came to the work with more knowledge of ballad and folk-song than any man living possessed. He caught and caged the oral tunes, set musicians to work upon writing them down, and mated them to new and lovelier words which grew from chance snatches and fragments of the lost or valueless traditional poetry. He set Herd and Stephen Clarke and others to work and wrote down songs himself from the voice of Kirsty Flint or comelier lassies. The editor has not shown the poet's discrimination when he says that he set songs to dance tunes "never before adapted to or associated with poetry." If he means traditional dance tunes these were always associated with poetry, although, as Burns writes:

They have outlived their original and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses.

The pipe and tabor were feeble instruments for the hum of a country dance, and a rousing ballad tune, sung with plenty of chorus and fal-de-lal, made a lustier music for the dancers. Moreover, Burns detected the fact that the modern melodies were often the directly begotten children of old airs. He points out that Mr. Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, and the first composer of Strathspeys, took his three most celebrated pieces—"Huntley's Reel," "His Farewell," and "Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel"—from "The German Lairdie." He points out that "Lochaber" evidently came from "Lord Ronald," and Oswald's "Rosebud" from "Jockie's Gray Brecks." He did not know, and could hardly be expected to know, that most of the old ballads were not peculiar to Scotland, but were alive and vigorous in many other lands, as they are to this day. Indeed, it is still possible to find whole pieces in England now of which Burns only got broken fragments. At the same time, the broken fragment is often the speck of gold and the rest but brown quartz, for things that are old have often small value, or even none at all. Burns's vigorous prose makes the reader regret that he did not leave more of it. He thus apologises for the exclusive Jacobite nature of the music of Scotland:

Surely the gallant, though unfortunate, House of Stewart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme much more interesting than an obscure, beef-witted, insolent race of foreigners whom a conjuncture of circumstances kickt up into power and consequence.

His rude remark upon "The Gentle Swain" is one that literary editors of folk-song books must read with trembling:

To sing such a beautiful air to such damned verses is downright sodomy of common sense.

Burns certainly knew what he meant, and said it.

Les Chouans ou La Belagne en 1799. Par HONORÉ DE BALZAC. Préface de GUSTAVE LANSON. Illustrations de J. BLAKE GREENE. (Bell and Sons; "Les Classiques Français Illustrés," publiés sous la direction de Daniel O'Connor. 5s. net.)

SINCE it has been suggested in these pages that the two first volumes of this series are suitable reading for *les ingénues*, it should perhaps be noticed that the present volume, though more certainly a French classic, may not be considered particularly suitable. However, no honest collection of classics is suitable for that purpose, and Mr. Daniel O'Connor has made a good choice of "Les Chouans," as the first specimen in his collection, of the genius of Balzac. It was the earliest work acknowledged by the author and included in the *Comédie Humaine*, and may be read as an immediate introduction to the main section of the *Comédie*, that representing contemporary life. To the present pleasing edition M. Gustave Lanson contributes a useful and illuminating *préface*. His accuracy as regards the bibliography and biography of the story is guaranteed, because he strictly follows Lovenjoul's "Histoire des Œuvres de Balzac," and Cerfbeer and Christophe's "Répertoire de la Comédie Humaine," a book which in itself is delightful reading to all admirers of Balzac. In "Les Chouans" we are first introduced

to some nine characters which will appear later, or have, so to speak, appeared earlier in their own lives, in scenes which were written later. Of these the chief is the police officer Corentin, the putative son of Fouché. He is now in 1799, the date when the story begins, only twenty-two years old, and haunts the Balzac stage in constant reappearances until 1840, when he had long been living in influential retirement under the name of Monsieur du Portail ("Les petits Bourgeois"). Though we do not quite understand the value of the fac-simile of Monsieur Lanson's autograph, with which his Preface is signed, his independent criticism is well worth reading. He remarks justly :

L'impression historique, l'impression de réalité sont intenses. . . . [With certain exceptions] tout le reste est d'une vérité puissante. Vérité symbolique : car tout est inventé. Cet épisode de la Chouannerie ne correspond à aucun événement réel. . . . [Balzac] a rapidement regardé la ville [Fougères] et ses environs, mais il les a bien vus. Il les rend en images nettes et saisissantes. Il nous fait voir ce pays fait à souhait pour la guerre civile ; ses routes enfoncées, ses champs bordés de haies et fermés d'échaliers. . . . Les personnages sont inventés, à l'exception de Mademoiselle de Verneuil, avec un sens merveilleux de la réalité.

This exception is the chief criticism made by Monsieur Lanson, with which we do not agree. We do not find the heroine, Mademoiselle de Verneuil, "une incohérente et invraisemblable amoureuse." To us, she is one of the great fascinations of the book, and we find her tally not only in Marion de Lorme, but in one of the realest and most captivating of frailties in fiction or history, Manon l'Escout. In "Les Chouans," as M. Lanson truly suggests, Balzac transplanted Scott in France, but Balzac is far truer in expressing female nature in all its developments, than Scott's environment allowed him to be. Scott considered himself forced by it to spoil one of the best of his stories, "St. Ronan's Well," in order to satisfy its prudery, and is, indeed, said to have suffered qualms of conscience for having related the story of Effie Deans at all. Though M. Lanson does not enter so far into the comparison between the two great Romanticists, it is surprising to find a Frenchman so little appreciative of the truth of Balzac's insistence, in the character of Mademoiselle de Verneuil, on the elements of *caritas* which remain in love excessive, or at any rate assume so well the part of devout self-sacrifice. Possibly M. Lanson intends to appeal especially *ad populum Britanicum*, and so cites a heroine celebrated by Victor Hugo as likely to be better known to his public than the subtler, but now less remembered, heroine of Prévost.

Sword and Blossom Poems. (Tokio : Hasegawa ; London : Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, 3s. 6d.)

THIS dainty little book contains a selection of poems from the "Kokinshiu," a famous anthology of Japanese poems "new and old," which was compiled in the year 906 A.D. The translators (Shosard Kimara and Charlotte M. A. Peake) have added some more modern poems, and all are accompanied by charming illustrations by contemporary Japanese artists, which are very pretty and characteristic, and add greatly to the value of the little book. Most of the verses are melancholy and quiet in tone, expressive of "tenderness touched with sadness." Take the "Miserere" as an example :

Dear nightingale, take pity on the pain
Of love's despair that I have borne so long ;
Give back the silence to the world again,
Nor break my heart with sweetness of thy song.

Against the English translations is placed in some cases the original poems, which, unintelligible as they are to most readers, add to the picturesqueness of the pages.

A Holiday in the Happy Valley. By MAJOR T. R. SWINBURNE. (Smith, Elder and Co., 16s. net.)

A WELL produced volume. The print is good and clear, and the book includes twenty-four pretty coloured sketches, some of which are very graphic. The small map of Cashmir is just what is wanted.

In the first chapter we are given the details of a full

outfit, from a collar to a cholera-belt, from a camp bed to a cartridge. Then follow fifty pages of breezy tale of travel by Continental trains, by an Austrian steamer, and by Indian rail and road till Srinagar is reached.

The holiday includes travel, sport, and social life away in Cashmir. It is told in admirable English wherever Major Swinburne allows himself to be serious. He has the appreciation of scenery, which his sketches show. He describes the flowers of Cashmir with knowledge and love, and we can almost pick them off the pages where he places them. A Cashmir paradise of birds he tells us of, and gives us a humorous tale of the crowning of the *Hoopoe* on page 218.

But there is rather too much detail everywhere. It gives one the impression of being a book for the author's own friends and for those who have never travelled.

Sport was distinctly unsuccessful. Major Swinburne shot one stag only (a Bara Singh). He made many efforts to kill a bear ; and in all his accounts of stalk or drive he betrays a keener interest in his human and scenic surroundings than in his quarry. All is told with a very keen sense of humour—we fear we must say with too keen a sense of humour. It is almost obtrusive. No single chance is lost of impressing on the reader Major Swinburne's own view of the humour of every situation. The fatal mistake is made, too, of interlarding nearly every page with native words—some familiar Indian words, some entirely strange Cashmiri. It is true that there is a dictionary of these mysteries at the end of the book, but it is quite likely that the reader won't find it till he finishes it. But there is also at the end of the book Appendix IV., the detailed cost of nine months' travel for two people. That will be very useful for those who wish to enjoy the charming holiday which Major Swinburne has described.

Secrets of the Past. By ALLEN UPWARD. (Owen and Co., 6s.)

MR. ALLEN UPWARD has made a speciality of romances dealing with what is usually known as Secret History. He has at least one gift which is absolutely necessary for success in this kind of work—he is convincing. In the present volume he goes further than he has gone before, and challenges more serious criticism, because, although he shapes his solutions to the various mysteries of his choice as romances and "fiction," he is quite eager that his work should be treated as a contribution to history. He explains his position and method in a "Foreword." After some rather harsh criticism of various historians he develops his plea for "backstairs" authority. His chief complaint is against the indiscriminating and whole-hearted adoration on the part of historians of the "contemporary document ;" and certainly he argues his case with considerable plausibility. Naturally enough when any intrigue or political crime is in question the official account would be garbled, and explanations would be offered which, while satisfactory for their purpose and to a certain extent true, would place the criminals in the best possible light. And, as Mr. Upward aptly remarks, the real political history of our own time is to be found not so much in the *Times* or "Hansard" as in the smoking-room conversation of West-end Clubs. Of course there is great need for discrimination here, too, as well as in the veneration of the contemporary document, and several grains of salt are necessary for the student of history who seeks the truth in the pages of such delightful gossips as Herodotus or the Sieur de Brantôme. Mr. Upward would probably reply that the same is true of Froide or even Freeman, and we must confess that we do not feel strong enough to contradict him.

The book, then, may be read from two standpoints. It may be regarded as a serious attempt to solve certain famous historical mysteries, or it may be read simply as a series of charming and exciting historical romances, the characters in which are real people. In either case we prophesy that the criticism of the reader will be favourable. Mr. Upward's range is wide—from the murder of Agrippina by Nero down to the mysterious tragedy in St. James's Palace during the night of May 30th, in the year

1810, when the Duke of Cumberland was nearly murdered and his valet Sellis was found dead with his throat cut. Among other subjects discussed are Darnley's murder, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the death of Pope Alexander VI., and the Man in the Iron Mask. The last two are perhaps the best in the book. In the former Mr. Upward weaves a most ingenious explanation of the circumstances leading up to the fall of the Borgias, and in the latter he solves—in our opinion at any rate—the famous mystery once and for all.

Pekin to Paris. By LUIGI BARZINI. Translated by L. P. DE CASTELVECCHIO. (Grant Richards, 16s. net.)

WHATEVER remarkable features there may have been about Prince Scipione Borghese's motor-car journey from Pekin to Paris, it is difficult to assign much credit to the car. Not that it did not achieve all that could reasonably have been expected of "a dumb vehicle," for, indeed, it showed itself extraordinarily versatile, "bounding like a panther" being but an everyday accomplishment. Yet, so far as the machine was concerned, the trip had broken down and ended in inglorious failure twenty times before its wheels passed to European soil. But what had a savour of the miraculous was the regularity with which, on each occasion when the car confessed itself beaten, salvation of the most unexpected character was at hand. It emerged from the steppes, the swamps, the forest or the rocks. Chinese coolies, Mongolian peasants, chance-met caravans, horses, oxen—whatever happened to be needed to extricate the baffled and defeated car from its latest dilemma, some of these were always at hand to supply. So the helpless machine was hauled out of mudholes, ferried across rivers, disentangled from among the timbers of bridges which its weight had broken, pushed laboriously where it refused to negotiate the roads of its own power, and, when broken, patched up to start anew by the thaumaturgic peasant-craftsmen of the wildernesses. The first quarter of the narrative is all pulling and hauling. The machine was, in the matter of self-propulsion, about on a par with the car of Juggernaut. Thenceforward, until the firm highways of Europe were reached, the trip was punctuated with approximately daily collapse, from which the party was only rescued by the intervention of the gods of the local countryside. As Prince Borghese himself admits, in a prefatory letter to this volume, the one thing above all others which the journey proved was that "it is impossible to go by motor-car from Pekin to Paris." Three men started with a car at one end, and they arrived, vastly to their credit, still in possession of the car at the other; but (except perhaps in crossing the Gobi Desert) for most of the journey a wheelbarrow would have been less of an impediment. But the trip afforded incident enough to make a sufficiently absorbing narrative, and Mr. Barzini has taken advantage of the possibilities. The illustrations are excellent, if a trifle monotonous; for, after all, a car stuck in the mud near Tomsk is not much unlike the same car stuck in the mud near Kazan; and we would willingly forego a few of the views of the car for some of the scenery of which we are told much, and shown nothing. The translator's work is admirably done.

The Automobilist Abroad. By FRANCIS MILTOUN. With Illustrations by Blanche McManus. (Brown, Langham, 16s. net.)

It is the belief of some publishers (especially in America) that a sufficiently sumptuous binding and plenty of illustrations, decorated end-papers, and an ornamental type-page will convert a *bibliom* into a real book; and in all except the substance of it this is a book of the best. It may be that many Americans meditating an automobile tour in Europe will think that this is just the book they will need as guide and friend, and they will burden their cabin luggage with it, read it laboriously in deck-chairs on board ship, and even carry it faithfully with them in their cars. But to English notions it had been more fitly clad as a shilling manual. Yet we may glean much useful information even

about our own islands, as that "Goring is more of a metropolis than Streatley"—a point which, we confess, had hitherto escaped us. Nor can even the casual reader fail to be gratified by the author's evident familiarity with the French tongue. Such sentences as the following envelop one with a sense of being in polite company:

We hunted out a little *café* in the town, whose *patron* we knew, and prevailed upon his good wife to give us our lunch [why not *déjeuner*?] *en famille*, which she did, and did well. It was *très bourgeois*, but that was what we wanted.

Not improbably. For the rest—*ἐν τέρπειν ἐπορεύθησαν σταθμὸν ἑνα*: Xenophon had the trick of it better than Mr. Miltoun and Baedeker gives better reading. Miss McManus has before shown herself capable of doing charming work as an illustrator, but a gazetteer-roadbook (even when published at four dollars) must lack something as a source of inspiration.

FICTION

Sir Roger Delaney of Meath. By "HAL." (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 6s.)

It is perhaps as well for the safety of his skin that the author of this bitter sketch of a "fine old Irish gentleman" has chosen to write anonymously—for the Irish as a race are quick to resent affronts against themselves. It does not, however, redound to the author's credit that he has not the courage of his opinions, and shoots from behind a wall in the dark. It is possible to regard this book in two ways. We may either take it quite seriously as a careful and accurate character-study of a most distasteful personality—and this is what we believe to be the author's desire—or we may treat it as a comedy of manners of somewhat questionable taste. In either case the book does not commend itself except in the consistency of its character-drawing.

On the one hand, true to himself as Sir Roger is throughout the book, we refuse absolutely to accept him. He exists, undoubtedly—"Hal" has created him; but he does not exist as a type of his class as "Hal" would have us believe. We can imagine an author with a private axe to grind carefully analysing or dissecting the character of some private enemy, and then exhibiting his less lovely traits to the eyes of his own little mutual admiration society. But the author then, if he is wise, sets up as a contrast the idealised portrait of himself or one of his friends. But "Hal" has not done this. He gives us Sir Roger alone, as an Irish gentleman who is not above cheating a peasant in a bargain over a few dozen eggs, or brutally insulting his wife and compromising his next door neighbour's sister—and he gives us no contrast. The rest of the characters are puppets. Are we then to understand that Sir Roger is typical of his class? Not all the "Hals" in the world would make us believe that, even if we were dependent entirely on novels for our acquaintance with the originals. And this is, happily, not the case. Let us get "Charles O'Malley" from the bookshelf and enjoy ourselves.

Thrice Captive. By Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS. (F. V. White and Co., 6s.)

THIS volume has the appearance and price of a grown-up novel, but after reading it we must conclude that the author's primary intention was to satisfy the artistic demands of the young. As a boy's book "Thrice Captive" would pass. Its hero undergoes the necessary hardships; there is the proper amount of history and fighting; there is a ferocious villain, and the love-making is compressed into the smallest possible space. These probably complete the list of juvenile requirements in books of this character, and we are willing to credit "Thrice Captive" with their adequate supply. To the adult mind the lack of originality in the treatment both of the plot and the characters and the book's careless construction must appear as fatal

blemishes. At best it is not to be compared with the stirring and ingenious romances of the late Mr Henty. We are sorry that we are unable to commend further the last book of an author who gave pleasure to many.

The People Downstairs. By EVA LATHBURY. (Alston Rivers, Ltd., 6s.)

It is evident that in Miss Eva Lathbury we have a novelist to be reckoned with. Alike in matter and in manner she stands resolutely aloof from her contemporaries. Her attitude is one of critical detachment, and there is no character in this novel with whom it could be predicated that the author has identified herself in the slightest degree. The title is but partially explanatory, since it covers only one-half of the story, which is concerned with the appeal of an unsuspected ancestry to a girl of errant and luxurious fancies. Alva, let it be said, is drawn to the life. So, too, is Griselda, a perfect example of the magnificently evolved feminine, and, in some respects Alva's counterpart. Miss Lathbury has proved less successful with her men, and it may be safely premised that in the delineation of male character she has worked within a more restricted area of observation. Her characters are apt to err on the side of over-complexity, though in the case of Anthony Glover it is easy to detect beneath the veneer of a too precocious cultivation the masked villain of transpontine melodrama. So do extremes meet—for there is little else in the novel that is likely to appeal to the reader avid of new sensations. The psychological interest predominates throughout, and the drama is less one of incident than of emotion. In the closing scene—a scene tense and vibrant with restrained passion—Miss Lathbury reaches the highest level of her art. "The People Downstairs" is not a book that is easily read, nor is it a book that will be readily forgotten. It emboldens us to anticipate an even greater achievement from the pen of the same author.

The Speculator. By OLIVE CHRISTIAN MALVERY. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

MISS MALVERY'S talents are not exhibited to such advantage in her novel "The Speculator" as in her study of social conditions "The Soul Market." She has undoubted powers of description and the journalistic (using the word in its best sense) gift for creating a picture and an impression, but her characterisation is commonplace and her plot does not carry conviction. The story of "The Speculator" deals mainly with the adventures of Helen March, the wife of an English consul on the Arabian coast, who has been obliged to return to his official duties for pecuniary reasons, although he is warned by the oculist that he is risking the total loss of his eyesight by so doing. His wife and children are left behind, and Mrs. March conceives and carries out a plan of entering the money market as a stockbroker (!). She disguises herself as a man, takes the name of Otto Martini, engages offices, and, of course, succeeds up to a point. There is an abundance of incident, and some criticism of social misdoings (e.g., the chapter on a Covent Garden ball), but the reader always feels that the subject has been "got up" for the occasion; and in the case of the financial transactions described, the study is so obviously superficial as to be entirely unconvincing. "The Speculator" is, however, very light and easy reading, and if the primary absurdity of a wife and mother being able successfully to impersonate a man can be accepted by the credulous novel-reader, the book may serve to amuse and interest.

Julian Steele. By CONSTANTINE RALLI. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

THIS is a story of modern life, told with such melodramatic fury of language that we have found ourselves compelled at times to neglect the author's meaning owing to our admiration for his turbulent vocabulary. Apart from the stimulating spectacle of these verbal fireworks, we have not found very much entertainment in "Julian Steele."

The hero is a successful financier, and we must credit the author with some originality of conception in making his character decidedly weak. The heroine is mysterious—so mysterious in fact that we readily sympathised with the hero in his prompt acceptance of the apparent proofs of her infidelity. For villain there is a sinister monk, a splendidly improbable person, who wishes to win the hero and his gold for the Church of Rome, and employs a lady of the accepted adventuress type to that end. The book ends with madness and asterisks and sudden death, though, as is usually the case with unhappy endings in modern fiction, the intelligent reader can see no particular reason for this tragic snuffing-out of the principal characters.

DRAMA

LANVAL

It seems that there is a Middle World, and therein doth dwell one Triamour, whose brow is of a moony whiteness. This lady, having chanced across Lanval, a knight of the Court of King Arthur, conceives a pleasing passion for him, and would fain take him with her to her shadowy kingdom. The good knight, being at the moment temporarily embarrassed, is lured away; but as the lady has nothing substantial or alluring to show him in her Land of Phantasies, he naturally grows a trifle bored, and decides to leave. In other words, the old decent world which we all love recurs to him. "The while I was half sleeping," he says:

there was borne to me
A faint far clamour, like the distant call
Of hunters in the forest, and I saw
Long lordly lines of very noble forms
Passing beyond me: then my pleasure passed,
This dalliance was forgotten and I heard
In place of our sweet music the foul clang
Of brass in action, and the dance of steel
On shields opponent; then into my ears
Stole the sweet thunder of a thousand hooves
The hissing of the arrows and the shrill
Keen note of the wind-cutting spears. Again
I saw the light on lance-heads in the dawn;
Long Legions creeping from the morning mists;
The death haze standing on embattled ranks;
There is no music like the tread of hosts,
Nor any glamour that can match the sight
Of set battalions meeting in the field.

Lanval, need one say, stands not upon the order of his going, but goes at once. And being a man, of course, in due time and after sundry adventures of small consequence, he returns to the bewildering Triamour. The foregoing facts have impressed themselves so acutely upon the mind of T. E. Ellis—otherwise Lord Howard de Walden—that he has written a play about them, and the play has been produced at a couple of invitation *matinées*. We believe these *matinées* were entirely successful from the author's point of view. That is to say, they brought him an audience of more or less polite and cultivated people, and he has probably learnt a good deal in consequence. He will have observed, no doubt, that when all is said, the essential parts of a work for the stage are the dramatic essentials. He will have observed too that you can have an overplus even of dramatic essentials. And he will have observed that passions and states of being which are not broadly human have little power to move or interest people who go to the theatre. Such intellectual toys may look quite pretty in a book, but when you begin to expose them to the fierce illuminations of the limelight man the effect is not exactly what you might have expected. The much-vaunted ghost in *Hamlet* is practically the only stage spirit tolerable to the hard-headed theatre-goers of these shrewd islands. And even the ghost in *Hamlet*, no matter how so well enacted or how so deftly upholstered, is somehow one of those characters which the beholder has a tendency to skip, or, in other words, to put up with for the sake of the rest of the exhibition. Middle-worldism has really no interest for the hearty

lunch-eating afternoon-tea drinking persons who fill the stalls when *matinées* are toward. The subject does not invite the commonalty, who, in point of fact, expect from the stage histories in which themselves might conceivably have taken part. And the best of us are not yet ripe for Middle-worldliness. So that, as drama in the sound sense, *Lanval* fails.

A perusal of what the young ladies who sell chocolate in the twilight of the *entr'acte* call the book of the words, however, leads us to conclude that while Lord Howard de Walden has not arrived at a ripeness of judgment which will enable him to write competent plays, he is nevertheless a poet of some considerable parts and a serious humanist who, if he be not deflected from himself, as it were, may one day produce something which will help us. There can be no question whatever that *Lanval* contains a proper sprinkling of good lines. Complaints are understood to have been made about *Hamlet* to the effect that it is very full of quotations. Whether *Lanval* will ever compass such a glory is a question which does not require answering. But here, at any rate, is quotable and creditable matter :

See Heaven as a place of perfect mail,
With all its angels armoured in delight.

I can accept defeat
And with some sorrow put my dreams away.

I am too old and must endure my days
In these grey places. Death were easier there,
For he comes laughing with the sun and dust.

There is a sweetness in the taste of power
Beyond all savours.

The usage of their days
Is but a hope that they shall pass unmarked.

These forests cramp the soul with silences,
God, for an empty brown stone-studded space,
And the faint seas beyond !

A priest of policy,
A sour disciple of the arts of State
In whom's no pleasure, gaiety, or wit,
But sullen strength.

But a king's no man,
His soul is swallowed in his offices.

Is it the privilege
Of kings to be deceived ?

We might continue at length, though unfortunately we might also spread before the reader a good deal of fustian and even rant by the same hand. It is sufficient, however, that Lord Howard de Walden says many good things, and says them in decent blank verse. Taken generally, one cannot doubt that *Lanval* is intended by its author for the stage rather than for the closet. It may be, of course, that without the assistance of the dramatic form T. E. Ellis finds himself at a loss to set down the thoughts that stir within him. We are of opinion, however, that if he must needs write dramatically he will find the dramatic episode much more suited to the proper expression of himself than the full drama. Of course the dramatic episode in its strict sense cannot be produced at the theatre. Hence no doubt it will not find favour in the eye of T. E. Ellis. But if he aspires to a literary reputation at all he will have to leave the full drama to other hands. In the effort to produce a poetical play most of the poets of our own time have failed. Mr. Binyon has failed, and Mr. Stephen Phillips has failed. How then shall T. E. Ellis hope to survive? The plain fact is that the creation of a living poetic drama requires the highest kind of intellectual and poetic and dramatic equipment. Shakespeare is enormous, because he possessed this equipment; the rest are feeble and ephemeral precisely in so far as they do not possess it. Luckily, however, a man may be a good poet, and even a good dramatic poet, without being able to write a play. Lord Howard de Walden belongs to this order of poets, and when he gets the glare and clatter of the proscenium out of his mind we shall indulge prospects for him.

It should be noted, in conclusion, that T. E. Ellis is infected with what one may term stage illusionism, almost to the point of humour. Some of his "stage directions" are really so exacting as to be almost ludicrous. For example,

we read under Scene 2, "*A glade in the forest. Rooks, and a few huge knotted trees.*" We suppose that Mr. Acton Bond, who looked after the life of poor *Lanval* at the invitation *matinées*, did manage to produce some rooks for this scene. But nobody saw them. Again :

As she touches his eyes there is darkness and confusion. A rush of wild music. The stage remains dark for some moments, then gradually lightens, but remains darker than before. . . . A horn is heard in the distance, then again nearer.

Which, of course, is fiddle-de-dee. When Shakespeare wanted dawns he did not look to the gas-man for them :

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.

T. E. Ellis must learn to put these things, even down to rooks and faint horns, into his poetry.

CORRESPONDENCE

SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a mother of five daughters (ages ranging from fifteen to twenty-six) I write to thank you for the able and amusing exposure of the Suffragette follies and fallacies which appears in your current issue. It is surely about time that those among the women of England who have not been infected by the mad-dog epidemic of Suffragitis should lift up their voices and make it clear that they do not participate in its dangerous follies. It is, unfortunately, the case that the type of woman who is absolutely opposed to all this sort of thing is precisely the type that does not willingly indulge in any kind of public demonstration. They look on with amazement and distress at the antics of their misguided sisters, but it never occurs to them that the most effectual way of counteracting their unfortunate influence would be to organise counter demonstrations, to write to the newspapers, and, generally speaking, to make signs of public activity. The women of this country who disapprove of the Suffragettes and their methods are, I have no hesitation in saying, an enormous majority, and it is surely time that the views of this majority were heard. I lately came across the case of a mother who is actually bringing up one of her daughters to make speeches at public meetings on these and kindred subjects, and I had the mortification not long ago of attending a drawing-room meeting where the ludicrous spectacle was presented of a child still in her teens, addressing a company of people, composed for the greater part of men and women old enough to be her mothers and fathers, while the silly mother looked on with smiling approval. I felt heartily sorry for this poor young girl who was being thus victimised in order to gratify the foolish vanity of her mother. The Suffragist movement was originally initiated by a small company of "females of repellent aspect remotely connected with education." It spread rapidly among the elderly, the plain, and the disappointed of our sex, but it attracted no particular attention, and failed to make any impression on the general mass of public opinion. Whereupon the elderly, the plain, and the disappointed took counsel together and decided that in the interests of their sacred cause, it was necessary to invite the co-operation of the young, the attractive, and the hopeful. By insidiously flattering these charming young ladies, by pointing out to them that their intellectual abilities were no less remarkable than their good looks, they succeeded in entrapping them into the movement. Such articles as "Israel, and Winston, and Molony," should open the eyes of these amiable and foolish young people.

A MOTHER OF FIVE DAUGHTERS.

TWO NOTES IN CHAUCER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is with some diffidence that I venture to propose interpretation of two passages in Chaucer different from any with which I am so far acquainted. The first passage occurs in the Prologue 263 : "That rounded as a belle out of the presse." Professor Skeat—to whom our obligations are so many and so great—in his Note on 263, gives "*rounded*, assumed a round form; *presse*, the mould in which a bell is cast." What is said of *rounded* may be very true; but I ask, Will it fit the context? does a bell assume a round form out of the mould? It takes a round form *in* the mould surely! Further, so far as I have been able to ascertain, there is no evidence that "*presse*" was ever used of a bell-mould. We know that press is used of a book-case (hence

press-mark), of a bed that shuts up (a press-bed), and of a cupboard, and the last seems the sense required here. The semi-cope was of such good stuff that when it was taken from the press (*i.e.*, cupboard) and worn it fell bell-wise round the figure. One is aware that the structure of the line is a little against this interpretation—one would prefer that “as a belle” should not be interposed where it is; on the other hand, we have to allow to some extent for the exigencies of rhyme, and there is the further fact that we get a good sense, and are sure of the word “presse.” We give it a meaning which it is known to have, whereas it appears to be unknown in the sense of bell-mould.

The second passage about the interpretation of which I have doubts is Prologue 526: “He maked him a spiced conscience.” Hitherto the interpretation has proceeded on the supposition that “conscience” must be taken in its usual modern sense—and so all the efforts of commentators have been applied to the interpretation of the word “spiced,” with the result, as it seems, of entirely altering the character of the Persoun from what Chaucer intended it to be. Chaucer says:

He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
He maked him a spiced conscience.

Now surely it is a curious twist to turn from the former of these two lines and interpret the latter of something entirely different, which is what the usual explanation does. If anything be true it must be this: that the Persoun had a most scrupulous conscience. It would seem, then, that the interpretation of “conscience” must be reconsidered. The word occurs three times in the Prologue, including the present instance, and in the other places where it occurs the word has no moral significance at all (*v.* lines 142, 150). Why should it have some here? The sense surely is this: the Persoun cared for no pomp nor special marks of respect, nor did it hurt him if people did not show him the reverence which was his due. In a word, he wasn’t “touchy.” “Conscience” in this passage has the same sense that it has in 150—“and al was conscience and tendre herte”—that is, it means “feelings.” When the word is interpreted as it usually is, the two lines which immediately succeed are absurd:

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he folwed it himselfe.

If “Cristes lore” doesn’t teach a scrupulous conscience, what does it teach? The Persoun taught Criste’s lore, and followed it himself. The whole character as given by Chaucer shows the Christlike disposition of the Persoun, and that character, though it would be most scrupulous on all questions of conscience, would not be exacting on points of behaviour.

H. ELLERSHAW.

Durham, May 13, 1908.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LASH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I ask space to make a few comments on Mr. Gladstone’s reply to the question put to him by Mr. Swift MacNeill regarding the flogging sentences passed at the late Cardiff Assizes? The refusal of the Home Secretary to consider any of the said sentences on account of the confidence which he felt in the learned Judge who pronounced them seems to afford a strong argument for assimilating the law of England on this subject to that of Scotland. The Act of 1863 (passed “in a fit of panic,” to quote Mr. Asquith’s words, and in opposition to the Home Secretary of that day), under which these sentences were awarded, makes flogging an optional addition to the penal servitude of imprisonment which is also authorised. The addition or non-addition of flogging was evidently meant to be a matter of judicial discretion, depending presumably on the circumstances of each outrage and the prisoner’s previous character. But such a judicial discretion has rarely been exercised by any English Judge, the sentence of flogging having been passed by some Judges indiscriminately in all or almost all cases in which it was legal, while other Judges never resorted to it at all. And we now learn from the Home Secretary himself that he does not consider the indiscriminate manner in which such sentences appear to have been passed (embracing cases both of aggravation and extenuation, and in which the offender had no previous conviction against him) as any ground for reconsidering the sentences. The intention of the Legislature having therefore failed, I venture to suggest a change in the law which will place all parts of the United Kingdom on the same footing as regards the irrevocable punishment which is inflicted in so capricious a manner under the existing practice.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.,
May 14, 1908.

PROOF-READING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some time ago Mr. Andrew Lang took Shelley to task in your columns for his carelessness with regard to the reading of his proofs. “Shelley, in short,” said Mr. Lang, “like other people, was passing weary of his proof-sheets; did not read all of them; and had no revise, or did not read it if he had.”

Does Mr. Lang read all his proofs? If he does, then I am afraid that, like Homer, even Mr. Lang sometimes nods. In the old edition of his “Lays and Lyrics of Old France” Mr. Lang has a sonnet on the death of Mirandola, in introducing which he gives a quotation from Thomas More’s “Life of Piers, Earl of Mirandola.” In the recent “new edition” of the work there is the same reference to More’s work. But More’s “Life” was that of “Pius, Earl of Mirandola,” not “Piers,” as Mr. Lang prints it.

I recently came on another *erratum* of Mr. Lang’s. In the Border Edition of “The Fair Maid of Perth,” Vol. II., Mr. Lang says that Adamson’s “poems, ‘The Muses’ Threnodie,’ were not published till 1774.” This was only a reprint of the first edition, which appeared in 1638.

OBSERVFR.

“KEATS’S SONNET TO A CAT”

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is stated in your number of May 16th, at p. 793, under the above heading, that the “Sonnet to Vauxhall,” beginning “The cold, transparent ham is on my fork,” was written by J. H. Reynolds. I believe this to be a bad and needless guess. Surely it was written by Thomas Hood. Else why was it included in “Hood’s Own,” 1861, Series 1, p. 265? Was it not his “own”?

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE BLUECOAT HOSPITAL AT LIVERPOOL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to draw your attention to the enclosed circular? A private attempt (since nothing public seems possible) is being made to rescue for Liverpool one of its most beautiful buildings. There is, unfortunately, little doubt that, if such an attempt does not succeed, these buildings will be demolished, or perhaps, at best, turned into a warehouse. A few years ago their site was actually bought by the promoters of a devilish contrivance to carry people from Manchester to Liverpool in fifteen minutes; the terminus was to have been on this spot. Fortunately the project fell through, and the buildings were safe for a time. However, it might appear again, or some other equally ignoble destruction might threaten it at any moment.

We venture, then, to ask you to mention the matter in THE ACADEMY, feeling sure that a favourable word in such a place would bring us encouragement and possibly help.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

May 20, 1908.

[The circular to which our correspondent refers relates to the proposed destruction of the Bluecoat Hospital at Liverpool. Needless to say we are at one with Mr. Abercrombie in his resentment of and disgust at such a proposal.—ED.]

“THE TOP WITH A BIG T”

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I read with much interest your note on the children’s play at Claridge’s, and I particularly admired the skill with which you were able to extract sound philosophy from a mere “society gathering.” There was one sentence in your note, however, which appeared to me to be very cryptic, and as I am accustomed to take THE ACADEMY very seriously I cannot believe that the sentence in question does not contain some kind of hidden meaning. In this sentence you refer to those “who are content to live their lives according to their best lights, without troubling their heads for one instant about whether ‘Society’ from the Top (with a big T) approves of them or not.” What is the meaning of the expression “from the Top (with a big T)”?

I have discussed the subject with several of my friends, and have been unable to find a solution. May I ask you to be kind enough to enlighten us?

ARTHUR CRUICKSHANK.

[The words referred to by our correspondent have, as he has surmised, a hidden meaning—not, perhaps, so very much hidden to people in a certain set of society. Unfortunately our respect for

and loyalty to the institutions of this country will not allow us to explain that meaning publicly. Mr. Cruickshank is recommended to make constant and sedulous inquiries among the "upper suckles." He will probably find some one to enlighten him.—ED.]

A PLEASING INCIDENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a convinced Nonconformist, and therefore not generally an admirer of THE ACADEMY, may I heartily congratulate you upon the spirit of Christian charity which permeates the note on your last week's issue on the subject of Mr. R. J. Campbell? It will, I am sure, be gratifying to many readers who have been puzzled by what appears to them the violence of your denunciations against Nonconformists to read the explanation of your motives. It seems to me to be an explanation which should appeal to all reasonable men. And while I shall continue to disagree with your views, I shall extend to them the same wide charity as you have shown to Mr. R. J. Campbell.

JAMES BARBER.

FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TO-DAY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your notice of my book, "French Novelists of To-day," in THE ACADEMY of May 9th, occurs the sentence, "As for M. Edouard Rod, he is, or at least he was, a Belgian." The Swiss, not Belgian, origin of Monsieur is of vital importance in the appreciation of his work as a novelist. Will you therefore permit me to call your reviewer's attention to the statement in my essay that he was born at Nyon, on the Lake of Geneva?

WINIFRED STEPHENS.

53, York Street Chambers, Bryanston Square, W.,
May 14, 1908.

SWIFT'S COBBLER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the last paragraph of your always interesting "Life and Letters" you recall the case of Swift's cobbler who, on hearing that there was a doubt the text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses, at once jumped to the conclusion that there was nothing to forbid his getting drunk and beating his wife. Is not this the theory on which is based that wretched brochure "When it was Dark," which bears on its cover the enthusiastic commendation of the Bishop of London? The little tale assumes that, if disbelief in the Resurrection of Christ became general, honour among men and chastity among women would at once disappear. Surely no falsier and fouler libel on human nature could be uttered. It is a matter of less consequence, but still perhaps worthy of notice, that the admiring prelate did not observe that the Greek inscription would not have taken in a fairly intelligent schoolboy. Of course the salutary influence of Christianity and the Church on society has been inestimable, but this is no reason why we should assume that if it were now removed man would at once become a beast.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think if the writer of the Note on the "What to do with Our Girls" Exhibition had realised that its success will benefit a fund for training poor girls of gentle birth in such ways as will enable them to earn a living, the tone of his remarks might have been modified. The Bishop of London gave his blessing not to a mere commercial undertaking, but to a branch of the work of a guild of girls, which he founded, having for its object "to help those less fortunate than themselves."

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LIFE AND LETTERS

ON page 830 we publish a curious letter from Mr. George Bernard Shaw, together with Lord Alfred Douglas's reply thereto. A further letter from Mr. Shaw has reached us, but as it is too late for insertion in the present issue we propose to deal with it next week. We are also holding over till next week a third article about the Royal Academy Exhibition.

The Bill for the prevention of youthful cigarette-smoking now under consideration is surely a violent instance of a very violent injustice. It has always been one of the first principles of our glorious Constitution that the governed are in reality their own governors, that laws made without the consent of those whom they affect are null and void, that taxation (and *a fortiori*) penal enactments must be authorised by representation. A large number of clear-sighted, devoted, and enthusiastic women have recently had the courage and the logic to protest against the manner in which these principles have been systematically and persistently violated so far as they are concerned; and it seems likely, from the Prime Minister's pronouncement of a week or so ago, that their devotion and their energy will soon meet with due reward. All good citizens will congratulate these excellent and patriotic ladies; and we also owe them our thanks for placing on a firmer basis than ever the great Unwritten Doctrine on which the Commonwealth is really founded: *Summa pestilentia, summa lex*. The phrase has been variously rendered, but its meaning probably is that those who are ready to make themselves the greatest nuisances have the best chance of having their proposals accepted. Miss Molony is the most acute constitutionalist of our day.

This is all very well so far as the Suffragists are concerned; but what is the position of the boy of fifteen whose cigarette is snatched from him? People say that cigarette-smoking is bad for boys. They may say so, but have they proved their statement? The Dutch are a sturdy folk, and one remembers having seen a sketch of a little Dutchman of seven or eight trotting off cheerfully to school with his books under his arm and a fat cigar in his mouth. Besides, even if it were true that smoking is bad for boys, that is not the question. Many women do many things which are bad for them. It is bad for

women to shout themselves hoarse at political meetings, to place themselves in such positions as are likely to expose them to insult, rough treatment, foul language, and gaol. It was bad for women to wear corsets of such ferocity that their livers were occasionally cut in two; it is bad for them to eat chocolates between meals; it is bad for them to write indecent novels and to read rubbishy novels; but in none of these cases has it been proposed to invoke the law. There would be a pretty outcry if any woman seen entering Blank's or Dash's (the famous tea-rooms) were liable to search and arrest; and yet the munching of sweet, sickly pastry at 5 p.m. is probably a greater crime against the laws of health than the boy's occasional whiff of non-nicotinus herbage.

And, above all, there is the great constitutional question—that of representation, or, to put the matter in a popular form—Votes for Boys. The suffragist females have pointed out the hardships under which they labour; they object, they say, to be classed with Paupers, Criminals, Lunatics, and Aliens. Good; but why should an intelligent lad of fifteen to twenty be placed in this horrible category? The ladies who wish to be represented in the High Court of Parliament say that it is ridiculous for that drunken, worthless, ignorant old wretch Hodge the labourer to have a vote, while the Lady of the Manor, his employer, a woman of high education and fine intelligence, has none. The argument is a very strong one; but how about the case of Simpson Major? Simpson is eighteen; he is familiar with the best work in four (or perhaps five) literatures; he can write much better verse in three of these languages than his own Head Master; he has an excellent knowledge of ancient and modern history; he has been trained to habits of rule both in the House and in the Playing Fields. And he has no vote; while the fat (and excessively unintelligent) old woman who keeps the public-house in the slum is to be made an arbiter of his destinies! If it be said that Simpson is not a property-holder, it may be replied, firstly, that he is to all intents a property-holder, since he must naturally have a very great interest in his father's estates, which he is to inherit; and secondly and conclusively, that we have definitely abandoned the theory of Representation of Property in favour of the Representation of the People. The injustice to Simpson in refusing him a vote is manifest and enormous: let him buy a Bell, and use it.

It may be objected that a boy, being under tutors and governors, is not fit to exercise the suffrage. This is nonsense; the boy is no more under the control of his masters than is many a farm-labourer under the control of his masters, the squire, the farmer, the parson, the preacher. All such objections as this are met by the fact of the secrecy of the ballot. The Doctor might indulge in harangues, in veiled threats, in prophecies that if the Sixth did not vote for Mr. Balfour the games would go down into red ruin; he could do no more. And to be courageous, to apply the basic principles of democracy fearlessly and logically, is there not a good deal to be said in favour of the extension of the franchise to Large Retriever Dogs, Black Cats, and Racehorses? In intelligence, in decency, in heroism even, many of these animals have surpassed the average man, woman, and child. Is it fair that the Drunkard who falls into the water should have a vote, while the Dog who picks him out has none? And, further, a wasp's nest is a much more creditable and ornamental piece of building than many a meeting-house; why should the good architects be disfranchised, while the bad architects are voting all over the country? The only difficulty would be to take the votes of these new citizens; but this problem is surely not beyond the wit of man.

"I present herewith three illustrations of Mr. Thomas Hardy's house at Dorchester. One of them represents Mrs. Thomas Hardy's two white cats and the other Mrs. Hardy's

Cats' Cemetery in her garden. Meanwhile I am glad to note the keen enthusiasm with which Mr. Hardy's great drama, 'The Dynasts,' is now being received. Journals, both English and American, who were cold to the earlier volumes have now grown ecstatic." Thus Mr. Clement Shorter in *The Sphere*. With the literary part of this note we have no business at the moment. As regards the other part of it, Mr. Shorter is evidently disposed to emulate Mr. Frohman. He "presents," you will note, three illustrations of Mr. Thomas Hardy's house at Dorchester. One of them, it is true, represents Mrs. Hardy's two white cats and the other Mrs. Hardy's Cats' Cemetery in her garden. Neither of them, therefore, is an illustration of Mr. Hardy's house at all. However, Mr. Shorter was probably in a hurry when he penned these lines. Meanwhile we take it that *The Sphere* will shortly be "presenting" illustrations of Mr. Swinburne's guinea-pigs, Mr. Lang's white mice, and Mr. Meredith's agile gibbon. We are not aware that these gentlemen maintain such pets, but if they do not they ought to, if it were only with a view to accommodating the complacent camera of Mr. Shorter. It is really distressing to find a man who professes to be seriously interested in letters indulging in this kind of frivolity. Mrs. Hardy's cats are of no more importance to literature than Mr. Shorter's hat-box, and Mr. Shorter is quite aware of the fact. He must endeavour to restrain his tendency to the *Daily Mirror* mind.

A firm of publishers at Watford promises new editions of the poetical works of a Mr. William Nathan Stedman. We must confess that we are utterly ignorant of this gentleman's lucubrations. For aught we know to the contrary they may be very fine indeed, and we promise ourselves a dip into them when the new editions appear. On the titles they sound promising. One of the "works," called "The Future of Great Britain," is described as an epic in seven cantos; while among the dramatic works we find "The Duke's Daughter, a tragedy"; "The Man in the Moon, a satirical allegory"; "King Saul, a tragedy"; "His Majesty the King, a comedy"; and last, but not by any means least, "King Edward the Seventh, a tragedy." Mr. Stedman is evidently a bold dramatist. "King Edward the Seventh, a tragedy," is quite too previous, not to say a trifle ungenerous. But we do not think that Mr. Stedman wishes anybody any harm, for we find that one of his poems, called "The First Easter," is "dedicated, as a mark of manly affection and esteem, to the Dearest Old Gentleman in England." Which shows that our author has a kind heart. Another poet sends us an "epic poem in ten cantos and twenty rhapsodies," which he calls "The Epic of London." On the title-page of his work he describes himself as "Rowbotham, the Modern Homer." Mr. Rowbotham is scarcely Homer, modern or otherwise. But there is something in his book, and we shall notice it more fully in a future issue.

We print in our Correspondence column a letter on the subject of Women's Suffrage from a Mr. E. W. Hendy. Mr. Hendy accepts the epithet which we applied last week to his like. He describes himself as "one of the loose-witted male supporters of the woman-suffragist." The description exactly fits him. Our reason for printing his letter, in spite of the impudence of its tone, is that it is a perfect example of the state of mind of the male suffragette. Our readers will observe that Mr. Hendy indulges himself in the "ancient and fish-like" device almost invariably adopted by the aggrieved correspondent—he refers to the "young men on your staff." Further on he alludes to "the young lions" of THE ACADEMY. We have before now referred to the astonishing fact that the word "young" should be so constantly applied by stupid people as a term of reproach. Even if the writer of the article which Mr. Hendy disapproves of had been young, that would not in itself be anything against the article. He happens to be a middle-aged, married man and the father of a family. But that is

neither here nor there; the age of a writer is not of any consequence to any one except himself, and Mr. Hendy may take it from us that we have no boys writing on THE ACADEMY. We merely refer to the subject because the use of the term "young" as a word of reproach betrays at once to the practised eye the nature of the intellectual equipment of Mr. Hendy. He uses it because he thinks it is the thing that any one who writes a "scathing" letter to an editor always does. He thinks it is "the thing to do." In other words, he is a person whose opinion on any subject whatsoever is worth absolutely nothing at all. We shall not waste the time of our readers by attempting to give Mr. Hendy's letter a detailed reply. If he has any sense he will find the answer to most of it in the notes which precede this one and in the article entitled "Socialism and Suffragitis," which appears on p. 831 of our current issue.

We will point to only one of the many absurdities of Mr. Hendy's letter. He solemnly condemns our phrase, "the gallantry which forbids tearing Molonies limb from limb," thereby proving himself to be destitute of the smallest glimmering of sense of humour; and he goes on to the old, old balderdash about men who do not shrink from "sentencing delicately nurtured women to solitary confinement for six weeks as common criminals." What in the name of common sense has "delicate nurture" got to do with the matter? If a delicately nurtured woman commits a murder she is hung, and if she breaks the law in any other way it is not customary among Judges and juries to inquire into the nature of the food and drink which she habitually consumes before visiting her with the penalties which attach to that breach of the law. In the case of those Suffragettes who, after every indulgence had been at first shown them, were finally sent to prison, it is notorious that they wished to go to prison, and raised shrill screams of rage against those kind-hearted people who endeavoured to save them from the consequences of their own folly and childish obstinacy. By the way, are the Suffragettes as a class delicately nurtured? Our impression was that on their release from prison the etiquette was for their friends to "stand" them luncheon at Mr. Miles's Vegetarian Restaurant, where they partake of nut cutlets, celery steak, and similar luxuries. If this is what Mr. Hendy calls "delicate nurture," we are not surprised that he is conscientiously and proudly pleased to call himself a loose-witted person.

There is a feature in the French Section of the Anglo-French Exhibition at Olympia which should really be a lesson to Englishmen. This is the "Collectivité André Délieux." Here is an instance of genuine public-spiritedness. M. André Délieux is a former Deputy of the French Chamber, and, we believe, an important personage at Boulogne. Having ascertained that the French ceramic exhibit was likely to be on a small scale, owing to lack of funds, and quite unworthy of one of the most interesting departments of modern French art, he has arranged, at a cost to himself of £12,000, for an elaborate show of French pottery-ware of all descriptions. M. Frantz Jourdain is the President of this "Collectivité," while the Vice-President is Taxile Doat, and M. Délieux's achievement would be worthy of all praise if it were merely for the fact that he is thus instrumental in presenting Taxile Doat to the general English public. Taxile Doat is one of the greatest craftsmen that have ever lived. Incidentally, he is the only living artist who has a work exhibited at the British Museum. Mention this to the average Londoner and he will probably deny it, which shows how little people know of the British Museum. Taxile Doat is of the race of Benvenuto Cellini, and there has been no such ceramist in France, or in the world, since Palissy. Like Rodin, he worked for years at the National Porcelain Factory at Sèvres. He is a Latin to the backbone, and his work has the quality of a Petrarch sonnet.

CIRCE'S ISLAND

"The isle itself lying low." (Homer.)

Like a hand-sheltered flame, white-cragged and low,
 Calm in the floating light, and endlessly
 Encircled by the unvintageable sea
 Is Circe's hill sweet-smelling, where to and fro
 She moves by her great ageless web aglow
 With serpent-coloured tinctures. Among trees
 Poplars for toil, and red-stemmed cypresses
 By one hoof-dented pool for funerals grow.
 Uncooled by any fine-spun flake of cloud
 The island glows like metal, and though the loud
 Sea-mews and chattering sea-crows scream and cry
 Beside the falling tide, there stirs no word
 In all her daedal woods, no bubbling cry
 Of laughter from a timbrel-throated bird.

M. JOURDAIN.

CORPUS CHRISTI

Come, dear heart !
 The fields are white to harvest : come and see
 As in a glass the timeless mystery
 Of love, whereby we feed
 On God, our Bread indeed.
 Torn by the sickles, see Him share the smart
 Of traving creation ; maimed, despised,
 Yet by true lovers the more dearly prized
 Because for us He lays his beauty down—
 Last toll paid by Perfection for our loss !
 Trace on these fields the everlasting Cross,
 And o'er the stricken sheaves the Immortal Victim's crown.
 From far horizons came a Voice that said,
 "Lo ! from the hand of Death take thou thy daily bread !"
 Then I, awakening, saw
 A splendour burning in the heart of things :
 The flame of living love, which lights the law
 Of mystic death that dowers the mystic birth.
 I knew the patient passion of the earth,
 Maternal, everlasting, whence there springs
 The Bread of Angels and the life of man.
 Now in each blade
 I, blind no longer, see
 The glory of God's growth ; know it to be
 An earnest of the immemorial plan.
 Yea, I have understood
 How all things are one great oblation made :
 He on our altars ; we on the world's Rood.
 Even as this corn,
 Earth-born,
 We are snatched from the sod ;
 Reaped, ground to grist,
 Crushed and tormented in the mills of God,
 And offered at Life's hands, a living Eucharist !

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

REVIEWS

A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS

The Cradle of the Deep. By SIR FREDERICK TREVES, Bart.
 (Smith, Elder, 12s. net.)

NEVER in all our experience have we found it so hard a task to write a review of any book as of this one—an equivocal statement, perhaps, at first sight. But the reason is simplicity itself : to write one must cease reading, and not to be reading "*The Cradle of the Deep*" when it lies open upon the table seems a woeful waste of time. We have read it from cover to cover—we have re-read it, and even as we write we are itching to read it again. A purist might grumble at instances of strange English, a certain vagueness as to the meaning of "may" and "might," or an almost Homeric use of the constant epithet, repetition of whole phrases, and other evidences of rapid writing. But these go for nothing in the pure delight of reading a volume which is not a guide, though it tells us all that a tourist needs to know—not a history, though the figures of history flash through its pages, not phantom-like, but living human beings. In this book are the ripple of comedy, the solemn tramp of tragedy, and the mighty swing of epic all in one. It is fascinating, absorbing, astonishing.

What is the secret of this charm, this holding power ? Other men have seen and known and loved the Spanish Main and the Islands of the West—and have written thereof. For four hundred years they have been the source of wonders and villainies and strange tales of adventure. They have been the battleground of nations ; for centuries the reek of battle has been wafted among them ; murder and sudden death, the black flag and the yellow, have been borne on their breezes, and scarce a single island of them all but has played its part in the whirligig of change. The footprints of history are trodden deep in these lands. Great towns have been founded—and blotted out. Great men have come and gone, and have left great deeds behind them. Both sea and land hold mighty dead, and mighty memories.

All this we know, and surely there is no schoolboy with soul so dead that has not rejoiced in the names of Drake and Frobisher, and the rest—who has not felt secret aspirations to a career of piracy. Was it not only in 1904 that an expedition set out from Southampton to seek a pirate's treasure-hoard ? The glamour is there, and Sir Frederick Treves has realised it for us, by a very simple means—he lets the story tell itself.

He has acknowledged the supremacy of its fascination ; he has allowed that fascination to take hold upon his own mind until every scene in the story was a reality—till all the forgotten details had arisen once more and filled the picture down to its least-considered corner. He has allowed his imagination to run riot among the scenes and the characters of his story, till in reading one is captured by the impression that the account is one of an eye-witness—of some one who has found the spring of eternal youth that Ponce de Leon sought in vain, and who has fought with Drake, suffered with Raleigh, raided with Morgan ; who, in fact, "had been, and seen," and acted through the drama of all three hundred years without ever losing his sense of humour.

That is the charm of the book. The personal note is never obtrusive. The brilliant, imaginative pictures are often enough fenced about with tangled *chevaux-de-frise* of "may," and "might," and "perhaps." But you feel instinctively that it was so, and that, from the 'purple-faced "carpenter" with his mouth full of nails' to Jenkins's dog, there is not a jot of the whole story that is not gospel. The story of the annexation of Trinidad by Lord Dudley is as fine a bit of comedy as we have read for many a long day—the pity is that it is too long for quotation *in extenso* :

It must have been a picture to impress the "salvage" : the

peer recumbent in the silent forest, with his stockinged feet projecting from under his cloak, with the family banner held over his head by a yawning ensign, while the guard stood around, their figures bulging at every point with blocks of iron pyrites.

The description of the famous pitch lake of Trinidad, while it explodes the lurid romancing of many other writers, of whom Kingsley was not the least, is embodied in one of the most vivid figures possible :

The sensation that walking upon this substance gave was no other than that of treading upon the flank of some immense beast, some Titanic mammoth lying prostrate in a swamp. The surface was black ; it was dry and minutely wrinkled like an elephant's skin ; it was blood-warm ; it was soft, and yielded to the tread precisely as one would suppose that an acre of solid flesh would yield. The general impression was heightened by certain surface creases where the hide seemed to be turned in as it is in the folds behind an elephant's ears.

Moreover, the descriptions of Nevis as "a Quakeress in the company of Spanish dancers" shows the lively turn of phrase which greets us on every page.

And if humour—would that we could find room for one-hundredth part of the merry tales and sayings which crowd upon one another—if humour plays its part, the red story of the buccaneers finds lurid exposition here. The death of Teach is a tale of terror, terrifically told :

There was no time to fumble with pistols now. So they fought with cutlasses. . . . They chased each other about the deck, stumbling across dead bodies, knocking down snarling men, who, clutched together, were fighting with knives. Ever through the mirk could be seen the buccaneer's grinning teeth and evil eyes ; ever above the hubbub and scuffling rose his murderous war-cry. Both were wounded, both breathless.

At last Maynard, in defending himself from a terrific blow, had his sword-blade broken off at the hilt. Now was the pirate's chance. He aimed a slash at Maynard. It fell short, and only hacked a few of his fingers off, for as the blow fell one of the sloop's men brought down his cutlass upon the back of the buccaneer's red neck, making a horrible wound, which might have been done by an executioner's axe. Teach turned upon him and cut him to the deck.

For the moment the current of the fight changed. The decks were very slippery from blood. Teach kicked off his shoes so as to get a better hold of the planks. Half-a dozen of the sloop's men were against him now. He stood with his back to the bulwarks, a scarcely human figure. Panting horribly, he roared like a maddened bull. His dripping cutlass still held those he called dogs at bay. He had received twenty-five wounds, five of which were from bullets. Blood was streaming down his hairy chest. Blood-clots hung from his fantastic beard in place of the bows of ribbon. The muscles of his neck having been cut through, his head fell forward hideously. . . .

This is fighting !

Another sort of horror is the horrible pathos of the lazaretto at Barbados, and to this the author does no less justice. One shudders as one reads. But the crowning passage in the whole book is, to our way of thinking, the description of desolate St. Pierre de Martinique, with its tragedy of "ti Marie"—a figure of the author's own creation, called into being by him to play out the tragedy of destruction ; and as Aladdin summoned the genie by the power of an old lamp, so this pathetic figure is called up before our eyes from—an enamelled iron candlestick, which the author found among the ruins ! We do not remember to have encountered ever before a like feat of imagination, nor one which so impressed us with a sense of poignant reality.

Fascinating, absorbing, astonishing !—thus only can we attempt to describe this book. In these days the West Indies are almost at our door. The busiest of us may at any time find himself able to make the swift journey thither in a short holiday. But we have not all such a wealth of imagination ; we do not all possess Sir Frederick Treves's "perspective glass" to see into the past withal. And even though we may be endowed with this wealth of imagination, it were little short of idiocy to undertake the journey without this book ; and though, again, we may never see these islands of romance—though we may never sail upon these pansy seas—we may see them here, and, meeting the writer half-way, we

may witness in these pages the clash of empires and the strife of man and Nature, all in the quiet of our own homes. And lastly, let us say that of all the excellent photographs which illustrate the book—and they are not few—there is not one which fills a gap in the text. For too long we have been accustomed to picture-books with "letterpress" as an incidental accompaniment. This time the pictures are incidental. It is the book that matters.

PRIVATE PAPERS

Parerga. By CANON SHEEHAN. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE appears to be a certain vogue for books of more or less desultory reflections and almost ostentatious avoidance of form and sequence. Native wood-notes wild are sounded from suspiciously urban corners, till sometimes we wonder whether there is not a little less Nature than—well, art—in this careful effusion. Mr. A. C. Benson is a master, or a victim, of this sort, and the author of the present volume is no unskilful craftsman of the same school.

For ourselves, we must confess that no recent work of the kind has afforded half the pure irradiation of delight that is flashed back from that singularly fine "familiar" book of the late Mr. Gissing's, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." That brief masterpiece, unaccountably neglected, is an almost perfect expression of a soul at rest and a mind at leisure. Wisely did the author decide that his reader should turn the last page with regret rather than with satiety. He saw well enough that a perfect work is necessarily a work that recognises limitations, and was better pleased to stir deeply than to cast widely.

Canon Sheehan's book has frequently reminded us of "Henry Ryecroft." He has adopted the same divisions, spring, summer, etc., but he has not constrained his soul to the same limitations. Had his book been half as long it would have been twice as good, provided, of course, he possesses the rare gift of patient and judicious elimination. There are many good things here, and the things that are not very good bear an apologetic appearance of having been dragged in, seeming almost to protest—"Really, it's not our fault ; we know we have no business here, but we were just lugged in willy-nilly. We feel our position very keenly. . . . Pray overlook us. It's all the showman's fault." So we are fain to pass by many pages of careful description—good enough, no doubt, in its way—and get to the more serious business of the book. It is doubly unfortunate that we should be reminded of Mr. Gissing's work, for that revealed a definite personality behind every thought, whereas "Parerga" bears evidence of no such unifying spirit. That is to say, Canon Sheehan's book lacks the personal charm which it is Mr. Gissing's chief and sufficient praise to share, though in lesser degree, with Lamb, De Quincey, and Montaigne.

These cavils uttered, then, we are happy to be able to say that we welcome the book. There is in it much to stimulate appreciation, to provoke debate, and to confirm disdain. We love a man who shares, and thereby confirms (as Carlyle said), our scorn as well as our love. Canon Sheehan has an admirable contempt of contemptible things. He does not scruple to denounce the licence of the day, and refers with hearty approval to the Jewish law forbidding persons under thirty years of age to read the Song of Solomon. He would have an Index for youths and maidens under thirty, and would promptly include Boccaccio, Montaigne, Rabelais, and Shakespeare. Further he writes :

There can be no greater proof of human insincerity and human inconsistency and human hypocrisy than to see such lavish and wholesale condemnation [is it so ?] poured out upon such writers as Flaubert, and Zola, and d'Annunzio, and Maupassant, whilst Chaucer and Shakespeare and Spenser are numbered amongst the classics.

Now we agree that there is a deplorable licence permitted to the intellectually immature and incompetent. But does Canon Sheehan seriously suppose that many young people

will read Montaigne, Rabelais, or even Shakespeare for the sake of prurient pleasure, or that those reading them with a better purpose are likely to be contaminated by the incidental grossness? We ourselves, though we profoundly regret the current licence, would cheerfully contemplate the possibility of such contamination if fairly intelligent readers could only be induced to touch Shakespeare and Montaigne seriously; while as for Rabelais, the idea of youth on the hunt for indecency enduring what must needs appear the portentous dulness and perplexity of Gargantua and Pantagruel is (if our author will forgive us) almost grotesque. Why should they trouble, when X, Y, and Z, who are publishing novels all the year round, will give them, without the sad distraction of genius, the same indecency? And has it never occurred to Canon Sheehan that a prurient mind can gain more base satisfaction from the police-court and divorce-court cases, reported with such loving fidelity and fulness by half-a-dozen newspapers of "largest circulation"? We ourselves have ascribed the regrettable failure of the *Tribune* to the usual meagreness of its police reports.

Canon Sheehan, however, has an objection to the author of *Hamlet* based on another ground—indeed on a temperamental aversion—nay, more—racial:

I suppose it is again the Celtic temperament—dreamy, cloud-riding, *spirituelle*—that holds in aversion the strong, earthy, lusty English spirit, so fully embodied in Shakespeare.

He asks what it is more immediately that repels him in Shakespeare, and finds one valid reason why he cannot read him for pleasure is that he wrote for the stage, not for the closet. Another is found in the obscenity of the plays, which, he appears to think, forms Shakespeare's chief surety of immortality. More serious is his objection to the "exclusively human element" in the poet. He declares that "human nature in Shakespeare is not of the highest and holiest type," and asserts the absence of "abstractions," great principles, and heroic dealing with life's mysteries. He touches heedlessly that deadly explosive, the authorship of the plays, and finds no difficulty in imagining a Bacon or a Raleigh bringing to the theatre a manuscript composed (like Sir A. Helps's moral essays) in the intervals of business, and asking Shakespeare to introduce it in his name:

If the player (Shakespeare) were the author of the Shakespearian plays he had every motive to proclaim the fact.

This, we submit, is an entirely false contention. *Had* Shakespeare every motive to advertise his authorship? Suppose he lacked (living as he did before the twentieth century) our present general motive—the rank itch of notoriety! Suppose he simply didn't care whether the fact of his genius were "proclaimed" or not, by any mouth whosoever! To Canon Sheehan this seems impossible, as impossible as does the identification of the writer of *Hamlet* and the Sonnets, with the actor interested in the box-office and the purchase of houses. But to the Shakespeare we love to think of a *Hamlet* or *Lear* was no exhaustive outpouring; it was but the spray of a soul too great for such casual utterance—a soul magnificently incontinent—to which a play or a bargain in cattle were almost indifferent task-work. Hence the abundant carelessness, the perversity, found in almost every play, when to a smaller man the achievement of flawlessness were but a matter of consuming industry and egoism. Why should Shakespeare advertise and exploit himself? What should such a man do, who had communed with Iago and Desdemona, heard Ophelia's last words to herself, seen Cressida's falseness and Kent's loyalty, and watched the poor last fumbings of *Lear*, but go back to the homely earth, occupied with the blessed healing triviality of the day, until he should rejoin his kingdom of shadows? And again, may it not have been that his usual (though not invariable) silence concerning life's mysteries and the ways of Providence was caused by his overpowering sense of these mysteries, and that he simply refused—noblest perverseness imaginable!—to bring God in five acts to an "explanation" of Himself after the fashion of Mr. Shaw, refused to bring

holiest of sacred things into the clamour of plays written, as Canon Sheehan asserts, for the stage?

We are sorry to have devoted so much of this review to mere dissent, and beg leave to assure the reader that, had the book been trivial or unworthy, we should have dismissed it "in few." We have dealt a little fully with the author's remarks on Shakespeare, which are at least frank and independent, if entirely wrong. But he has many pages of well-considered appreciation of Dante, Goethe, Carlyle, and Tennyson, to which the reader may confidently be recommended. Despite all criticism, it is a book that was well worth writing, and is decidedly worth reading.

THE APPRECIATION OF PARIS

Promenades dans Paris. By GEORGES CAIN. (E. Flammarion, 5f.)

Dumas' Paris. By FRANCIS MILTOUN. (Sisleys, Limited, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE people who have insisted in their different ways upon their affection for Paris are numerous—so numerous that with certain classes of Englishmen, including their women, it has become an involuntary and thoughtless method of speech to affirm their adoration of the French capital. Some of the people who do this are sincere, and even go further, and know why they are happy in Paris; some are happy in Paris without knowing why—which is better; and some, the majority, are not happy at all. But it has become an article of faith with these unfortunate last ones that in Paris they drink deep of the cup of pleasure, and they continue to proclaim this faith long after the overcharges at the large hotels, the overcrowding of the *grand boulevard*, and the overheating of the fashionable restaurants have combined to make them in truth regard their visits to Paris as a bore. Those who are happy in Paris do not want either of the elementary works here noticed to assist them in their appreciation—whether they go to Paris for pleasure of the highest or lowest form, they will not find therein anything to inform them. If they have archæological or literary *vellâtes*, they will know in all probability more than either book can tell them; and if they have no such propensities, neither book will interest them. But both may be recommended to the notice of that numerous class of visitors to Paris who seem to have no desires to satisfy which Paris can satisfy for them in a particularly successful manner; this being generally due to the limitations of their knowledge rather than to any default in what the city can provide. Those who go to Paris in May because they have been there before at the same date, who attend the *Salon* so as to compare the exhibition with the exhibition of the Royal Academy, who drop with fatigue in the attempt to inspect all the Italian pictures in the Louvre in one morning, who plod up and down the Boulevard des Capucines "seeing life," who squash into Colombin's to drink bad tea (it is bad tea), and who order nine courses for dinner at Voisin's in the belief that in this way they will capture the respect of the head-waiter (a belief which they feel in their hearts is an unstable one), and who ultimately find that they are not gay—it is to these persons we recommend whichever of the two books they prefer. We write in no spirit of superiority concerning this large crowd, with so many of whom we have travelled from Victoria to the Gare du Nord, and have abode in the unsatisfactory *caravansaries* of the Rue de Rivoli and its vicinity. They show their excellent sense in being wearied of the routine which they set themselves to carry out, but no other is possible to them if they are to maintain what they consider their self-respect. Within the circle indicated they are at home. They know their way, they know approximately what everything will cost them, and they know that such Frenchmen as they come across will understand them; they are not humiliated by having to show ignorance or surprise, and they sacrifice their aspirations towards a

more interesting holiday to the preservation of this curious ideal of dignity. If any one laughs at them it will be behind their backs, and the security from overt ridicule they elevate in their conversation into happiness, vowing that there is no city like Paris. Nevertheless, they want to do more than it lies on the surface to do, while the formal plans of the tourist's guides do not appeal to them. They want to see some things for themselves.

M. Georges Cain, and to a lesser degree Mr. Francis Miltoun, have a message for those who want a few objects for spending a holiday in Paris. These books tell of a way in which totally new interests may be taken in Paris by persons who do not and cannot know Paris as a native or a lengthy sojourner may know her. They show how it is not necessary to be either deeply read, or highly instructed, or very French to extract from a comparatively limited acquaintance with the city a great deal of enjoyment unhampered by the attentions of a guide, and giving only so much time to their investigations as they wish to spare from other things. M. Georges Cain is the director of the Musée Carnavalet, the Historical Museum of the Municipality of Paris, and his interesting little book consists of a series of plans for walking about Paris in such a way that places possessing some well-known historical connection may be viewed *en route*. He is the least pedantic of instructors. There is hardly a word about architectural orders in his easily-written chapters. Historical tradition is handed on as tradition; thrice-told tales are much ignored, and pictures of very familiar scenes are omitted from a somewhat profuse collection of pretty or amusing illustrations. Not to be fatiguing has been the author's evident object, and he is apparently as anxious about our muscles as about our wits, for his promenades, taking each chapter as a scheme for one walk, can rarely exceed a mile and a half in length; that mile and a half may generally be counted as starting from some such central spot as the Tour de St. Jacques, and to see the objects to which he calls attention during the walk might easily occupy less than an hour. In this leisurely manner he introduces us to many of the most interesting buildings in Paris. Some claim notice because of their age, and the reminder which their structure gives us of the bloody times when Burgundians or Lorrainers fought openly with the Crown for supremacy. Some attract by their connection with tremendous dramas—the Hôtel de Sens, for example, at the corner of the Rue des Jardins, where la Reine Margot, divorced from Henry IV., witnessed the assassination of her lover on the pavement below her window; and the Hôtel d'Aubray, 12 Rue Charles V., where Madame de Brinvilliers planned her terrific crimes. Some have a literary association; they are the old houses of great writers—the places where Rabelais died, where Racine lived, and where Balzac and Dumas worked—or they are the scenes of famous episodes in fiction. And many of them appeal to the eye by their beauty. "Il y a, paraît-il, encore d'étonnants hôtels dans le Marais?" says the fashionable lady to the author in the beginning of the book, regretting at the same time that "les maudites couturières, et les modistes, et Ritz, et Rumpel . . . et mon jour" must prevent her from ever seeing these forgotten mansions. M. Cain shows us how near the Marais is, now that the *Métropolitain* has a station at St. Paul, and of all the little tours which he plans for his readers none will better repay performance than that which begins with a plunge behind the church of St. Gervais. In a moment, and with all the traffic of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Antoine roaring and humming above us, we are in an almost deserted quarter, where a struggling class fight quietly with poverty in streets still named after the precincts of a royal residence, and still preserving the gateways, the façades, and sometimes the entire structures of sixteenth and seventeenth century palaces. We strongly advise the English visitor who finds time hanging a little heavily on his hands to go out walking with M. Cain. And if he relishes what he sees, other books will help him to see more, for M. Cain's

omissions are sometimes a little arbitrary. Why, for example, when he has brought us within a few yards of them upon one of his promenades, does he not insist upon our looking at the Hôtel Fieubet, at the south-east corner of the Rue du Petit-Musc, or, most charming of all, the Hôtel de Beauvais, in the Rue François Miron?

Mr. Francis Miltoun is not, like M. Cain, a scholar, an archæologist, or an authority on his subject; and as a literary performance his book is a very small affair. Its scope is ill-defined; much of its contents can only be described as stale; his writing, often pretentious and involved, is sometimes ungrammatical. How would he parse his second sentence?

Of the actual life of the people in the city of light and learning, from the times of Napoleon onward, one has to go to the fountain-head of written records, the acknowledged master-works in the language of the country itself, the reports and *annuaires* of various *sociétés*, *commissions*, and what not, and collect therefrom such information as he finds may suit his purpose.

And his proofs are carelessly corrected—for such misprints as "Sordonne," "St. Beauve," and "Theodore de Bauville" ought not to occur. The Paris of Dumas can mean either the Paris of Dumas's time—that is, Paris from the year 1822, when he arrived there, till the year 1870, when he died—or it can mean the Paris of his novels. Mr. Miltoun is sometimes writing with one scope in his mind's eye and sometimes with the other, and his jumbling methods of presentation do not always make clear what he would be at. He owns about the middle of the book that it is impossible to form a precise topographical itinerary of the scenes of Dumas's romances. This is true, but when he is treating the Paris of the novelist and not the Paris of the resident he does so without any plan whatever. There seems no reason why one quotation should be made more than another, why one historical reference should be given more than another, or why one illustration should be included more than another; and in what conceivable way Dumas's descriptions of the forest region around Crépy, of Calais, of Trouville, of Belle-Île, of Blois, and so on, can be held part of Dumas's Paris he does not trouble to explain. And yet we recommend the book to certain readers, because a perusal of it may stimulate them to walk the streets of Paris more intelligently, and so derive more genuine enjoyment from a stay in Paris than they now obtain; while the sale of English translations of Dumas's novels may be increased by the author's ardent admiration of the great romancer; and, next to an increase of their sale in the original language, this is as fine a thing in the cause of gaiety as can well happen. No one should read Mr. Miltoun's book if he knows Paris and Dumas, for its defaults will irritate him; but in a man who knows neither it may undoubtedly rouse a desire to these ends and furnish an object for many agreeable little peregrinations. It must be put to Mr. Miltoun's credit that his idea of seeing Paris from the point of view of a famous novelist is a happy one, as Paris is the scene of more splendid and readable novels than any other city. But Dumas was not altogether a good novelist to select—or we may regard him as too good—in that his supply of material is too profuse for assimilation. The history of France has been enacted in Paris, and Dumas's novels are written round the history of France from 1570 to 1790. To picture the Louvre, for example, as Dumas's kings and queens, heroes and heroines saw it is to picture it almost from the time when the old fortress of Philip Augustus was demolished by Francis I., through all the constructions and additions planned by Catherine de Medicis, Henry IV., Richelieu, and Louis XIV. That magnificent publication, "Paris à Travers les Ages" requires many large pages of print, pictures, and maps to explain the evolution of the Louvre, and no one can make us really understand what sort of a building Chicot, D'Artagnan, D'Harmental, and Maison-Rouge saw in their several generations without going over much of the same ground, a thing which it is impossible to do in any work written to serve as a handbook to the stroller. Mr. Miltoun saw the impossibility of living up to

his title, but has not met the difficulty by putting any limitations upon himself. If he had chosen Victor Hugo or Balzac as the inspiration of his work he would have been essaying a more possible task; if he had restricted his efforts in accordance with some comprehensible design he would have made a more useful book under the guise of Dumas's Paris.

The fascinations of Paris are so varied and obvious that the fact of any one of ordinary capacity for enjoyment, in whatever direction his bent may be, being bored there is rather distressing. That there are many such people is due to an exaggerated idea of what ought to be seen and known before Paris can be said to have revealed herself. We have all heard reports of the enormities which occur in the early morning in the *cafés* of Montmartre, a name which Mr. Francis Miltoun tells us means Mount of Martyrs! Many people feel that it would be dangerous to venture into such places, and trusting implicitly to stories which are put into circulation by those who also have never been there, go to bed hours before they want to, thereby missing some unrefined amusement. In a similar way the idea is prevalent that to become familiar with old Paris, to understand the city well enough to prowl about its purlieus with an acquisitive mind, implies idiomatic knowledge of French, personal courage, and acquaintance with the literature, pictorial and scientific, of the subject. Of course it is not possible to be an archæologist without archæology, but it is in Paris quite easy to see the best examples of what the historian and antiquarian have to show us. And no better scheme for becoming familiar with these things can be recommended than the one Mr. Miltoun has suggested, though we are unable honestly to admire his book. Such romances as "Nôtre Dame" and "Le Petit Parisien," or any group of Dumas's stories should be chosen and the scenes walked over. Much will be found missing, and the usual books of reference will supply the gaps, while what is there will repay the trouble taken, if only because that trouble need be so little. The Rue Visconti and the Cour de Rouen are but fifty paces from the Boulevard St. Germain, and the Rue Venise, the Rue Vieille du Temple, the Rue des Francs Bourgeois, and the Place des Vosges are all, like the Marais, within a few yards of the Rue de Rivoli. Many visitors to Paris would feel the time well occupied if they spent an occasional hour in the older parts of Paris with the definite desire to inspect some of her beauties. They would find their pleasure in their tea or their *apéritif* increased by such rambling.

SPORT AND WAR

Fox-hunting Recollections. By SIR REGINALD GRAHAM. (Eveleigh Nash, 10s. net.)

The Condition of Hunters. By NIMROD. Edited by FRANK TOWNEND BARTON. (John Lane, 10s. net.)

The Story of the Guides. By COLONEL G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE is always a difficulty in treating books upon Sport fairly, because the sportsman is seldom literary, and the man who drives a pen looks as impatiently upon the amateur who handles that unruly beast as does the knight of pigskin when he sees the penman mounted upon a noble but unappreciative Bucephalus. Here is Sir Reginald Graham, devoid of style almost to the point of indecency, cramming his pages with bald chronicles of old dog-foxes, found in the plantation, harried over the Snooksby Estate, and killed at Muffington Manour by the Fast Ladies, as he named his bitch pack. He drags in all the names of his fellow-riders, breakfast hosts, superlative dogs, and bony steeds; but, except a man have friends amongst these, the awkward pages will

not bring them to him. And yet the enthusiasm, which cannot lure the meanest of the Muses to aid the writer's desolation, has something taking about it. One is inclined to believe the author to be a good M.F.H. just because Pegasus will have none of him, and he sighs impotently that paper cannot give the view Hulloas, which ring in his ears so delightfully. Except for a few anecdotes of hounds, who retrieve the brush and carry it to their masters, of Charles Kingsley, Carlyle's snappishness, and Mr. Henry Chaplin chasing, possibly, the ghost of Cobden, there is no interesting matter in the book. Yet is not fox-hunting itself, however feebly described, a subject of thrilling and entrancing interest? The love and passion of generations of observant, keen-facultied men has passed into it. The power, nerve, justice, swiftness, decision, determination, and good temper of the race has depended upon it, and even now, to some extent, does depend upon it, and that means, in brief, that most of English fame and power was graduated at that illiterate college. Yet Nimrod could write as well as ride, and few intelligent sons of Nimrod will be without his great *opus* now they can get it in a more perfect form. He hates trotting. It is bad for horses and dangerous. He disbelieves in summer grass, would arrange a short coat by management, and eschew clipping. He has wisdom in feed and fasting, and he is so positive about hot stables being good for condition that even his editor cries *cave*. The powers of mind and of pen carry the author easily through to the last thorough-pin and windfall, when his editor takes up the tale with split infinitive and veterinary soundness, and we end with Turner, *filis*, and his old illustrations pitifully reproduced, thus leaving the science of hunters with respect and regret. After all, are not Colonel Younghusband and all that he represents the result of this effort and study? The Guides and their story make up a book which sets even the pulses of the sedentary tapping. Besides, Colonel Younghusband can tell the story, not perfectly, perhaps, but well. The Guides were the up-to-date, reformed, reasoned corps. Sir Henry Lawrence tried sense in soldiering, and the usual result followed. He made history. There is no art so conservatively historical as the military, and none which is so often ruined by too much emphasis laid upon that fact. The scientific reformer is always the man to get the decorations, and the anti-reformer and the mere rigid historian share the regrets between them. Lumsden comes in for his meed in this book, and if chapter v. alone were written the book would be worth its cost, for the story of Dilawur Khan is a fine tale in itself.

Colonel Younghusband has abatements too. He should not write of "Roberts," even though he writes compliment. Living people are not thus shortened outside the limits of the mess. And where is Hodson of Hodson's Horse? He is, when all is said, the best name the Guides have to speak. He is the man who, with one lieutenant and a hundred Sepoys, took the Princes of Delhi from Humayoon Taj, from the midst of six thousand armed followers. He is barely mentioned, and in only three affairs does the chronicler allude to that splendid and knightly officer. It is true he calls him the far-famed leader of Light Horse and so on, but there have been persistent attempts made to vilify a man whose reforms, sense, valour and success set all the envious blockheads mad with chagrin, and whose prowess made many big people feel small. Consequently a man of the Guides might have been a little more generous towards the man of the Guides, if only in despite of detractors. When this little grumbling is said the reviewer would be censorious indeed who did not find the story of the Guides a delectable one, and its moral is that good sport is the nurse of just, wise, and righteous war. Since we cannot have the officers we want and are proud to produce without the whoops and clatter of sport, then let us aim at being a nation of foxhunters—from the Prime Minister Tally-ho-ing his Suffragettes to the heir of the cabbage-barrow mounted on his father's moke. And good hunting to them all!

"CAN YOU NOT MANAGE?"

IN last week's issue of THE ACADEMY we had occasion to notice a play of Mr. George Bernard Shaw entitled *Getting Married*. Our article was not flattering to Mr. Shaw's play, the reason being that *Getting Married* appeared to us to be an undesirable work. Mr. Shaw appears to have read the article, and on Monday morning we received from him by special messenger the following extraordinary epistle:

Dear Lord Alfred Douglas,—

Who on earth have you been handing over your dramatic criticism to? Your man, who must have been frightfully drunk, has achieved the following startling libel:

The waiter, disguised as a butler, told us, among other things, that his mother was very fond of men and was in the habit of bringing them home at night.

For that statement, which I need hardly say is pure invention, you will have Vedrenne and Barker, Frederick Harrison, and Holman Clark (the actor concerned) demanding damages from "The Academy" at the rate of about £2,500 apiece.

Can you not manage to volunteer in your next issue a withdrawal of the article? As a rule, I do not like asking an editor to throw his contributor over; but when the contributor throws over the editor so outrageously as in this case, I do not see what is to be done.

I feel rather in a difficulty about it, because I do not know who the writer is; and am afraid that he may turn out to be some unfortunate friend of mine. Anyhow, since ——— let ——— in for £—— damages and endless costs by a wild attack on ———, there has been nothing quite so reckless as this article.

You will see that the writer gives himself away hopelessly at the beginning by saying that he left the house at the end of twenty-five minutes. Later on he describes a scene which he did not wait for, and contrives to get both a libel and a flat mis-statement of fact into his reference. However, it is really this howler about the man's mother which makes the article entirely indefensible. As you may not have seen the play, I should explain that what actually does happen is that the greengrocer who is in charge of the wedding breakfast describes certain escapades of his sister-in-law, who ran away from home several times. He adds that the men "brought her home the same night, and no harm done." It is conceivable that a critic, if very drunk, might possibly have muddled this honestly in the way your man has done; but that does not make it any more defensible; and you can see how the gross coarseness of the blunder would affect a jury if the case came into Court.

I suggest that the best and friendliest thing to do is to state in your next issue that since the sentence above quoted is a misdescription, you feel bound to withdraw the whole article unreservedly. If you think well of this, or some equivalent course, you might let me have a line so that I may try and smooth matters.

Yours faithfully,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

It is with extreme regret that we print the foregoing, but we do so in the interests of what we conceive to be fair play in matters of criticism. Mr. Shaw is a dramatic author who has lately received a very large share of attention and praise. We ourselves have more than once

expressed our high opinion of his powers and of some of his work. Yet the moment it becomes necessary to blame him he falls to charging our critic with drunkenness, and flings to the winds that sense of humour which has been the making of him. It was competent in Mr. Shaw to have "replied" to our criticism in two ways. He could have discussed his own view of the play in the columns of this or another suitable journal. Or he could have sent us a plain intimation that he considered our criticism a libel upon himself, and that he would take steps accordingly. Mr. Shaw has seen fit to take an oblique course in the matter. He, poor man, is not libelled at all; but he is afraid that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Mr. Holman Clark—by the way, he does not mention the Haymarket call-boy—have been libelled, and may demand damages from THE ACADEMY at the rate of about £2,500 apiece. And, naturally, Mr. Shaw does not wish to see THE ACADEMY disbursing such handsome sums of money, even to his friends. So that, entirely in the interests of truth, righteousness, and peace, Mr. Shaw exclaims, "Can you not manage to *volunteer* [the italic is Mr. Shaw's] in your next issue a withdrawal of the article?"

THE ACADEMY can manage nothing of the kind. The vision of the enormous treasury which awaits Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Mr. Holman Clark when they demand their £2,500 apiece is devoid of terrors for us, and in any case we have yet to learn the smooth and oily art of volunteering under threat.

In reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw's letter, the Editor of THE ACADEMY has written to him in the appended terms:

Dear Mr. Bernard Shaw,—

I received your letter this morning with the greatest surprise. I strongly resent the accusation of being drunk which you bring against the writer of the article. It seems to me that it is characteristic of the feminine quality of your intellect, to which reference was made in the article, to make such an outrageous suggestion. As a matter of fact I wrote the article myself. If I misheard any particular sentence in the dialogue the error was, on your own showing, a very trifling one, and it is ludicrous to suggest that it is libellous. That part of the play which I heard simply teems with indecencies, and I should be delighted to go into the witness-box in any court and say so. You must be perfectly aware that I am not actuated by any malice towards you. You have had nothing but praise from "The Academy" during the whole time that I have edited it, and now on the first occasion when I find it compatible with my duty as a critic to find fault with you, you resort to the rather mean expedient of asking me to throw over a supposed contributor. I confess that I am surprised that a man of your intellectual attainments should exhibit such pettiness. You are at perfect liberty to take what action you choose in the matter. My solicitors are Messrs. Arthur Newton and Co., 23, Great Marlborough Street.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

From Mr. Shaw's attitude in the matter we may learn two things—namely, that persons who venture to offer adverse criticisms at the "Shavian" shrine are necessarily sufferers from alcoholic excess, and that Mr. Shaw the Socialist has such a profound contempt for the conventions that when he is admonished he must needs run squeaking in the direction of the law-courts. We have a pleasant picture of him holding on to the coat-tails of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker and Mr. Holman Clark, and begging them for the love he bears THE ACADEMY not to demand their £2,500 apiece, but rather to allow us to manage to volunteer a withdrawal of the article. The Superman grins at us here with a vengeance.

SOCIALISM AND SUFFRAGITIS

LAST Sunday we had the pleasure of attending (for about ten minutes) a Suffragist meeting in one of our London parks. A middle-aged lady, with little or no neck, a raucous voice, and a face which presented all the appearance of having been recently sat upon, harangued a small crowd from a large van, while two other ladies of gaunt and melancholy aspect sat behind her and seemed to give promise of more talk to follow. The small crowd listened with more or less "respectful attention" to the not very inspiring address. At a given moment a gentleman among the audience interjected the word "Rubbish!" in a loud, firm voice, whereupon the lady in the van replied with sparkling readiness, "Here is a gentleman who is telling us his own name; I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rubbish." After hearing this brilliant repartee we were mentally reminded that the halfpenny papers had informed us that the Suffragettes had acquired the art of "holding their own at a public meeting," and we were duly impressed. Shortly afterwards another gentleman's feelings got the better of him and found expression. He ejaculated the word "Rot!" The lady with the bull-neck did not hesitate for a moment, turning sharply round in the direction of the voice, she said: "Here is another gentleman who is telling us his name, I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rot," or words to that effect. At this point in the proceedings we left murmuring to ourselves the words of a certain downtrodden, unemancipated woman who would undoubtedly have incurred the scorn and contempt of the "advanced" and enlightened females in the "Van of Progress":

Woman was made for man's delight;
Charm, O woman, be not afraid!
His shadow by day, his moon by night,
Woman was made.
Her strength with weakness is overlaid;
Meek compliances veil her might;
Him she stays, by whom she is stayed.
World-wide champion of truth and right,
Hope in gloom and in danger aid,
Tender and faithful, ruddy and white,
Woman was made.

We felt distressed to think that poor, dull, enslaved, unenlightened Christina Rossetti had not lived long enough to benefit by the modern discoveries as to the true mission of women in this rapidly improving world of ours.

No doubt we shall be reminded that kind hearts may beat beneath bull-necks and simple faith flourish behind raucous voices. We readily admit it; and, meditating on these things, we have been led to the conclusion that the Suffragette is a natural phenomenon that must not be brushed contemptuously aside. She has a meaning, and there must be a reason for her existence. Even the Suffragette is a woman; and, being a woman, whether she knows it or not she is engaged in the process of charming some one. In the face of universal disgust and reprobation from man she simply could not exist. It is men, therefore, who are responsible for the Suffragette. We have the sort of women we deserve. We deserve the Suffragette, and we have got her. Let us endeavour to be worthy of something better and we may lose her again; but it all depends on man. Suffragitis, the disease, is intimately connected with Socialism. Looked at carefully, they seem to be fundamentally the same. In both cases there is a violent and unreasoning revolt against the established order of things—the order of Nature, the order of God. Socialists in England have exhausted every species of argument; word by word, fallacy by fallacy, false conclusion by false conclusion, they have been answered and routed. There is

not an argument they have advanced which has not been shown many times to be fallacious, not a conclusion they have come to which has not been, over and over again, proved to be erroneous. Doggedly and patiently they have been followed and answered on every point. But the Socialist, like the woman, is not guided by reason. He cares nothing for reason; he has a blind instinct that he is right, and to attain his ends he will as readily deceive himself as he will deceive others. He has, in short, a feminine intellect. We pointed it out last week in the case of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Shaw undoubtedly has more brains than any of the other Socialists in this country. It is the Socialists then who are responsible for the Suffragettes, just as they are responsible for a certain class of literature of which Mr. Shaw's plays are the highest type and Mr. Chesterton's essays a very much lower one. We have been assured by a Socialist friend of ours that Mr. Chesterton is a great writer, and that a recent review in *THE ACADEMY* did not do him justice, and we were recommended to read a book by him called "Heretics." We picked it up and opened it by chance at a chapter called "Smart Novelists and the Smart Set." We have rarely read anything more patently foolish. It is foolish because it has obviously been written with a view to "charming" Socialists. The object of the chapter is to flatter the lower classes (we use the words in a perfectly inoffensive sense) by informing them that it is from the masses that all good things have come, and that gentlemen are not worth considering. Now if it be, as it undoubtedly is, foolish and snobbish for a man of birth to write or say that no good thing can come out of a man who is not of gentle birth, surely it is equally foolish and snobbish for a man of no birth to say that no good thing can come out of a gentleman. We shall not be at the pains of confuting Mr. Chesterton's ridiculous nonsense by quoting the names of all the great men who have been gentlemen. We might fill a dozen columns of this paper with poets and men of letters alone. He has spared us the trouble. In this very chapter in which he makes the foolish and snobbish attempt to belittle English gentlemen he names, with praiseworthy enthusiasm, Grenville, Raleigh, Essex, Philip Sydney, and Nelson. What were these men if they were not English gentlemen? We shall content ourselves with pointing out the positive and undeniable fact that by far the great majority of great English poets have been gentlemen by birth, and proud of it. The Socialists may not be "charmed" by hearing this home truth, but as we don't write to charm Socialists that will not trouble us. Mr. Chesterton concludes this monumentally silly chapter by a reference to Dickens. The last sentence runs as follows:

Dickens, the greatest of whose glories was that he could not describe a gentleman.

It would be just as sensible to say of a great pianist: He played Chopin and Beethoven superbly, he was unequalled as a performer of Brahms and Mendelssohn, but the greatest of his glories was that he was utterly unable to do anything at all with Bach. To such follies and insanities have Socialists brought us; they have called forth the "literature" of Mr. Chesterton, and they have created the Suffragette. To get rid of these things we must get rid of the Socialists. They are blighting and spoiling all that is fine and noble and lovely in this country. Their influence is everywhere, even the Church is infected with it. Some of those who possess the finest intellects and lead the saintliest lives among our clergy have been duped into acquiescence with and approval of a party one of whose avowed ends is the utter destruction of Christianity. It is a thing to make angels weep.

A. D.

BROAD AND "LONG"

WE have heard of a small boy who said that Edison invented the pornograph, and we have heard of a dignitary of the Church who said that a certain drunken squire's stories were as broad as they were long. Before us at the moment we have two volumes, both of them novels, and both of them published by Mr. John Long. We do not wish to suggest that Mr. John Long invented the pornograph, but we have reason for pointing out that the stories published by Mr. Long are beginning to be very broad indeed. The question as to how far a novelist in his pursuit of Art may go, and how far a publisher in his pursuit of money may go, is an old one. And, like most old questions, it is capable of being answered in quite a number of different ways. There are persons who will tell us that Art has nothing to do with morals and morals nothing to do with Art. On the other hand, there are persons who tell us, and tell us very wisely, that Art in its essence is that which makes for morality and that which is decent and of good report. For our own part we shall go the length of asserting that if Art is a thing apart from morality, it ought most certainly to be a thing apart from immorality; and that being so, it is our painful duty to tax Mr. John Long with the publication of undesirable books. In dealing with these difficult points, it has hitherto been customary to throw the chief blame upon the author or literary principal in an unpleasant venture. You put your author up and you admonish him pretty straightly. Meanwhile the publisher or commercial principal in the venture sat at home and rubbed his knuckles with glee, for that the money was rolling in. We have come to the conclusion, for reasons which we shall not now enlarge upon, that the publisher's turn has come round. Mr. Long publishes and sends to us in one week "Five Nights," by Victoria Cross, and "Keepers of the House," by Cosmo Hamilton. We do not wish exactly to put Mr. Cosmo Hamilton on the same bad eminence as Miss Victoria Cross. And Mr. Hamilton must not take what we may have to say about Miss Cross as personal to himself. But we assume that Mr. John Long publishes Mr. Hamilton's novel, that is to say, for precisely the same reason as he publishes the work of Miss Cross. Now let us look at this "Five Nights." From the point of view of the people who rush after Miss Cross's work it begins in the most chill and disappointing way:—

It was just striking three as I came up the companion-stairs on to the deck of the *Collage City* into the clear topaz light of a June morning in Alaska: light that had not failed through all the night, for in this far northern latitude the sun only just dips beneath the horizon at midnight for an hour, leaving all the earth and sky still bathed in limpid yellow light gently paling at that mystic time and glowing to its full glory again as the sun rises above the rim.

Our steamer had left the open sea and entered the Taku Inlet, and we were steaming very slowly up it, surrounded on every side by great glittering blocks of ice, flashing in the sunshine as they floated by on the buoyant blue water. How blue it was, the colouring of sea and sky! Both were so vividly blue, the note of each so deep, so intense, one seemed almost intoxicated with colour. I stepped to the vessel's side, then made my way forward and stood there; I, the lover of the East, dazzled by the beauty of the North! The marvellous picture before me was painted in but three colours—blue, gold, and white.

Our author proceeds in this cooling manner for many pages. You feel that she can see and that she can write with some skill, and we are pleased to give her credit accordingly. But after the first chapter—faugh! Miss Cross lets herself go, and there is probably not a single page which we could print *in extenso* in these columns. First in the name of Art, and then in the name of Love, Miss Cross deliberately overrides all the basic conventions with regard to the relationship between man and woman, and she does it in the most brazen, unblushing, and impudent manner. There can be no denying the cleverness of the thing, nor should we be disposed to deny to Miss Cross a considerable insight, a considerable knowledge, of human nature and of human passion. But we have no hesitation

in pronouncing "Five Nights" to be a wicked and unregenerate book, and we say that Mr. John Long is exceedingly ill-advised in publishing it. We believe that if the police made a raid on Mr. Long's premises and confiscated such copies of this book as they might happen to find there they would be well within their function. Twenty years ago they would have done it, and, so far as we are aware, the law about these things has not been changed in those twenty years. The case of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton is happily not by any means such a bad one. Mr. Hamilton hangs the interest of his novel on an infinitely delicate question, albeit that the question would never arise among sane people. We believe that Mr. Hamilton could have written quite as good a novel, and "Keepers of the House" is a good novel, without the aid of his delicate interest. His method of solving the problem which he puts forward is the salesman's method. He has set forth his solution delicately, but he could have given us a more satisfactory and noble solution. In that case possibly Mr. John Long might not have set such store by the book, but it would have been a better book. Mr. Hamilton is further possessed of an unhappy knack of making his characters more or less recognisable. We do not say that this is improper, though it must be unpleasant for the persons concerned, some of whom are altogether innocent and well-meaning people who do not move in Mr. Hamilton's circle, and have never done him any harm. In the main, however, Mr. Hamilton is improving. He has a fuller sense of the capabilities of the fictional convention than used to be his wont. He writes crisply, brightly, and without unpleasant effort, and he eschews padding—for which mercies we should be profoundly grateful. Finally, we should like to say that in view of Mr. Long's position in the publishing trade it seems to us that he can well afford to dispense with his elegant pornographists. In any case, he might at once dispense with Miss Victoria Cross, and we see no reason why Mr. Hubert Wales should not follow. It is not good for a publishing house to get its *imprimatur* besmirched with the improprieties. There is a publishing house in London whose name once stood, rightly or wrongly, for objectionableness. That firm saw the error of its ways, and threw out its wicked authors. The result has been highly satisfactory from the point of view of mere pounds, shillings, and pence. Mr. John Long cannot be aware of what he is doing for himself. If he goes on at his present pace books with "John Long" on the title-page will be prejudged to be of a certain character. The public at large—and even the wickedest sections of the public at large—are still of a prudish disposition, and they will always remain of a prudish disposition, because such a disposition is essential to their own protection. Books like "Five Nights" may sell in a flaring sort of way for a season, but you cannot maintain the publishing business on them, inasmuch as they are rotten, and when you build on rottenness you are bound to come down. There is a common impression abroad that publishers do not possess souls. We try not to be of that way of thinking. We believe that Mr. Long has a soul, and that he believes himself that he has a soul. If he would save that soul in this world, let alone the next, he should bid a fond adieu to the publication of books of the "Five Nights" order.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SALONS

IT is generally recognised that, with few exceptions—so few that they may be counted on the fingers of one hand—the pictures at the Salon are, first and foremost, Salon pictures. My observation does not enable me to state whether, as a general rule, pictures exhibited at the London Academy are painted solely with a view to exhibition at the Academy, as is the case with the French Salons and the pictures exhibited there. What has always struck me at the Royal Academy is that in each room there is

apparently one good picture, the work of an artist who is clearly on excellent terms with the Hanging Committee, and that the other pictures that immediately surround it have been selected and placed there not wholly because they are good pictures, but because they have just the qualities, or lack of qualities, which permit them to serve to perfection as *repoussoirs*—in other words, their mediocrity enhances the good or merely sensational qualities of the central masterpiece. This, no doubt, is an excellent system to adopt from the point of view of the Press critics, and of a section, at least, of the purchasing public. It should tend to keep up prices, especially if these are already unnaturally inflated, and no doubt that is an excellent thing in the long run for the artist's profession as a whole. Rising painters, or those who profess independent ideas, may feel somewhat aggrieved, but the remedy lies in the former climbing as quickly as may be to within the Hanging circle, while the latter, like all originally-minded people, have only themselves to thank if they miss the official recognition which they despise in one breath and clamour for in another. It is so easy in this world to be let alone on the condition of letting others alone. There is no lack of showrooms for painters or anybody else.

At the Salon this method of hanging is not so noticeable, but without any doubt the painter who wishes to have a success at the Salon starts in from the beginning with this idea mainly in his mind, that what is to inspire him are not the noblest principles of his art, but the special conditions of the Salon. He is painting in much the same way as a scene-painter; he must take into serious consideration the special lighting conditions of the Salon, just as the scene-painter has to remember all that the interposition of foot-lights between his work and the audience of a theatre means to the general effect. The Salon painter wants to produce something which will startle and attract even when surrounded by other pictures, the painters of which have just the same ambition. So he selects, if not always, at any rate on those special occasions when he wants to make a great Salon effort, enormous canvases and enormous subjects, gigantic anecdotes, *faits divers* treated at inordinate length and breadth, ghastly legends painted much larger than life, and making a shocking appeal to common imaginations which are sufficiently healthy to be only affected by the morbid when it is taken in draughts by the gallon. The need of outflaring everybody else has proved a terrible curse to the painter who habitually exhibits at the Salon. It explains why the Salon has, on the whole, been more baneful than profitable to French art. A Salon picture has a stamp of its own. This stamp extends even to the frame, for the frame is expected to help out the canvas with a blare and a blaze of its own. There are portraits by Bonnat (notably that exhibited by this painter at the Artistes Français this year of M. Daniel Guestier), which for tinselled noisiness suggest the external setting of a merry-go-round at a fair. Carolus Duran also sins in the respect of Dutch metal and brillantine. The painters of still life are not a whit better. Their rhododendrons are all "roaring-dand drums." The trail of the "Salon picture" is over them all. This is one of the first points to bear in mind in considering the psychology of the Paris Salons.

The French painters who habitually exhibit at these Salons have, however, an acknowledged inspiration which is not purely æsthetic. In France it is seldom that the painter does not pose as a seer, a prophet, a thinker. He is almost certain to have a theory, not only of Art, but of Life. He moves within, or without, the circle of tradition, but in either case he does so officially. He may, or may not, belong to a party or a school, but he is never without a uniform, a shibboleth, or a formula. He is for or against the government either of France or of the universe. Whatever his creed may be, he is the high priest of it. Sooner or later his widely ranging ideas seek expression in his pictures. For instance, there comes a moment—a psychological moment—in the lives of most, if not of all, French painters who have the run of the two Salons when they

feel it incumbent on them to depict Our Lord either in a workman's blouse or a bowler-hat. Lhermitte, who went through this crisis a couple of years ago, is still only convalescent, for his group of a peasant mother seated in a field, suckling a child, with relatives looking on, has had a narrow escape of being a Holy Family. Other painters, whose names I have no wish to record, supply this year's Salons with examples of this theological and pathological symptom.

Theology at the Salons is of two sorts. It is either conservative or progressist. Progressist theology is the more official of the two. That is the nuance of the Republic. It carries with it eventually the Cross of the Legion of Honour, election to the Institute, and in the meanwhile orders to decorate provincial town-halls. I have never observed any Protestant manifestation at either Salon. Nor does Judaism obtrude. Neither the example of Rembrandt nor that of Mr. Rothenstein is repeated, at least to my knowledge. Jews are hung, of course, at both Salons (on the walls merely), but they do not attempt to proselytise, as in England. One of the most interesting pictures of the year at the Beaux Arts is that by M. Sarluis, "Florentin," the portrait of an Italian youth which might easily have been by one of the great Venetians, and proves M. Sarluis to be an artist in the highest acceptance of the word, inspired by those noble traditions which the modern dauber is at war with. No need to seek a psychological explanation of his work. He is, with Louis Anquetin, one of the few to whom the question of technique has presented itself in much the same way as it did to Titian, Reynolds, and Turner. The progressist theologian of the Paris Salons is mostly a bit of an Anarchist, but from the New Testament point of view and that of Herbert Spencer only. The divine workman, whom he loves to depict, gesticulates, but does not hit anybody in the eye. His ultimate apotheosis in a bowler-hat is tragic without being turbulent.

Of the conservative theologian there is hardly a trace left. A couple of years ago he was still in robust health. Enormous canvases, representing scenes from the lives of the saints, and destined for cathedrals and churches, figured regularly at the Artistes Français, not adding much, I am sorry to say, to the artistic value of the exhibition. All that is over now. The separation of Church and State has suppressed the ecclesiastical note of the Old Salon. At the Beaux Arts it had never been known. Cardinal Logue, who has recently been predicting the early dissolution of the British Empire, should note this writing on the wall. Dissolution, even more so than charity, may begin nearer home than his Eminence anticipates. The Church has been to all intents and purposes expelled from the Salon, which was formerly one of its strongholds. Not a Cardinal to be seen; only one poor little Bishop, looking very blue (name of Herrscher). It must be admitted that French ecclesiastical painting, like French ecclesiastical architecture of modern times, is quite hideous. It seems never to have escaped from the awful spell which Louis Philippe and the Romantics threw over it. For over half a century it has been dead, and its burial was imperative.

From theology the French painter sometimes turns to politics. He is, as a rule, a Socialist, with a primitive and pathetic admiration for the labourer. The dirtier the workman, the uglier, the more ill-shapen and uncouth, the more the political painter likes him. He tries with all his might to make us believe that a scavenger is the noblest work of God. It is to be noticed, however, that the French painter, when passing through this psychological crisis, is generally afflicted with a very wooden style, and that his colour is opaque and dull. There is something dunce-like about the whole performance, both from inside and out. One is conscious of an absence of humour, and it is evident that the painter cannot perceive that the depiction of scarecrows on an heroic scale is in any way ridiculous. This year Paul Renouard in his "Vision" has made a weak effort to arouse interest in the famous "Affaire." It is incredible that such a silly political pamphlet as is this badly-painted picture should have been submitted to the inspection of the public that frequents

the Salon of the Beaux Arts, more especially as the President, M. Roll, thought proper to exclude M. Baffier's inoffensive medallion of General Mercier, after it had been accepted and placed. But there you have the true psychology of French painters when the political demon has seized hold of them.

No need to analyse the psychology of M. Jean Paul Laurens when he started in to stagger humanity with his great allegorical picture concerning (apparently) Beethoven. Jean Veber's "La Guingette," which is to be hung as a mural decoration at the Hotel de Ville, would disgrace, both for execution and conception, the pavement of the Old Brompton Road. That is all that can be said about this unique specimen of Salon humour from the psychological or any other point of view; but to conceive any idea of the psychological inspiration of Jean Paul Laurens' "Beethoven," which, like Veber's "Guingette," is *genre* (though not humorous *genre*), one must try to think of the nightmare that would result from an unsuccessful effort to digest at one go all the back-numbers of the *Monde Illustré*.

ROWLAND STRONG.

"THE THRESHOLD OF MUSIC"

A CHANGE has passed over the mental attitude of our countrymen with regard to music in the last ten or twenty years. It is a change which was experienced in more artistically-favoured countries a good deal earlier. Music has passed from the position of a highly-specialised subject, understood only by those who practise it, and more or less reserved for the entertainment of those who, without understanding it, can afford to pay for it, into a matter of common interest. Concerts are no longer the privilege of the few. The City clerk drops in to Queen's Hall to hear Beethoven; the daily paper is incomplete without a column on music; and a competitive festival arouses as much excitement in the provincial town as a by-election. It is obviously of no small importance to see in what direction this new interest tends, as well from the social and economic standpoint as from the artistic one. The question what kind of a force music can become in the life of a people has not been fully answered, because music in the sense in which we speak of it to-day—music as emotional expression through the medium of pure sounds in combination—has not yet had time to prove its influence upon the popular mind. Its possibilities can scarcely be grasped by its ardent followers. Within our own lifetime we have seen rules which were imagined to be the first principles of the art proved to be merely the leading-strings with which the child was being taught to walk; and in listening to modern compositions we are often inclined to think that the child's walk without leading-strings is none of the steadiest. Our music is very young; perhaps that is why it is so attractive. Will it be as interesting when it grows older? What place will it assume in social life; and, if it sinks deep into the affections of the people, what will be its outcome in habits of thought and manners?

These questions are suggested by the survey of the position of music which Mr. William Wallace gives us in his book, "The Threshold of Music" (Macmillan). The author's object is to trace the growth of the musical sense, incidentally to account for the extraordinarily rapid growth of the last two centuries, and from the story of the art to draw some deductions as to its future. He is a believer in its possibilities to the point of claiming that its "usefulness" is still to be made clear. He even seems to suggest that a "usefulness," hitherto unsuspected, that is outside the artistic usefulness as a means for the expression of beauty is to be discovered for music. But whether this be so or not, the mast to which he nails his colours is this:

I firmly believe the third part of music is yet to come forth, whereby its meaning is made clear and its ethics established under a new dispensation.

There is an exhilarating atmosphere of optimism about the preliminary chapter which encourages the reader to plunge

into the historical survey which follows. Mr. Wallace has not much to say as to the origin of the musical sense. His own suggestion is the old one of mimicry. He shows the contradiction into which Darwin was led in asserting that:

Neither the enjoyment nor the capacity of producing musical notes are faculties of the least use to man in reference to his daily habits of life,

while he attributed its origin to the necessity for "charming the opposite sex." Mr. Wallace does not mention Herbert Spencer's refutation of Darwin's doctrine or the controversy which Spencer's theory of music as arising from excited speech called forth. But to the reader impatient to arrive at conclusions affecting the art of to-day this is no great loss. He follows the author with unabated interest through the summary of the history of musical development which follows. We cannot always accept the author's judgments; for example, when he says that:

We cannot say that [Palestrina's] musical faculty was as delicate and responsive as that of Monteverde,

we feel that he must have some definition of his own for the term "musical faculty." The ordinary definition as the power of appreciating beauty of sounds individually and in their relations to one another cannot be his unless he has accidentally reversed the two names, for this faculty Palestrina possessed in an extraordinary degree, and we can leave him that virtue without disparaging the daring spirit and the keen sense of dramatic appropriateness which made Monteverde's work a new gospel. With this must be placed the curious assumption of a later chapter that:

We have no means of knowing, till Bach's time, or even later, as some would insist, whether the musical idea was actually "heard" in the mind, as modern composers hear it, before it was committed to paper, or whether it was "worked out" by some rule-of-thumb method.

Our means of knowing is the same as with modern composition—by results. Much sixteenth-century music was obviously unheard by the composer, just as much modern orchestration can be identified as "paper" work, but if Mr. Wallace can convince us that the "Missa Papae Marcellae" was "worked out" by rule-of-thumb, then he will prove conclusively that mere theory can produce art of imperishable beauty. This is an instance, and there are others, where one feels that the author's generally sound and always fearless judgment is warped by certain small prejudices. The arrival of Monteverde on the scene calls forth a diatribe against "theorists" and "fumbling pedagogues," and retrograde influences—things which really count for so little nowadays that they are scarcely worth his powder. The phrase a "sound musical education" seems to cause him peculiar irritation, if we may judge from the number of times he repeats it in inverted commas. No one would grudge him the wasted ammunition if the habit of firing at such things did not detract from the author's position of authority. But it does. There is much that is valuable, for instance, in his estimate of the position of Haydn and Mozart, and yet the pages which are occupied with them are sufficiently coloured with this dislike of "sound musical education" to make their value considerably discounted by many readers.

In the final chapters the mental ingredients (if the term is admissible) which have led to the development of the musical sense are discussed in connection with history as it has been set forth. The contributions of "predisposition" heredity, the theory of "latency" are considered and weighed, and the rapid growth of technical achievement after the first principles of harmony had been arrived at empirically is accounted for. In the last few pages Mr. Wallace declares what he conceives to be the gospel of the new era of music which began with the death of Beethoven. He starts from the statement that:

If we take the men who have done the most to extend the art of music since 1830, we find that their technical equipment was of the most meagre description,

and he goes on to say that :

Music had entered into the domain of man's thought, and was being sustained by men whose education in observing the other signs of cerebral activity brought them to inquire into the mysterious faculty with which they were endowed.

It is only to be wished that these conclusions had been worked out more fully ; perhaps a subsequent volume will deal with them. We could wish that some inference were drawn from a comparison between the music of our own day and that of Monteverde, the revolutionist of the seventeenth century. From such a comparison this lesson might be learnt : music is once more going through a period of receiving new life from without, that is, from other processes of mental activity, as Mr. Wallace would put it. To do so it must break down the barriers which surround it. We have passed the sonata form of Beethoven as Monteverde had passed the counterpoint of Palestrina, and there is no returning. But music will not relinquish any one of her attributes, and the great element of design which most gives her the power of self-contained expression will have its use in building the symphony of the future in that "third part of music" which Mr. Wallace so bravely proclaims.

H. C. C.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The World that Never Was. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.
(Francis Griffiths, 6s. net.)

PERHAPS it was too much to expect that Mr. Adcock's book would be worthy of its title, but if he could not give us a genuinely imagined world he might at least have avoided paining us with one more of those ugly realms, half realistic and half distorted, which imitators of Lewis Carroll would have us believe are the modern equivalent of fairy-land. There is something not unchildlike in the idea of the posters coming to life every night, and stepping down from the walls ; but in his desire to be thoroughly modern Mr. Adcock has endowed his creatures with a spirit of vulgarity which we find only too natural in such commercial elves. Moreover, Mr. Adcock has committed the unpardonable offence of tampering with the old nursery legends for his own purposes. What would a sensible child think of a book that seeks to whitewash the moral character of Bluebeard, and discovers the lovely vision of the Sleeping Beauty in the advertisement of a hair-restorer ? In the face of this we are in danger of overlooking such minor errors as the introduction of a cruel aunt and much foolish talk about sweethearts. And Mr. Adcock makes use of the old, pitiful evasion of explaining away the story as a dream, not, we fear, because he is ashamed of it, but because he does not wish to put foolish ideas of fairies in the children's heads, and because Alice woke up at tea-time so many years ago. Of course the author has fallen into the fatal mistake of "writing down" to children—a mistake which fills the bookshops with undesirable rubbish every Christmas. But in view of the fact that he has done good work in other directions, we hope that in future he will confine himself to the easy task of pleasing the Olympians. For it is evident that he knows nothing of the artistic demands of childhood.

Frederic William Mailland. Two Lectures and a Bibliography. By A. L. SMITH, Balliol College, Oxford.
(The Clarendon Press, 1908.)

PROFESSOR MAITLAND'S position among scholars and historians is too well established to need the very elaborate eulogy which Mr. A. L. Smith gives us in these lectures. Does it add to a great scholar's reputation for a personal enthusiast almost to apologise lest he may be thought to have written an "over-valuation" and to defend himself by reference to the already published estimate of Professor Vinogradoff in the *Historical Review* ? We doubt it. Or by telling us that Lord Acton pronounced Maitland to be "the ablest historian in England while Stubbs, Gardiner,

and Creighton were living" ? We are reminded of Acton and the paradoxical limitations self-imposed by the very profundity of his learning.

The bibliography of Maitland's writings is similar to that of Acton's—chiefly consisting of very learned contributions to reviews. Like Acton, his "lofty conception" of work to be done was too ideal for the shortness of life :

He could not carry on his "History of English Law" till the Year-books were all published. He could not carry back into Anglo-Saxon times his Domesday Studies till the material had been got into usable shape by the combined work of local experts. Once he thought this might take a century.

There may be sound reason in this, though it is perhaps a little like an engineer who might have contemplated Mont Cenis and been overwhelmed with reflections on the impossibility of his making a tunnel.

For all that Maitland in his generation accomplished much, and made a splendid contribution to projected work in "The History of English Law" (of the Angevin age) in conjunction with Sir F. Pollock, and in "Domesday Book and Beyond."

In reading these lectures we cannot escape the feeling that the present modern School of History is a little inebriated with the self-consciousness of personal advancement, that there is just a suspicion of *ἡμεῖς τοὶ πατέρον*. κ.τ.λ.

Mr. A. L. Smith is confident of Maitland's superiority to Gardiner, Freeman, Stubbs, and others. But why make the comparison ? Is not the advancement of historical criticism due to the development of the methods of such great masters ? Is it wise to depreciate Stubbs (pp. 48 and 49) because Maitland did not agree with some of his conclusions ?

Mr. A. L. Smith informs us that his panegyric of Professor Maitland is a "pious task." It is, but of the piety of the Oxford common room, which, while usually free from the charge of being a mutual admiration society, yet naïvely asks this curious question (p. 55) : "Is there a serious danger of an Oxford man being too ready to admire a Cambridge writer ?"

In view of Bädcker's "immortal words," quoted elsewhere by Mr. Smith, "Oxford and Cambridge both repay inspection. If time presses, Cambridge may be omitted ;" the risk might perhaps be ventured without temerity.

Cambridge no doubt possesses some sense of gratitude—and humour.

The Socialist Movement in England. By BROUGHAM VILLIERS. (T. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE first part of this book adds little or nothing to the knowledge that can be acquired easily by any ordinary reader. Mr. Brougham Villiers' idea of the development of man is somewhat hazy. There is an occult reference to the "pre-social ages." Lost in doubt, as to what biological period, we could assign this remarkable condition of life, we stumble a little later on the cryptic statement, that "it is certain that the earliest pre-human founders of society had no very clear perception of what they were doing." This we can well believe, without presuming to discover under what form of life the "pre-human" Socialists were manifested. Emerging into more modern times, we find that Mr. Brougham Villiers' notions of tribal life are also vague, leading us to doubt his acquaintance with such works as Maine's "Village Communities," or even with Bishop Stubbs' account of the early Teutonic Mark System.

The sketch of early and later Victorian Socialism is, for the most part, merely a history of trade unionism and co-operation, by which "three million English men and women left Individualism behind for ever." As a consequent result of this phenomenon we arrive at "conscious Socialism in the eighties," because :

Between conscious Socialism and the unsocialistic organisations of the people there is a great gulf fixed.

We refrain from pressing the parallel. Mr. Villiers, however, reckons on the universal and constant Socialism of the Independent Labour Party, and, with astonishing assurance, on that of the Unionist party in and out of

Parliament, assuming "with confidence" that ninety-nine Unionists out of a hundred would assent to an advanced Socialist programme (which he gives on p. 177) which includes the Nationalisation of Land and Mines. In common with many other theorists, he believes that in the "Downfall of Capitalism" and

The public ownership of the leading monopolies of an industrial system lies the sovereign remedy for all the evils of poverty.

We are bound to add that he writes pleasantly, well, and temperately, with much observation and appreciation of existing evils. But he is too optimistic, and, like all optimists, somewhat deficient in estimating the clear logic of facts. Hence his deductions are not convincing. He treats far too lightly the extravagant proposals of Socialism, and does not grasp his subject as a whole. The religious question he entirely ignores. He steers happily along in the glamour of a summer sea, oblivious of rocks and shoals, and other dangers, which he appears unable to realise.

The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp. By W. H. DAVIES. With a Preface by BERNARD SHAW. (A. C. Fifield, 6s.)

WHEN, a few years since, a modest volume of poems entitled "The Soul's Destroyer" appeared, the lover of poetry who was fortunate enough to read it was justified in thinking that a new planet had swum within his ken. The book was received with a chorus of discriminating praise, and speculation became rife as to the strange and fascinating personality that lurked behind the name of William H. Davies. We learned just enough to whet our curiosity. We learned, for instance, that the new poet was a one-legged man, who lived in a common lodging-house somewhere in Southwark, that he enjoyed the munificent pension of 8s. a week, and that (most wonderful of all!) he had contrived to publish his verses at his own expense. This sounded promising; but, like *Oliver Twist*, we wanted more. At length Mr. Davies has taken pity on our ignorance. He has told us the plain and unvarnished story of his life.

And a marvellous record it is! In these days incident, having deserted the region of fiction, is forced to fly to autobiography as to a welcome sanctuary. Certainly "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp"—we like not the title, by the way, it is too slavishly Shavian!—contains enough adventure to fit out a dozen romances by (say) Mr. Rolf Boldrewood. Its author has tramped it up hill and down dale; he is equally at home on the highroads of America or in the slums of our English cities. He has known the agonies of starvation, and, by dint of considerable practice, has acquired the difficult art of begging. His companions have been thieves, vagrants, and mendicants. Not since *Borrow* (it seems safe to say) have we had a presentment so vivid, forceful, and intimate of the inner lives of these delightful people. And the strange thing about it all is that Mr. Davies himself appears to be a man with essentially domestic instincts, a lover of the fireside and the companionship of men and books. He has gone through the world weaving his wonderful experiences into song, and with an eye always on the end of wandering—the happy haven that awaits the tired voyager.

It is difficult—indeed, it is almost impossible—to quote from this volume, so full is every chapter of strange and exciting matter. But one incident in this *Odyssey* of a vagabond must not go unrecorded. The scene is America. Mr. Davies and a companion tramp had been found guilty of the crime of trespassing on a railroad. They were each fined five dollars by the Judge. Hot with indignation, Davies refused to disgorge a cent. The remainder must be told in his own words:

Judge Stevens looked at us steadily for a time, and then asked this astounding question—"Boys, how much are you prepared to pay?" Brum, who had very little sense of justice, and being such a good beggar, set very little value on money, asked the Judge if he would accept three dollars from each of us. If I had been alone at this time I would have paid nothing, but to save Brum from going to prison, who I knew would support me through all, I satisfied myself that, if the Judge approved of this

amount, I would pay it without further comment. The Judge appeared to weigh the matter seriously, and then cried, with a magnanimity that was irresistible, "Pass over the dollars, boys; you shall have a chance this time."

As a record of a life lived in defiance of all the conventional rules of our modern civilisation this volume is of priceless value. Its freshness of outlook and spontaneity of expression, together with its entire freedom from cant, make it in every sense of the term a truly remarkable production. Mr. Shaw contributes a characteristic Preface.

Montreux. Painted by T. HARDWICKE LEWIS and MAY HARDWICKE LEWIS; described by FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

It is probable that the average Briton knows Switzerland as well as or better than he does Kensington Gardens. He, or she, has made holiday there, has assimilated what not of its semi-Cockney, semi-theatrical charm, and, having tasted the joys of cheap Continental travel, would fain be reminded of them in the sombre days when he is confined to the office-stool and the banality of the tram-ridden suburb. To such as these this book on *Montreux*, by J. Hardwicke Lewis and May Hardwicke Lewis, in picture, and Francis H. Gribble, in prose, will come as a veritable god-send. And, granting that the thing had to be done, it might have been much worse. The text deals quite lightly and brightly with the literary and historical associations of the northern shore of the Lake of Geneva, from Vevey to Villeneuve, and the pictures are as "pretty" as need be, although they lack atmosphere and artistic distinction. Still, Mr. Gribble tells us a deal about Bonivard the Prisoner of Chillon, the Pietists, Madame de Warens, and "Obermann," and one ought not to expect more. The book is entirely readable, and really does not worry one much.

FICTION

A King of Mars. By AVIS HEKKING. (John Long, 6s.)

It is unfortunate that Miss Hekking should begin her novel with a preface and a prologue. Both are unnecessary, for they only emphasise the laboured artificiality of the story that follows. Not that she writes badly, but the authoress has not convinced us that Mars was the natural sphere for the activities of her characters. Beylo, Amklu, Zarma, and Anayra might have lived in London or Ruritania, to judge by their language, which at times suggests Wardour Street and at others an eighteenth-century drawing-room. Anayra, the villain of the piece, succeeds so easily that the reader is amazed, and from being an unpopular prince he becomes King of Mars by means of an academic rebellion in which no blood is shed. Beylo, who is the mouthpiece of the story, is the slave of Zarma, with whom she is, of course, in love, and in his service she risks her life as often as it is necessary to keep the story going. Airships are inevitable in a story of this kind, for it is the accepted axiom that the unearthly spheres learn of earthly inventions and improve upon them. The people of Mars, according to Avis Hekking, know a great deal of this earth, and there are many references to our planet in the novel. These airships, we are given to understand, render battles unnecessary, even when the mysterious ammunition "the White Fire" is discarded because of its ferocious thoroughness. Thus everybody is conspiring against someone else, because everybody is too humane to employ the obvious method for the destruction of the enemy. In this odd atmosphere is the scene of "A King of Mars" laid, and even the multiplicity of familiar adventures does not excite the reader. In an imaginative story all the imagination should not be on the part of the reader. He rightly demands a certain amount of plausibility from the novelist, and the writer of "A King of Mars" does not provide it. Her style is better than her powers of invention.

The Splendid Coward. By HOUGHTON TOWNLEY. (Greening, 6s.)

MR. TOWNLEY is one of the few writers of sensational stories who know how to avoid the ridiculous and the extravagant, and his latest novel will add, undoubtedly, to this reputation. "The Splendid Coward" is, as its somewhat paradoxical title suggests, the story of apparent cowardice subsequently heroically justified. Dick Swinton, the hero, is the son of a clergyman and the grandson of an earl. His mother, Lady Mary Swinton, is a mixture of extreme worldliness and womanliness, and Mr. Townley is to be congratulated upon his skill in depicting the lights and the shadows in her character. She is the centre of all the trouble from the day she alters a couple of cheques drawn by her miserly father, the Earl of Herresford, to the last chapter, where her return after a somewhat illogical flight completes the story. Dick Swinton's adventures, following upon his mother's crime, give the author fine scope for his ability as a delineator of the melodramatic, and if the expected does happen eventually, it is delayed while surprises are sprung upon the reader by the author. A word is due to the character of the Reverend John Swinton, an ably-drawn portrait which is only slightly exaggerated for the purposes of the plot. Mr. Townley knows how to create real men and women—a somewhat unusual gift in a writer of sensational fiction, as he is described by his publishers—and for this reason he is likely to assume a leading position in the ranks of the writers who aim at pleasing the multitude. "The Splendid Coward" is one of the best stories of its kind we have seen this year. Mr. Townley is a frank melodramatist in prose, but he is successful, and because of that his latest book must be awarded more than ordinary praise.

Absolution. By CLARA VIEBIG. Translated from the German by H. RAAHANGE. (John Lane, 6s.)

IN noticing a book originally written in another language the reviewer is always in the difficult position of judging how far the translator has succeeded in interpreting the spirit of the author's work; and in the present instance, lacking a copy of the original, we cannot help feeling that something is wanting necessary to our comprehension of the author's aim in writing this powerful and terrible book. Mrs. Tiralla, her heroine, is young, beautiful, and married to a prosperous farmer many years her senior. This man, who is fond of his wife and by no means unamiable in an unintelligent way, she hates with a passion that amounts to physical repulsion, and in the first chapter of the book we find her simulating fear of imaginary rats in order that she may obtain the means by which to murder him. Her first attempt only ends in a narrow escape for her half-witted maid—an utterly repellent girl, whose character varies between brutish cunning and vacuous idiocy. Thereafter her hate pursues its course until it is increased to something like madness by force of her love for another man. We see her calling to her assistance a wretched schoolmaster who loves her and ruining him hopelessly; and by degrees her hatred tells on her unhappy husband, who is reduced, between drink and fear of murder, to a state of insanity. We hear her praying for the courage to kill him, and asking the little girl Rosa, who believes her to be an angel, to join in her prayer; we see her lust, we can use no milder word, for her lover Becker, and finally, when her husband commits suicide we see her standing by his body, the only calm person in that household of idiots and imbeciles.

We have said at the commencement of this notice that "Absolution" is written with power; we might almost have said that it is written with ferocity. In all her strange tale of hate and passion the author has never flinched, and the result is almost a little masterpiece of the ugly and the sordid. But, as we have hinted, we are troubled with the doubt that this may not have been the author's intention, that she may, in laying emphasis on the spiritual side of Mrs. Tiralla's character, have desired to show a deeper motive for her passions than vanity and

lust. If this be so, we can only say that the translation before us has failed to convince us. "Absolution" is a book that should be read by all those who are strong of stomach.

The Magic of May. By "IOTA." (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

THIS is a rather improbable story told in so matter of fact a manner that it is but rarely that the thoughtful reader pauses to marvel. For instance, the stepfather who addresses his eight-year-old daughter as "You damned young rip!—you moon-struck ass!" made us stare; but we accepted without question the young officer who wins the V.C. while under the influence of a courage-provoking drug, and, after being reduced to the level of a field-beast by that potion, recovers himself and leads thereafter a simple and untainted life. And even when the other young officer who had discovered him in his beast-like period proved to be the early lover of his wife it only seemed pleasantly natural. As a matter of fact, in spite of a certain bluntness in the characterisation, "The Magic of May" is quite a pleasant book. The heroine, after being badly priggish as a child, develops into a sensible woman, and marries the wrong man only to find that he is the right one. And, though the book is too long and some of the characters are drawn only too successfully as bores, we followed her history with interest and enjoyment.

The New Galatea. By SAMUEL GORDON. (Greening, 6s.)

"THE NEW GALATEA" marks a revolt on the part of its author against the restrictions with which Puritanism has inflicted art in England. With such efforts every clean-minded person is bound to be in sympathy, and there is no reason why the situation of a wife who has married her husband on condition that the marriage should only be nominal should not be treated in fiction. But we have a right to expect that even a revolutionary novelist should portray real men and women, and this is exactly what Mr. Samuel Gordon has failed to do. His characters are queer aggregations of shreds and patches, and suggest a wide knowledge of the world of fiction rather than any study of real life. Moreover, Mr. Gordon has been at pains to tell his story with a delicacy that reminds us of Mr. Le Gallienne's soulful musings among petticoats, and we are of opinion that a little more plainness of speech and a little less dependence on suggestion would have made "The New Galatea" a cleaner book. If these strictures strike Mr. Gordon as being rather severe, we must remind him that he has aimed higher than the majority of contemporary writers are wont to do, and we are willing to admit that, in spite of its faults, "The New Galatea" is an interesting and stimulating novel.

The Forefront of the Battle. By ANDREW LORING. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

MR. ANDREW LORING is a versatile experimentalist in the art of fiction. We recall a novel of his entitled "The Shadow of Divorce," which was full of a certain whimsical humour. In "The Forefront of the Battle" the humour is far to seek. The note of tragedy is struck, indeed, at the very outset, and the gloom intensifies as the story runs its course. The theme is by no means new in fiction. It is the ancient story of Uriah the Hittite, with some trifling modifications in the disposition of the principal characters. In this modern variant David appears as a Prime Minister. His name is Adrian Denison, and at the age of thirty-seven he had achieved a reputation which might have made Chatham weep with envy. The first chapter in the novel reveals the advent of a grave crisis in the political world. Wilson, a scatterbrained adventurer, had undertaken at his own risk an impossible expedition into the heart of Africa. The news has been received in England that he is in great danger, and the question arises as to whether the Government would be justified in despatching a relief force. Denison, who is in full possession of the facts of the case, maintains that the risk is too heavy. Suddenly there appears upon the scene Bathsheba. Evelyn Meredith is a young and beautiful girl who had

contracted a secret and merely formal marriage with a young officer named Foxwell. With but the barest understanding of the situation, the extremity of Wilson appeals to her as the opportunity of her lover. She approaches Denison, and pleads anxiously for a "fighting chance" for Foxwell. The result will have been foreseen. Denison is captivated with the beauty of the fair suppliant, and the ancient mandate—"Set ye Uriah the Hittite in the forefront of the hottest battle" is cabled in a briefer and more convenient form. Uriah falls—only to rise again, however. He returns to England, a shattered and disfigured wreck, to find that his bride of a day has become the wife of the Prime Minister, who has by now assumed the title of Lord Stonehouse. Complications multiply, and there are many harrowing scenes. Evelyn had kept the story of her former marriage a secret from her husband, and its revelation is attended with unforeseen consequences. Foxwell, it must be said, behaves magnificently, and his death at a later stage of the narrative appears to provide the means for a satisfactory solution of the problem. It is followed, however, by the death of Evelyn's child, and the curtain falls on a stage of absolute blackness. The story is well told, and there are some fine dramatic moments, but the tension is at times almost too terrible. We would have even welcomed the vulgarity of a little comic relief.

Pedlar's Pack. By OLIVER ONIONS. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

"PEDLAR'S PACK" consists of one long story and eleven short ones. The long story, "Thorgumbald," is based on an imaginary incident in the march of two companies of Chelsea Pensioners from the South of England to Carlisle. It is a vivid and powerful character-study, abounding in dramatic incidents. The other stories are of slighter build. They are, for the most part—what short stories should always be—dramatic presentations of single and detached incidents. Mr. Onions exhibits a wholly admirable disdain for the smoothly-rounded narrative. He demands from his readers a certain amount of intelligence and not a little imagination. Granted these, his book will prove a pure and unending delight. Such elements of complexity as the volume contains must be sought in the style, for Mr. Onions, as is the manner of your true romanticist, knows but little of the lights and shades of character. His villains are instantly recognisable; they bear the authentic stamp. And villainy stalks naked and unashamed through the pages of this book. Smuggling, larceny, murder, and piracy on the high seas—these are the stock-in-trade of Mr. Onions. Familiar wares—but in the hands of our author they have all the appearance of novelty; and the most jaded reader of tales of adventure need have no fear that he will be sent empty away. The period chosen is that of the American War of Independence, and there is a night watchman whose manner as a *raconteur* might well prove the envy of even Mr. Kipling or Mr. W. W. Jacobs. Two stories merit special commendation—"The Freeholders" and "Anderson," the latter of which is a triumph in the art of successful narrative. But the whole book abounds in those qualities which go to the heart of every real lover of romance—brisk dialogue and a certain breathlessness of incident which carries everything before it.

The Scarlet Runner. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. (Methuen, 6s.)

WE believe that most, if not all, of these stories appeared in one of the monthly magazines, a fact which, no doubt, explains the accommodating regularity with which Christopher Race, the owner of a motor-car known as "The Scarlet Runner," manages to achieve an adventure a month for twelve months. So methodical is this arrangement that each of his thrilling experiences is labelled, and we have a February adventure with a suicide coming punctually on the heels of a January political plot, to be followed in turn by a March burglary, an April conspiracy, a May bomb, and so on until the series is neatly wound up with a little December romance. Naturally "The Scarlet Runner" plays the principal part in these motor-detective

stories; in fact, it would seem that a pleasant-looking youth has only to drive slowly down the street in a red car to meet at once with strange and exciting adventures. The tales are ingenious, but nothing more. They are composed of well-worn material, dished up in the approved magazine fashion, and differ very little from the copiously illustrated stories which litter the table of every dentist's waiting-room. They are brightly told, and the presence of the red motor lends them a fictitious air of youth and sprightliness.

DRAMA

ON TWO FRENCH ACTRESSES

THE Shaftesbury Theatre is hospitable to foreign artists. After the terrors of the Sicilian actors and the horrors of the Grand-Guignol, we find two distinguished French companies lodged in this house.

M. Lugné-Poe, the originator of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, who for several years past has been introducing to the Parisian public Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Bjornson, Hauptman, Verhaeren and Van Lerberghe, now presents his wife, Mme. Suzanne Després, in a repertoire of modern plays. It seems a pity that this repertoire has not been more *intellectuel*, more typical of his work, but I suppose M. Lugné-Poe was afraid of frightening the London playgoers. So only one Ibsen play was produced, the rest of the programme being composed of M. H. Bernstein's plays. The company was good, and M. Lugné-Poe himself quite remarkable in *Maison de Poupée* and in his clever characterisation of M. Lepic in M. Jules Renard's masterpiece, *Poil de Carotte*.

On the other hand, Mme. Bartet brought with her a repertoire of Dumas *filis* and Hervieu plays acted by well-known *sociétaires* or *pensionnaires* of the Comédie-Française such as MM. Baillet and J. Fenoux. Let us candidly admit, however painful to the French *amour-propre* it may be, that such poor interpreters of modern plays have rarely been seen in London before. I hear M. Fenoux plays *Hernani* beautifully, and M. Baillet proved himself absolutely charming in Marivaux's *Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*; but, dressed in the frock-coats of a modern comedy, they both seemed heavy, unnatural, and out of place. At that we must not be surprised, but thankful rather that they are so greatly influenced by the traditions and the mannerisms necessary to play the classics as to be unable to get rid of them when they appear in modern works. And, after all, the Comédie-Française *sociétaires'* first duty is to perpetuate the noble (or delightful) traditions of the immortal *chefs d'œuvre* committed to their care.

Never has a more striking example of two different schools of French dramatic art been submitted to the judgment of London playgoers. After Mme. Després comes Mme. Bartet, both stars of much brilliancy, whose repertoires present a contrast quite unusually remarkable, so that in the space of four weeks we have been watching with keen interest a literary contest—Bernstein *v.* Hervieu, and Ibsen *v.* the French Classicists. Apparently the result is quite negative. The enthusiasm was great for both teams. Each one of those two ladies has her partisans, and the fact that the one got four calls and the other one five matters really not at all.

Listen to Mme. Bartet in M. Hervieu's play, *La Loi de l'Homme*, a Comédie-Française actress in an Academician's drama. Now M. Hervieu's works are by no means simple and life-like. Following Angier and Dumas *filis* he believes in the *pièce à thèse* and struggles in its toils; several characters argue and exchange reasonable reasons with much cleverness and at considerable length; they talk about law, the rights of men and women, and even the much-suffering heroine, forgetting her grief, finds time to select good arguments with which to defend her cause, appealing to our intellect as much as to our heart. Such a problem-play may be interesting enough, even dramatic,

very seldom moving, unless for some mysterious reason it suddenly falls into melodrama.

In the middle of all this, as on a pedestal, stands Mme. Bartet with her admirable technique, surrounded by unreal, uncharacteristic people, who deferentially give the cue in the argument.

Not so with Mme. Suzanne Després in a Bernstein play. *La Rafale* or *Le Détour* are mere *faits-divers*, incidents of everyday life handled on the stage by a skilful dramatist who does not try to moralise nor to preach; who does not try either to shake the social edifice or to alter men and their laws. He never appeals to our reason, he pleads to our heart; he does not attempt to prove, he tries to carry us away. His heroes are weak and human instead of being logical and consistent; they do not air their ideas, they express their feelings in colloquial French, following the impulse of their passion.

It is difficult to imagine Mme. Bartet impersonating one of M. Bernstein's heroines, whose intense vitality is so admirably expressed by Mme. Després.

In addition to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Granier, and Mme. Réjane—women whose personality is strong enough to appear unchanged, yet totally different in all the parts they create—there are several great actresses in France of lesser reputation in Europe, but of equal merit. They belong to one of two schools, the academic or the realistic (the latter being known as the intellectual among some people). Mme. Bartet is at the head of the academic school, Mme. Després at the head of the realistic school.*

From the minute she sets foot on the stage Mme. Bartet is the star, the heroine around whom is written the drama; we are not allowed to forget it. We see it in the golden curls of her hair, in her ever youthful face, in her general behaviour. When she is not actually talking, the wave of her hands, the elaborate gracefulness of her feet whisper it, and the respectful deference of the other characters proclaim it aloud. And when she talks we have no doubts left. It is the perfection of delivery; the words sound enchanting, *ailés*, and full of meaning; and how admirable the would-be indifferent way in which she gives the unimportant lines; what an adorable studied carelessness! Then comes the first speech; it is worked up with wonderful precision, divided into sections, harmonious, like a symphony with an opening *allegro*, an *andante* full of sad reminiscences, and a passionate *finale* ending in an amazing *crescendo*. It is all beautiful, classical, expected, yet unexpectedly perfect; we sigh with joy. Every word has been given with the right intonation; the right gesture plays the accompaniment; not a single note is out of tune; the voice is splendid, broken, or sonorous, filled with joy or heavy with ecstasy, and the sob has come just at the right bar. How wonderful it is! And such is the power of stars that not only are we lost deep in admiration, but even moved, in spite of the artificiality of the means employed.

Such is the result of Mme. Bartet's technique. She is the perfection of artificiality and perfection itself in every part she undertakes to play. She never makes a mistake and never disappoints us. Of that we are sure. Years of Comédie-Française training have taught her to be unerring. Parisians call her "*La Divine*," and divine indeed is her talent. She can be sweet, strong, melancholy, passionate, subtle, simple, tragic. She can even be natural according to the rules of theatrical conventionality. So she is the quintessence of refined acting.

Mme. Després is just the opposite. She does not make a sensational *entrée*, she makes her appearance quietly, and does not pose as a central figure. She sits in a corner, hardly noticeable at all till—till her pathetic voice, her

fascinating simplicity, her placid charm take you. You forget she is playing a character. You feel you are in presence of a living person, of a very human woman, who is going to smile or to cry in spite of the audience. You are interested, moved, and, as the play goes on, you remember things you have seen and heard—a familiar gesture, the echo of a cherished voice, a vaguely-remembered intonation. Then suddenly she takes you by storm in a passionate scene. You recognise real anger, despair, love, and you listen breathlessly, forgetting the ugly decorations of the Shaftesbury Theatre. She is really so wonderfully true to life that one does not realise how wonderful she is.

Which is the most valuable of these two talents is not for me to decide. Perhaps it is only a matter of taste. Anyhow, they were fully illustrated by two performances, that of Mme. Bartet in Silvia of *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*, that of Mme. Després in Norah of *Maison de Poupée*. The two characters fitted the two actresses uncommonly well. Marivaux's refined feelings and polished periods afforded Mme. Bartet ample opportunity for her polished and refined talent, while Ibsen's simplicity showed off Mme. Després' simple methods to perfection.

Mme. Bartet shines more brilliantly, but Mme. Després charms us more; the one fills us with admiration, the other with emotion. We cannot forget the former's cleverness, but we have more sympathy with the latter's feelings. This one is the perfection of acting, but that one is life itself; or, quoting La Bruyère, shall I say that Mme. Després paints women as they are, while Mme. Bartet paints them as they ought to be?

X. MARCEL BOULESTIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TERCENTENARY OF MILTON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—December 9th next will be the 300th anniversary of the birth of Milton.

The Council of the British Academy, feeling that the day should not be allowed to pass without due observance, have decided to organise a commemoration of the tercentenary.

They believe that they will be acting in accordance with common sentiment, and they are confirmed in this view by a letter which was recently addressed to them by the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the London County Council, the Vice-Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, the Master of Christ's College, Cambridge (Milton's college), the High Master of St. Paul's School (Milton's school), and Mr. H. A. Harben on behalf of the trustees of Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles.

In this letter the signatories remark that "It might be felt that London, Milton's birthplace, so intimately associated with his life and work, should take the lead in promoting such a movement. But the event is one of national importance rather than of local interest, and its celebration should be entrusted to a representative body competent to ensure that it shall be carried out in a fitting and dignified manner."

The details of the programme of the celebration will be duly announced, but the special reason for addressing this letter to you at this early date is in order to commend the due observance of the tercentenary to the attention of the educational authorities of English-speaking countries. Those who are directly concerned in education will be best able to decide on the various ways in which this suggestion can be carried out.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, President of the British Academy.

British Museum, May 25, 1908.

THOMAS MORE AND THE "UTOPIA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article in your paper (May 16th) in which an anonymous writer reviews my edition of the "*Utopia*," and, while admitting that it is a "very good school edition," pours out the vials of his indignation on me for holding views different from his own on the subject of "*More and the Reformation*," and uses not a few expressions of contempt, some of which seem to me to transgress the bounds of such courtesy as

* It is interesting to note that Mme. Simone Le Bargy alone has lighted on the happy mean between the two. Mme. Jane Hading, once so greatly admired at the Coronet Theatre, is the most admirable and worst example of the academic actress spoilt by provincial and foreign tours, with her exaggerated mannerisms, her inapposite tricks, her obvious artificiality, all the technical qualities of the academic school turned into positive defects—an extreme perfection overdone to the point of extreme imperfection.

is due from a critic (even on a subject exciting *odium ecclesiasticum*) towards a writer no less earnest in the search for truth than any of his reviewers. I have no intention to bandy such words as "impertinent" and "disgusting" with an anonymous critic. Nor am I here concerned to defend my view of More's character, and of his attitude towards the Reformation. It is a view which, I think, would commend itself to all unprejudiced Englishmen and Englishwomen. I hold no brief for Protestantism. In such matters I am "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri," and am quite ready to acknowledge my mistake if my views can be proved to be inconsistent with the principles that I hold as a Christian and as an Englishman; but contemptuous and discourteous language seems to me to be out of place in such discussions. If I have expressed my conviction that More probably "felt a longing for the light of a truer Christianity" than that which the Roman Church afforded him—if I have not surrendered myself to the guidance of Roman Catholic biographies, and have preferred Seebohm's "Oxford Reformers" to any "illuminating little volume" in "The Saints" series—if I do not feel inclined to accept descriptions of Roman Catholicism as "the sole religion of the country," and as "truth absolute and immutable," nor descriptions of the Reformation as a "virulent disease," and an "invading monster," there seems, nevertheless, to be no good reason why an anonymous reviewer should consider himself entitled to use contemptuous expressions towards one who happens to view such matters from a standpoint other than his own.

H. B. COTTERILL.

Villa Chenevière, Vevey, May 19, 1908.

[The writer of the article replies :

SIR,—Of course, I was an anonymous critic : it is the practice of THE ACADEMY that reviews should be unsigned. But I dislike anonymity in controversy, and therefore beg your permission to sign this reply with my name.

Mr. Cotterill's letter shows that he is (what I did not suspect from his book) a careless reader. I used no expression of contempt towards him. What I did say was that he was well intentioned but inadequately enlightened. I regret that he should now compel me to doubt his title to the former term. A well-intentioned student of a subject to which there are notoriously two sides would surely be careful to make himself acquainted with both. Mr. Cotterill prefers to rely solely on Protestant writings concerning Thomas More. To study the question from Thomas More's own side would be, it appears, to "surrender himself to Roman Catholic biographies." I do not complain of him for reading Seebohm; but had he read Nisard and Bridgett and Bremond too, he would have understood the subject better.

On the points at issue it is clear that Mr. Cotterill and I would never agree, and after expressing my views in the article referred to, I do not feel justified in asking for space in which to repeat them. But I must add a word on the two strong epithets which have, not unnaturally, roused Mr. Cotterill to protest. I regarded his assurance that More was not jesting when he made Hythloday invoke the teaching of Christ as an impertinent assurance. I regard it so still. I should equally regard as impertinent the assurance that Ridley or Latimer was in earnest when he invoked the teaching of his Master. It is not a question of Catholicism or Protestantism, but of the good faith of a man who died for his faith. And the fact that More was not jesting is regarded by Mr. Cotterill as proof that "More did, in spite of all the husks of mediæval superstition which cased him in, feel in his heart the longings for the light of a truer Christianity." I found that sentence "disgusting." It disgusts me still. It conveys the insidious implications that the "light of a truer Christianity" was to be found in Protestantism alone, and that More was secretly on the side of Protestantism. I need say no more.

If, by the way, Mr. Cotterill reads M. Bremond's book in the English edition he will find that I had the honour of being the translator. Let me assure him that I have no private end to gain in recommending it to his attention. I have not the acquaintance of M. Bremond, and was paid in full for the work on its publication.

HAROLD CHILD.]

"KEATS'S SONNET TO A CAT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My authorities for ascribing the authorship of the "Sonnet to Vauxhall" to John Hamilton Reynolds are—(1) the Table of Contents of "Hood's Comic Annual, 1830," in which the author is stated to be "Edward Herbert Esq.," and (2) Dr. Richard Garnett's memoir of Reynolds in the "Dictionary of National Biography," where Reynolds is described as having contributed to the *London Magazine* under the signature of Edward Herbert. How the "Sonnet to Vauxhall" became included in "Hood's Own" thirty years after its appearance in the "Comic Annual" I cannot

tell. It is well known that Reynolds assisted Hood in writing the "Odes and Addresses to Celebrated Persons," and at this distance of time it is difficult to assign the portion belonging to each contributor.

If the "Sonnet to Vauxhall" was not written by Reynolds, but by Hood, is it not possible that the "Sonnet to a Cat," looking to Hood's love of mystification, was also by Hood?

The date of the "Sonnet to a Cat" is put, on the authority of Woodhouse's "Commonplace Book," as January 16th, 1818. The poem must have been well known to the Keats circle, and it is inconceivable that it should have remained unpublished until 1830, or nine years after Keats's death, and then to have appeared in such uncongenial surroundings as "Hood's Comic Annual, 1830."

I may observe that the "Sonnet to a Cat" is not included in the collected edition of the poetical works of Keats, edited, with a critical memoir, by William Michael Rossetti, illustrated by Thomas Seecombe, published by Ward, Lock and Co. without date.

JOHN HEBB.

Primrose Club, S.W.

Sonnet to Vauxhall,
by Edward Herbert esq
"The English Garden."

—Mason.

The cold transparent ham is on my fork—

It hardly rains—and hark the bell !—ding-dingle—

Away ! three thousand feet at gravel work,

Mocking a Vauxhall shower !—Married and Single

Crush—Rush :—Soak'd Silks with wet white Satin mingle.

Hengler ! Madame ! round whom all bright sparks lurk,

Calls audibly on Mr. and Mrs. Pringle

To study the Sublime, &c.—(vide Burke)

All Noses are upturn'd !—Whish-ish ! On high

The rocket rushes—trails—just steals in sight—

Then droops and melts in bubbles of blue light—

And darkness reigns—Then balls flare up and die—

Wheels whiz—smack crackers—serpents twist—and then

Back to the cold transparent ham again !

TO SAVE THE BIRDS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is sincerely to be hoped that the Select Committee to which Lord Avebury's "Importation of Plumage Prohibition Bill" has been referred by the House of Lords will realise the need of prompt as well as stringent legislation, if whole species of beautiful birds are to be saved from destruction.

It has been suggested that foreign Governments should first be consulted. If other countries are willing to assist us by taking joint action, so much the better; but such official communications are apt to be dilatory, and meantime the insensate slaughter will go on. There is no reason why this country should not at once legislate for herself, and thus set a much-needed example which is likely to be followed elsewhere.

For many years the Humanitarian League has been calling attention to this matter, and has long had in circulation a Bill similar in principle to that which has just been read a second time in the Upper House.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

53, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., May 26, 1908.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As one of the "loose-witted male supporters or victims" of the Woman Suffragist, may I crave leave, however unworthily, to give expression to "the authentic law," which, as you so wisely remark, "insists upon correction," the correction, for instance, of the terminologically inexact conclusions of some of the young men on your staff, who walk delicately hand-in-hand with Nature, and are the pale-mouthed projects of "the Natural Order of Things"?

Let us consider the sweet unreasonableness of these ladies. After some five thousand years of silken civilisation, man, nobly typified by one of your young lions, has discovered that woman is "charming and amusing to a degree, but not really to be trusted." He has arrived at that high pitch of "gallantry which forbids the tearing of Molonies limb from limb," but does not shrink from sentencing delicately-nurtured women to solitary confinement for six weeks as common criminals on a diet of skilly and bad vegetables. And yet these illogical and emotional women are not satisfied. They dare to doubt the "gallantry" of the men who, though they "sprawl in noble rage in admiration for this fairest of God's creatures," pay her half a man's wage for doing

a man's work; who have set up one code of social purity for her and another for themselves; they dare to doubt the gallantry of budding Cabinet Ministers, who meet their demand for political freedom with the playful badinage of the innuendo; of the hooligan who replies to their arguments with the delicate irony of the rotten egg. In fine, after having for some fifty years proved themselves the equal, and at times the superior, of man in the strife of the Tripos and the schools; after having been allowed to join in his muddle-headed deliberations on School Boards, Education Committees, and Municipal Councils, these women have the effrontery to hint that man, in his wisdom, cannot legislate for them, and that their opinion at the polls upon such questions as education, sweated labour, housing of the working classes, married women's labour, or licensing reform may be quite as valuable as his! *ὅτι οὐκ ἀνδρῶν καὶ κόρρων ἄλλο γυναικῶν!*

Sensible people will not allow their sense of justice to be deadened by the din of one dinner-bell or blinded to the true inwardness of the question even by the summer-lightning humour of THE ACADEMY. The strength of the movement is evidenced by the gradual awakening of thousands of thinking, level-headed, men and women to the righteousness of woman's demand for the opportunity to express her individuality. The cause of Women's Suffrage is too well grounded upon logic and justice to suffer permanent injury from the occasional extravagances of its sometimes too-exuberant supporters or opponents.

E. W. HENDY.

Southgrove, Alderley Edge, May 20, 1908.

[Our reply to this letter will be found in 'Life and Letters.'—Ed.]

TWO NOTES IN CHAUCER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Please excuse me from discussing the former of Mr. Ellershaw's notes at present.

As regards the latter, every one must see at once that, in order to make a point against me, my critic has not hesitated to alter the text. He has turned a negative sentence into an affirmative one; and, of course, this makes all the difference. He tells us that Chaucer says:

He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
He maked him a spyced conscience.—(525, 6).

But Chaucer says precisely the contrary—viz., "He maked him"—i.e., "Nor made for himself," not "He maked him." It means "He did not make."

Before we can discuss the matter further, I must ask my critic why he has made this alteration. I can find no authority for it at present.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

CORRECTIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I must thank you for inserting last week my letter suggesting interpretations of two passages in Chaucer's Prologue. Will you allow me to correct a misprint or two? The heading should have "on," not "in;" and twice in the quotation of the line, "He maked him a spyced conscience," "He" is printed for "Ne." In the sentence "Why should it have some here?" for "some" read "any."

H. ELLERSHAW.

Durham, May 24, 1908.

[We sincerely regret that these printer's errors escaped our notice.—Ed.]

THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE LAND'S END DISTRICT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have recently visited nearly all the ancient monuments in the Land's End district of Cornwall, many of them in very inaccessible corners of the county. I regret to say that they sadly need attention with a view to preservation. Many of them are becoming quite buried and dilapidated, and in a few years will disappear altogether. They are all of immense archaeological value, many being of inestimable prehistoric interest. I venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that no part of England possesses such a wealth of antiquarian remains within so small a portion of earth surface. Surely it is not asking the nation too much to preserve, even at some considerable cost, those that are left for the benefit of our successors, who will probably value them much more than we seem to do.

A glance at the Ordnance Map of Penzance, sheets 351 and 358, shows an extraordinary number of ancient British villages, cromlechs, stone circles, logan rocks, barrows, hut circles, giant's

rocks, quoits, earthen or walled castles, sacred wells, chapels and crosses. I have closely inspected nearly all of these from Land's End to St. Ives, from Cape Cornwall to Lelant and Penzance, and can only tell a sad tale. In the first place many of the stone circles, so marked on the Ordnance Map, have ceased to be. In vain have I searched for some of the logan stones and menhirs. They have long ago been used up for gate-posts or building purposes. The stones in the ancient chapels are rapidly disappearing one by one. The "ancient British villages," as they are called, are without exception simply buried beneath masses of destructive briars and fern. The beehive huts are similarly overgrown and almost undiscernible. Even locally I have had, in many instances, much difficulty in finding them. The neighbouring farmers are forgetting their existence, and labourers living close by, perhaps purposely, don't know where they are. These priceless relics of the past history of our country should, in my humble opinion, be preserved from vandalism, the predatory attacks of those ignorant of their value, and the levelling friction of wind, rain, and storm. A few of the prominent ancient monuments in the more accessible spots are more or less preserved (such as the Logan Stone, Lanyon Quoit, the Nine Maidens, the Blind Fiddler, and, speaking generally, the churchyard Celtic crosses), but the historic and pre-historic relics in the out-of-the-way and wild parts of Penwith, of quite equal value and importance, are allowed to go to destruction or have already gone.

The remarkably fine ancient British village of Chysauter is so buried up with ruinous vegetation as to be difficult to find. The beehive hut near Crows-an-wra—the most perfect specimen remaining—may well be taken for a heap of stones collected from the surface of the field whence it rises, overrun as it is with rank vegetation and actually having trees of a fair size growing out of its walls. Tree-roots, in the natural process of growth, are deadly enemies of ancient buildings. The "Ancient British Village" near by is similarly hidden with bramble and fern. The very interesting old chapels fare no better. Chapel Downs, in Sancreed parish, once protected with iron railings by a late Rector not so many years ago, is now most dilapidated and the railings are in fragments. Chapel Uny, in the same parish, is practically non-existent; and the Well of the Saint has now only two stones remaining showing any traces of carving. Bosence Chapel, also in Sancreed parish, is a rank mass of unkempt vegetation in the corner of a field, and was difficult to find. The ancient dwellings of Bollowall, near Carn Gluze, at St. Just, are similarly dilapidated; most of the stones are already gone, and in a short time will be filled up and obliterated with debris from the neighbouring mine. It is common knowledge that some of the most ancient carved bench-ends have gone to make pigsty-doors and other articles of domestic use.

St. Helen's Oratory, Cape Cornwall, is also already nearly non-existent, and so I might go on—the facts are all more or less equally painfully monotonous. I merely have mentioned a few concrete instances and probably many of your readers could give more.

Now the parsons of Cornwall, even if they be not all antiquarians, are all keenly desirous of preserving these ancient monuments of past civilisation, which are certainly not of parochial but quite national interest, but they lack funds. Many of them are poor men and can do nothing at all. I have in my travels through the Land's End district of Cornwall more than once been asked how to preserve these monuments—whether it were better to scrape or recut rich Celtic crosses; whether to paint or distemper old fonts; how best to preserve old tracery on arches, windows, and tombs. I was glad to find such a genuinely active spirit of preservation abroad, for it shows the keenness of the clergy in the district to aid in the preservation of the memorials of the past, of which they are tenants for life. Still, it always struck me that such queries should not require to be put. The nation should have rendered such questions unnecessary.

The clergy of Cornwall, I feel sure, will welcome any way that leads to the preservation of their monuments, and aid any system that may be inaugurated to effect that end. The spirit, truly, is willing, but the pocket is empty. As it is, most of the fine old Celtic crosses in the churchyards have been placed there—rescued from serving other purposes, such as brook-bridges, stepping-stones, gate-posts through the local parson's energies. These deliverances should be a national matter, and not left to the haphazard knowledge or ability of even a zealous set of men who have much else to do in other directions. The nation should awake to its responsibilities, and take over the care of all these ancient monuments and remains, when perhaps sign-posts and fences will indicate where many of them are to be found.

Local antiquarian societies do what they can, but their funds, naturally, are very limited, and quite inadequate to cope with the pressing and urgent necessities of the case.

J. HARRIS STONE.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall-Mall, May 28, 1908.

ERRATA

The following errata occurred in our last week's issue :

P. 802, l. 5 from bottom, for *boring* read *long*.

P. 803, col. 2, l. 29 from bottom, read *Thoukudides*.

Ib., l. 26 from bottom, read *Thermopylai*.

Ib., l. 15 from bottom, read *dialectic*.

P. 804, l. 6 from top, read *participle*, and in the next line *драма*.

We are asked to state that "Where Passion Swayed," by Mr. W. Ashley Larkins (reviewed in our issue of May 9th), is not published by the author himself, but by Mr. Ashley Larkins's publisher, at 12, Cursitor Street.

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

Bryan, John Ingram. *Films of Blue*. Tokyo : Kyo Bun Kwan.
The Complete Poetical Works of Hartley Coleridge. Edited, with
an Introduction, by Ramsay Colles. Routledge, 1s. net.

Pacey, Katharine Worcester. *Lays of Empire*. Ouseley, 1s.

Salford, Pryor. *King Rolher*. Liverpool : Marples, n.p.

Rickards, Marcus S. C. *Musical Imaginings*. Simpkin, Marshall,
4s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL

Jørgensen, Professor. *The Fundamental Conceptions of Chemistry*.
S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.

*Short French Readers : Le monde où l'on se bat. Un épisode sous
la terreur. Histoire d'un merle blanc. Poucinet*. Dent, 6d.
net each.

Clough's Certificate History. Compiled by Avary H. Forbes.
Ralph Holland, 3s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

Cotterill, Erica. *A Professional Socialist*. The New Age Press,
1s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

Sidey, the Rev. W. W. *The First Christian Fellowship*. Melrose,
2s. net.

Duff, Archibald. *Hints on Old Testament Theology*. Black, 2s. 6d.
net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

The Girls' School Year-book, 1908. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. net.

James's German Dictionary. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.

FICTION

Wyllarde, Dolf. *Mafoola*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.

Warden, Florence. *The Millionaire's Son*. Ward Lock, 6s.

Gerard, Dorothea. *Restitution*. Long, 6s.

Protheroe, Hope. *One Man's Sin*. Long, 6s.

Tynan, Katharine. *The Lost Angel*. John Milne, 6s.

Warden, Florence. *Lady Lee*. T. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Page, Gertrude. *The Edge o' Beyond*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.

Yoxall, J. H. *Château Royal*. Smith, Elder, 6s.

"Nash's Summer Library." Eveleigh Nash. 1s. net each.

The Letters which Never Reached Him.

Le Queux, William. *The Count's Chauffeur*.

Philips, F. C. *As in a Looking-glass*.

Vachell, Horace Annesley. *The Procession of Life*.

Richardson, Frank. *Bunkum*.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Peacock's Pleasance. By E. V. B. Lane, 5s. net.

Conder, G. R. *The Rise of Man*. Murray, 12s. net.

Driesch Hans. *The Science and Philosophy of the Organism*.
Black, 10s. 6d. net.

The Pocket Carlyle. Edited by Rose Gardner. Routledge, 2s. 6d.
net.

Pentin, Herbert. *Judith*. Bagster, 2s. 6d. net.

Braby, Maud Churton. *Modern Marriage and How to Bear it*.
Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net.

Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred. *Home Life in Germany*. Methuen,
10s. 6d. net.

Penstone, M. M. *A Cycle of Nature-Study*. The National
Society, 3s. 6d.

Lewis, C. T. Courtney. *George Baxter, Colour-printer. His Life
and Work*. Sampson, Low, Marston, 6s. net.

Junius Junior. *Pope Pacificus*. S.P.C.K., 6d.

Essays on Shakespeare and his Works. Edited by Sir Spenser St.
John. Smith, Elder, 9s. net.

Graham, David. *The Grammar of Philosophy*. Clark, 7s. 6d.
net.

Harmsworth, Cecil. *Pleasure and Problem in South Africa*.
Lane, 5s. net.

Martin, Sir Theodore. *Queen Victoria as I Knew Her*. Blackwood,
3s. 6d. net.

Nicol, Thomas. *The Four Gospels in the Earliest Church History*.
Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net.

Stewart, Helen Kirton. *The Supernatural in Shakespeare*. Ouseley,
2s.

Bell, Lady. *Down with the Tariff!* Humphreys, 1s.

Strachey, J. St. Loe. *Problems and Perils of Socialism*. Mac-
millan, 6d.

The Shakespeare Apocrypha. Being a Collection of Fourteen
Plays which have been Ascribed to Shakespeare. Edited by
C. F. Tucker Brooke. The Clarendon Press, 5s. net.

Pendered, Mary. *My Garden*. Sisleys.

Mayne, John D. *The Triumph of Socialism*. Swan Sonnenschein,
1s.

The Creed of Buddha. By the Author of "The Creed of Christ."
Lane, 5s. net.

History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902. Compiled by the
Direction of His Majesty's Government. Vol. III. Hurst
and Blackett, n.p.

Sheringham, H. T. *Elements of Angling*. Horace Cox, n.p.

The Writings of John Heywood. Edited by John S. Farmer
Early English Drama Society.

Five Anonymous Plays. Edited by John S. Farmer. Early English
Drama Society.

Cossio, Manuel B. *El Greco*. Madrid : Victoriano Suarez.

Thomas, W. Beach. *From a Hertfordshire Cottage*. Alston Rivers,
3s. 6d.

The Charm of Edinburgh. An Anthology. Compiled by Alfred H.
Hyatt. Chatto and Windus, 2s. net.

Letters upon the Affairs of Egypt. With an Introduction by John
M. Robertson. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

We note with the deepest regret that Marlborough House continues to permit itself to be used as a stalking-horse for the noble house of Harmsworth. In the *Daily Mail* of Saturday last there appeared a large advertisement of the "Children's Encyclopædia," wherein we were assured that:

The welcome accorded to the "Children's Encyclopædia" by the Royal Children at Marlborough House is echoed in every home in the land where the future of the children is valued at more than $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a day.

We have been at the trouble to make search among the advertisements of the more reputable patent medicine vendors, and we fail to find there the smallest suggestion of recommendation from Marlborough House. Of course this is as it should be. For what reasons other, perhaps, than those of charity Marlborough House should go out of its way to help Carmelite House to sevenpences over a work which it is charitable to liken to a patent medicine passes our comprehension. We do not suppose for a moment that Marlborough House has knowledge of the flagrant manner in which its good name is being exploited by the publishers of this so-called encyclopædia. We have already expressed our opinion as to the value of the first number of the work. The sixth number—which is before us—bears evidence of much more careful editing than was bestowed upon No. 1. But the trail of the Carmelite is still over it all. And we are of opinion that a child had almost as well remain ignorant as derive its knowledge from such a quarter. In any case it is pathetic to imagine that the "Royal Children" are so put to it for suitable educational facilities that they must needs be brought up on a publication of this sort. And, in spite of Carmelite House's assertion to the contrary, we believe that it is precisely in those homes in the land where the future of the children is valued at more than a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a day that the "Children's Encyclopædia" will in no circumstances be found.

Meanwhile it may be profitable for us to glance at the kind of fare which is being provided by the Harmsworths for households in which the future of the children is valued at not more than the aforesaid $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per day. For a penny, that is to say two days' future money, we have purchased *Puck*, "the new coloured humorous paper," which, however, happens to be in its eighth volume and its 202nd

issue. It is a journal intended for children who can read, and no doubt Carmelite House intends it as a sort of finishing course after the Encyclopædia. We are not aware that *Puck* has been welcomed by the Royal children. In any case we can describe it only as an exceedingly vulgar publication containing a number of brutally ugly pictures and much foolish and futile writing. The Editor's view of what is suitable for the entertainment of children may be judged from the appended legend which appears under quite stupid drawings. (1) "Jilted for a silly-looking soldier like Tommy Atkins," said Jack Tar. 'Ah, ah! My heart is broken. I must win her back, my little Dolly Dimple!' (2) So Jack Tar mounted the sink and turned the tap on. 'Oh, horror!' gasped Dolly Dimple. 'I shall get my new frock wet, and mamma told me to be so careful.' (3) Then Jack Tar came along on the toy ark and rescued Dolly, but left Tommy food for the tiddlers." In another place we read, "Prythee, fayre lady, wilt thou permit me to take thine arm and arouse pangs of jealousy in the bosom of yonder wench? She has turned a deaf dear to the pipings of her faithful swain." And the whole letterpress is sprinkled with "Tee-hees," "Tee-hee-hoos," "Dot him one," "Hellup," "Great Grape-nuts," and similar exclamatory elegances.

It is to be presumed that in homes where the future of the children is valued at more than a $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a day *Puck* could not possibly enter. On the other hand, we know that the heart of childhood is desperately inclined to the prohibited article, and literary and artistic contraband is its especial delight. The Carmelite House authorities recognise this fault in the otherwise sweet nature of the immature, and naturally they must pander to it and make money out of it. If the politicians who were so zealous to abolish religious instruction from our State schools, and who are so careful of the childhood of the country that they will not allow a small boy to fetch a pint of beer for his father's dinner were to bring in a Bill to prohibit the sale and circulation of nefarious journals for children they would be rendering the country something of a service. Carmelite House issues a journal of the *Puck* order on each day of the week with the exception of Sunday. We have no hesitation in asserting that any child who gets hold of these journals is more than likely to be deeply injured by them, and that in the main they seem conceived utterly to stultify the real purposes of education, whether secular or otherwise. The brains of the country are of quite as much importance to it as its brawn and health. *Puck* and similar organs may be depended upon to fribble away the wits of childhood, and to weaken both the intellect and the character. Persons engaged in such an undesirable work are a good deal more dangerous to the State than the next burglar.

With reference to a letter on the subject of Christianity and Socialism which we print in our Correspondence columns, we are sorry to have to contradict Mr. Paine quite flatly on a point of fact. The vast majority of Socialists are atheists and Freethinkers, and the destruction of Christianity is one of the avowed aims of the vast majority of Socialists. Let Mr. Paine read Bax's "Religion of Socialism," let him study the "Socialist Catechism," and the "Red Catechism" taught in Socialist Sunday-schools. We will undertake that his eyes will be opened. It is quite true that the particular branch of Socialist propaganda with which Mr. Paine is associated is Christian. We refer of course to the Christian Social Union. The members of that Union are a small minority of Socialists; they are estimable people for whom we have respect, but while they fondly imagine that they are leavening the big lump of wickedness which is called Socialism they are in reality being made the tools of unscrupulous men. The whole trend of Socialism, not only in England, but in France, in Italy, and in Spain, is, and always has been, violently anti-Christian. As to the "scheme for taking land and capital out of private hands and transferring it to

the public," it has been examined and exhaustively discussed by the ablest intellects of our times. It has been proved conclusively to be a false and mischievous fallacy. Intellectually it is as disreputable as the theory that the earth is flat. Mr. Mallock has pulverised it in "A Critical Examination of Socialism," and we can also refer Mr. Paine and others concerned to Mr. J. Ellis Barker's "British Socialism," and Mr. Arnold-Forster's "English Socialism of To-day," books all recently reviewed in THE ACADEMY. The subject is almost as old as the hills, and we are merely mentioning the most recent and modern exposures of Socialism.

The *Observer*, commenting on the oddities of the Pekin Board of Astronomy, which explains an epidemic of fires by a supposed descent of the God of Fire on earth, and beats tom-toms at an eclipse to scare away the dragon which is about to swallow up the sun or the moon, says :

It is not necessary to think that they really believe in the dragon, any more than that the students of the Middle Ages were really engaged in the quest of the Philosopher's Stone.

The *Observer* implies, evidently, that the quest of the Philosopher's Stone was a crazy and chimerical pursuit. But why? The writer has advanced beyond the old stage of thought which seemed to believe that everybody who lived in the Middle Ages was mad, or bad, or stupid—or all three at once; and one cannot but be grateful that this pestilent nonsense about the most wonderful period in human history is getting less common of utterance. But the assumption that there is some radical absurdity in the theory of alchemy is quite curious; the fact being that the alchemists were, theoretically, in advance of all but the most modern science. It is doubtful, indeed, whether modern science has even yet taken up its stand firmly on the ground that they occupied by ancient right.

Ten years ago—five years ago, perhaps—the student of chemistry would have been taught the doctrine of primitive and immutable elements, and, gold being such an element, it was clear that people who sought the art of making gold were idiots. But this doctrine is now an obsolete heresy; the *mutatio rerum* is a firmly-established truth; the electron, or force taking shape in many substances, has replaced the old "elemental" theory. It is curious to note, by the way, that Law, the English follower of Böhme, anticipated on his own lines, and without any traces of alchemical knowledge, this new-old doctrine. He spoke of a world that was originally plastic, and "fluid," subject to the will of the *parens proloplastus*. In consequence of a certain cosmic disaster this fluid world was hardened and degraded into its present state. It may be, then, that the making of gold was but the by-work, the accident, of a more transcendent operation, and if this were so, if the particular were put for the universal by some of the alchemical writers, we could better understand the strange air of rapture and ecstasy which pervades their works; we could understand their fervent disclaimer of any worldly motives. In itself the making of gold is no more wonderful than the making of diamonds, it is a quite possible item of intelligence in to-morrow's morning paper; but certain of the alchemical adepts speak the language of men who have entered into the glories and delights of Paradise.

It is not long since we drew attention in these columns to the *differentia* of "the modern spirit"—its utter inability to construct or to comprehend the simplest of syllogisms, its entire readiness to draw the most absurd conclusions from the most irrelevant premises. The instance we offered was a strong one, coming as it did from the "Great Philosopher" Herbert Spencer; it was the green tree of irrationality. Here is the dry wood of the same forest, as exemplified in the *Westminster Gazette*. It occurs, very appropriately, in a review of some treatise on "Modernism :

We hear occasionally of "Catholic Truth," which requires the

efforts and subscriptions of a society to make it true. Such a conception is absurd. Truth cannot be sectarian. We might as well talk of Protestant Mathematics or Jewish Euclid.

From this passage we gather, firstly, that the truth needs no defence and no demonstration, from which it follows that the foundation of, say, an "English Historical Society," with a president, a committee, subscriptions, publications, and, possibly, a monthly organ would be absurd. History is the Truth about past events; therefore it would be ridiculous to make any efforts to clear up doubtful points, to elucidate complicated transactions, to defend sober and scholarly historical positions from the attacks of the cranks and maniacs who have discovered that Bacon wrote the whole literature of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and that the Anglo-Saxons are the Lost Tribes of Israel. And, in the same way, medical writers are to beware of forming any organisation with a view to convincing people of the danger of sleeping ten in a room, of drinking infected water, of smoking green tea, of injecting morphia three times a day, and of believing in quack "Powders to cure Cancer." All these are heresies against the Truth of Medicine and Hygiene, therefore, no efforts, or subscriptions, or speeches, or pamphlets are needed to defend the Truth in question. It would thus be highly ridiculous for a doctor to fight the delusions and absurdities of "Christian Science" with all the knowledge and all the energy at his command.

And "Truth cannot be sectarian." If this means anything, it means that it is not possible to imagine the existence of a difference of opinion on any possible subject; that every "fact" of the universe must be absolutely clear and certain, and that from each of such facts there is only one conceivable deduction. It is difficult to believe that any man in his sober senses can have deliberately emitted such a proposition as this; yet, there it stands, and, considering all things, it is perhaps the most false statement that has ever been made since the world was "a fluid haze of light." Nevertheless, the writer's meaning is plain, for he goes on to say that one might as well talk of "Protestant Mathematics or Jewish Euclid;" whence it follows that this "modernist" reviewer believes that the propositions of religious truth are exactly analogous to the propositions of mathematical truth. *Et homo factus est* is as clear, self-evident, and certain as *Two and two make four*; *Et resurrexit tertia die* is a proposition as demonstrable as *The angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal*. Now, it is highly unlikely that there has been any radical alteration in the constitution of the human brain in the course of ages; yet here we have a grown man, of some education, endowed with a certain measure of literary facility, uttering propositions which would have proved a sure passport to the Rod and the Booby's Bench if they, or anything like unto them, had been advanced by an eight-year-old child in the twelfth century. The modern (or "modernist") spirit is certainly very curious.

The theatre just now is threatened by a wave of talk. Possibly the fashion may be traced to the brilliant plays of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde, who at any rate had an exquisite sense of the theatre. Then comes another Irishman, whose theatrical sense is obscured by a too great share of the national love of loquacity; and now we have Mr. Maurice Baring, who, in the presence of a most distinguished audience, produced a play called *The Grey Stocking* at the Royalty Theatre last week. Unhappily there was no sign of the play itself until late in the second Act, and even then the clever author seemed to be doing his best to strangle it at its belated birth. None the less, there were signs that Mr. Baring could, if he let nature alone, produce a play of real dramatic importance. As it was, what plot there was was almost suffocated by the torrents of quite ingenious talk put into the mouths of his "society" puppets. It was only fitting that the hero should be a Russian diplomatist. The reception was most cordial.

AT ST. NICHOLAS IN PRISIAC

On the altar-rail of St. Nicholas Church
Two little angels with wings of wood,
Each on the top of a slender perch
Stand in the stillness watching the Rood.

Little twin angels gowned in blue,
These are the words of a song for you :

"Praise ! praise ! for all days
To the man that made us with his hands ;
Many come from many lands
To gaze, gaze, and go their ways.

"Gloom, gloom has hidden his doom ;
Where he lies no man can tell.
Pray we a rose and a little bluebell,
Bloom, bloom about his tomb.

"In making us he praised the Lord,
Who made the man and made the tree,
And till the woodworm like a sword
Smites us to dust his prayer are we."

A. HUGH FISHER.

"AD EXTREMAS TENEBRAS"

I hear the lapping of the waves of death
In Stygian wells ;
I see the white-winged moths that bring the breath
Of asphodels.

I feel how steeply slopes toward the night
This awful track,
And see the narrowing disk of life and light
When I look back.

The flowers of Enna, falling from my hand,
Already die ;

I follow dumbly to the starless land
Too tired to sigh.

Yet if, O dread Aidoneus, one like me
May ask a boon,
I pray it may not be Persephone
Who meets me soon.

For in her heavy hair there still are gleams
Of former gold,
And in her sombre eyes lurk hopes and dreams
Of Springs untold.

She doth but winter in thy realms, O Dis,
Not nest with thee ;
Her regal mouth, still haunted by a kiss,
Would weary me.

But let there meet me one too poor for scorn,
Dim-eyed, and hoar,
Wan as Demeter when she sat forlorn
By Celeus' door.

And let Tiresias come who, shrinking, knows
A woman's heart,
To lead me where the Lethe coldest flows
And pitying yew its closest covert grows
Far off, apart.

ANNA BUNSTON.

REVIEWS

MR. BIRRELL ON BROWNING

Browning. Selected Poems. With an Introduction by AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. Illustrated. (Jack, 2s. 6d. net.)

"PRAVE 'ORTS" are these of Mr. Birrell on Browning. There is something in him of the eternal fighter, and always in his best writing something brave and challenging. He enters upon contention blithely, and loves to champion an old cause or avow some impossible loyalty. Like Leslie Stephen, he is essentially a prose critic, and perhaps would cheerfully agree that what he says about poetry, as poetry, does not matter in the least. If he were to tell us that Shelley was no poet, and that Coleridge's fame is less secure than Southey's, we should not be in the least annoyed, so genial is he. He refuses to take himself very seriously (at least in criticism), and would only smile if we took him seriously. Yet there are few living essayists we read more readily or with more pleasure. As a critic of prose, as an interpreter of the prose mind (far be it from us to suggest any disparagement), he is stimulating and delightful. He has a share of the sound common sense of Johnson, whom he understands so well, the gusto of Hazlitt, whom he has served so well, and a humorous shrewdness that is purely his own. It is therefore an admirable arrangement whereby these hearty qualities are engaged in the appreciation of Browning, for we think that a prose critic can do fully as much for Browning as the most sensitive reporter of impressions or the most transcendental of philosophical critics. If you do not agree with Mr. Birrell (as is sometimes impossible), he is quite content to agree with himself. He will always have a reason for the faith that is in him, and if he does not convert you to his faith, he will certainly entertain you by his reason. You know that in the present volume, for example, he will not read any brilliant unveracities into the cruder and more cryptic utterances of his poet. He will say—yes, he does say in his Introduction :

Of Browning's philosophy we have perhaps heard enough. There is indeed a philosophy of life, a constant attitude of mind towards the world, a character and sentiment which we look for in poets and poetry, and if it is not there the poetry suffers. But philosophy in poetry is usually no great thing.

This is indeed to "give away" his poet, yet even Browning Societies will hardly quarrel with so good-humoured a betrayal.

The prose critic is the best for Browning because Browning, though he wrote uniquely and magnificently in verse, so often simply wrote prose as verse—wrote verse when he had prose in his heart. To put it more clearly and emphatically, much that Browning wrote in verse would have been written not merely more plainly, but more fittingly and perfectly in prose. We do not say that his subjects were incapable of verse, but it often seems that he dealt with them from a prose level. Such a selection as Mr. Birrell's for the most part avoids the prose level, and lures the reader from height to height. He has made the only wise selection by the "supremely selfish" plan of pleasing himself ; and we ourselves would be no less pleased if only he had omitted "Bishop Blougram's Apology," which, in spite of his championship, we still find tedious philosophy and (commonly) poor verse ; verse such as :

Of course you are remarking all this time
How narrowly and grossly I view life.

Some thirty of Mr. Birrell's three hundred pages are taken up with the voluble Bishop, which might well have been given to some of the songs, such as that lovely one beginning :

Heap cassia, sandal-buds and stripes
Of labdanum, and aloe balls—

the loveliness of which (as with so many true lyrics) is almost independent of the explicit meaning.

Mr. Birrell says nothing upon the obscurity with which Browning is so often charged. Wisely : for the charge is an idle and inconclusive one. The real defect of his work lies deeper than any mere verbal obscurity. The difficulty of expression is not invincible—at worst only irritating ; but too often it seems that Browning did not speak clearly because he did not think clearly, because his inspiration was faint and confused. We have been told often enough that platitude which has the beauty of sounding brass or tinkling cymbal is still but platitude, but we forget that platitude made tortuous and indistinct is also platitude still. Did Browning deceive himself ? At any rate, he has deceived others until the incoherencies and verbal tangles have been held to conceal mysteries which it is not lawful or possible for tongue to utter ; and the crying faults of the verse, the wilful and careless roughness, the almost incessant restlessness, the obvious contempt for words—all betraying a certain singular strain of intellectual vulgarity—have themselves been first pardoned, and then accepted as necessary to the genius of the poet. Even in the noble "Abt Vogler" you will find a line like this :

In sight ? Not half ! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth.

In "James Lee's Wife :

For then, then, what would it matter to me
That I was the harsh ill-favoured one ?
We both should be like as pea to pea ;
It was ever so since the world begun ;
So let me proceed with my reverie.

How ill he writes when his inspiration is less perfect than in "Abt Vogler" every reader knows.

Never has there been so careless a craftsman with so great gifts. He had almost every gift which even a poet may be expected to have, and he had that special and peculiar gift, an individuality which was bound to impress itself upon his earliest as upon his latest work ; for he was never the "sedulous ape" of prose. But the gift needed to bring all others to full flower, gift of a passion for perfect expression of his conceptions and perfect form for his imaginations—this he had not, or had but intermittently and in uncertain measure ; though many another poet, with but a tithe of his prodigious intellectual endowment, has had sufficient of this consummate passion to bring him securely into the unassailable temple of immortality. Of their best work we may say, in Browning's own phrase (a phrase that at least shows his perception to have been clear and accurate, how flawed soever his practice) :

It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws.

Time, who is himself a more consummate artist than any poet, and of an austerer judgment than any critic, is slowly casting many of the faultiest things into oblivion, lightening the craft to save it ; he will not cumber himself with anything but a man's best, and no urgent pleading will persuade him to pardon the unpardonable sin and preserve the flaws for the sake of the philosophy. Mr. Birrell himself frankly recognises this :

We must distinguish in Browning's case between poems and poems. Some wrecks are total, from others half the cargo may be saved. . . . A good fraction there must always be. You can never get rid of Browning at his best. There he will be in the thick of life, appearing in books, emerging in conversation, on the lips of lovers, in the sermons of divines, in moments of eager emotion, and in times of sorrow.

With this judicial pronouncement both sides may rest satisfied. It is no contemptible immortality. Surely it is much if, out of the enormous conglomeration of the collected poems, only some of the songs and shorter pieces be saved, and the giant confusion of the rest be left to curious and enthusiastic scholars. In another metaphor Browning is a continent in miniature, with crowded cities of men who love and wrangle, and die in the suburbs ; with hills and sudden mountain peaks ; with leagues of wild morass, lands broken and comfortless as those of Childe Roland's adventure, with here and there forests of fervid heat ; with unnavigable rivers and brackish inland

seas. For some it will always be a fairy land, the more prized because perilous and bewildering to sense.

A ROYAL MANOR

The Royal Manor of Richmond. By MRS. A. G. BELL.
(George Bell and Sons, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE Royal Manor of Richmond has attracted a variety of writers during recent years, such as Sir John Evans, Mr. Beresford Chancellor, and Dr. Garnett ; but it has been left for Mrs. Arthur Bell to produce a thoroughly readable and entertaining volume of reasonable limits, attractively illustrated by her husband with ten plates in colour. One of these pictures, a Winter Sunrise in Richmond Park, is of exceptional merit. There is no strain after effective writing in these pages ; in fact, they strike us as being written with graceful ease. The passage relative to the winter aspect of the Great Park may be cited as an example :

Even more beautiful than its ordinary winter aspect is the Park when snow has fallen, and all is transformed and etherealised by the pure white covering in which everything is shrouded, when familiar objects are so changed that recognition is difficult, and the very deer seem to feel themselves at a loss as they roam about in search of food. To the poetic temperament the time of frost will indeed appeal with special force, but it is really at night, at every season of the year, when there is no light in earth or heaven but the pale light of stars, that Richmond Park excels itself in its romantic charm, for then to all its other attractions is added that of mystery. Through the darkness loom the huge forms of the forest trees, resembling the ogres of fairyland, isolated hawthorns, some of which even in bright sunshine look as if a curse had fallen upon them, so weird and distorted are their forms, seem to stretch out long fingers to clutch the unwary. Strange, too, and impressively solemn are the rare sounds that break the brooding silence, for now a stag gives vent to a roar of discontent, or a lonely hound, craving for companionship, utters a melancholy howl. Then, perhaps, a heron, on his way to his solitary fishing in the river near Sion House, calls to his mate ; a nightjar sounds his vibrating whirr, like that of a spinning-wheel, as he peers down from his lofty perch ; or an owl mournfully complains as he passes by with muffled flight, intent on his living prey—perhaps a young rabbit, or a little shrew that has lost its way in the long grass and betrays its presence by a plaintive cry.

The opening chapter is concerned with the ancient Manor House of Sheen, which had an interesting history of its own long before the time when it was transformed into a palace by Henry VII., who gave to it his own name of Richmond. During the latter years of his strenuous life Edward I. was more than once at Sheen. It was in the old manor house that he received the Commissioners from Scotland in 1305, after the unhappy execution in London of Sir William Wallace. It was here, too, that Edward III. often held his Court, entertaining distinguished foreigners on a magnificent scale. There are many memories associated with this peaceful riverside home in connection with his Queen Philippa and his beloved Black Prince, and it was here that the news of his death reached his widowed father a year before the King himself passed away. It was at Sheen also that Edward III. died his sorry death in 1377 :

Deserted by all his courtiers, and attended by but a single priest, whose presence did not deter his rapacious mistress from robbing her dying lover even of the rings upon his fingers.

Soon after the funeral a deputation of the leading citizens of London went down to Sheen to congratulate the child-king Richard II., then only ten years old, on his accession to the Throne. It is pleasant to be reminded that the boyhood of the youthful Sovereign caused him to forget his dignity in his delight, for he ran round the great hall eagerly embracing his guests and kissing them on both cheeks instead of waiting for them to do homage to him. On the following day Richard, robed in white and riding on a white horse, went forth from Sheen to make formal entry into his capital, attended by his four uncles and a great retinue of nobles. In his earlier, happy days, after his marriage in 1382 to Anne of Bohemia, Sheen was a

favourite residence of both King and Queen. On the death of his Queen at Sheen, in 1394, Richard took a great dislike to his riverside residence, and, indeed, ordered that it should be at once completely destroyed. But he was apparently only partially obeyed, for Henry V. lived there for some time when Prince of Wales, and on his accession had the old buildings restored and made once more worthy of the name of palace. There he spent a brief but happy time with his young Queen, Catherine of France, whom he brought to England in 1421.

During the long minority of Henry VI., Sheen was almost deserted, and it was practically as a prisoner that this unfortunate King, declared insane by his physicians, was taken to Sheen in 1454. Edward IV. gave the estate of Sheen to his Queen, Elizabeth, in 1467 for her life, and it was here that Elizabeth, after the death of Edward, when waiting for the summons to the capital, received the tidings of the murder of her two young sons in the Tower. After Richard III. met the just reward of his many sins at the Battle of Bosworth, Henry VII., the second Earl of Richmond, in Yorkshire, determined to change its name to that of his hereditary estate, and speedily extended the buildings of Sheen Palace and added considerably to the pleasure-grounds. From this time forward Richmond—for its new name was rigidly enforced in all State papers—was closely bound up with the story of the Tudor dynasty, and was the scene of an infinite variety of national and important incidents. Just at the close of the fifteenth century the great pile of buildings was almost entirely destroyed by fire. Henry VII., however, at once set to work to have Richmond Palace rebuilt on a far larger and more majestic scale. The latest phase of Gothic architecture of the Tudor period was employed without any touch of classicism to interfere with the due development of the Tudor style, which was so essentially English. Until Cardinal Wolsey, in 1526, transferred to Henry VIII. his unfinished but grandly planned mansion of Hampton Court, the Palace of Richmond remained by far the noblest residence of either Henry VII. or his successor. The rebuilt Richmond was completed in time for the contract of marriage to take place, in 1501, between his eldest son, Prince Arthur, and Catherine of Aragon.

It was at Richmond that Henry VII. died; it was here that Henry VIII. spent his honeymoon with his first wife, and it was here that his first child—a son—was born, on New Year's Day, 1511. In attractively-written paragraphs, containing just a sufficiency of accurate historical information for a book of this character, Mrs. Bell proceeds to follow up the later history of the Royal Palace of Richmond, down to the time when Queen Caroline passed away, in 1737. For the next half-century Richmond remained deserted by the Royal Family, nor is there any record of either George IV. or William IV. ever living in the Palace, though they may have been there as children. By the time Queen Victoria came to the Throne many of the remaining portions of the grand old mansion, much of which had been deliberately demolished in the reign of Queen Anne, had been pulled down. In its palmy days the buildings of all kinds are said to have covered more than ten acres of ground. The small remnant of the old Palace still remaining has, however, been treated with respect by its successive tenants during the past seventy years.

In subsequent chapters interesting information is pleasantly set forth with regard to the royal lodge, the Old Deer Park, the Ferry, the bridge, the green, and the town with its churches and charities. A special section treats of the Great Park and its inhabitants, particularly the deer.

In the last two chapters there is much agreeable writing about Petersham, Ham House, and Kew and its memories. We can only say, in conclusion, that having read most, if not all, of the many topographical works that have been issued about the various interesting and historic sites and places within easy reach of London that have been issued during the last forty years, we have no hesitation in saying that Mrs. Bell is to be congratulated on having produced one of the very first rank.

WILLIAM COLLINS

The Poems of William Collins. Edited by CHRISTOPHER STONE. (Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.)

CRITICISM has given up the idea of cataclysms in literature, just as science has given up the idea of cataclysms in Nature. It sees developments not as sudden events which can be dated to a particular period and declared to have occurred at that period without warning or preparation. Changes in literature, as in the face of the earth, are now seen to be of slow growth. There are premonitions of them; the process goes on undiscovered by the critics of its own day, who, perhaps, are too busy preaching their own formulæ to watch the straws which indicate the change in the wind. Then, with a fictitious appearance of suddenness, the face of literature is changed, and not for many years, perhaps, is the truth made plain. When Voltaire visited England he laid the foundations of "Hernani" and the "Ballade à la Lune." And when the French Revolution came to affect English thought, it forced to the surface and gave free play to streams of effort and tendency that had been working silently, with no man seeing their significance and direction, for many years.

The case of William Collins is an instance of this. The romantics of a century ago honoured him, of course; but it is only lately that he has had his full share of attention, and that his full importance as a forerunner of the romantics has been recognised in criticism. The poet with whom he must always be coupled, Gray, has had a far greater vogue, won for him on the one hand among amateurs of poetry by his exquisite workmanship and his profound critical faculty, and on the other among *la foule* by what we may, perhaps, be permitted to call the B. W. Leader elements in a single one of his poems. Yet in spite of the much misjudged beauties of the famous Elegy (and really it is not Gray's fault that the weaker Academicians cannot let him alone when they want titles for their pictures), his place in the development of our poetry was not, perhaps, on the whole, so important as that of the much-less popular Collins. Nor is the melancholy collegian either so attractive or so significant a figure as the dashing, showy Winchester and Magdalen boy, with his love of fine clothes and fine airs, his teeming brain and indifferent perseverance, his wide but disordered knowledge, his sensitive, excitable nature which sank, under his own and others' fault, into the melancholia and the inertia in which, under the offensive protection of a sister who despised him, his last unhappy years were spent.

Had Collins left but the less valuable part of his own poetry, had the bulk of it survived without the gems which ensure him immortality, he would still have deserved commemoration among the English poets. Pope had stamped his overbearing genius on poetry, and Pope had died. In the silence that followed his death there was heard a new note. That note was inevitably affected by the approved song of the times; nevertheless it was a fearless note. The singer did not "stoop to moralise this song;" he did not care overmuch for "decency" or "simplicity" of expression. He had, as Hazlitt said, "that true *vivida vis*, that genuine inspiration, which alone can give birth to the highest efforts of poetry." He caught "rich glimpses of the bowers of paradise." He gave the rein to his luxuriant imagination, and, refusing to be bound by the prevailing mode, wrote, with courage and ardour, what he wanted to write. If his structure is loose, his metaphors violent, his workmanship sometimes rugged, and his diction obscure, he had at least the poetic fire, the enthusiasm, which his friends the Wartons were alone in those days in demanding. And the value to poetry of enthusiasm at such a period was immense.

It is quite possible, however, to be of considerable service to poetry and yet to be a dull or annoying poet. Happily, that cannot be said of Collins; and Mr.

Christopher Stone has not spent his time in scraping and arranging dead bones for the poetic museum. There are things in Collins's poetry, sometimes isolated, sometimes structural, which are so beautiful as to take the breath away. The "Ode to Pity" is not, as a complete poem, a thing of much beauty or interest. It has a good deal of the stiffness and demureness of the dead classic style about it. Yet it contains these lines :

Long, *Pity*, let the Nations view
Thy sky-worn Robes of tend'rest Blue,
And Eyes of dewy Light !

What images that evokes ! How much more it gives to the mind and the imagination than the mere meaning of the words conveys ! And perhaps that is Collins's greatest achievement of all : that he was the first to restore to our poetry what Henry Bataille calls "*le langage indirect*." His meaning is not confined to the meaning which his actual words express. He makes of a few words not a sentence or a sentiment, but a star towards which the mind and the imagination go travelling through heavens of beauty. And surely that is the test of the greatest poetry—not what it says, but the new world which it creates by saying it. Collins not seldom creates this magic world, and wraps his reader away with him by the enthusiasm which inspired his song, as if with verbal inspiration. Few poets can paint such gorgeous pictures as he ; the second movement of the "Ode on the Poetical Character," and the whole of the ode on "The Passions," with its superb close, show as glowing a fancy and as lofty a flight of poetic eloquence as can be found in any of our poets, except possibly Mr. Swinburne. And if his craftsmanship is sometimes rugged, Collins achieves more than once that rarest thing of all, a perfect simplicity instinct with the highest qualities of poetry :

How sleep the Brave, who sink to Rest,
By all their Country's Wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy Fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd Mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter Sod
Than Fancy's Feet have ever trod.

By Fairy Hands their Knell is rung,
By Forms unseen their Dirge is sung ;
Then Honour comes, a Pilgrim grey,
To bless the Turf that wraps their Clay,
And Freedom shall a-while repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there !

That indeed creates a new world. Without a trace of effort, without grandiloquence or display, it soars into the blue, and would be enough of itself to stamp its author a true poet. But finer still is the poem which, in spite of the obvious objections that have been levelled against it, we take leave to consider Collins's highest achievement and the best unrhymed lyric in the English language—better even than Champion's "Rose-cheeked Laura"—the "Ode to Evening :

If aught of Oaten Stop, or Pastoral Song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy pensive Ear,
Like thy own solemn Springs,
Thy Springs, and dying Gales,
O Nymph reserv'd
For when thy folding Star arising shows
His paly Circlet, at his warning Lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in Flowers the Day,
And many a Nymph who wreaths her Brows with Sedge
And sheds the fresh'ning Dew, and lovelier still,
The Pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy Car.
Then let me rove some wild and heathy Scene,
Or find some Ruin 'midst its dreary Dells,
Whose Walls more awful nod
By thy religious Gleams.
Or if chill blust'ring Winds, or driving Rain,
Prevent my willing Feet, be mine the Hut,
That from the Mountain's side
Views Wilds, and swelling Floods,
And Hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd Spires,
And hears their simple Bell, and marks o'er all
Thy Dewy Fingers draw
The gradual dusky Veil.

It paints an earthly picture, which is yet not of earth ; it creates a mood and carries the reader away into the region of pure poetry ; it intoxicates him with the intoxication of the gods. And yet, how quiet, how natural it all is—how entirely free from bombast or affectation or false elevation or false sentiment ! When the famous Stoke Poges "Elegy" palls, the "Ode to Evening" seems still a mystery of delight. And, though Mr. Stone prints the ode from the only authoritative edition—that of 1746—the Dodsley version of it is so much better known and loved that we have ventured to quote from it above.

It only remains to say that Mr. Stone, who has given evidence in these columns already of his close study of Collins, has produced a complete and scholarly edition, with an admirable introduction. These are very pleasant green volumes that come from the publisher to Collins's University, and the latest will not be the least prized among them.

GOETHE'S LIFE

The Life of Goethe. By ALBERT BIELOCHOWSKY, Ph.D.
Vol. III. (London and New York : Putnam, 1908.)

THIS is the concluding volume of the late Professor Bielochowsky's "Life of Goethe," a work which makes every possible pretence to be monumental. It is no doubt the last word of German professorial criticism of the great poet. Its pomposity and ponderosity are extreme, and though it claims to throw light upon the obscurities of portions of Goethe's work, the style in which it is written is confused and obscure to a degree which is often very tiresome, and unfortunately the defects of the original text are in no way helped out by Mr. William Cooper's translation. Here is a specimen of badly-arranged sentences which we have rarely seen beaten in any translation from the German or any other language, and in a book devoted to the memory of such a master of flowing periods as was Goethe it is an act of literary *lèse majesté* :

The Elegie, that painful, yet sweet reflection of the wonderfully beautiful summer days. Was not its effect upon him a clear indication of the direction in which he should turn for self-preservation ? Thus, at the close of the year, we find him free from all thoughts of renunciation, and looking forward to the new year with anxious, but happy anticipation.

Nothing could be more hideous and irritating than this crash of 'shons, and that such English as this should be issued from Stanford University in the United States is no credit to that seat of learning. The lover of Goethe who is not blinded by national pride will not feel, we are convinced, that Professor Bielochowsky has drawn either a felicitous or truthful portrait of the author of "Faust." The concluding volume, it is true, contains less of the Professor's literary criticisms than did its predecessors, death having, sad to relate, stepped in to prevent the completion of the biography by the industrious hand that originally undertook it ; but the hands which have added the final chapters are, alas ! not a whit less heavy. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that the added essays upon Goethe's standing as a philosopher and a man of letters by Professors Kalischer and Ziegler are so clumsily and obscurely written that they make the reader regret the comparatively lighter style of the late Professor Bielochowsky, whose fluent platitudes, irritating as they often were, were not so positively maddening as the illogical word-puzzles of his posthumous collaborators. We are spared, however, the professorial hole-picking in the art of Goethe considered as a poet, and in his conceptions as a thinker, which characterised the earlier volumes of Professor Bielochowsky's work, and were so curiously inconsistent with the theory simultaneously advanced that he was the greatest poet of all time—as if, in that case, the blue and red pencillings of German professors would not have been an intolerable impertinence. The final volume is a thunderous eulogy in the most approved modern German style, and Goethe emerges from it as a kind of Pan-Germanic demi-god, invested with intellectual and poetic powers which practically amounted to omniscience

and omnipotence. In the present state of Germany, such a theory as this may give pleasure in popular and official circles, but it has neither historical fact nor critical reasonableness as a basis. When will the honest German critic be born who will stand forth in his simplicity and say that the second part of "Faust" is the *radolage* of a very old man of once brilliant intellect who had not known when to stop writing, and had long ago lost the thread of his first conceptions? This the poet himself practically admitted to be the case. But for the officious advice of his friends—notably of Schiller—he would have left "Faust" in its original state as a fragment. But it was an age of minute finish, and the German world was not as yet prepared for such Rodinesque surrender to the ineffable and the unfixable as Coleridge was to set the example of in "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan":

These Gretchen scenes, says Professor Ziegler, taken together form probably the greatest masterpiece of poetry every written. Infinite in their beauty and tenderness, they are at the same time so profoundly tragical that all the woes of mankind appear in the most narrow limits of the life of a girl of the common people. First, Faust's senses are inflamed at the sight of Gretchen. In the "Urfaust" (the first version of "Faust") we read: "A wondrous pretty maid is she, And something she's inflamed in me." Hardly has he seen her when he says to Mephistophiles, "Hear! thou must the girl for me procure." The potion has had its effect; he speaks like Jack Profligate, speaks almost like a Frenchman. . . . To Gretchen, the divining angel, after her return home, the air of the room feels sultry and close. As though prophesying her own future, she sings "Der König in Thule," that ballad of fidelity and parting. Then she finds the casket. "What the dickens is this thing?" exclaims the child of the common people; and she cannot take her eyes off its contents, for "Gold all doth lure, And gold procure all gladly! Alas! we poor!"

This is a fair specimen of the critical analysis which is to be found in this concluding volume of Bielochofsky's "Life of Goethe," and also of Mr. Cooper's method of translation. The wretched doggerel into which he converts Goethe's nervous and harmonious lines can only give a totally erroneous impression of the original text, and are unfair to the great reputation which this stodgy book is meant to honour. Goethe did not share his biographers' views as to the value of these "Gretchen scenes." "Wavering figures," "clouded vision," "fantastic idea," "foggy mist" were the terms in which he referred to them. In his correspondence with Schiller he spoke also of this "foggy, misty path" on which he had for a time felt forced "to stray about." He called the whole "a barbaric composition," and "caricatures" the scenes and figures which, according to Professor Ziegler, "appear to us to-day so serious and true to nature, not to say sacred." Schiller, who was just as classical as his friend, agreed with him as to the "barbaric nature of his treatment of the subject," and himself called the fable "harsh and formless." Professor Ziegler attributes this disdainful attitude towards "Faust" on the part of its author to the circumstance that Goethe had outgrown "Faust" and that "Faust" had outgrown Goethe. The first clause of this explanation is probable enough; the corollary is less obvious. Evidently Goethe as he grew older must have recognised the puerility and inexperience which are at the basis of the entire Gretchen incident—a simple *fait divers* which would have been possible only on the assumption that Faust's powers of seduction were as limited as those of an ordinary human lover. No real tragedy can ever arise from a situation which has its origin in magic. With all the riches in the world at his command, Faust could have made Gretchen, her mother, and her brother wealthy for life, even procuring for them the respect of the world which wealth commands, and if the principle of "Gold all doth lure, And gold procure" was to apply so absolutely to the pure soul of Gretchen there is no reason for its not having precisely the same force with her mother, her brother, her neighbours, and her judges. Faust's conduct is that of a seducer with limited means. The real moral might have been that neither wealth nor the enjoyment of feminine loveliness can give

perfect happiness on earth, and in the long run Faust's soul might have been saved owing to the utter inability of Mephisto to fulfil his part of the bargain—namely, to make Faust happy in this life. Then the Gretchen incident, so far as its tragic conclusion is concerned, would have been supererogatory. Goethe no doubt recognised in later life that it was so, and the meaninglessness of the Gretchen scenes justify Schiller's epithets applied to the fable of "harsh and formless." Marlowe fell into no such mistake. His Doctor Faustus spends a few moments of delirious bliss with Helen of Greece, but in an earlier part of the drama, when Faustus, not having quite grasped the nature of his new powers, expresses the desire to have a wife, Mephistophiles introduces to him a she-devil, and promptly cures him of this too mundane ambition. The Gretchen tragedy was just fitted to inspire the feuilletonesque music of Gounod, and to become a popular opera. Goethe outgrew it, and, recognising that the vast edifice of "Faust," built upon sand, had collapsed, he saw no objection to treating it as a kind of scrap-heap, or, to use Professor Ziegler own words, to

Thoughtlessly insert all sorts of irrelevant things in the "barbaric composition," and make it the depository for a number of *Xenien*, for which he could find no other place.

In this way, however, "Faust" became a treasure-house for many exquisite poems which, considered separately, are pearls of highest price, and suffice to make Goethe's fame immortal. Goethe's mania for generalisation and theorising which inspired his abortive scientific studies, and his fantastic philosophy, induced him to give to the first and fragmentary part of "Faust" a symbolic second and concluding part. A hopeless muddle of politics, religion, pseudo-science, and amateur philosophy, presented in allegorical and symbolic form, and occasionally relieved by exquisite lines and gem-like stanzas, are thus presented as a rational sequel to what was a frank and charming *pol-pourri*. Out of unintelligible muddle pretentious German critics have made an infinitely more monstrous muddle by reading into the second part of "Faust" a kind of *résumé* of all human thought and knowledge, "a picture of the world and mankind," the "human tragedy," the "drama of the human race," "the individual widened out to the universal human." "Such is 'Faust,'" says Professor Ziegler, "and such was Goethe." Such, alas! is his latest biographer.

A similar determination to make everything out of little, and something out of nothing, is revealed in Professor Kalischer's account of Goethe as a man of science. Goethe was undoubtedly (and in this respect he closely resembled the great Frenchman, for whom he professed so unbounded an admiration, Voltaire) a tireless stirrer-up of ideas. Most poets have been this, for to stir up ideas is one of the functions of the imaginative faculty. Thus Goethe's botanical speculations were part of his poetry, and had he recognised this and been less eager to play the rôle of an exact investigator he might have accomplished a much more useful work than he can actually be credited with. If we were to listen to the airy suggestions of Professor Kalischer we should be led to believe that Goethe had forecast most of the principles upon which modern biology is based. His theory of what he called the "metamorphose" of plants Professor Kalischer says may be identified with the modern (?) principle of transformism accepted by botanists; but surely it is going too far to imply that Goethe anticipated thereby the evolutionary theory of Darwin. Goethe's "metamorphose" amounted to no more than this, that he recognised all the appendages or lateral organs of the plant axis or stalk to be transformed or metamorphosed leaves, and we know that one of his own countrymen, Wolff, had already enunciated the same doctrine. Goethe, moreover, had no notion of the elementary organism, the cell. From Goethe the poet one might have expected to receive fruitful suggestions as to the psychology of plants, a subject admirably suited to his splendid imaginative receptivity, but Goethe the would-be man of science could not resist the vain temptation to measure himself with Linnæus. Perhaps in one of

his letters, when he uses the phrase "conversed familiarly with the branches and tendrils of the grape-vines, which gave me good new ideas," he might have been dimly conscious of those powers of suggestion possessed by plants and immobile bodies generally, to a knowledge of which modern science is slowly opening its eyes. But the positive results achieved by Goethe as a scientific investigator matter little, and there is no need for German professors to magnify or distort them. Goethe's greatness rests upon much grander foundations. He is Germany's supreme artist—a great imaginative poet in word and deed, the one, with all its limitations, entirely admirable German of comparatively modern times. To appreciate the many-sided greatness of his splendid genius such a biography as that of the late Professor Bielowchowsky is too subjective (to employ the favourite German word). A far more useful and suggestive "Life" is that by Heinrich Düntzer, the excellent translation of which, by Mr. Thomas W. Lyster, has just been reissued in a half-crown edition by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

[THIRD ARTICLE]

THE Royal Academy Exhibition of 1908 has now been open for a clear month. If one visits such exhibitions at all it is desirable that one should visit them twice or thrice. The shock of an initial visit is perhaps sufficient for most of us. But duty must be done. No critic of parts can profess to swallow the true inwardness of a matter of 1,000 painted canvases during the course of an hour's walk round the galleries. At least so we should have imagined. Hence we have called once more at Burlington House, and we have suffered accordingly. Our opinion of the show as set forward in former articles remains precisely what it was. The more closely one looks into the Exhibition the more pitiful does it seem. The masters not only fail to distinguish themselves, but, broadly speaking, they have treated us to spiritless failures or positive eyesores. The middling and minor men may be counted so many copyists, in the sense that they depend upon their supposed betters for inspiration and method. They have no souls to call their own. Their portraits are in the manner of Sargent and their general efforts in the manner of the mannerists. We do not desire to thrash dead horses or airily to condemn the thousand or so honest toilers in paint whose work looks down on us from these walls. But taking the Exhibition gallery by gallery we are forced to the conclusion that incapacity, wrongness, want of vision, dulness, and insincerity are its prevailing characteristics.

Great pictures being out of the question, we have taken the trouble to go round the galleries without catalogue and to note down the numbers of such pictures as may be considered worthy in intention or accomplishment, pictures in fact which one might hang upon one's walls for the pleasure of seeing them and without regard to their authorship or market value. In Gallery I. we find but a single work that is satisfying. The picture is numbered 22 and called "Poplars," the artist being a Mr. C. H. H. Burleigh. In Gallery II. we lighted upon Nos. 83, 102, 106, 123, and 136, which on reference to the catalogue turn out respectively to be "Bords de Rivière," by P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret, "The Flamingoes," by Edward Stott, "Hermia," by W. G. Simmonds, "Autumn," by James Wallace, and "Scenes of a Childhood," by E. J. Gregory. We must call particular attention to Mr. W. G. Simmonds's "Hermia," which is a fine piece of work and worth a wilderness of "Sentences of Death" and so forth. Gallery III. contains—nothing. In Gallery IV. there is "The Meeting-house," by Frank Craig, which, in spite of its tendency to be a little mechanical, is full of fundamental thought. And there is "Evening on the Sussex Downs," by Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A., one of the few canvases by a Royal Academician which has merit. No. 279, "The Land-locked Bay," by Herbert Draper, is

another reasonable picture in this gallery. In Room V. we find "Spring," by Christopher Williams, and "The Legend of our Lady of Boulogne." The "Spring" is admirable: "The Lady of Boulogne" we mention because the artist has set himself to do something without any sort of eye on the dealers, and he promises. Room VI. offers us "A Spring Morning," by Adrian Stokes, "Autumn Glory," by Frank T. Carter, "Autumn at Grez," by Thomas Gough, and "An Ocean Sunset," by W. Ayerst Ingram; while in Gallery VII. there is a picture called "Threading the Needle," by Cecil Jay. In the eighth Room there is nothing of note, unless we except "The Bathers," by George C. Haité, and "The Magic Pipe," by Eva Roos. In Gallery IX. we have "Spindrift," by Thomas Maybank, "The Fan Tree, Limpsfield," by W. G. Robb, and "Sunset at Southend," by Frederick J. Sang. "Springtime on the Hills," by Edward T. Jones, "Heat Haze," by Edward G. Du Val, "La Première Communion," by G. Sherwood Hunter, and "Deep in the Maze of Summer Woods," by R. Vicat Cole, in Gallery X., and "The Sandpit," by Edward L. Lawrenson in Gallery XI., are further performances which, slight though they may be, we should single out for praise. It is quite possible, of course, that we have missed other good and notable work, but we doubt it. We do not suggest that the men whose names we have mentioned represent the top of English art, or that they are the only contributors to the Royal Academy Exhibition who deserve well of the critics. But we assert that the works they exhibit are broadly the only works in this year's Exhibition that should be allowed to pass muster when one comes to talk about pictures. The plain fact is that if the broad-shouldered, genial Englishman is to paint for us with acceptance it is imperative upon him to forget all that the Royal Academy Exhibitions are likely to teach him. He must come to the present display for the express purpose of scoffing. If he remains to pray, so much the better. He must get out of his mind too the fatal idea that because Mr. So-and-So's piece of foolishness was sold at the private view for such-and-such a ponderable sum of money, Mr. So-and-So's canvas is worth a moment's consideration as work upon which one may properly base oneself. Of course this is a primary piece of advice and hackneyed. But it is, nevertheless, necessary to be said. Thirdly, the painter who wishes to draw improvement for himself out of the Royal Academy Exhibition will keep the catalogue well away from him and have nothing to do with names. There is too great a tendency on the part of people who imagine that they know about pictures to live and move under a sort of tyranny of cognomen. You will find that even persons who should know better will consider a canvas to be "pretty bad" until you read out of the catalogue to them the name of the artist. Then at once, as if by magic, their view changes, and they blush for not having observed at once that here was the handiwork of greatness. Leaving out the pronounced mannerists, whose productions are readily recognised by their glaring faults, there are few people who can distinguish at sight the work of this or that artist. Everybody pretends to possess such a gift, but if you try them without the catalogue, you will be astonished to find how little there is in it. Just as the play is the thing, so really is the picture. And if the Royal Academy were to abolish names and signatures the number of reputations that would melt into nothingness and the number of unconsidered persons who would be hailed for competent workers might astonish the Council. Anonymity has its disadvantages, but a season of it would probably do more for British Art than any amount of criticism. It might ruin a handful of decent elderly gentlemen who follow Art in the way that other decent elderly gentlemen follow fly-fishing; and it would certainly put the dealers and the judges and touts at their wits' end. But the world was not made for these gentry, and up to now they have had an excellent fat time. The Royal Academy Council would probably sooner part with its heart's blood than arrange an anonymous exhibition with a "signing" day at the end of it. Yet the thing clamours to be done.

THE SHAVING OF PATSHAW

PURSUING Mr. George Bernard Shaw's communications—pleasant and unpleasant—we received on May 28th, and again by special messenger, a second letter from the outraged playwright, which we reproduce herewith :

May 27, 1908.

Dear Lord Alfred Douglas,—

Thank goodness it was you, and not some poor devil whom it would have been your duty to sack. You **MUST** have been drunk—frightfully drunk, or in some equivalent condition; no normal man behaves like that. Now go right off to your solicitors, and show them my letter, and ask them whether they think the error a trifling one from the point of view of a British jury. Show them the article also. They need not consider me: I do not propose to take any action in the matter, and have only intervened to get you out of a scrape, leaving you to settle with yourself what you ought to do as regards your own honour. But the libel affects both the Haymarket Theatre (Harrison) and Vedrenne and Barker; and they are neither of them in any way disposed to take that dangerous sentence amiably. I feel pretty sure that your solicitors will advise you to admit the blunder and withdraw it. If they don't, change them.

Yours faithfully,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

It will be perceived that in the plenitude of his wrath Mr. Shaw is apt to forget his manners and to forget what is of far greater importance—namely, that you cannot catch old birds with draff. Although he took the best part of a week to meditate upon his awkward position, Mr. Shaw could think of nothing better in the way of argument than a rehearsal of his threats about libel actions and of his beautiful desire to help THE ACADEMY out of a tight corner. To Mr. Shaw's letter the Editor of THE ACADEMY replied as follows :

May 29, 1908.

Dear Mr. Bernard Shaw,—

Your letter is a piece of childish impertinence, but as it was evidently written in a fit of hysterical bad temper, I shall not count it against you. I am immensely amused by your professed desire to "get me out of a scrape." I do not consider that I am in any scrape at all, and I think you will find that I am a person who is very well able to look after himself without any assistance from you.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

Here, had it not been for Mr. Shaw's fatal itch for writing letters about nothing, the matter might have ended. But on June 1st we received from Mr. Shaw a third letter, which is appended :

May 31, 1908.

Dear Lord Alfred Douglas,—

I asked you for a friendly reparation: you have given me a savage revenge. However, perhaps it was the best way out. As you have owned up, we are satisfied; and the public will forgive you for the sake of your blazing boyishness.

There is always the question—Who is to edit the editor? Fortunately, in this case there

are two Douglasses—A. D. the poet, and—shall I say?—the hereditary Douglas. Make A. D. the editor. It needs extraordinary conscientiousness, delicacy, and Catholicism to criticise unscrupulously, brutally, and free-thinkingly, as "The Academy" is trying to do, and, indeed, derives all its interest and value from doing. That hereditary Douglas, when he gets loose from A. D., is capable of wrecking a paper—even of wrecking himself. Most people are—hence the need for editors. Excuse my preaching; I am a born improver of occasions.

Sans rancune,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

So that, on the whole, we are pleased to be able to announce that the cool £10,000 which we were to have paid out to Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, Frederick Harrison, and Holman Clark remains sweetly at our bankers. Neither have we found it necessary to change our solicitor, nor does THE ACADEMY find itself in the smallest need of a super-editor—at any rate in the guise of Mr. Shaw. "We are satisfied." So are we!

It will be noted that the Nietzsche of Bayswater begs us to excuse him for preaching. We will excuse him this once and preach a little ourselves. There is a public moral to be drawn from Mr. Shaw's extraordinary outburst; the which moral, we think, might read—Never be indiscreet. Mr. Shaw's indiscretions in the matter before us have been multitudinous. In the beginning he was indiscreet enough to take umbrage at a reasonable piece of reproof. Then he was indiscreet enough to conceive that the author of that reproof "must have been drunk." Then he was indiscreet enough to set his conception into writing, and to suggest—apparently without sounding them on the subject—that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker and Frederick Harrison and Holman Clark would be indiscreet enough to ask THE ACADEMY for £10,000 just to please Mr. Shaw. He was indiscreet enough also to indicate to us that while he is quite willing to help the editor of a paper out of a scrape he is equally willing to help the "poor devil" of a dramatic critic out of a position—which is, of course, the finest Socialism. Help the people whom you cannot by any possibility help, and kick soundly the people whom you can kick. There has been nothing so unseemly as Mr. Shaw's elegant talk about "the sack" for a dramatic critic since Herodias desired the head of John the Baptist. A person of Mr. Shaw's literary standing should be above these things. No editor in his senses would discharge a critic at the behest of an outside person, however ponderous or however mighty. On the other hand, outside persons of eminence cannot be too careful. In certain offices their complaints might make a difference. We believe that some of these eminent persons have knowledge of this risk and pen their semi-private communications accordingly. There are critics of position in London who dare not say the truth about anything unless it happens to be very good, merely because they know that their editors are apt to be swayed by the subtle letters of outside eminence. The business of all persons who feel themselves to be hurt by the criticisms of any journal is with that journal, and not with persons who happen to be employed on it. If Mr. Shaw will bear this in mind for the rest of his life he will be so much nearer the superman of his ideals.

Finally we are pleased to reciprocate the sentiment which Mr. Shaw embodies in the phrase "*sans rancune*." We have no reason to bear him malice; quite the contrary.

THE HIDDEN MYSTERY

THE late Ambrose Meyrick, much of whose work remains unpublished, once wrote a curious article entitled "The Hidden Mystery," which attracted a certain amount of notice, for accidental rather than essential reasons. This article appeared in the pages of a most respectable magazine, a magazine of classic fame which had settled the business of many a young poet far away back in the 'thirties and 'forties. The editor, it is supposed, was attracted by Meyrick's style, and, as it proved afterwards, could not have had any very clear understanding of the subject-matter. The magazine in question has, unfortunately, long gone the way of many worthy fellows; it consistently refused to compete with the new order of "snaps" and "bits" and photographic blurs. Consequently Meyrick's essay remains more or less inaccessible, and I have thought that readers of THE ACADEMY might be interested in a brief *résumé* of a singular argument. I believe Meyrick had originally called his study "A Meditation on an Old Print," for the text that he had chosen was the strange, the almost complete, blindness as to the beauty of Gothic art that prevailed during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He showed that even the trained draughtsmen of that period, with, say, Lincoln Cathedral before their eyes, great and magnificent, a very miracle of splendour, were quite unable to draw it correctly, to give any true idea of the real nature of the Gothic mouldings or tracery, or, indeed, of the effect of a Gothic building in gross and mere bulk:

The print that I am looking at [he writes] has indeed some sort of relation to the Cathedral. There is a nave, there is a choir, and there are the towers. I daresay that if one counted the windows one would find that the number was correct. But there is no true likeness. Stand a little distance away so that you are not disturbed by the detail; you will perceive, I think, that the picture is an odd sort of parody of the building. If a clever boy had some wooden bricks and made a model of the Cathedral with them, then the engraving might very well be a picture of *that*. And if you draw near, then you see how monstrously the artist misrepresented the great work before him. If the delineation seen in mere mass is a distortion; in little, in detail, in such matters as mouldings and curves and traceries, it is almost incredibly false. It is hard to believe that the artist was not a Chinaman or a Hindoo drawing a cathedral from an Englishman's description. And it is interesting to note at the same time that these bald cusps, these cheap-looking pillars, these cast-iron piers and arches (in the View of the Interior) have very much the effect that is produced by so many of the pieces of the Gothic revival. There is a church in Derby, of which the tracery of the windows is actually of cast-iron, and the result to the eye is very similar to the offence of the old print.

The essay went on to quote from Smollett's denunciation of York Minster as a masterpiece of folly in stone, from Washington Irving's shamefaced admiration for the "barbarisms" of Westminster Abbey. It called many other witnesses to testify to the very singular fact that for more than two centuries men were surrounded by wonderful buildings which they were absolutely unable to see in any true sense of the word. Meyrick also showed that, to a great extent, the same principle prevailed in the regions of literature and painting. He quoted Dr. Johnson's dictum as to Pope's "poetry," his criticism of "Lycidas," pointing out the extreme shrewdness, sagacity, and honesty of Johnson's character; and yet the Lexicographer thought that "Lycidas" was something very near akin to rubbish, and that Pope's admirably clever verse was poetry in its most absolute, perfect, and final form. And in painting were not Giotto, Cimabue, and Botticelli regarded as semi-barbarians? At the same time the essay went on to show that it would never do to say that the eighteenth century was deficient in the sense of art:

In that art which is of all the arts most pure and exalted, which, above all, is freed from the errors and muddy confusions of the logical understanding, this age of Smollett and Johnson attained the greatest and sublimest heights. Literature, if it is fine literature, speaks ultimately no doubt to the soul, but by necessity it expresses itself through and by the logical sense: it must be capable of logical analysis. An incantation, which *does* address

the *pneuma* (or rather, perhaps, the *psyche*) directly is not literature. Painting, again, if it be great painting, makes its appeal by a magical arrangement of line and colour. Here, again, the summons doubtless sounds to some mysterious inner habitant; but, again, painting must be the likeness of something, of some form or forms which are capable of logical description; and by the same law, though the Venus of the Louvre is not beautiful because of its anatomical excellence, yet sculpture cannot refuse to be judged by the laws of anatomy. But music alone moves in its own world of pure beauty; and though we are compelled to use the language of the intellect when we speak of it, though we talk of "a musical idea," this is mere poverty of speech, since the sphere of music and the sphere of the *intellectus* are apart and not interdependent. In this most pure art, then, the eighteenth century has excelled every age. Let us remember that the days of the early Georges were the days of Pergolesi, Handel, and of John Sebastian Bach. This was no time of artistic inhibition; the world may be glad when it has equalled the work of these men, and of many others of that time who made music as easily and as sweetly as the Elizabethans made verses.

Then Meyrick went on to speak of the great painters that adorned the period of Johnson; and even in architecture St. Mary-le-Strand was, after its kind, very near to perfection, while one judged the majesty of St. Paul's by the feeble, barbarous, hideous exercises in the same genre that our own days have perpetrated. "Such," he says, "as that ugly joss-house known as the Brompton Oratory:"

Compare, too, the house that a wealthy Manchester man would get built for himself c. 1860 with many a dull street in Bloomsbury built c. 1760. Rather dingy and uninspired are these streets, but they are neither vulgar, flatulent, nor maniacal. They will hardly enchant any man, but they will never fill him with disgust and horror and contempt, they will never fill his heart with a wild desire to escape to the architectural civilisation (by comparison) of a central African village of beehive huts.

But then, on the other hand, the essay continued, How are we to estimate the attitude of the period towards Nature, the visible universe generally? Clearly, the Augustans and their successors looked on the world as men blinded, stupefied, utterly befogged. Meyrick noted how the trees and streams of that spiritual man Berkeley were taken out of Plato's "Dialogues," while the "poets" went to Hampton Court Gardens and to the famous Maze for Nature. They called a wood a "bosky shade," and Johnson and Boswell, who had but a lukewarm relish for the beauties of Greenwich Park, were interested in the wild Hebrides as one is interested in grotesque oddities from the South Sea Islands. Then—to take another region of the soul—nearly all of these men, most of them acute and intelligent in a high degree, were firmly convinced that the blessings of the "Reformation" were so clear, palpable, and certain that there was no room for argument on the matter. Warton, certainly, had hinted that the Reformation had not had the best effect on the Arts, Johnson (probably for sport) had taken the unpopular side in occasional conversations with Boswell; but in the general opinion of the cultured the debate was as clear as the addition of two and two: "Popery" was wholly wrong, "Protestantism" was wholly right.

It seemed, then, to follow from all these instances that whole generations of men, no more stupid or ignorant than their ancestors or successors, might be absolutely blinded as to matters that were, literally and physically, before their eyes; there could hardly be more conspicuous objects than Lincoln Cathedral, a forest, or a mountain, or a Botticelli; and, in the region of literature, there could scarcely be a more potent evocation of beauty than that of "Lycidas." And many of the men thus blind were of very exceptional ability and acuteness on other points, and even on points of art. It was as if a man walking in a wood admired the loveliness of the oak trees, and at the same time wondered why an all-wise Creator had fashioned the grotesque ugliness of ash and beech and yew:

And so, since intelligent and thoughtful men were obviously blind as to the clear and manifest beauty displayed in Visible Nature, Gothic Architecture, Elizabethan and Caroline poetry, Catholic Ritual, etc., etc. . . . is it not at least highly probable that men no less intelligent, no less thoughtful, are at the

present moment blind as to certain matters which may not be so obvious—which, it should rather be said, seem to us not so obvious? Is it not possible that while we look down on the Augustans with pitying superiority, we ourselves may be sunken in darkness as to certain things even more vital, more important than literature and painting? This may be difficult to realise: to us Dryden's "improvements" on Chaucer seem incredible, and Smollett's desire to replace York Minster by a neat Grecian room appears pure imbecility—but, after all, *Que savons nous?* Unless we take up the position that we have attained to final and absolute and universal perfection; that we have surpassed all the wisdom of the wise, all the art of the ages, all the visions of the seers; that compared with us all precedent humanity is, in all things, as a schoolboy in the multiplication-table to Sir Isaac Newton; that the supreme goal has been attained, the race won for ever—unless we take up this highly ridiculous and impossible position, we must confess that there is at least a great probability that we in our turn are blind to many sights, deaf to many sounds, ignorant of many wonders, nescient of many mysteries.

The essay shows the probability of this thesis by many analogies drawn from things of the mind and from things of matter. It instances the laws of logical science, latent in men's thought from the very beginning, and yet not clearly perceived or demonstrated till the day of Aristotle. Here was a mystery or magistry that had been visible and yet invisible for countless ages, that had been before the intellectual eyes of myriads day after day, hour after hour. The veriest savage who used stone arrows to shoot prehistoric game must have been familiar with "Barbara" and "Celarent," and yet he knew it not, though he won his dinner and preserved his life by this knowledge that was concealed from himself. The analogies were indeed innumerable. How many apples had fallen to the ground before the law of gravitation was enunciated? How often had the power of steam been perceived before the obvious application was disclosed? And man had gazed at the earth and sky, at the clouds and the woods, the seas and the rivers for innumerable ages before the mystery and the beauty of the world were really manifested in the work of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Turner.

At this point Meyrick paused for a while in his main argument to follow a curious byway of thought. How far, he asked, were we to suppose that much that was not expressed was still felt and experienced—suppressed perhaps out of deference to convention, or from fear of consequences? Here was an obscure point which seemed to invite endless inquiry, on which it was impossible to dogmatise. For instance, you might investigate the marriage customs of some race more or less primitive, you might satisfy yourself that to all intents and purposes marriage and giving in marriage in the race in question were as prosaic, as much a matter of business as pig-dealing in Wiltshire; and yet from the heart of this tribe of chafferers in women there might surge up a song that expressed all the mystic passion of love. "Sometimes, perhaps, they simply bargain for a snug homestead, for well-roofed barns and a pot that shall always have enough of common food within it; and, amazed, they find themselves denizens of Paradise, partakers of magic food and enchanted drink." In a sense, the courtship of Portia by Bassanio was a squalid fortune-hunt, and yet there were lines that spoke nobly of the *latens deitas*. Perhaps there were many men of the eighteenth century who were thrilled to the heart by the ineffable mystery and beauty of the Gothic work, but they were ashamed to make the confession, to write themselves down as lovers of ignorance and barbarism in art. It was odd, by the way, to note that a sham love, a sham appreciation of the Gothic was a worse foe than blank ignorance and contempt; nothing could have concealed or depraved the true mystery so effectually as the fooleries of Horace Walpole, nothing could make sensible people long for a square meeting-house with square windows so effectually as the ghastly modern parodies of Pointed architecture which had been sown broadcast over England. And the "restorers" had done more harm to the work that they professed to love than all the villainies and wreckings and profanations of "Reformers"

and Puritans, than all the centuries of contempt, and whitewash, and neglect. Here Meyrick has pencilled a brief note on the margin of the article:

Qy. I wonder whether this is not more important than it appeared to me when I wrote this essay. For instance, is there not some analogy between "Walpole Gothic" and the work of certain erotic poets?

Proceeding in the main argument, Meyrick argues that it is hardly conceivable that the heart of man had remained cold to the great sacrament of the world till 1790; the glory of dawn and sunset, the terror and splendour of mountains and seas, the shadow of the woods in summer, the incantation of scented nights could not have been wholly without witnesses. No doubt there were hints of this universal mystery written in Hebrew and Greek and Latin; still, they were but hints, and the full expression—or, rather, the approximately full expression—had been reserved to a late day:

And yet; how many men and women must have *felt* all this—all that Coleridge and Wordsworth, Keats and Tennyson have written—and have lacked words or courage to express it. I wonder how much treasure we have lost, how much treasure we lose daily from this lack of courage, from this fear of telling the great and incredible dreams which apparently contradict sense and experience, science and convention; reason itself; and yet are perfect wisdom, perfect beauty. Tertullian's *Credo quia impossibile* is not merely sound theology; it is the basis of all true sapience, of Life and of Art alike. The Knight Errant's adventure of the Magic Boat without oar or sails is but the type of all true thinking, of the only adventure of life that is worth experiencing. In the Eastern Tale Joudar was assailed by all sorts of terrible phantoms, by wild beasts and armed men, who threatened him; and his quest was hopeless if once he forgot that these things *were* phantoms. Last of all came the appearance of his own mother pleading with him; her, too, he was to neglect and pass by. Here be symbols for them that can understand.

So the essay moves to its extraordinary conclusion, the high probability of a universal, or all but universal "ignorance" or "blindness" being, in the writer's opinion, established by the arguments that have been indicated; Meyrick urges that all manner of mysteries, splendours, beauties, delights may be—nay are—present to us, before our eyes, heard with our ears, sensibly and physically apprehended by us—and yet the Object or Objects which we see and apprehend after a certain sort are strangely withheld from us: we behold and see not, hear the Nuptial Song of R. Eleazar as savages would hear the symphonies of Beethoven, lay hands upon incredible treasures after the fashion of thieves who throw precious antique work into the melting-pot; and read at last the Great Incantation by which the worlds were made as a Recipe in the Cookery Book:

We may be sure of this, at all events, that the matter of the great work (to use the terms of the spagyric art) is no strange rarity hidden in some most secret corner of the world, or in some concealed corner of the mind. Though it be secret, yet it is everywhere seen, though it be occult, yet it is not to be sought amongst "Occultists." It is rather, to quote the alchemists again, the most common thing in all the wide world, and though it be hidden from all, yet no man is ignorant of it, no man can fail to be possessed of it, and, being possessed of it, truly to comprehend it if light be given him. It is everywhere spoken of, yet everywhere ignored, everywhere it is worshipped, and everywhere defiled, everywhere it is sought, and they that seek turn their faces away from it. They dig for it deep in the earth, and in digging trample it under foot; they would place it in a shrine, and they cast it forth into the mire; they strive to make them vestments for a high service, and appear in foul rags and wretched nakedness. In one place chiefly the word of it may be learnt, and in this place least of all does any one hope to behold it. But he who holds this treasure has conquered the world. It is given to the simple.

The article appeared, as has been said, in a magazine of the highest respectability; it was a good deal noticed and commented on as "a passionate and eloquent appeal for the appreciation of beauty in common things." It was only some year or two later, when Meyrick had published his first story, the "Rosa Mundi," that people began to put two and two together, and it was generally felt that

his ideas were "not quite nice." It must not be supposed that the theory of the essay was at all understood, but in certain instances there were *i*'s in the article and dots in the romance, and the most unpleasant conclusions were drawn.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE CHELSEA PAGEANT

HISTORIC ground—the phrase is one that we have heard much of late, and it means much or little precisely in the degree in which one realises what "history" means. The "histories" which were inflicted on us at school were one thing; the history that we feel is another. It is possible to repeat with mathematical accuracy every "date" in English history, from Julius Cæsar to the South African war, without possessing the smallest appreciation of history. It is equally possible to have a real and intimate knowledge of the processes of national development without feeling any of the glamour of the past. Our school histories were no doubt accurate, and some of them were written by very learned and worthy men. Their advance was orderly and definite, their instructional value was generally *nil*. Alarums and excursions, wars and rumours of wars, clashed and sounded in empty space, like the Wild Huntsman's hounds, coming from nowhere, tending nowhither, over our heads in the darkness of uncomprehending night. Men and women of flesh and blood had no part or lot in such history. If our history was illustrated at all, it was by jejune cuts of "a knight of the period," or "Richard II., from his tomb," or something of the kind. And even with such poor material at our command how eagerly we seized upon anything, such as Richard II.'s little forked beard or Henry IV.'s turban and liripipe, to ascribe some human individuality to these ghosts of a rather dull play.

To me the revelation of history first came in other lands, and it was not till long afterwards that I realised how closely history is always bound up in individual minds with its individual figures, and with the background of their lives. For, standing upon the uppermost step of the Propylæa, on the Acropolis of Athens, I saw the setting sun shine blood-red upon the Bay of Salamis; and suddenly fancy filled the bay with huddled Greek ships, waiting for the friendly shelter of night. Soon it would be dark enough for the schoolmaster's cock-boat to slip to and fro between fleet and fleet, and the Persian Armada would close in; and Themistocles, even while he girded against the gibes of the Corinthians, would be waiting for the dawn to see his purpose accomplished. And in the whirl and press of battle, it was the god-sent messenger who stayed Adeimantos, the ruthless bravery of Artemisia—the incidents, and not the whole—that came as vivid pictures before my eyes. The larger issue was not forgotten, but all the better realised, for that the struggle had become for the first time an affair of human beings, not merely of states and nations.

The plain fact is that we cannot care for history except so far as we can visualise both its theatre and its actors. To reap its full meed of memory a name must have its local habitation. While we forget Lucy Price, we remember Nell Gwynn, because she was Nell of Drury Lane. Thames bargemen remember St. Thomas to this day—at Lambeth, and nowhere else; to most of us Canterbury suggests immediately St. Thomas's martyrdom and Chaucer's Pilgrims. The fame of this, that, and the other place rests not so much on the deeds that have been done thereat, but on the men and women who have done or suffered those deeds, and the most earnest historian of great issues will turn aside to sketch a character—to portray an individual.

So, then, nor places, nor people, nor deeds by themselves make history, but the intimate association of all three. Call it parochialism if you will; there is such a thing as an over-large imperialism, the imperialism of little Johnny-head-in-air.

Chelsea offers us a pageant, and surely no other corner of London's world has a more intimate call upon our interest. The name conjures up, even to those outside the charmed circle of Mr. Quinn and the half-dozen enthusiasts to whom knowledge is allowed by the "booklet" of the promoters, visions of a kaleidoscopic past. Much remains of the old setting. Chelsea Hospital, Chelsea Old Church, and Ranelagh, the scene of the pageant itself—these are not yet modernised out of all knowledge. And if More and Henry VIII. have faded from local tradition in a great degree, the shades of Charles II. and Nell Gwynn still jostle those of Pope and Gay, Addison and Steele, in the memories of the uninformed. Doggett's Coat and Badge are a reality to the watermen of to-day, and the "poor soldiers, broke in our wars," may still read "Condidit Carolus Secundus" on the walls of their haven of rest. The incidents of Chelsea's history are all *quiet, sober*, even domestic; but they present to us, in a pleasant setting, the human side of personages great in the history of an outer world, and their value lies therein.

The "episodes" of this pageant are to be eight in number. They range from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to a Venetian *fête* in Ranelagh Gardens, and, with the exception of the episode of the foundation of the Hospital (which will be presented in the Hospital grounds), they will be played in Ranelagh Gardens. There is a great gap in the sequence of the scenes, for Chelsea was a very unobtrusive village in its younger days; and perhaps it is a pity that Julius Cæsar should have been dragged in by the heels, as it were, with the over-confident assertion that "it is sufficient to say that the Ford of Chelsea is now generally accepted as the ford referred to by Cæsar in his account" of the crossing of the Thames. As a matter of fact, it is to be feared that the reverse is the case, and that Chelsea's claim to the distinction is now generally rejected. Certainly, at any rate, the evidence on behalf either of Brentford or Halliford is better than that which Chelsea can show. But even so apparently important a point as this is not vital. The fact to be driven home is that Cæsar crossed the Thames; whether he did so at Chelsea, or Brentford, or Hampton, or Halliford matters little, and at least there was for centuries a ford at Chelsea. Cæsar's vivid picture of horse and foot surging across the staked ford together, winning their way past the pointed stakes into the heart of the dismayed troops of Cassivelaunus, is given a *locale* and a setting in common talk, and history lives again. The exactitudes can come later.

The gap of eight centuries which intervenes between this scene and that of the "synod" called by Offa apparently left Chelsea undisturbed by events into which any of the personages of history can be brought. It is perhaps excusable on dramatic grounds to invest a prelate to whom has been attributed a disposition passive to the point of weakness, with a distinctly fiery nature. But neither does it appear that "Hibbert" is a seemly form for the name Higbert, nor is it plain on what grounds the tradition which makes Ealdulf the first Archbishop of Lichfield is rejected. And as for Peter's Pence, must we believe that Offa's gift had no precedent? What of Ina of Wessex and his offerings?

Again a leap, this time of about seven hundred years, and we are regaled with an interlude commemorative of the lordship of Sir Reginald Bray. From this point onwards Chelsea begins to "realise itself" in earnest. Naturally, in the sixteenth century Sir Thomas More and his family form the centre of the principal episode. Erasmus and Holbein figure among the characters, but we miss Dean Colet, who surely deserves a place, both by virtue of his name and of his friendships. The two scenes, of More's elevation and of his fall, form a good dramatic contrast, and, it is to be anticipated, will form the strongest episode in the pageant, whose chief weakness as a whole lies in a lack of dramatic force.

The days of Charles II. are a pageant in themselves, and most of the figures in the episode of the founding of the Hospital are familiar enough. And the localised *folk*

tale of Nell Gwynn and the handkerchief, though it has its analogy in almost every tongue on earth, is none the less a bit of old Chelsea that it would have been sacrilege to overlook. As written, so also acted legend is the salt of history—and is generally quite as true and much more important.

The promoters of the pageant have disarmed criticism by a frank avowal of their inability to present every episode in Chelsea history that was worthy of presentation. But very sadly indeed we miss the "Physick Garden." Perhaps the Committee owe Sir Hans Sloane a grudge for having pulled down More's house. But we look in vain for the meeting of Sloane and Linnæus; for the visit of Sir Henry Goodriche, bearing in triumph the first Ribston pippin that ever grew on English soil; or for any hint that Chelsea could boast a greenhouse over which only that at Oxford could claim seniority. But we must not grumble; there are good things in plenty in the pageant as it stands. And if the estimate of history suggested in this article is correct, we may safely anticipate that the personages whom the authors have caused to step out of the pages of history into the glare of modern day will bring with them sympathy with, and understanding of the men and women of the long past days such as come from no mere reading. Life is not in the library, but in the fields and in the haunts of men.

If the Chelsea pageant is not the success that the spirit of its conception promises, it will be a matter for wonder as much as for regret. For one factor alone seems uncertain, and nothing can clear up the doubt beforehand. Queen Elizabeth had the "Queen's Elms" for royal shelter when she visited Chelsea. Let us hope that we shall not all need elms of our own when we go to see Queen Elizabeth there.

FREEMASONRY AND THE SCHOOLS

THE *Correspondant* of Paris publishes an article by M. de la Guillonière upon the class-books used in the primary schools in France. It exposes by documentary evidence the false pretence of scientific impartiality put forth by its authors, and shows the steps by which the gradual dechristianisation of France is being accomplished under the auspices of the French Lodges. The first attempts of the Freethinkers to corrupt the minds of school-children was in 1880. Previous to this date the school-books set forth the duty of mankind towards God, but in the edition of the Children's Grammar adopted in 1882, M. de la Guillonière says:

Instead of the verses upon the "Goodness of God" which appeared in previous editions, there was substituted a poem upon "The Donkey's Flower, the Thistle." The Creator was replaced by Jupiter, and Chateaubriand's "Hymn to the Eternal" gave place to "A melodious hymn."

In 1890 further progress was made, the Masonic Lodges had declared open war against Christian doctrine and offered a prize for the composition of a lay manual of morals, the use of which should be obligatory in all the schools throughout France, in opposition to the Catholic Catechism. This offer, however, did not produce any work which could be publicly avowed and adopted, so another method was tried. A series of classical text-books was introduced into the schools which were quite free from any religious taint. On the 30th of March, 1904, the heads of the Lodges congratulated themselves upon their success in the schools:

It is enough (they said) to mention the late works of Hervé, Aulard, and Bayet to show that the school-books now used are written in a scientific and rationalist spirit.

Among the works which were thus praised by the avowed enemies of the Christian religion the *Correspondant* refers especially to the "Manual of Civic Morals" of M. Bayet, of which more than 60,000 copies were used by children from six to thirteen years of age:

We do not think (says M. de la Guillonière) that it would be possible to bring together in the same number of lessons more direct attacks against God and His ministers, calumnies against Catholics, inversions of historic truth, and hatred of France, and to display at the same time so much spurious science.

This is the "scientific and impartial system of education" which is provided by the French Government.

In one lesson the pupils are taught to distinguish between things which can be known and others which cannot ever be known. In the second category are classed statements which cannot be scientifically proved:

For instance, we know that men die, but we do not know scientifically what becomes of them after their death.

The same formula is repeated on the question of our knowing whether after death there is or is not another life.

Further (the Manual says), we do not know scientifically whether God exists, or whether He does not. Finally, all these things are classed under one word, "the unknowable," which especially includes the existence of God.

Can it be surprising that a generation of French children who have been educated upon principles such as these, have become atheists or at least sceptics and haters of religion? It is the logical result of that system of secular education which Mr. Reginald McKenna was so anxious to introduce into the public schools of England.

ARCHIBALD J. DUNN.

SHORTER REVIEWS

India's Saint and the Viceroy. By S. S. THORBURN (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons.)

"THEY understood" (v. p. 266)—it is more than we do! Words fail us to describe our mystification after wandering for hours (or is it days?) in Mr. S. S. Thorburn's Indian maze, and we must borrow without permission from Alice in Wonderland's vocabulary. "Curiouser and Curiouser," remarked Alice—and "Curiouser and Curiouser and Curiouser" do we, of the "Viceroy," the "Viceroy's" daughter, and the "India's Saint" (?) of Mr. Thorburn's imagination.

With the dedication of his book to Christian Scientists, etc., the puzzle begins; for after reading towards the end of the story (pp. 291 *seq.*) how the hero (or, rather, one of the heroes, because Mr. Thorburn has elected to have two, the "Saint," Mr. Cosmo Sorel, and Colonel Angus Hamilton) performs a miracle of a most positive kind, parodying, if one can so use the word, one of our Lord's miracles recounted in the Gospels—after reading this we observe, with fresh wonder, that Mr. Thorburn in the dedication takes care to remark that he does not believe in the Christian Scientist claim to possession of spiritual power over physical disease!

If the author only wished to air his views on Christian Science, pp. 197 and 220, together with the Preface, would have sufficed. If he has desired to give John Bull at home an idea of how Viceroys reign representatively for him in India, we think even Paget, M.P., might have succeeded better. Where on earth has he picked his model for a Viceroy—the impossible "Lord Eskmore," whose only idea is to pose as India's God to the Indians—absorbed in the contemplation of his family's importance (of which, by the way, without any warning whatever, the "Saint" Sorel suddenly claims to be the head and missing heir to title, and is accepted without demur or proof as such by the credulous Viceroy!)—and discussing openly before his still more impossible daughter, Lady Beatrice, the most important and (should be) confidential dispatches relating to frontier wars, etc.? "Lady Beatrice," who alternates between her "Saint" and—as the author calls him—"her other lover," Colonel Hamilton, has that coyness

of manner which we are in the habit of attributing to the 'Arriets of Margate (cp. pp. 232-3), and as to Mr. Cosmo Sorel, the millionaire Christian Scientist!—again words fail us, and again "Curiouser, Curiouser," is all we can murmur.

Mr. Thorburn's experience in officialdom in India enables him to describe admirably the kind of Circumlocution Office dispatch which distracts hard-working Indian civilians in their districts, but he goes out of his way to find fault invariably with the Indian Government in everything it does. He says one or two apt things regarding the mixed racial problems of India—(p. 57) "The Eurasians are 'the coffee-cream derelicts of miscegenation in India';" (p. 170) "What's a name in this land of mixed pickles?" and again (p. 63), Sorel "as an Englishman of fabulous wealth was also a phenomenon *as rare as a contented Babu in Bengal!*" One scarcely needs to have been in Bengal to appreciate the pithiness of this simile!

There is, too, a rather good description of a big polo match (pp. 77 seq.). These and a few more such sprinklings alone save the book from *immediate* condemnation, in our judgment, and we fear Mr. Thorburn, like his "Saint" of India on p. 165, will "be pained at the perception of the fact" that we are not "spiritually-minded," or, at any rate, not sufficiently so to feel anything else save thankful to have emerged at last out of this meaningless maze.

The Indian Countryside. By PERCIVAL O'CONNOR. (Brown, Langham and Co.)

THIS is a quiet, continuous "babbling of brooks and streams"—or their Indian equivalents, native tanks and wells. Mr. O'Connor says nothing very striking or new—his is a simple "calendar and diary" of camp-life and riding through the central districts of Upper Hindostan. The book is quite pleasant reading, and good print and some pleasing photographs make up for a good deal of discursiveness. The author, too, has the great merit not always to be found with Anglo-Indians, of not finding fault with all that is Indian and not Anglo, and he is evidently full of sympathy for the really hard-working and most patient "Ram Bux," the native peasantry, who are only too often the "bondslaves" of the native moneylenders.

Prome et Samara. Par GÉNÉRAL L. DE BEYLIÉ. (Paris: Leroux, n.p.)

GENERAL DE BEYLIÉ presents, both in his individuality and in his work, a type of archæologist peculiarly French. We can hardly imagine an Englishman of his profession and of his temperament spending a leave all too short in a breathless dash from home to Burma and from Burma to Mesopotamia in search of material for a peculiarly abstruse phrase of Asiatic architectural development. Nor, if we were so fortunate as to discover that we owned such a compatriot, should we expect to find in him a bubbling spring of humour and a broad sense of human sympathy. Indeed, we doubt whether such a combination of qualities would be possible in any but a Frenchman, least of all in conjunction with those delightful touches of *naïveté* and of domestic sentiment which are betrayed in the work of this genial gentleman.

There are many works upon archæology in many languages which impress us with a sense of the patience and erudition of their authors; many which rouse in us a fighting instinct, driving us to an emphasis of dissent perhaps disproportionate to their value; some convincing to the point of forcing us to the abdication of all independent opinion; but few, too few, are those which give us joy of the personality of the author. Honestly, after reading this book, we desire most ardently the acquaintance of M. de Beylié. We feel sure that the generous tribute that he pays in these pages to the courtesy of British officials in India and Burma would be heartily reciprocated by those who had the pleasure of being of service to the soldier-archæologist.

If it be thought that this reference to an author's personality is out of place in a review of his work, we would

recommend objectors to turn to that work for themselves, and to realise in doing so to how great an extent the opinions of the author gain, if not in weight, at all events in interest, by reason of the personal element which is introduced into the form of their presentation.

The paper is divided into three sections. The first is a diary of the journey, and, naturally, it is in this section that the writer is revealed to us. The two last sections deal with his researches—architectural for the most part—in Burma and Mesopotamia respectively. A passage or two, quoted from the first part, will, we think, whet the appetite for more:

6 janvier, Calcutta. Ville banale: hôtels médiocres, aucune distraction le soir. Je me hâte de retenir ma place sur le paquebot de Rangoon. De jeunes artistes français donnent un concert à mon hôtel. Je cause avec le basson: "êtes vous content?"—"Oh oui, mais une chose me chiffonne: quand nous jouons de la musique classique, les Anglais causent à haute voix et on ne nous entend pas. En revanche, lorsque nous jouons de la musique légère et connue, les spectateurs nous accompagnent en sifflant et en frappant le pied. C'est agaçant!"

On the same page is a good story:

A . . . Khan, musulman richissime de Bombay, dernier descendant du célèbre roi des Assassins . . . est sujet anglais; il reçoit de l'argent de tous ses partisans, qui le considèrent comme un être surnaturel. Dernièrement il fut très étonné de ne pas recevoir le subside annuel de ses coreligionnaires de Zanzibar. Il leur fit l'observation et ceux-ci répondirent qu'ils avaient confié leurs cotisations à la mer. "Vous avez bien fait, leur dit-il, et l'argent m'est effectivement arrivé, seulement j'ignorais qui me l'avait envoyé. Désormais confiez, je vous prie, vos subsides à la poste, de cette façon vous serez en possession d'un reçu et moi-même j'aurai la preuve que l'argent vient bien de vous."

One more charming remark:

Nous jetons l'ancre devant Bassorah. On nous met en quarantaine sous prétexte que la peste règne aux Indes. Elle y règne, en effet, mais elle règne aussi en Mésopotamie, et l'on s'explique difficilement pourquoi les autorités locales prennent tant de précautions contre la peste indienne lorsqu'ils sont déjà en possession de la peste mésopotamienne. Affaire de goût.

The two monographs upon the excavations undertaken by General de Beylié at Prome, and upon his researches into the sources of Abassid architecture are careful and conscientious records of workmanlike research, and are profusely illustrated by excellent photographs. The extreme rapidity of the author's movements have prevented him from doing much more than to provide the material for more leisured workers, but it is certainly to him that is due the indication of the lines upon which useful work can be pursued. And any step towards clearing up the vexed question of the interplay of artistic—and especially of architectural—influences between the races of nearer and further Asia is a step taken in so little frequented a path as to be practically pioneer work. General de Beylié's temperament and intellectual calibre seem especially to fit him for the rapid transitions from one aspect to another of these developments, which alone can result in an effectual comparison of their inter-relation. Though, as he himself modestly admits, this publication scarcely attains to the dimensions of a "book," it is one which no one engaged in the study of Asiatic art can afford to neglect.

The Life and Times of Nicholas Ferrar. By H. P. K. SKIPTON. (Mowbray and Co., 3s. 6d.)

EVERYONE knows something of Nicholas Ferrar and Little Gidding. The subject after being lost sight of for several years was brought again into favour by that wonderful and delightful work "John Inglesant." Since then there has been a considerable variety of writing upon this fascinating subject. The late Bishop Creighton supplied a convenient summary of the Life and Times of Nicholas Ferrar in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Mr. Cyril Davenport published a monograph in 1896 upon the "Little Gidding Bindings." Captain Acland brought out an excellent sketch of "Little Gidding and its Inmates," through the S.P.C.K., in 1903. There have also appeared in recent

years various magazine articles of some merit, and occasionally supplying new material. No excuse, however, is necessary for producing a fresh book upon a subject so peculiarly fascinating to Church-folk, and, indeed, to all who can appreciate a devout and exemplary life, in times of great difficulty, on unusual lines. We have therefore no hesitation in cordially commending the two hundred pages of Mr. Skipton's work. Herein he gathers together almost all that is known of Nicholas Ferrar—his upbringing, his *Wanderjahre*, his connection with the Virginia Company, his establishment of the "Armenian Nunnery" at Little Gidding in 1624-6, the rule of life for this little community, his friendships and visitors, his last years, and the dark days at Little Gidding from 1641-1647, when the political and anti-religious storm which was then darkening the country raged with Puritan malevolence around this innocent sanctuary. The last words of this well-written, well-illustrated, and attractive-looking book are amply justified, wherein Mr. Skipton writes :

The Church will now and always inscribe high in her roll of those who, by their example, have moulded her polity and practice, and by their personal holiness have impelled her in the paths of spiritual progress, the name of Nicholas Ferrar.

In and Around the Isle of Purbeck. By IDA WOODWARD. With Thirty-six Plates in colour by J. W. G. BOND. (John Lane, 21s. net.)

Books of coloured illustrations of English scenery are multiplying at a prodigious rate. This volume as to the south-east corner of Dorset is not one of the best—and certainly not one of the worst—of its sort. We suppose that in all such cases the pictures are first painted, and then some one is found to write the descriptive letterpress. At any rate, in this instance, as in most of the like cases, the coloured plates are the most attractive part of the volume, and for their sake the carelessness and insufficiency of the text may be pardoned. Those who love this charming part of Dorsetshire will be glad to have so many pleasant pictures of its richly varied landscapes and interesting remains. The seaboard of the Isle of Purbeck is second to none of like extent throughout the whole coast-line of England in its remarkable diversity, brightness of colouring, and occasional grandeur. Mr. Bond is to be congratulated on the pictures he gives us of the Purbeck Hills from Poole Harbour, of Chapman's Pool, of Kimmeridge Bay, of Poole Harbour from Grange Hill, of Poole Harbour from Rempston Heath, and of Studland Bay. Contrariwise, he has failed to reproduce the remarkable colourings and dignified effects of Worbarrow Bay, which is, to our mind, by far the finest bit of coast scenery throughout the whole of the southern sea-board of England until the Lizard is reached. Nor do the smaller pictures of St. Aldhelm's Head or of the Dancing Ledge, Langton Matravers, yield much satisfaction. There is, too, occasional disappointment in connection with the reproductions of buildings ; this is notably the case with the highly attractive old manor house of Godlingston, whilst the still older house of Barneston is painted from its least attractive side. Taken, however, as a whole, this bright group of Purbeck pictures has a distinct value of its own, and cannot fail to act as a pleasurable stay to the memory of those who are occasional visitors to Swanage, Studland, or Corfe Castle.

The letterpress contains a great deal of diligently compiled material, but will probably prove unsatisfying to well-informed persons or to careful readers who desire to know much of this singularly interesting historic district, which abounds in a great variety of archæological remains. The "Forest" story of the Isle of Purbeck—it was all under forest law in the time of King John—is almost wholly neglected, and no effort has been made to give any accurate or original information as to the quarrying and early wide use of Purbeck marble. There are several blunders in the architectural accounts and suggested dates of the churches of Studland, Worth, Matravers, and Swanage, as well as of the manor houses of Godlingston and Barneston. The true history of the Isle of Purbeck, a most fascinating subject, yet remains to be written.

FICTION

Mr. Crewe's Career. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Macmillan and Co., 6s.)

WE shall be greatly surprised if Mr. Winston Churchill's latest novel does not have the effect of seriously offending many—if not the majority—of his fellow-countrymen. Let it be said at once that it is a novel of extraordinary power, a novel written with an incisive force and directness that is rare in contemporary fiction. Unlike "The Metropolis," it is not a mere magnified tract. It is, on the contrary, a genuine work of art, a work planned on an almost epic scale, every character in which is impressed with an unmistakable individuality. For this very reason it is likely to be the deadlier in its effect. Dedicated to "the men who in every State of the Union are engaged in the struggle for purer politics," this book is a scathing and unsparring indictment of American political methods. Mr. Churchill writes with a restrained fury, and with something of the fervour of the prophet, as he unfolds this sordid drama of fraud, misgovernment, and chicanery. The picture is appalling in its verisimilitude. We see votes bought and sold, honour held but lightly, and justice prostituted at the bidding of a powerful and unscrupulous interest. The Mr. Crewe who gives his name to the title—he is very far indeed from being the hero—is a Fool, with a monumental F. He is the sort of man, in fact, of whom the short-sighted and the flatterer are apt to remark that he is very far indeed from being a fool. We meet him first as an aspirant for Congress ; we leave him as an unsuccessful candidate for the Senate. He has allied himself with the forces of Reform, and has been hopelessly beaten by the stronger and abler forces of Reaction. But the real interest of the story lies with Austen Vane, who is evidently meant to typify a new spirit in American politics—a spirit that may yet cleanse the Augean stables of corruption. To us he stands for an America that is not yet born, but if Mr. Churchill is able to discern on the political horizon a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, we wish him joy of his discovery. The book, it should be said, has a very real human interest, and in Victoria Flint the author has created a character of unforgettable charm. But for us its chief attraction lies in the presentment of a struggle between two opposing schools of politics, which is seen in these pages as an aspect of the eternal duel between right and wrong. The possible effect of such a book can be only dimly surmised—it may be that the warning has come too late—but Mr. Churchill is to be heartily congratulated on his candour, courage, and public spirit ; congratulated, too, on the production of one of the most engrossing novels that have been written for some considerable time.

The Little God's Drum. By RALPH STRAUS. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

THERE is a spurious air of cleverness about "The Little God's Drum" which raises the expectations of the hopeful reader and lures him on from page to page in the fond belief that sooner or later some sparkling witticism will meet his eye. But he is doomed to disappointment. All through the book the author strains after a brilliancy to which, alas ! he never attains, but so infectious are his optimistic efforts that the reader plods on to the bitter end, through dialogue which just falls short of being witty and which does not pretend to be natural, only to realise as he reads the last tame sentence that he has been betrayed into a careful perusal of a very ordinary work. The one redeeming feature in the book is the character of Tony Wrynge. He alone is allowed to be natural and to speak with the tongue of a mere man instead of emitting laboured and pointless epigrams.

Young Lord Stranleigh. By ROBERT BARR. (Ward Lock, 6s.)

ALL Mr. Barr's books are readable, and "Young Lord Stranleigh" is no exception to the rule. The plot is both ingenious and satisfactory. Lord Stranleigh, an appa-

rently rather simple-minded and inane young *flâneur*, purchases a goldmine, which brings him into contact with a particularly repulsive Hebrew financier, who seems endowed with superhuman ingenuity. He not only reduces this astute person to utter confusion, but crowns his career by sauntering into the Bank of England at a moment of financial crisis and, by the timely present of a few large bars of gold, saving the fortunes of his country. It is a pity that this knight-errant is not more prepossessing. By way of emphasising his aristocratic demeanour Mr. Barr has made him consistently and offensively insolent to every one with whom he comes in contact. It is difficult to understand why he is not knocked down and disabled long before his plans are perfected. We can only imagine that he is saved by a "singularly winning smile," which is mentioned as one of his attributes.

The Watcher of the Plains. By RIDGWELL CULLUM. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

ONLY a daring writer like Mr. Cullum would have shed so much blood to bring his hero and heroine together. All the trouble arises from the fact that Nevil Steyne is unreasonable enough to covet the whole of his father's fortune instead of a half-share, and when Colonel Raynor, his brother, writes to say that he is coming to hand over his share Nevil plots with the Indians for the murder of the colonel, his wife and child, thus leaving his way clear to the estates. The party duly encounters the red men, and, with gruesome detail, Mr. Cullum tells of the shooting of Mrs. Raynor by her husband and his attempt to perform the same service for Marjorie. She escapes, however, and is heroically rescued from an Indian chief by Seth, who is clearly destined to be her husband. After the murders have been got rid of, Mr. Cullum becomes more interesting, and the freshness with which he depicts the characters of an American farm makes very enjoyable reading. Nevil Steyne, however, is a somewhat incomprehensible figure, for he does not stir from the neighbourhood when he has accomplished his desire. How Seth proved Marjorie's title to her father's estate, how she went to England and came back again, together with a full account of the love-making, which was principally on the girl's side, all these things are faithfully described by the author, whose book is, perhaps, the more readable because it is obviously so unsophisticated. Stories about Red Indians will always have a fascination for some people, and "The Watchers of the Plains" may achieve popularity for this reason. It must be said, however, that Mr. Cullum writes better when dealing with "white folk," and if he had given us more little character sketches, such as "Rube" and "Ma," we should have been able to rank his production higher.

Corry Thorndike. By WINIFRED CRISPE. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

STARTING with a rather unpleasant theme, Miss Crispe has developed her story most pleasantly. A *mariage de convenance* of a more than usually sordid kind becomes a real marriage of love, after a conflict between two very proud natures, the stages of which are clearly and reasonably shown.

In the beginning Sir Eden Gresham is involved in an intrigue with Mrs. Vanderberg, and people are talking. Vanderberg is coming home, and before gossip can reach his ears something must be done to prove its falsity when he begins to suspect the truth. So Mrs. Vanderberg hits on a most ingenious plan to save her name. Sir Eden must become engaged to be married—must, in fact, be married almost immediately. There is a girl eminently suitable—she is indeed already in love with Sir Eden, and one of Mrs. Vanderberg's greatest friends. For a time Eden hesitates; he does not want to be married; but at last he agrees on condition that Judith knows the real truth, and consents with that knowledge. If Mrs. Vanderberg will arrange everything on these lines he will make the sacrifice. Mrs. Vanderberg promises to explain everything to Judith; but of course

she does not, and Judith only learns the truth after marriage. Her husband, however, believes that she knows, and despises her accordingly. Consequently he rejects her love at the first, and when he begins to love her in his turn her pride has been hurt too much, and knowing now why he has married her, she will not believe in his sincerity. Happily for both, Miss Crispe has given them a guardian angel, Corry Thorndike. The latter is rather an idealised character; but, in spite of his somewhat abnormal virtues, Miss Crispe succeeds in keeping him within the bounds of possibility if not of probability. How he succeeds in bringing husband and wife together may be learnt from the book. The reader will be rewarded with an interesting study of emotions and will not regret the time spent, but will follow keenly the struggle on both sides between pride and love.

The Wild Widow. By GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

WE see, on glancing at the modest advertisement on the cover of "The Wild Widow," that "the situations are poignant and a most astounding surprise is revealed in the last chapter." If poignant were another word for vulgar we should cordially endorse the statement, but on referring to the dictionary we find that the word signifies "sharp or penetrating." We cannot see anything either sharp or penetrating in the shady and commonplace adventures of the unscrupulous widow, who, of course, is only a widow in the eyes of the company which has been unfortunate enough to insure her husband's life. As to the "astounding surprise," it was unfortunately "revealed" to us at the end of the third chapter instead of in the last. The principal characters are the widow, who possesses "a beautiful waist with a natural frontal dip," a maiden with "straying Empire curls," a gentleman with an "unmoral mouth," and "a nice man." Every page is beautifully adorned with italics and many familiar French idioms are skilfully introduced into the dialogue.

DRAMA

"LINKS" AT THE STAGE SOCIETY

IT is now some years since this Society produced *The Good Hope*, by the Dutch playwright Herman Heijermans, which made so great an impression both then and later when Miss Ellen Terry took it on tour. *Links* is by the same author. It has much of the same pessimistic view of life; there is the same tragic feeling pervading the whole play; men and women, as Mr. Heijermans sees them, are either avaricious and self-seeking and unscrupulous, or else the victims of such greed. Consequently last Monday afternoon there were many present who found the play too harsh and too unsympathetic; but all the more should we be grateful to the Stage Society for producing works which make so limited an appeal.

Links is by no means a perfect play; there were times when we could not but feel that an unnecessary amount of detail was standing between us and the main issue, and there was at least one character whose importance in the scheme was practically *nil*. Furthermore really important matters seemed at the moment to be less important than they subsequently turned out to be. All this may be intentional on the part of the author, and it may be that the feeling of power and vividness which pervaded the whole performance was due to methods which seem at first sight to be more irritating than necessary.

The plot deals with the disappointments of Pancras Duif, who from very humble beginnings has built up an enormous business. He has been a widower for many years, and his children have not turned out to be very satisfactory—in fact, in a way it is the story of Lear without a Cordelia. Two of the sons have shown their real characters for some time, and now, during Pancras's illness

the eldest son, Henk, has managed to seize the management of the business; and so Pancras turns his thoughts to matrimony and wishes to marry his very interesting housekeeper. The family are, of course, up in arms, and are able, through their gross unscrupulousness, to find out from their father's papers things about the proposed wife which make it easy to get rid of her. The old man, when the play ends, is bereft of everything that could make life possible to him.

The characters of all the principal persons are most marvellously well drawn; and Pancras himself, a light-hearted, hard-working, and sincere old man, is particularly lifelike. The part was admirably played by Mr. J. Fisher White. No less admirable was Mr. Edmund Gwenn as the old man's brother, Hein, who, without joining in the conspiracy, is anxious to prevent Pancras or any one else from getting married. The three contemptible sons were played by Mr. Hubert Harben, Mr. Robert Atkins, and Mr. Leon Quatemaine; and three remarkable studies in villainy they certainly were, but one could not help wondering if one old man was likely to be the father of three such dissimilar villains. Miss Edyth Latimer was singularly unequal as Marianne, the housekeeper. On the whole it was a fine restrained performance that was marred by a melodramatic passage, which, however, was greeted with great applause. How often does the "purple patch" ruin a work of art! There was plenty of good acting besides, though the actor who took the part of a brain specialist gave it much too farcical an aspect.

A. C.

"NAN"

It is a pity that more people did not realise that Mr. Masefield's tragedy was going into the bill of the Vedrenne-Barker *matinées* at the Haymarket. The play made a sensation when it was performed before the Pioneers, and certainly the small attendance on Tuesday afternoon was largely due to the inability of the management to make the production more widely known in the time at their disposal. The play is a reasonably fine one. It has some of the forcefulness which is essential to tragedy. The mere circumstances of the story are sordid and horrible. Nan Hardwicke's father has been hanged for sheepstealing, and she is living with her aunt, Mrs. Pargetter, who takes a fiend's delight in making her life miserable; her cousin Jenny creeps into her confidence to learn her lover's name; Dick, her lover, is falsehearted, and shames her before all her friends, leaving her, at the aunt's instigation, for Jenny. Then in the last Act an officer comes from London to say that Nan's father was hanged by mistake, and to bring £50, which is a small fortune, as compensation for Nan's loss. Dick immediately makes love to her, and she, outraged by his meanness, kills him, and goes out to drown herself in the Severn. The only person who has not treated her with almost inhuman brutality is an old fiddler, half-witted with age and sorrow. Under Mr. Masefield's treatment the play is neither sordid nor horrible. The meanness of Dick and the Pargetters is shown unflinchingly, but you are overwhelmed not by their meanness, but by the greatness and beauty of Nan, which is like a flame amid black darkness. And more than that. Just as in Nan's exaltation she is brought in touch with the mystery of life, which is all that the half-witted fiddler can see, so in witnessing the triumph which is Nan's withdrawal from life, you are brought in touch with the simple greatness of life, and the flame of beauty which burns inextinguishably in the blackest environment. The powers of evil and the powers of good are in conflict; evil at first seems suffocating and dominant; you can hardly bear its cruelty and strength. But slowly you are shown things at their proper value, and you feel all Nature and life is supporting Nan, and at last you feel not hatred but a profound pity for the poor mean creatures who are nearer death than life, though Nan has gone away to die, and they possess her money, and have apparently won their little victory.

Miss Lillah McCarthy played Nan. It is the best piece of work which she has yet done. Her performance left little to be desired; it was in the first Act astonishingly good, but in the love-scene in the second Act greater simplicity would have been more effective, and in the last Act there was not enough spiritual exaltation. She did not make Nan sufficiently subordinate to the old fiddler, whose truth she was for the first time seeing. Mr. Hignett played Gaffer Pearce, the old fiddler, very well, except that at times he emphasised the old man's senility unnecessarily, and became a little restless and at times inaudible in consequence. But he felt the poetry of the old man's utterances. Miss Mary Jerrold played the mean little friend, Jenny, almost perfectly. In some ways it was the most finished performance in the play. Nothing could have been better than the way she brought out Jenny's terror as Nan shows her her own little snake's soul. Miss Jerrold should do great things. The rest of the company played well, especially Mr. Hodges as William Pargetter and Mr. Anson in the difficult part of Dick.

H. DE S.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOCIALISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice that a writer in your last week's issue asserts that the Socialist party has for one of its avowed aims the destruction of the Christian religion. I have been acquainted with Socialists now for the last three or four years, and have for about a year been one myself. I can therefore confidently assert that he is completely mistaken. It is only necessary to read the Socialist literature, the constitutional basis of Socialist societies, to talk to those who hold Socialist views, to find that, with hardly any exception, Christianity has just as much or as little to do with Socialism as it has to do with the cut-and-dried schemes of any other political party. If Socialists really did aim at the abolition of Christianity its opponents could well afford to leave it alone, for it would certainly accomplish its own destruction. Socialism is a scheme for taking land and capital out of private hands and transferring it to the public. It believes that by so doing only will the very glaring evils that oppress society be remedied. What Socialism does aim at is the abolition of capitalism—that is, wealth used to exploit and not to benefit human beings. As such it has attracted, and will continue to attract, many noble and fine spirits whose one object is the uplifting of their fellow-creatures.

W. H. PAINE, Curate of St. Mary's, Primrose Hill.

[We reply to this letter in "Life and Letters."—Ed.]

SOCIALISM AND SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The splendid boiling-down of unsubstantiated opinion in your article of comparison between Suffragettes and Socialists is, to any one whose experience warrants them to speak with knowledge, highly amusing.

No person, for instance, would for one minute suppose the several Societies now engaged in advocating for the franchise to include on an equal qualification with men, women, to be pro-Socialists, if he or she had any personal knowledge of the movement with which to be able to form anything like a correct idea of the general opinion of the members of such Societies.

This knowledge I claim to have, and I think that as an active worker in the cause I can speak, not perhaps with as much authority as some of my co-workers, but with a knowledge greater by far than any outsider.

In accordance with the general attitude of the Socialists as a whole, without distinction of this branch or that branch, they have shown themselves incapable, or at any rate unwilling, to co-operate with any movement which is but a "half-way house" to any reform which in its final or extreme stage they themselves may advocate.

Consequently, therefore, the Socialists have been one of the most bitter of the opponents of what has come to be known as "Limited Suffrage."

It is true that we have amongst the speakers of our movement several well-known Socialists who have been far-seeing enough to grasp the fact that a movement which advocated a more liberal representation to women than to men was as unjust as the state of the franchise at the present time, and doomed to failure. It is also true that a very large number of the leaders and of the members as a whole are in favour of citizen franchise, but the

composition of the societies is, so far as Socialists are concerned, numerically inconsiderable, and their numbers are far and away less than the support of either the Liberals or Conservatives in our ranks.

To those who have been favoured with a privilege enjoyed by few, Socialism is the spreading of that favour to the many, and those who advocate either that a privilege shall be abolished or that it shall become less of a monopoly are therefore Socialists, and, if this is the case, then your article is correct—women's franchise is Socialism, and its advocates are Socialists. But I repeat that Socialists, as a body, have opposed our movement, and our members and the members of the other Societies only contain a comparatively insignificant number of Socialists, and nothing but a very wide and absolutely incorrect definition of a Socialist could bring your article in any way into the line of fact.

H. MACKENZIE THEEDAM,
Men's League for Women's Suffrage.

34, Amwell Street, E.C., May 30, 1908.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a Socialist I was charmed—that, as a man, being my principal function—by being credited with a feminine intellect, in the first quarter of the second column of the article "Socialism and Suffragitis," in the current issue of your gay periodical. And I have the true "blind instinct" that I am right in being charmed. To care nothing for reason—that were freedom indeed. A freedom I have at present in small measure; but I hope by the passage of years to attain to the finer verve, and share the upper strata with your contributor "A. D." He is more joyous and airier far than I. He is not even bound by fact. And for his arguments—well, were I not free from the grosser forms of logical restraint, I would credit "A. D." with female sex and incipient Socialism. I began his article at the end—as ladies begin novels—the method having some piquancy. One discovers the basic theme right away. In this case, for instance, one finds that "all that is fine and noble and lovely in this country" is being blighted and spoilt—which, as a Socialist, I cannot deny. Who are to blame? We are—I am—in part, it seems. Indeed? Really, I had no. . . . But read on. We—I—"have called forth the literature of Mr. Chesterton," and have "created the Suffragette."

Then half a column about Mr. Chesterton. Now Mr. Chesterton has recently, and at some length, explained that he is not a Socialist. It seemed obvious enough to us—to me. Why he did it I can't think—and out of his regular beat, too. So I will not bother any more about him. But the Suffragette, for whom I—we—are responsible (it is reiterated, "It is the Socialists, then, who are responsible for the Suffragettes")—what of her? Read back a little further. "Her disease is intimately connected with Socialism." Yes, yes; read on—back. "It is men, therefore, who are responsible for the Suffragette." But "A. D." said Socialists. Is "man" synonymous with Socialist? All men? Assuredly no; for that is a commonplace. But how are men responsible? Read on—back. Ha! a syllogism; because "even the Suffragette is a woman, and, being a woman, whether she knows it or not, she is engaged in the process of charming some one" (authority for this statement being found in the lines of Christina Rossetti beginning, "Woman was made for man's delight;" excellent lines!); and because "In the face of universal disgust and reprobation from man she simply could not exist. It is men, therefore, who are responsible for the Suffragette." Which really is not a commonplace. And so I am, Sir, your still charmed reader and confirmed subscriber,

A. B.

PS.—If you have room? Just to say that the instances of Suffragette repartee are really great. In the species shown the genus is foreshadowed—giving me huge joy. My disgust I share with "A. D."—without lessening its volume.

[We confess that we are unable to make head or tail of A. B.'s letter. In the words of the "Bab Ballads," "it is pretty, but we don't know what it means." Perhaps some of our readers may be more successful than we have been in deciphering "A. B." In any case, as "a charmed reader and confirmed subscriber," he is welcome to the space which his letter occupies.—ED.]

THE EVENING SUN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I read with considerable amusement your rapier-like stabbing of the New York "Stabber," the *Evening Sun*, in your issue of May 2nd. A word concerning this little sheet and its dam, the *Sun*—a morning paper—may not be inappropriate coming from a resident of New York and "in the know." It is not surprising that the *Sun* should deride the claims of Upton

Sinclair "to accuracy of any sort," since Mr. Sinclair in "The Jungle" showed up the rascality of the Chicago Beef Trust, and it is well known that the *Sun* is chief lackey to all Trusts.

I read the *Sun* for various reasons. First, because I like to see what the devil is doing in these parts. Second, to give the devil his due, the *Sun* is the best "put together" paper in New York. By this I mean the most symmetrically arranged as regards news, etc., and there is always a literary touch in every article that appears therein. At one time the *Sun* bore a legend on its margin "If you see it in the *Sun* it's so." That legend disappeared after its circulation had dwindled from a million a week, blazoned on bill-boards, to a size which it did not advertise. Thereupon, or some time thereafter, it got to be whispered about journalistic circles in New York, "If you see it in the *Sun* it's crow." The news that the *Sun* gives is true—it's another question whether the news will be allowed to get into its columns or not; but as to its leaders and political policy, the first are "colored," as Mr. District Attorney Jerome well says, and in both there is *suppressio veri*, not to say *expressio falsi*, which blot the otherwise learned and frequently witty articles. As for its political policy, it is the most treacherous back-stabber that ever appeared in New York journalism. Though a Democratic paper, it attempted to back for President of the United States General "Spoons" B. F. Butler, who was charged with stealing spoons in New Orleans during the Civil War. It again attempted to betray the Democracy by its long war on President Grover Cleveland. Both these treacheries were performed while the *Sun* was Democratic. When Bryan appeared the *Sun* turned coat and flopped over to the Republican side. But its diabolical nature—its taste for the blacking on the boot of a Trust magnate, and its spittle-licking tendency in the same gross quarter—forced it to its old trick of treachery and back-stabbing against the only President we have had worthy of the name—Bar Cleveland—since Lincoln; of course I mean Theodore Roosevelt, and I am a life-long Democrat who say it.

To show the esteem in which Mr. Upton Sinclair is held on this side by honest journalists, a magazine with a quarter of a million subscribers in Boston, *Human Life*, congratulates itself on having Mr. Sinclair as a regular subscriber thereto. The *Sun* is hardly worthy of a serious journal's notice, for whatever you see in its leaders is "either 'crow' or not so."

A DISGUSTED BUT NEVER-SAY-DIE AMERICAN.

Bowling Green, New York.

WHERE IS THE BEST ENGLISH SPOKEN?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A number of us Englishmen here in the Transvaal wish you, as an authority on the English language, please to tell us where the best English is spoken in the British Isles.

J. UGLOW.

Post Office, East Rand, Transvaal, May 6, 1908.

[We should not like to pretend to give an authoritative answer to this question, but our private conviction is that the best English is spoken on the west coast of Scotland and in parts of Ireland. It sounds paradoxical; but every one knows that the best French is spoken not in Paris, but in certain remote and old-fashioned provincial towns.—ED.]

SHAKESPEARE'S QUARTOS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the current number of the *Library* Mr. Greg questions the printed and accepted dates of certain Shakespeare quartos on various bibliographical grounds. I venture to think that stronger evidence is yet required, on the following grounds.

Mr. Pollard some time ago called attention in *THE ACADEMY* of June 2nd, 1906, to the fact that the quartos in question occur bound together in several collections, and drew the conclusion that Thomas Paviour bought up the "remainders" of some of them, printed a few more, and with some of his own "remainders" made a saleable volume; but he abandons this theory now in favour of Mr. Greg's, that they were all, in spite of the professed dates, reprinted by Paviour in 1619.

His argument is chiefly founded on the similarity of typography, and especially the device of three flowers which appears on all the titles with one exception. I do not think it is necessary for the moment to go very deeply into this; but I may remark in passing that it is not impossible that Roberts may not have got the device at Jones's sale, even if White did buy his business, since White himself never used the device. My main object is to point out that Mr. Greg's strongest argument—that as to the water-marks in the paper—fails entirely.

Mr. Greg alleges that the watermarks in all the quartos—both those professing to be printed in 1600 and those dated 1619—

show the paper to belong to one batch; and since the wires get worn out within one year the paper must have been made about the same time, and it is impossible that Paviour could have got hold of the same batch of paper in 1619 that Roberts used in 1600. I venture to think, however, that if Mr. Greg carefully measures watermarks which appear to the eye to be identical he will find that they are not. To take the "Pot" mark marked "LM," for instance, the first I found in my copies that occurred in (1) "The Merchant of Venice," 1600; (2) "King Lear," 1608; and (3) "Merry Wives," 1619, the measurement of the base at the greatest breadth is in (1) 14mm., in (2) 15.5mm., in (3) 14.5mm.; and there are also variations in the form of the mark itself, which show that the paper in these editions did not come from the same wire.

ALFRED H. HUTH.

CHURCH SCHOOLS' EMERGENCY LEAGUE (MANCHESTER CENTRE)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The following resolutions were passed at a meeting of the Committee held at the Diocesan Chambers, Manchester, June 2nd, 1908:—

1. "The Committee, believing that neither the Bill of the Government nor that of the Bishop of St. Asaph affords a basis for a just settlement of the Education question, are of the opinion that both Bills should be withdrawn, or, failing withdrawal, that they should be strenuously opposed."

2. "The Committee cannot agree to any educational settlement which does not provide for the continuance, with full share of public funds, of all schools for which suitable buildings are provided by the Church of England and other religious bodies."

3. "The Committee are of opinion that in all single-school areas the parent should, as far as practicable, be afforded the choice of either denominational or undenominational religious instruction for his child, to be given by teachers duly qualified for that purpose, during school hours."

4. "The Committee consider that a settlement would best be secured, not by the uprooting of the existing system, but by such amendments of the Education Acts as may be necessary for the removal of all real grievances, both of Churchmen and Nonconformists."

5. "The Committee, while accepting the fullest public control over secular education and the expenditure of public money, can never submit to public control of religious instruction in Church Schools, nor accept teachers who may not be tested as to their qualifications to give that instruction."

6. "The Committee are of opinion that, in the event of a National Round-table Conference taking place, the representatives of the Church should be selected by the Consultative Committee of the National Society, which includes persons experienced in the management of Voluntary Schools from every Diocese."

T. E. CLEWORTH, Hon. Secretary.

MINSHEU, MABBE, NICOLETA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In THE ACADEMY of February 8th, 1908, I drew attention to the "Modo Breve" of R. de Nicoleta (Bilboa, 1653) as apparently the first attempt at a Baskish Grammar, and the source of the information which was used by Sir T. Browne, the earliest of English Bascophiles. I am informed by Don J. M. de Bernaola, Presbytero, of Durango, in Biscaya, that Sorrarain may have been right in stating in his Bibliography that that author's name occurs as Micoleta in the records of the Church of Santiago at Bilbao (now Bilbao), where he lived. It appears that the house known as Mekolako Borda (the farmhouse of Mekola) was inhabited by a family named Nicola, which points to the possibility of a confusion having taken place about the initial of Nicoleta. It has not, I think, been pointed out that in the "Diálogo Primero," which Nicoleta took from the "Pleasant and Delightful Dialogues in Spanish," bound up with "A Dictionary in Spanish and English" (London, 1623), from the pen of John Minsheu, the words (on p. 29 of the third edition, published at Sevilla, in 1897, before I had seen the original manuscript in the British Museum):

Ay diçe nuestra Madre Çelestina que está corrupta la letra, dagoala letrea corumpiduric, que por dezir treze diçe tres. serren amayrugayti diñoala yrru.

come from p. 106 (really 108) of "The Spanish Bawd represented in Celestina," translated by James Mabbe (Diego Pudec-ser = may-be), and published in London in 1631. There the words are:

"Celest. Sonne the phrase is corrupted; they haue put three time (sic), in stead of thirteene." They occur on p. 159 of the edition of Dr. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly (London, 1894). According to the valuable "Dictionary of National Biography," J. Mabbe lived from 1572 still 1642. He was a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, where a copy of his "Celestina" is preserved, and may have met Minsheu, who was there in 1610. The same authority tells us that Minsheu based his work upon that of Richard Perceval, or Percival (1550-1620), the author of "Bibliotheca Hispanica" (London, 1591). Whether Minsheu composed, or borrowed, his Dialogues I know not; but in the first, translated into fairly good Biscayan by Nicoleta, there is the date 1599. Dr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly tells us in his "History of Spanish Literature" (London, 1898) that "Celestina" was the work of Fernando de Rojas, Alcalde Mayor of Salamanca, and first published in 1499 at Burgos. Many quotations from it have enriched the "English Historical Dictionary" of Oxford; and some others might, with advantage, be added, for instance those illustrating the rare verb "implume" = to pluck, strip, for which one would rather expect "unplume" or "displume." The book was so popular in the sixteenth century that it may have been known, possibly in a French version, to Master W. Shakespeare. At any rate, Mabbe's translation contains at least two phrases which show that Shakespeare was in his mind. It appears that his translation was not in all places literal; and there is other evidence that he admired Shakespeare.

Before leaving the subject of Bascology, suggested by Nicoleta's version of Minsheu's "Diálogo Primero," may I point out two mistakes in the "Discoveries" of Dr. A. E. Drake, as quoted by Dr. Skeat in THE ACADEMY of April 11th, 1908? After twenty-two years' acquaintance with Baskland, and its vanishing old language, I do not know *ola* in the sense of "pole of a hen-roost." It means "argoma, aliaga"—i.e., *furze, gorse*. Nor is *adar* properly a *branch*, but a *horn*—probably first-cousin to Gaelic *adharc*. A *branch* is *abar*, perhaps connected with Gaelic *barr* = *top, summit*. The *branch* of a tree might in poetical style have been called its *horn*, just as the French call the horns of a stag its *bois* = *woods*. But Nicoleta's word for *cuerno* = *horn* is *adar*, and this is still so used in all the Baskish dialects.

On p. 92 of the fourth edition of "The History of the Christian Church," by F. J. Foakes Jackson, B.D. (Cambridge, 1905), one reads: "Both Tertullian and Minucius Felix speak of the *Cantabrum*, or according to some copies *Labarum*, as a Roman standard. Eusebius, in his Life of Constantine, implies that the term had been long in use. Its derivation is obscure; probably it is formed from the Basque word for a standard. The Greek Fathers write it *λάβωρον* or *λάβουρον*." I am not aware that the Basks had any native "word for a standard." Some modern etymologists have tried to explain *λάβουρον* by *lau buru*, which means four heads, ends, or extremities in good Baskish; but there is no evidence that such a term was used by the Vascones or Iberi under the Roman Empire, either in the sense of a cross or of a military *signum*. The oldest form of *buru* = *head* was *puru*, as appears from compound words; and the oldest form of *lau* (or *lab* in some dialects) was *laur*. A part of Baskland was known to the Romans as *Cantabria*; but even if *cantabrum* were a correct reading, we have this opinion of Lewis and Short, in their Latin Dictionary: "the connection with Cantabria is a mere conjecture." It is more probable that *labārum* is connected, like the root of *λαμβάνω*, with *lamh*, the old Keltic word for *hand*. *Labur* in Baskish means *short*. That which is *short* is at *hand*. It may be that Latin *labōr* = *handiwork* is also connected with Gaelic *lámh*, the latter word being used in the phrase *lámh le* in the sense of "near to." It would be more plausible to connect *laur* with *λαύρα*, if Greek monasteries were originally quadrangles. It may be that some people, finding in the Baskish Dictionary of Aizkibel *laba* translated by "*metal candente*" = *glowing metal*, have concluded that Italian *lava* is from prehistoric Heuskarian. It is, however, more likely that the Basks, taking *lava* from Italian, pronounced it, in their native way, *laba*, as they have not in their own alphabet the sound of *V*. *Labe* is *oven* in Baskish (not unlike some old forms of loaf), and the inside of a volcano is so like an oven that its product might be called by the same name. *Vesuvi* (the possessive case of *Vesuvius*) happens to mean in Baskish "two fire(s) beneath." It is not, I believe, known whence that volcano got its name. Nor do we know how old the Baskish language may be, nor in what regions it may have been spoken two or three thousand years ago. Mr. A. E. A. Fremantle, B.A. of University College, Oxford, thought that *lava* was to be connected with *λεῖψα, kettle*, from the same root as *λεῖψω, libo*. It occurred to me that it might be akin, if not to *labe*, at least to *labai*—Baskish for *slippery*, which is like Latin *labōr*. But etymologies are as slippery ground as ice. Let us leave them with our skates!

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Union Society, Oxford, May 30, 1908.

ELFETA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—Chaucer tells us that Cambyuskan

Hadde two sones on Elfeta his wyf

("Canterbury Tales," F. 29.) *Elfeta* is the spelling of the Hengwrt MS., the peculiar importance of which Professor Skeat has pointed out in his "The Evolution of the Canterbury Tales" (Chaucer Society, 1907; for the issue of 1903), of Cambridge Manuscript Dd. 4.24, and of Bodleian 686. Until recently I have been disposed to regard *Elfeta* as a feminine diminutive of *Elf*, coined by Chaucer, and Cambyuskan as one of a large number of heroes of romance who wedded fairies. Very lately, however, I have observed that in Skeat's edition of Chaucer's "Astrolabe" (Chaucer Society, 1872) certain star-lists on pp. xxxvii.-xlv. give to their 29th star the name *Elfeta* or *Alfeta*. I think this star-name is far more likely to be the source of the name of Cambyuskan's Queen, but have not the means of further inquiry. Will anybody inform me whether *Algarsyf*, the son of Cambyuskan, was also named for a star?

HENRY BARRETT HINCKLEY.

Northampton, Mass., May 21, 1908.

THE HOME SECRETARY AND THE LASH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The lash has gone very much out of favour with the public of late years, but I fear that public officers like the Home Secretary do not always sufficiently consult the wishes of their employers the public, and, unfortunately, under our present system, the members of a Ministry hang together, and the public cannot turn out one without turning out all, which they may not wish to do. And the present Home Secretary is not the only holder of that office who often speaks and writes as if he were the servant of an absolute monarch rather than of the public—though he usually yields to public opinion when strongly expressed.

Flogging, however, has many advocates who are virulent and noisy, and clamour for applying the lash to prisoners who are now exempt from it. I do not believe that their numbers are at all proportioned to the space which they occupy in the Press. Allegation is their forte, but they are not particular about proof. Indeed, as regards the vaunted successes of the cat and the birch, the particulars given are often so defective that their opponents cannot find out what cases they alluded to. As regards flogging Judges they never try the cat without a considerable addition of imprisonment or penal servitude; and though the statute may require such a sentence in addition to the flogging, the Judge could make the imprisonment as short as he pleased, and would no doubt make it short if he really relied on the cat to effect a cure. But on comparing the sentences of Mr. Justice Lawrence with, for example, those of Sir John Day, we cannot fail to notice the reduction in the number of strokes without any similar reduction in the accompanying term of imprisonment. Flogging Judges seem to be losing faith in the favourite remedy, whatever their admirers may say to the contrary. Indeed, Mr. Justice Lawrence implied that he passed these sentences not with a view to any beneficial result, but in order to show his sympathy with the victims! The assigning of such a reason for passing these sentences ought, I think, to have led a public officer to reconsider them carefully. But this is not all. Flogging under the antiquated Vagrant Act of 1824 (which never extended to either Ireland or Scotland) still goes on, although more than one Home Secretary has declared his disapproval of it. If the question of its continuance were submitted to the present House of Commons there would, I believe, be an enormous majority against it; but the Home Secretary is too busy with his scheme of "indefinite sentences" for "habituals" to redress this crying evil, or even to give general directions to his subordinates to remit all sentences passed under a section which he cannot find time to repeal. Then there is flogging for breaches of prison discipline after a secret inquiry before the Visiting Justices, the precise nature of the offence and the evidence given in proof of it never being made known to the public. The system would suit Russia better than England. But there is this difference between it and the other flogging sentences to which I have referred—the others are carried out unless the Home Secretary intervenes; this one cannot be carried out without his approval. In a recent return it would seem that the approval was given in sixty-seven cases out of seventy. Whether the three remissions were made on the merits or on medical grounds I do not know, but at all events there must have been either a wonderfully efficient tribunal of the first instance

or a wonderfully inefficient tribunal of appeal. One would wish to know what kind of report of the proceedings was placed before the Home Secretary before deciding, and whether the prisoner had any opportunity of being heard. But some officials seem to think that if the decision is deferred for some time the public will give them credit for having given the case a full consideration, though perhaps they never had sufficient information to arrive at an intelligent conclusion.

A BARRISTER.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THEOLOGY

- Muirhead, Lewis A. *The Terms Life and Death in the Old and New Testaments*. Melrose, 3s. net.
Anglican Liberalism. By Twelve Churchmen. Williams and Norgate, 5s.

POETRY

- The Epic of London*. By Rowbotham (the Modern Homer). Gibbings, n.p.
Balmy Springtime. Written and Illustrated by Gordon S. Maxwell. Gay and Hancock, 1s. net.
 Thirlmere, Rowland. *Mont St. Michel, and Other Poems*. Allen, n.p.
 Woods, Litchfield. *The Dead Friendship, and Other Poems*. Glasgow: Frederick Wilson, n.p.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Shakespeare, William. *Poems, Songs, and Sonnets*. Sisleys, 1s. net.
 Mill, John Stuart. *Auguste Comte and Positivism*. Routledge, 1s. net.
 Dickens, Charles. *Seven Poor Travellers*. Sisleys.
 Burns, Robert. *Tam O'Shanter, and Other Poems*. Sisleys.
 Addison, Joseph. *Sir Roger de Coverley*. Sisleys.
 Thackeray, William Makepeace. *Notes of a Week's Holiday*. Sisleys.
 Hunt, Leigh. *Coaches and Coaching*. Sisleys.
 Molière, J. B. Poquelin. *Dépit Amoureux*. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.
 Dickens, Charles. *Miscellaneous Papers, Plays, and Poems*. In Two Vols. Chapman and Hall, 12s.
 "Everyman's Library (Dent, 1s. net):
 Burke, Edmund. *Speeches and Letters on American Affairs*.
 Poe, E. A. *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*.
 Packman, Francis. *Montcalm and Wolf*. In Two Vols.
 Manning, Anne. *Mary Powell and Deborah's Diary*.
Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson.
Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin.
 Converse, Florence. *Long Will*.

FICTION

- Annesley, Maude. *The Door of Darkness*. Lane, 6s.
 Daudet, Ernest. *His Father's Wife*. Everett, 6s.
 Blyth, James. *The Diamond and the Lady*. Digby Long, 6s.
 Maxwell, H. *The Bond-Women*. Digby Long, 6s.
 Vance, Louis Joseph. *The Black Bag*. Grant Richards, 6s.
 Jepson, Edgar. *Tangled Wedlock*. Hutchinson, 6s.
 Jerome, Jerome K. *The Angel and the Author and Others*. Hurst and Blackett, 3s. 6d.
 Coke, Desmond. *The Pedestal*. Chapman and Hall, 6s.
 Coutts, Tristram. *The Prodigal City*. Greening, 6s.
 Ward, Geo. Whitely. *Drelma*. Greening, 6s.
 Halidom, M. Y. *Zoe's Revenge*. Greening, 6s.
 Hope, Graham. *The Honour of "X."* Smith Elder, 6s.
 Stace, Henry. *A Case for Compromise*. Alston Rivers, 6s.
 Meade, L. T. *The Aim of her Life*. Long, 6s.
 Dawe, Carlton. *The Confessions of Cleodora*. Long, 6s.
 Meadows, Alice Maud. *The Moth and the Flame*. Milne, 6s.
 Smart, Mrs. Irwin. *One Life and the Next*. Sisleys, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Mysteries of Mithra; A Mithraic Ritual; The Gnostic Crucifixion; Chaldean Oracles, I. and II.* By G. R. S. Mead. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. and 2s. 6d. net.
King-Predestinate. By Michael Wood. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. net.
A Child's Story of Atlantis. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. net.
Parsifal. By Arnold S. Banks. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 6d. net.

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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1884

JUNE 13, 1908

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE second letter on the subject of Socialism and Christianity from Mr. Paine which we publish in our Correspondence columns only serves to show how very dangerous it is to argue from imperfect and partial knowledge. It is quite evident from Mr. Paine's letter that he has the very vaguest ideas as to what Socialism really means. He calmly remarks, "I have not read Mr. Bax." What a confession for a Socialist! What would Mr. Paine think of a man who professed to be a member of the Conservative party and who declared that he did not believe that the preservation of individual liberty was any part of the policy of that party, and who on being referred to the speeches of the late Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and the other leaders of the party, replied, "I have never heard or read the speeches of Mr. Balfour or Lord Salisbury"? The vast majority of Socialists are atheists and Freethinkers, and say so quite frankly. Mr. Paine will not alter the facts by blandly ignoring them or by exposing his ignorance of the writings of the leaders of the movement to which he professes to belong. None are so blind as those who will not see, and if Mr. Paine, after reading the letter which immediately follows his own, does not feel it necessary to revise his views we fear he is past praying for. As to the statement which he makes—"the Socialist movement is making rapid progress"—as far as this country is concerned we unhesitatingly give it a flat denial. It is impossible to argue with a man who persists in saying that two and two make five, and who, when it is pointed out to him that the vast weight of intelligent mathematical opinion has decided against the proposition, replies by saying, "Time will show that I am right," and supports his theory by quite irrelevant references to the utterly unimportant views of certain utterly unimportant nonentities who have managed to get themselves elected Members of Parliament. To do the so-called Christian Socialists justice, we are of opinion that a very much better case could be made for them than is attempted by Mr. Paine. We rather fancy that our contributor Mr. Marson could furnish us with at any rate a reasonable basis for argument. We offer him the hospitality of our Correspondence columns for the purpose.

The letter which we print from Mr. Dalrymple Duncan on Socialism and Suffragitis confirms in every particular

the contention which we laid down in a recent article that these two diseases are intimately connected. By the way, it appears that there is to be a demonstration of female Suffragists on June 21st in Hyde Park, and the interior of tube-stations and lifts have been "beautified" by portraits of ladies who are to address this momentous gathering. It is greatly to be hoped that some counter-demonstration of sane and right-thinking women will be organised. There is not the least doubt that the feeling in the country against the Suffragettes is very strong indeed. The further they go with their demonstrations and their public shrieks the more do they disgust the vast majority of reasonable people of either sex. We invite suggestions from our readers as to the organisation of a counter-movement.

We have to congratulate the *Daily Mail* on the discovery of a new source of humour. That paper and the journals allied to it have, we may say, done pretty well in the past; they have alluded to Mr. Dick Swiveller's entertainment of Mr. Pickwick, they have hailed Miss Corelli, Mr. Guy Thorne, and Mr. Crockett as a "Celtic Galaxy," and they have furnished our peaceful British breakfast-tables with some pretty notes on the "Girlhood of a Man." There is something quite charming in this last feat. Of course it is only right that the patrons of a "family paper" should be well posted in such subjects. But a week ago the *Daily Mail* surpassed itself. It dazzled the reader's eye with the headings:

STRIKE OF "VILLAINS."

AMUSING STORY OF A CLOSED THEATRE.

And, indeed, the story proved to be of a side-splitting character. It seems that last January a company of actors was engaged to play in a pantomime at Bexhill-on-Sea; whereupon the following farcical incidents (much funnier, surely, than anything in the pantomime) took place:

On the Saturday evening, in consequence of the artistes not being paid their salaries, two comedians, Munro and Wilson, who were playing the part of the "villains," refused to perform. An uproar ensued, in the middle of which Mr. St. John, manager of the company, to whom all looked for their salaries, escaped with his portmanteau to the station. He was observed in his escape, however, and promptly haled back to the theatre by the male section of the company.

An attempt was made to get together a scratch performance, but owing to there not being another two "villains" in Bexhill that fell through. In consequence of this there was no performance that night, and the company was left stranded and practically starving.

Surely the *Daily Mail* having, as it were, tapped the source of so much mirth, will let us have more from a well which should be inexhaustible. It is humorous enough, we confess, to think of these twenty-five wretched strollers starving at Bexhill; left there without money, without food, in imminent danger of being turned out into the streets or on to the shore. And some actors are married, and have delicate wives and sick children and pressing debts incurred for the hard, simple necessities of life; and some of the twenty-five doubtless looked forward to that engagement at Bexhill as a drowning man looks at an approaching boat; and all this makes the tale ever so much funnier. But there must be even better things of the same sort, which would make the lively pages of the *Daily Mail* livelier still. For instance, actors sometimes get ill: why should we not have something of this kind?

AMUSING SCENE.

COMIC CLOWN PERISHING OF PERITONITIS.

And then actors die occasionally; the *Daily Mail* will, doubtless, let us know of the event after this sort:

HUMOROUS INCIDENT.

EXIT WHIMSICAL WILKINS.

"CANCER" HIS CUE.

Really, if the matter be properly handled, there will be no excuse for wasting threepence a week on *Punch*. Every

week we may expect a few sparkling jokes at the expense of poor actors ; and why leave out struggling authors and unlucky painters ? This is an ethical age, the Harmsworth publications are nothing if not ethical ; and quip and jest will enforce the great moral lesson that the greatest of all sins is the want of money.

Seriously, one longs sometimes for the establishment of the *régime* of the Mikado—the Mikado of Mr. Gilbert. Here is a case in which the punishment should be made to fit the crime. One does not want to be ferocious and vindictive, we do not propose that the proprietors and staff of the *Daily Mail* should be compelled to read the "Children's Encyclopædia ;" but one would be glad to lead these gentlemen apart, to starve them a little, to make them taste the draught of hope deferred, to take them down to Bexhill, and finally to defraud them of their wages, and to leave them stranded there at the mercy of chance compassions and of their landladies. It is possible that the case might then seem less "amusing." It is an ill sign of the times that the stupid and callous brutality we have noted is supposed to appeal to the great mass of the people. Gross literary ignorance, shameless puffery, staring incompetence, the insertion of paragraphs which are of no pleasant content—all this we must pass. But the Yahoo laughter over the distresses and agonies of helpless men and women shall not be allowed to pass. He who grinds the faces of the poor is denounced as accursed ; we need not seek far for an epithet to apply to the man who makes comic capital out of the woes of poverty.

The May Week number of the *Cambridge Review* contains some interesting, not to say highly diverting, reading. On June 17th, at 3.15 p.m., certain honorary degrees are to be conferred on certain distinguished persons, and, by the "kindness of the Public Orator," the *Cambridge Review* is in a position to offer us some "memoranda on their careers." The memoranda are really great in their way. Of Mr. Kipling the Public Orator dilates as follows :—

(11) Rudyard Kipling has had the rare distinction of having been the theme of at least three volumes of literary criticism during his life-time : the "appreciation" by G. F. Monkshood, the "Kipling Primer" of F. L. Knowles, and the elaborate review written by Richard Le Gallienne. The "Seven Seas" is dedicated to the City of Bombay, and its opening poem tells us of the author's pride in the city of his birth—

For I was born in her gate,
Between the palms and the sea,
Where the world-end steamers wait.

The rapidity with which his reputation was won was remarkable. In 1890 it was associated with the familiar saying, "but that is another story ;" in 1899 he was exhorting us to take up "the white man's burden." His work in prose is noted for its vigour, vitality, vividness, veracity, and virility ; while his verse is of a brilliant and highly rhetorical type.

The which, surely—leaving out, of course, the vigorous, vital, vivid, veracious, and virile part—might have been written by Biffins of the Fourth Form. And when the Public Orator ventures on a trifle of detail he becomes still more delicious ; assuring us, for example, that the "best-known" of the "Barrack-Room Ballads" "tells of the soldier who hears 'the East a-callin','" and sighs for the once-familiar sights and sounds on "the road to Mandalay." We discover further that :

In the same volume the soldier's tribute to the fine qualities of the savage Soudanese warrior achieved a great success ; and any who ever heard the late Mr. Cobb play and sing his own setting of these two ballads, are not likely soon to forget them.

It seems to us that on the whole the Public Orator at Cambridge might with advantage furbish up his literary wits, not to mention his literary style. That any person in his senses should consider that Mr. Monkshood's "appreciation" of Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Knowles's "Kipling Primer," and Mr. Le Gallienne's "elaborate review" confer rare distinction upon their subject is idiotic. That the Editor

of the *Cambridge Review* should smack his lips over such babble astonishes us.

Lovers of good dancing should certainly not miss paying a visit to the Pavilion Music Hall, where Guerrero is appearing nightly. On the occasion on which we visited the theatre last Monday, a Bank Holiday crowd did not seem to appreciate at its proper value the exquisite art displayed by this accomplished dancer. Guerrero's art is not confined to that of dancing. She is also a master of facial expression and gesture, and in the thrilling little episode in three short scenes which culminate in her betrayal of the brigand to the soldiers who are searching for him, she is most admirably supported by the gentleman who takes the part of the brigand. The whole performance is on a very high level, and is a reminder of the fact, which has often been noted before, that the best art is quite as often to be found in the music-hall as in the theatre.

The editor of the *Book Monthly* has been interviewing the editor of a rival journal called the *Tailor and Cutter*. The editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* knows all about "the dress of authors." He is of opinion that Mr. Augustine Birrell dresses "passing well," and that Sir Gilbert Parker is quite one of the best-dressed men of the day. On the other hand, Mr. Swinburne's habiliments are stated to be "of the farmer type," while the "note" of Mr. Hall Caine's get-up is "individuality." The editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* told the editor of the *Book Monthly* a great deal more to the like effect. Mr. Birrell may have changed his style of dress since he became a Cabinet Minister, but in the drear days prior to the return of the present Government to power we saw a good deal of Mr. Birrell, and we should never have dreamed of describing him as a man who dressed even moderately well. While as to Mr. Swinburne, there never was and there never will be the smallest suggestion of "farmer" about him. However, the matter is entirely a small one. It is not the reach-me-downs of authors that concern anybody in his senses.

The prophets appear to have been quite wrong in their views as to reprints. On the face of it it is gratifying that they should have been wrong. For obviously the thing that we need—that is to say, when we begin to consider English letters—is reprints. Five years ago it was commonly supposed that the cheap classic had come for a day. It was regarded as a mere publishers' fetch, and we were told that the book-buying public would speedily grow sick of it. Yet at the present moment we are publishing reprints with the most palpable assiduity, and the public do not appear to be in the least tired. And whereas in the beginning of the movement the publication of two or three volumes at a time was considered highly enterprising, we now feel ourselves competent to descend upon the market not with spies, so to speak, but with whole battalions. Mr. Dent has just sent us a list of 349 volumes of "Everyman's Library" published by his firm, and he announces coolly that "twenty-five new volumes are just added." It is plain that if there were no demand for "Everyman's Library" Mr. Dent would scarcely go on making his additions. But he goes on making them. This is as it should be, and it proves to demonstration that when all is said the reading public is not by any means so black as certain critics are inclined to paint it. In other words, if you give it of the best, it has sense enough to rise to the occasion. The early notion that people bought classics on the mere ground of their cheapness is by this time pretty well exploded. It is true that they might not buy them if they were dear ; but it is equally true that they have ceased to buy them as mere "furniture." There can be no doubt that books are now being read in reprint form which would otherwise have been neglected. The catholicity of the editors of "Everyman's Library" and the pluck of the publisher cannot be questioned. We are glad to perceive that they are not wanting of their commercial reward.

Quite a number of new firms of publishers have sprung into existence during the last twelve months, and among those which have attained the most striking success may be named that of Mrs. E. Grant Richards. This new firm must not be confused with the old firm of Grant Richards. It will be remembered that on the failure of Mr. Grant Richards for an amount exceeding £60,000, on which sum a very trifling asset in the pound was ultimately paid, the original firm ceased to exist. Mrs. Grant Richards, however, of course has had at her disposal the advice and experience of her capable husband. It is understood that Mr. Grant Richards has made the noble resolution, which has nowadays become almost old-fashioned, of endeavouring, with the assistance of Mrs. Richards, to pay off his creditors in full. Nobody who is acquainted with the almost Quixotically honest character of Mr. Richards will be surprised that he has taken this resolution, and in an age when commercial morality is becoming more and more lax it is one which will be universally applauded. Mr. Grant Richards is understood to have felt particularly distressed that among his unpaid creditors was a large proportion of authors many of whom could ill afford the loss which was entailed by intrusting the publication of their books to his hands. This sentiment is one which does him the utmost credit.

GIVING PLACE

Thou art not, though thy hawthorns on the air
Spread rich, thy lilacs sweeping everywhere,
Persia's fine way
Superbly gray ;
Though thy laburnums drop—thou art not there—
There is no May.
It is the June, the lovely June, concealed,
And all her beauties treasured that will yield
Themselves, how soon !
My senses swoon ;
Where the white umbels blow across the field
There must be June.

MICHAEL FIELD.

May 21st, 1908.

THE FLUTES OF SILENCE

The swoln grey-fingered shadows stretch between
The chestnut boughs, to touch the fountain's rim,
And on the large leaf-freckled basin dim
The still dissolving show of that faint scene ;
There a bright inlay of glassed leaves is seen ;
The sun flows in and floats, as if it knew
No gushing of white waters to the blue
Would stir among the mosses' film of green,
And parcel out the cloud-built floor, and make
The inverted minarets of poplar shake ;
For ever this phantasmal place, believe,
Thrills to the flutes of silence faintly blown,
While from the sallow hedge, moist leaves are sown
Falling like meteors faint at shut of eve.

M. JOURDAIN.

REVIEWS THE SHAKESPEARE APOCRYPHA

The Shakespeare Apocrypha. Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Bibliography, by C. F. TUCKER BROOKE. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.)

THIS careful and scholarly book is a collection of fourteen of the plays which have at one time or another been attributed to Shakespeare. So sound and trustworthy a text as this has been, in the case of many of these plays, badly needed for some time, and the other editorial functions have been performed by Mr. Tucker Brooke with learning and care ; while his Introduction is admirable.

During the last three centuries more than forty plays not in the first folio have been attributed to Shakespeare—in the earliest times uncritically, by mere hearsay, or by fraudulent publishers ; later by the English scholars of the eighteenth century, whose scholarship was hardly minute enough to be secure in noting the difference between the real Shakespeare and his contemporaries or imitators ; and, lastly, "in a burst of midsummer madness," as Mr. Tucker Brooke well says, by the German Shakespearians, with Tieck and Schlegel at their head, who wanted to claim for their demigod almost as much, though on different grounds, as the Baconians nowadays want to claim for theirs. Of these forty odd plays, *Pericles* and *Titus Andronicus* have now been accepted, rightly or wrongly, into the canon ; others, like *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, which was destroyed by Warburton's cook, have perished ; others were flat forgeries ; and others, again, have either found their proper attribution, or turned out too flagrantly un-Shakespearian to deserve a place even in the Apocrypha. The fourteen plays printed by Mr. Tucker Brooke comprise the residuum—those which may be regarded as entitled to the benefit of the off-chance that Shakespeare wrote them, altered them, or touched them up. In his Introduction Mr. Tucker Brooke examines the value of that off-chance.

It is not very great. In the first place, all these plays are of different *genres* from those in the canon. There is not a single plot taken from the French or Italian. In nearly all fourteen plays the characters are English. Two are relations in dramatic form of famous crimes of the day—a branch of drama which is only recently extinct, but not one to attract a Shakespeare. Several are close studies of contemporary life and manners, the kind of thing that Ben Jonson liked to do, in *Bartholomew Fair* and elsewhere, but which the canonical Shakespeare never did, save perhaps under the guise of history or fiction. Finally there are the biographical chronicles—*Sir John Oldcastle*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, and *Sir Thomas More*. It is here that we cannot follow Mr. Tucker Brooke with complete confidence in his *prima facie* objection to the Shakespearian authorship. True, there is no biographical chronicle in the canon, but there are several plays that come being very near it—*Richard II.*, for instance—and others, of which part, at least, is the disconnected biography of some one character. Again, it is hardly safe to condemn such plays outright on the ground of "structural chaos." Structural cosmos is not a marked characteristic of Shakespeare's chronicles ! The kind of play and the conditions of presentation on the stage did not demand it. We are not, however, disagreeing with Mr. Tucker Brooke's conclusions ; we are merely pointing out that this is the place where his *prima facie* arguments are weakest. For all that they are probably sound, and, empirically considered, the plays—and especially the very interesting *Sir Thomas More*—bear him out in the decision he arrives at.

It would take too long to examine the claims of all these fourteen plays to have been written, revised, or touched by Shakespeare. Mr. Tucker Brooke has done it candidly and soundly, and every reader will want to play

the game for himself. We find it difficult to believe that *Arden of Feversham*, a brutal and clumsy play, will hold much longer the place which it has somehow won, even in the opinion of so great a critic as Mr. Swinburne. Did Shakespeare even touch it up? Several critics are still inclined to trace his hand "glancing along" in one or two passages. Here is one of them. Shakebag, the murderer, is lying in wait to kill Arden :

Black night hath hid the pleasures of ye day,
And shetung darknesse overhangs the earth
And with the black folde of her cloudy robe
Obscures us from the eiesight of the worlde,
In which swete silence such as we triumph.
The laysie minuts linger on their time,
Loth to give due audit to the howre,
Til in the watch our purpose be complete
And Arden sent to everlasting night.
Greene, get you gone and linger here about,
And at some houre hence come to us againe,
Where we will give you instance of his death.

Did Shakespeare write that? He might have—but so might a dozen others of his time. And Arden's relation of his dream in the following scene, which is another supposed Shakespearian passage, is just like a dozen other of the dreams of which Elizabethan audiences were fond. As to *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, another play, or rather sketch, on the same lines, it is—but for one passage of admirable prose—a worse production even than *The Fatal Curiosity*, and even the contemporary evidence of the Stationers' Register and the title-page of the first edition—even the opinion of Dr. A. W. Ward—cannot make us believe it to be Shakespearian in the minutest degree. We should, on the other hand, dearly like to believe in *Mucedorus*, that fascinating piece of childishness, that delightful fairy-tale, with its bear and its wild man of the woods, its clown Mouse, and the rest of it. But, alas! the will to believe is here of no avail.

The case is very different with what is, in many respects, the most interesting play in this volume, *Sir Thomas More*. Here we hit upon one of those exciting possibilities and puzzles which are too rare in the career of the student of texts and manuscripts. The original manuscript of this play lay neglected in the British Museum till Dyce printed it in 1844. It is a very untidy manuscript, written in several different hands. The story seems to have been that a clean copy, all in one hand, was sent to the Master of the Revels for licence, that he objected, as his own notes in the margin show, to certain things, and that the manuscript was thereupon handed over to two or three or more people, each of whom was to alter a part. Was one of those people Shakespeare? And have we in this manuscript an authentic specimen of Shakespeare's handwriting?

One supreme passage, the scene in which More (or Moore, as the play spells the name) calms by his eloquence an insurrection among the citizens of London, has been assigned by Stebbing, the great critic of Bacon, and by others to Shakespeare; and the reader cannot but agree that here, if anywhere in this book, we have something that proclaims itself Shakespeare. It is Shakespeare all over—in rhythm, in the use of words, in grandeur, in humour, in its view of the mob, in dramatic force, in everything. It is a first draft, corrected and "blotted" in a manner that should have satisfied even Jonson. It appears that comparison of the handwriting with the only extant pieces of Shakespeare's handwriting—the signatures to his will and to the two deeds—is inconclusive; and much surely hangs upon the nature of the script. Is it English or Italian? Be that as it may, the internal evidence of this scene (which should be read in its entirety) is as conclusive as such things can be.

The question is complicated not a little by the uncertainty as to whether some other portions of the amended play are in the same hand as the great insurrection scene or not. The experts in manuscript are divided; but the weight of evidence appears to be on the side of an identity of hand in certain weaker passages, which might yet be by Shakespeare. It is possible, too, of course, that

the adaptor, in making his improvements, copied out in his own hand certain things which he took over from the original.

It is an exciting question. But, whichever way it is settled, no one can fail to admit, with Dr. A. W. Ward, Mr. Tucker Brooke, and many others, that the play itself is, next perhaps to *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, the best in the Shakespeare Apocrypha.

MEMORIES

Memories of Men and Books. By the REV. ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A. (Smith and Elder, 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. CHURCH writes with such engaging frankness and exhibits himself in this volume in such an amiable light that he disarms criticism. Age has its privileges, and he would be a churl indeed who would find fault because the "memories" of a kindly old gentleman in his eightieth year are sometimes a little trivial, sometimes, it might almost seem, hardly worth remembering. Had Mr. Church done nothing in his life but write his "Stories from Virgil" and "Stories from Homer," he would have deserved well of the world. Many stories from the classics have been written, but none of them approach in merit the work of Mr. Church. Written with genuine enthusiasm in fine, clear-cut English, they have been a fruitful source of inspiration not only to schoolboys, but to others to whom the classics were a sealed book. They have the genuine taste and aroma of the originals. They rank as literature with Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." And it is interesting to see in perusing the pleasant pages of his book how his ardent love and knowledge of the classics have influenced and affected his whole life, giving him breadth of taste and knowledge, an amiability of outlook. The "humanities"? Yes; there is something in them that those who would banish Greek and Latin from our public school curriculum would never be able to replace.

Of himself Mr. Church has no tales of heroism to tell. His is the record of a quiet, studious life passed, for the most part, in libraries and class-rooms. He has been schoolmaster, professor, parish priest, author, and reviewer. He admits with charming candour that he was not a conspicuous success either as schoolmaster or professor. His heart was all the time in his writing, with which he never allowed his other avocations to interfere. He confesses to having produced some seventy books—a rare record of industry and devotion—and the reader who is interested in these matters may learn from these pages the financial results of Mr. Church's literary labours. The "Stories from Virgil" and the "Stories from Homer"—his most successful volumes—have brought him a little over £2,000; but this sum, of course, took many years to earn. In addition to his work as author, Mr. Church claims to have reviewed forty thousand books—a staggering achievement which argues not only great mental stability, but marvellous physical vitality on the part of the reviewer. For those who desire to know the secrets of reviewing, Mr. Church provides an illuminating chapter. Quite as interesting as the author's literary memories are some of his reminiscences of old London and of Oxford in the late 'forties. Things were different at Oxford in those days:

Of organised sport there was very little—nothing, in fact, except rowing. The College was too small and, I take it, too poor to have a cricket-ground. It was possible to belong to the Magdalen Club, which was then practically the club for the University. But cricket was an expensive amusement, and, though there were two or three good cricketers in Lincoln, no one ever played. We were more zealous consequently about rowing.

Mr. Church was associated at Oxford with many men who have since become famous in Church and State. One of the most interesting personalities he describes is that of Mark Pattison, tutor of Lincoln College. Of him he writes:

He lived for a while in what we should now call a "clergy house," of which John Henry Newman was the head, and he was

associated in the work of the "Lives of Saints." . . . He was accustomed to recite daily the "Hours of the Roman Breviary," and he was once at least among those who frequented Dr. Pusey's confessional. . . . Social he never was. He was good enough to admit me to his friendship, but I never felt quite at ease in his company. What undergraduate could ever forget the disconcerting stare with which he regarded him during the duty call which was paid at the beginning of a term? He did not attempt to make conversation, but glared, so to speak, over his spectacles at his visitor. The hardest youth, though he might be said to fear neither God nor man, quailed before that speechless, petrifying look.

It should be added that Mr. Church has many pleasant and entertaining anecdotes to tell, and from the first page to the last there is not an unkind word about anybody.

THE MAKING OF ANTHOLOGIES

Poets of Our Day. By N. G. ROYDE-SMITH. (Methuen, 5s.)

CERTAINLY the living poets are lucky fellows. Here is yet another book devoted to their glory, and it would seem that at last they are coming into their own. We say at last, in thinking of them as a long-neglected body of artists, but really some of those who have taken the most space in this volume are quite newcomers. Mr. Noyes, for instance, is quite a new voice in the modern jargon, crying volubly a very easy sing-song through many pages—second-rate narrative, with now and then absurdly literary phrases and lines breaking through.

Older poets there are in the book who have already received the only approbation possible or worth having nowadays—that of the fit and few. There is, for instance, a beautiful familiar poem by Mr. Bridges; inspiring verses by Mr. Newbolt, including the fine "Drake's Drum;" Mr. Davidson's capital "Runnable Stag." There are some singular and beautiful verses by a poet who has always been secure from popularity, Mr. de la Mare; and, alas! there is some singular rubbish by Mr. Stephen Phillips, who has always been sure of it, and who proffers the shoddiest of blank verse to the great name of Milton!

Miss Royde-Smith anticipates cavils at her omissions, and we therefore withhold ours. It is the sin of commission which is never to be forgiven in the anthologist, and it is to this unpardonable fault that our attention has frequently been called in looking through her book. Possibly the selection has not in every case been in her own hands—in which event we are sorry; but if her choice has been absolutely free, why, then, we are still sorry. Apparently she has a hearty love of poetry, and has cast her net widely—too widely. She has caught several American poets who have hitherto been unknown to us, and shall be still save for what we perforce remember from her book. Some of the verses come so near to being what Mr. Henry James likes to call "the real right thing," and yet are irritating shams. We would exchange whole loads of them for one of Father Tabb's perfect jewels (of pearl or opal), though perhaps not those of his which our anthologist has selected. Here are some American verses for which, as we gather from her Introduction, Miss Royde-Smith has a strong admiration—we will not name the author:

And while far up the gorges sweep
The silver legions of the showers,
I have communion with the grass
And conversation with the flowers.
More wonderful than human speech
Their dialect of silence is,
The simple Dorian of the fields,
So full of lovely subtleties.
When the dark pansies nod to say
Good morning to the marigolds,
Their velvet taciturnity
Reveals as much as it withholds.
I always half expect to hear
Some hint of what they mean to do,
But never is their fine reserve
Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

Yet very well at times I seem
To understand their reticence,
And so, long since, I came to love
My little brother by the fence.

We are tempted to speculate on the nature of this "little brother by the fence," but, leaving this, we think only a mere flicker of attention, a mere shadow of humour, are needed to discover how consummately bad these verses are, and we regret that Miss Royde-Smith should have surrendered her judgment so readily to her enthusiasm. Her other selections from American versifiers—always with the noble exception of the fine poet already named, Father Tabb—are also questionable; indeed, there is scarcely a verse equal to the *level* of the English pieces, though that is not very lofty. All this we say because she looks to America for the next great poet, and, thinking of the specimens she has collected here, we can only record our gentle dissent. Perhaps in our own country there is no surer promise or sign of the "next great poet" than in America—unless, indeed, he is here already, singing unrecognised and scorned, as has sometimes happened. But whatever surprise and humiliation that subtle ironist Time may have prepared for our incredulous hearts, one thing, we think, is clear—that the American poets represented so generously in this small book give absolutely no support to Miss Royde-Smith's expectancy. American critics will doubtless deny this with agreeable vehemence, and see in her a perfect anthologist with prophetic perceptions.

The making of anthologies is, we know, a fascinating employment. We ourselves have found a fascination in the mere projection of a book of English verse. But it is not an easy thing to do well, and where Miss Royde-Smith has erred, we fear, is in not distinguishing clearly between a mere bundle of poems and an anthology. Observing, apparently, only the easy arbitrary limits of date, she has simply produced the former, when she might with a little more precision of aim have accomplished the latter. We beseech intending compilers of little books of verse to remember that such justly-renowned examples as Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" and Mrs. Meynell's "Flower of the Mind" owe their excellence to the definite unifying principle of choice, whereby harmony in variety is secured, and one poem becomes, in a certain sense, the complement of another. An acutely critical preference is not sufficient, though it is quite essential. In the book before us there are, of course, many fine poems, but some of them ought not to be there. As an instance we will mention the magnificent ode of Francis Thompson's, "From the Night of Forebeing," which is of a pitch too lofty, of a power far too intense for the company of little things. It is a mountain among pleasant little hills and trim gardens and stucco temples, and to read it here makes one sadly discontented with many of the others. Yet our present-day poets are born for anthologies. Theirs are mostly brief things, little poignant things, full of tender apprehension of life's transience, full of dreams and roses; theirs are often, to use Mr. Watson's amusingly magniloquent phrase, "Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne." But the great authentic music which, we hold, our own day is still privileged to hear from its singers, the music of august and beautiful voices, is best left alone.

THE THREAD OF EMPIRE

Over-Sea Britain. By E. F. KNIGHT. (Murray, 6s. net.)

The Real India. By J. D. REES, M.P. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

THESE two books combined give us the history brought up to date of nearly the whole of the Empire.

Anything from the pen of the author of "Where Two Empires Meet" is welcome—and arouses pleasurable expectation—which will not be disappointed by reading the book under review. Mr. Knight's aim is to give a comprehensive account of the British possessions beyond

the seas in a work of moderate compass. This volume deals with the Mediterranean, A'rican, and American possessions of Great Britain, and we are promised in a second volume the British possessions in Asia and Oceania. And so "The Real India" is doubly welcome. Mr. Rees offers us a quite impartial record of the political, economic, and social condition of India to-day. He speaks with the experience of twenty-five years in the Indian Civil Service, having passed through most of the grades from Assistant-Magistrate to British Resident and Additional Member of the Governor-General's Council, and has served as Government Interpreter in several Oriental languages, and as Government Reporter on the Indian Press. Dealing in order of publication, we revert to "Over-Sea Britain."

It begins with a clear and concise history of the Empire's growth and of the several forms of government under which our Colonies live. The increasing value of England's Colonial trade is demonstrated and Imperial defence is discussed. Mr. Knight takes us through the Mediterranean to South Africa, then, travelling North from the Cape, through Rhodesia to West and East Africa and to Egypt. After that we cross to America.

The maps which illustrate it all are clear. The places we wish to find are salient and catch the eye. No better school-book exists for the young student of Empire; no better *aide-mémoire* for any student.

Gibraltar's eventful history is dismissed shortly, but we are reminded that the origin of its name is Moorish. In the eighth century the Moorish Chief Tarik landed there, and made it the base for two invasions of Spain. Hence Djebel-el-Tarik, or Tarik's Hill.

The vicissitudes of African history are traced; how the coasts were occupied in turn by Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians, how the Arabs were first to penetrate the interior, and how the Portuguese carried on the work of exploration under Prince Henry the Navigator and Bartholomew Diaz, until their work was crowned by Vasco da Gama, who discovered and rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and opened the ocean route to the East Indies. Then the Pope's line was drawn, and all Africa was ceded to Portugal, all America to Spain.

Holland was the first power to dispute Portugal's claims in Africa. Then Britain succeeded her; and from our occupation of the Cape of Good Hope we are brought in these pages to the partition of Africa by the Berlin Conference of 1884. Mr. Knight reminds us what we owe to Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, to Sir George Taubman Goldie in Nigeria, and to the British East Africa Company when that Conference took place. We then lost many tracts that our missionaries and traders had opened. But Rhodesia, Nigeria, and East Africa, right up to the Abyssinian frontier, and to the Sudan Nile Valley were preserved to the Empire by the enterprise and patriotism of individual citizens.

Each colony in turn is briefly surveyed and analysed. Population, Government, and defence, physical features and production, and their industries are brought home to us. And the vast extent of territory which our African colonies offer to our enterprise is pictorially mapped out.

And so we come to America—and the Pope's line again. America was ceded to Spain in the sixteenth century in virtue of the discoveries of Columbus. But France and England disputed the freehold and free hand so granted. England established herself in the eastern Provinces of America. France had been before her in the Canadas and extended her borders down the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, barring British expansion west. War between England and France in America was the healthy permanent condition in which the colonists lived until the eventful day when Wolfe gave Quebec and the Canadas to Britain at the cost of his life, and the gallant Montcalm paid the same price to France for their loss. By the irony of fate, twenty years later, by the Treaty of Paris, England lost all to the United States, except the very Canadian Dominion from which she had ousted France. Then follows a moving history of the welding together of

two great races of colonists—French and British—driven, too, into one another's arms by American hostility. Canada is described as South Africa has been, and we are reminded that British possessions in North America are of greater area than are the United States. We are shown the enormous possibilities of the Dominion, and the enterprise which is being expended in developing them. The West Indies and our South American Colonies are not neglected, and then Mr. Knight leaves us, much regretting the parting, but hoping that he will soon give us the second volume which he has promised.

So now again we take up the thread of Empire in "The Real India." Mr. Rees adopts a very similar path of introduction to Mr. Knight's. He gives us a sketch of Indian dynastic history from the stone age to the Mogul Empire—to the rule of John Company (terminated by the Mutiny)—and shortly describes the rule of successive Viceroy's under the Crown until Lord Curzon's administration, which is given some space. Lord Curzon's chief energies were devoted to education, foreign policy, and the partition of certain provinces; but his long career of usefulness was cut short in an unhappy difference with the Commander-in-Chief over Army organisation, and he resigned. And then, by some extraordinary perversion of judgment, the Secretary of State published to India and to the world the wrangle that had taken place between a great Viceroy and a great soldier. Mr. Rees is an ardent advocate of a strong and efficient Army, and applauds Lord Kitchener's organisation, which places military units in the brigades and divisions in which they will have to fight, and which has just been proved with such good results in the Zakka Khel expedition, and which is being now tested again in the Mohmand country. An account is given of the land system, and we learn how much easier is the lot of the cultivator to-day in British India than it was under any former Government, or than it now is in any of the native States.

The measures for famine prevention (rather than famine relief) are given appreciative consideration, and the contrast is shown between the sufferings from famine to-day and the awful scourge which failure of crops constituted in olden times, producing even cannibalism and leaving villages the prey of wild beasts. An exhaustive account is given of the system of government and of the administration of justice, by which we are reminded that a large proportion of offices are in native hands, while the bench is to a great extent occupied by native Judges. Passing to finance and revenue, a happy tale of progress is told. Taking only the railway as one indication of prosperity, between 1876 and 1881 there was an average net loss of 120 lakhs of rupees, between 1899 and 1905 an average net gain of 111 lakhs.

Mr. Rees gives us an illustrative sketch of Russia's position on the north-western frontier. He quotes figures from Mr. David Fraser's "Marches of Hindustan" to show that Russia could maintain an army 400,000 strong on the Afghan frontier, but he holds that the position in Persia merits attention rather than in Afghanistan.

And then we have unrolled before us the present unrest in India. *Bande mataram* is translated *Hail Motherland*. But Mr. Rees will have it otherwise: *Hail Mother*, *Mother Kali*—the goddess of death and destruction. The cry *Svadeshi*, "Our Country," under which British trade goods are being boycotted, is giving place to the more threatening cry *Svaraj*=*self-government*, which means *independence*. The Bengali Babu, the chief agitator, would rid India of all signs of British rule except the British Army, without the support of which the Bengali would be swept in a week from the places he proposes to fill by the fighting races of the North, who will have none of him. The chief causes to which Mr. Rees attributes present unrest are—1. Education; 2. Publication of the Curzon Kitchener controversy; 3. English political agitation.

1. Education as now established:

Is purely secular, and all the natives, except those who are

themselves the product of the system, unite in condemning the results.

Herbert Spencer is the idol of the Indian graduates, who too often are without any sense of duty to parents or to the State, and almost all of them have forsaken the religion of their fathers.

2. Then for the controversy :

The Viceroy, hitherto regarded as the all-powerful agent of a Sovereign ruling by Divine right, had engaged in a pitched battle with the Commander-in-Chief and had been beaten !

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

3. The untimely and loud-spoken support of Indian nationalism (which does not exist) by Sir William Wedderburn, Sir Henry Colton, Mr. Keir Hardie, and others have made confusion worse confounded, and have added danger to the ever-present difficulties of their fellow-countrymen in India.

Mr. Rees makes an appeal for a level head in dealing with India. We must make up our minds that India cannot be governed on democratic principles :

We must avoid like the plague, than which it is no less disastrous, the introduction into India of our party politics.

We rejoice to think that there is behind Lord Morley, who is so bravely upholding British rule in India, a statesman so sagacious, sympathetic, and Imperial-minded as is the author of *The Real India*.

NATURE-BOOKS

From a Hertfordshire Cottage. By W. BEACH THOMAS. (Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.)

The Peacock's Pleasaunce. By "E. V. B." (Lane, 5s. net.)

THE vogue of Nature-books seems not to abate in the least. The first of those named above is full of an open delight in earth's tiny miracles and large wonders, full of close observation, full of good English marred only here and there by lapses into regrettable slang. We remember reading some of Mr. Beach Thomas's papers a few years since in the pages of a contemporary, and collected they make an interesting volume. He has the advantage of an intimate knowledge of many marvels of field, garden, and hedge ; he is modest in his claims and purpose ; he understands well and loves well. He is to be thanked for his frequent quotations—always apt and seldom trite—especially for his acknowledgment of that strangely-neglected lover of Nature and singer of her beauty, Lord de Tabley. Here and there we have discovered repetitions due to careless editing of scattered articles ; but the articles, on the whole, were well worth collecting, and we have found them well worth re-reading.

The second book is different in style, vague in aim, and somewhat difficult to review. The initials "E. V. B." are by this time familiar to many readers, and carry a certain commendation of the books in which they appear. The title has little to do with the contents, save for the introductory chapter, and that chapter itself is vague and unconsidered. In a sense it is a Nature-book, but Nature is not first in the author's mind. She loves better, we fancy, to write beautiful phrases about natural things than to use those things directly and clearly. Hers is a discursive, opulent manner of speech, which would once have been called exotic ; and reading her, one is teased by the suspicion that this elaboration of coloured words exists primarily for its own sake, not to provide any urgent expression of quick love. One misses, in short, just that touch of personal sincerity and spontaneous feeling which, surely, they must have who would write of Nature, whether directly of her means and aims, or—as is rather the way of "E. V. B."—in indirect tribute and oblique homage. One misses precisely that sharp ardour which would make all defects petty and of none account. We regret this, because her gifts are obvious—a single paper, "Pharoma," is proof—and if her patience and passiveness in the secret presence were as great, if she would but wait for the spark from heaven to fall, and write

only from a fine, free impulse, she might produce the book which her present one does no more than help us to expect. As a rule we do not like to cavil at a book because it is not something else, but "E. V. B." has not, we believe, given us of her best. She does not seem to have made up her mind what sort of book she wanted, and this uncertainty is apt to be irritating to the reader once he is aware of it. For a minor cavil we should like, with great boldness, to mention the author's irrational little complaint against new houses built where was none before, which is in rather solemn contrast to the succeeding description of an aristocratic tea-party, where everything was infallibly correct and irreproachably fastidious. Every reviewer who is not a Duke will find this contrast a little trying.

To write a really valuable book of direct observation, such as Mr. Beach Thomas attempts, or of imaginative impressions, as "E. V. B." apparently attempts, requires powers which neither writer possesses in adequate degree. To the faculty of close observation must be added a gift of imaginative perception ; and for imaginative impressions must be found a firm basis of direct observation. It is no great dispraise to say that both authors fall short of "what might be," but the failure is more marked and damaging in the case of "The Peacock's Pleasaunce," where the aim is more ambitious and difficult. Let us have done, however, with this awkward tandem business ! It is only because we are trying these books by a somewhat exacting standard that we find them inadequate or ineffective. Mr. Beach Thomas is indiscreet enough to make frequent reference to the writings of Mr. W. K. Hudson, frequent acknowledgment of his fine work, thus reminding us, though we are in small danger of forgetting, of books which we especially love. Mr. Hudson has combined these essentials of observation and imagination in a rare degree of perfection, as has (for another instance) Maeterlinck in "The Life of the Bee." True to the kindred points of heaven and home, Mr. Hudson has united something of the poet with something of the naturalist—only making us regret that poet and naturalist were ever severed. He is the only writer we in our poor experience have met who may claim the mantle of Richard Jefferies, having above Jefferies' great gifts a singular power and charm of style.

The writer of Nature-books has a most fortunate opportunity. Let his volume be but barely readable, it will—with a little judicious notice—become promptly popular. He has the security that, with a common amount of modesty, cunning, watchful exactitude, and a style now and then faultlessly grammatical, he can hardly be guilty of a very bad book ; his subject saves him. He starts with a charm that is not his own ; his mere theme recalls an interest—sometimes a deep, dumb passion—which even his grossest blunders, his serenest errors of taste and judgment, will hardly defeat. Townsfolk who see a green field or wave for but two weeks of the year and babble of it for the other fifty will read his pages with confessed delight. Let the author talk of the "four things which are little upon the earth, but exceeding wise," and straightway they, the little people of the cities, will devour his words. Let him tell of "wild animals at home," and they will gain from his pages a zest more keen for tricks of performing seals at the Alhambra. Save for the slight drawback of a sedulous, lifelong ignorance, we think we ourselves could write a Nature-book that would achieve a quite respectable success—from the publisher's point of view. But for that harder task (which "E. V. B." has essayed) of rendering impressions and creating an atmosphere—for that remoter quest of evoking the spirit of flowers, trees, seas, and of ordering in the chambers of the mind the subtle pageant of the year—for this a larger power and more exquisite intimacy is needed. Nature looms up around us—near, real, inscrutable ; her passion astonishes, teases, thwarts. It is much if a feature be glimpsed, a look caught, a mood communicated ; for which how humble a service, how patient a vigil, how simple and severe a rectitude are needed ! For she, the creature of God, will not reveal herself save to a heart of childlike integrity and saint-like passiveness.

THE VANITIES OF FATHER VAUGHAN

NONCONFORMITY formerly possessed its Dr. Parker. He was no mean orator. He had pulpit parts, in fact, and he could dazzle and excite the congregations which sat under him in a manner which filled the rest of the Nonconformist preachers of this world with sheer envy. We have heard Dr. Parker whisper in the City Temple of a small boy who begged the loan of a ladder in order that he might "pull down some stars for Dr. Parker." The worthy Doctor was never a man who could rest content with mere bouquets. He wanted the stars—in a measure he got them. He lived on rhetoric of the glittering sort, and he lived comfortably on it. There was nothing behind him but the simplest piety; he had no intellect and no ambitions for the world, no pains for mankind, no agonies or bloody sweats; nothing but shining rhetoric and simple piety. These qualifications raised him above Spurgeon and raised him even above Henry Ward Beecher. He became the classic pulpiteer of Nonconformity, and it is in this figure that he will be remembered. We believe that during the greater part of Dr. Parker's pastorate the congregation of the City Temple went the length of confusing his preaching with religion. They found in that carefully calculated voice and that profound manner and that unblushing egotism the same sort of definite delight that the old lady is said to have extracted from the blessed word Mesopotamia; they never wanted for spiritual food so long as Dr. Parker might periodically appear before them, and they were uplifted and kept sweetly going accordingly. The City Temple developed into one of the religious show-places of London. Nonconformity up from the country on a metropolitan jaunt visited the British Museum and Madame Tussaud's on week-days and went "to hear Dr. Parker" on Sundays. Such was his fame that curates and occasional dignitaries of the proper Church did him the honour of more or less surreptitious auditory. The which stray lambs invariably went away marvelling. Some of them, no doubt, discerned exactly to what Dr. Parker amounted; others of them did not. It was all great business, and we were either the better or the worse for it, as the case may have been. After Dr. Parker, of course, they succeeded the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who, despite his thirst for *Daily Mirror* publicity, is a different and more sorrowing pair of horses. And betwixt and between whiles, as it were, we have been vouchsafed the Reverend Father Bernard Vaughan. For the past couple of years or so Father Vaughan has passed for a portent and a show. He belongs to a faith which has not been addicted greatly to oratory in this country for many a long day. He is what the vulgar call a Roman Catholic, and what the enlightened call a Papist. Whatever mandate he may possess comes out of Rome. He is the brother of a deceased Cardinal. It is necessary that we should remind ourselves of these facts, and particularly of the fact that the English labourers in the Papal vineyard differ hugely from the labourers in the Nonconformist vineyard in that, as a rule, they are silent, prayerful persons rather than shouters or sensation-mongers. General Booth, we believe, is credited with the remark that he did not see why the devil should monopolise all the best tunes. Hence has the "General" permitted his followers to sing holy hymns to fairly ribald airs, which, as we all know, they do with marked zest and gusto. Something of this nature would appear to have happened in the mind of Father Vaughan. He has observed—as many another good priest has observed—that the preachers of "damnable heresy"—particularly Dr. Parker and the Rev. R. J. Campbell—might kick up considerable dust by the exercise of gifts which are more commonly brought into play by politicians and quack doctors than by godly men. And he has chosen—probably from the highest motives—to adopt the more striking of their methods. In the beginning he perceived that there was an affair called Society, and that this Society was peculiarly and dreadfully sinful. It did not love its neighbour as it

should; it did not cleave to its wife or its husband as it should; it loaded itself with expensive food and fizzy wines; it blazed in ill-gotten jewels; it gambled quite dreadfully; it lived in palaces and kept fat and brazen servitors; it whirled about fiercely in motor-cars; it read footle and hanged foolishness on its walls; and it bought layettes and patent-leather shoes for its little pet dogs. We expect that when Father Vaughan began to lay his malacca cane across the wicked white shoulders of this entity he looked for screams. He made sure, doubtless, that Society would up and make a martyr of him; instead of which Society went to Farm Street in solemn troops and was moved out of its Sunday *ennui* into polite and decorous grins. The hubbub and the sensation has not been for Society. There are no weals on its fair back, and there is no contrition in its abounding heart. It bibs at its crystal cup and cleans up its golden platter with the same delicate avidity as of yore. It is no more afraid of the "scathing denunciations" of Father Vaughan than it is afraid of the withering shilling indictments of "Rita" or the equally withering six-shilling indictments of Miss Marie Corelli. The mission of Father Vaughan to the West End of London has been just as free from spiritual effect as was the mission of Messrs. Alexander and Torrey to the same libidinous quarter. Out of it, however, Father Vaughan emanates a much-talked-of, much-paragraphed, much-photographed simple priest. He has reaped the reward that sensationalism brings a man—that is to say, he has done nothing and nobody, save himself, the smallest service. We do not imagine that the Reverend Father anticipated such a turn of events when he set out on his crusade, though there are a thousand wise heads and sound hearts in the service of Rome who could have told him exactly what would happen had he taken the precaution to confide in them before he started. It is not in the least to his discredit to say that he now stands a defeated and highly popular missionary. Society hangs on his slightest word, it is true; so does the *Daily Mail*. When he speaks, Society prepares to be agreeably thrilled, and luxuriates for a Sunday afternoon in the pleasing knowledge that it is fundamentally human, and that the people who say it has no heart and is a mere thing of fashion and convention are liars. The *Daily Mail*, on the other hand, and the balance of the "scoop" journals treat Father Vaughan to the paragraphs of eminence, and do their best to assist him to the conviction that he is a great cleric. The category of the sins of Society being limited practically to the seven deadly sins—which, when you come to think of it, afflict all humanity—the Reverend Father has speedily got to the end of them, and he is come, therefore, into the position of a person with a flail when the threshing is over and done. In other words, he is gravelled for matter. So that he has been compelled, for his reputation's sake, to seek adventure in fresh woods. Last week he appeared before an audience hand-in-hand with Mr. Tommy Burns, the pugilist, and was photographed side by side with that worthy—both gentlemen, by the way, being at the time clothed in the innocent habiliments of their respective professions. Mr. Burns, it should be mentioned, is a "staunch Catholic," and came into Father Vaughan's company as the result of an "exhibition bout" given in aid of a Catholic institution by Mr. Burns and a Mr. O'Keefe. It is not for us to asperse either Mr. Burns or the Catholic institution in question on this account. Mr. Burns has a good right to be a "staunch Catholic" if he wishes to, and the Catholic institution in aid of which he so generously knocked Mr. O'Keefe round the ring is probably in need of money. Mr. Burns's spiritual advisers know better what to say to him than we do. And we humbly trust that Father Vaughan's spiritual advisers are in the like case. But if there be praise or blame in the matter, that praise or blame should be extended to Father Vaughan; for when the shepherd approves surely the sheep who may have broken through are not specially wicked. On another recent exploit of Father Vaughan's, however, we shall venture to throw a trifle of reproofful light. We understand that the Reverend Father's latest charge against the upper classes is that they

refrain from becoming the parents of large families. Father Vaughan is of opinion that this is most sinful of them. For our own part we shall not be casuistical on the point, contenting ourselves rather with immediate reference to our much-neglected Peerage and Baronetage "corrected by the nobility." If the nobility does not know how many children it has then nobody else does. And what do we find? From the top, in the persons of their most gracious Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra (whom God preserve), downwards, the tale is a tale of full quivers, and many of them running over. "No issue" is, in fact, the most dolorous of circumstances the nobility can record about themselves, and, to do them justice, they appear to take singular pains to prevent any such record being registered against them. The noble family without a direct heir is practically a house in mourning. And to make sure on the point, nine times out of ten it provides for itself a second string and even a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth strings with plenty of Hon. Muriels, Olives, Bettys, and so forth, to give tone to the proceedings. The bewildering and gratifying multiplicity of the Royal House is known and appreciated by all of us, and turn where you will among the baser sort, such as dukes, earls, marquesses, and plain barons, you will find entries of issue running to five or six by one marriage, and ten or more where, as is not uncommon, there have been two marriages. Here is the Marquess of Abergavenny, for example, with nine children, the elder a son. Viscount Boyne is down for a baker's dozen; Lord Brassey for five; Lord Ellesmere for eight; the Duke of Buccleuch for eight, and Earl Cadogan for eight. These are instances taken at random. There are hundreds of others, if Father Vaughan cares to look them up. We have no desire to moralise, neither do we wish to be rude, but we venture to think that Father Vaughan would be wise if he went back into himself and his Church. The world cannot be saved by the kind of oratory which moves people to discussion at the Savoy Hotel and sets the *Daily Mirror* photographers dogging the orator's footsteps. If the Church of Rome had need for the good offices of such orators she could turn a thousand of them loose upon England to-morrow. But she is a wise Church, and she holds them back. X.

THE IDEAS OF COVENTRY PATMORE

AN admirable article upon Coventry Patmore, by Mr. Percy Lubbock, in the current *Quarterly Review* leaves but few features unnoticed; but there is one marked and singular characteristic of Patmore's poetry which he does not appear fully to have apprehended—its unique spiritual intimacy. There are poets, such as Keats and Meredith (to name two at random), whose felicity it is to dwell in close and constant communion with the spirit of earth, for whom earth is more than a beauty, a visible thing, a nourisher of men. Meredith, indeed, is aware of a sentient, almost a personal, spirit discovered in flowers and clouds and hard weather. He has the gift of an unusual intimacy, not merely with her readable signs and moods, but with the inward significance of these, so that earth becomes the soul of his faith, the consolation of dark days, the luminous centre of his hope for the future.

Such a constant attitude of communion is rare even in poets. Patmore's poetry reveals it, an intimacy even exceeding Meredith's in intensity, as its object is far different. His chief communion is with holiest of sacred things. His earlier poems, "The Angel in the House" and "The Victories of Love," are concerned with the office and prerogative of woman, the sacredness of love, and the initiation, by marriage, into the secret of a deeper and life-long companionship of soul. Illicit fervours are not within his contemplation, even not within his imagination. He sings of love the farthest removed from coldness and constraint, but wearing a white radiance beyond earth's common glow. He sings of those:

Who taste, in Nature's common food,
Nothing but spiritual joy;

and for whom mutual love is a part of pure religion. He sings of a "glittering peace," and the wonderful preludes of "The Angel in the House" throb with a passionate, calm purity from which earth's grossness has been sharply winnowed.

In form and power there is a gulf between these poems and the great Odes, but the latter are the imperative utterance of the same ardent, worshipping spirit. The union contemplated, however, is more difficult, austere, solemn—the union of the soul with God. In the indissoluble and perfect marriage of man with woman he sees foreshadowings—as expressed in the Ode "Sponsa Dei"—of the greater and infinite union:

What if this Lady be thy Soul, and He
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty be,
Not thou, but God?

To this high doctrine most of the Odes are tributary. The idea of marriage has for Patmore a universal significance; it is an ever-present metaphor through which the world unfolds itself to him. He hears Psyche cry to Eros:

The whole of life is womanhood to thee,
Momently wedded with enormous bliss.

He sees Spring as the marriage of all things. And with this idea of union so daringly conceived in terms of the loftiest human relationship Patmore has involved, somewhat obscurely, the idea of spiritual virginity, passing over this most delicate ground with an unprofaning simplicity. In one Ode he calls to Love's festival, "in the glad Palace of Virginity:"

Young Lover true, and love-foreboding Maid,
And wedded Spouse, if virginal of thought.

He bids:

Gaze without blame
Ye in whom living Love yet blushes for dead shame. . . .
Gaze without doubt or fear
Ye to whom generous Love, by any name, is dear.

And he ends on a characteristic cry:

Love makes the life to be
A fount perpetual of virginity;
For, lo, the Elect
Of generous Love, how named soc'er, affect
Nothing but God,
Or mediate or direct,
Nothing but God,
The Husband of the Heavens:
And who Him love, in potency great or small,
Are, one and all,
Heirs of the Palace glad,
And inly clad
With the bridal robes of ardour virginal.

There is an aspiring boldness in Patmore's attitude which may offend some. Those for whom the Ineffable Name is a threat, and whose worship is but meant for propitiation and appeasement, cannot apprehend the ardent purity of such an imaginative devotion. And those for whom marriage—far from being, as to Patmore, a prolonged spiritual communion—is but a base precautionary expedient, and its sacrament an antique mummery, will not understand the enormous significance intended by Patmore in his translation of the idea into purely spiritual regions. Neither will those to whom the flesh is utterly anathema understand how this austere mystic, notwithstanding his studies in those earlier saintly writers who too regarded the physical as chief foe of the spiritual and ready weapon of the devil, should hymn the cunning body as:

Creation's and Creator's crowning good
Little sequester'd pleasure house
For God, and for his Spouse.

For the development of his special doctrines (for doctrines they may properly be called) he owed something doubtless to those studies of the saints. His prose essays, as well as his later poems, are touched with their beautiful fire; meditation upon their lives and memory has exalted his thought, purged it of earthliness, removed him from the

grosser, darker contact. (And farther, I may here remark, passing for a moment beyond the intention of this article, to that high companionship is to be ascribed something of the personal arrogance which must always be an offence to men mumbling contentedly upon the lower slopes. There seems to have grown in him a rather exorbitant impatience of mortal errancy, a keen and painful sense of the "multiplying villanies of Nature," explicit in many of his writings in prose and verse. But it is to be remembered that such an arrogance may be neighbour to—nay, cloak of, humility, being hardly more than an impassioned and indignant rectitude.) Certain of the poems are most fitly to be read after a chapter of à Kempis or St. Francis of Sales; while others form an incidental commentary upon the most marvellous passages of St. Augustine's "Confessions"—that one, for example, beginning, "What do I love when I love thee?" or that of the Saint's holy meditation with his mother, a few days before her death, upon the soul's absorption in God; or those exalted sentences from the last pages:

Nor in all these which I run over consulting Thee [*i.e.*, the senses, memory, external things] can I find any safe place for my soul, but in Thee; whither my scattered members may be gathered, and nothing of me depart from Thee. And sometimes Thou admittest me to an affection, very unusual, in my inmost soul; rising to a strange sweetness, which if it were perfected in me, I know not what in it would not belong to the life to come.

Mr. Gosse has referred to Patmore's admiration of the poems of St. John of the Cross, and his familiarity with St. Teresa's "Road to Perfection;" but he points out, what it is right to remember, that "Patmore's own line in the evolution of the sex-metaphor had long been taken" before he was acquainted with the Spanish mystic. His study of St. Teresa was of earlier date, and in passing I may say that it seems somewhat remarkable that he should have known but little of the poet who ennobled his song with the inspiration of her name, and was himself Patmore's precursor in both the form and spirit of his verse—Richard Crashaw. But whatever Patmore owed to his meditations upon the Saints (whom he rightly regarded as essentially poets), his later Odes which chiefly remind us of them do but unfold, as has already been said, the conceptions of the earlier amorous "Angel in the House," extending their application from human relationships to divine.

Nor, to differ a little from the *Quarterly* Reviewer, does it appear that Patmore's mystical inspiration was due to his conversion; he was always a mystic at heart. And that conversion, again, was surely, from Patmore's nature, an inevitable step. There is a common notion that a poet is likely to be wooed and won by the ritual of the Roman Church, but of any such influence there is no trace in Patmore's poetry. I am reminded in this connection of the names of two great English prose writers, Pater and Newman. The author of "Marius the Epicurean" was indeed strongly attracted, I believe, by this noble feature of the ancient worship, but did not "go over;" while Newman did, yet not at all for that persuasion. Nevertheless, while the commonly-supposed impulse was, apparently, entirely inoperative in Patmore's case, there can be no doubt that the step itself—coincident as it was with a period of intellectual ripening, or white-heat—was of profound importance to his work. It brought a dewfall to the leaf and rain to the roots. If the only fruit had been the Ode "The Child's Purchase," in which he dedicates himself, in verse thrilled with his most intimate convictions, instinct with his profound mysticism, to the service of the Blessed Virgin, we should have been indebted to his conversion for one of the noblest of the few truly religious poems in our tongue:

Ah, Lady elect,
Whom the Time's scorn has saved from its respect,
Would I had art
For uttering this which sings within my heart!
But, lo!
Thee to admire is all the art I know.
My Mother and God's; Fountain of Miracle!

Give me thereby some praise of thee to tell
In such a Song
As may my Guide severe and glad not wrong,
Who never spake till thou'dst on him conferr'd
The right, convincing word!
Grant me the steady heat
Of thought, wise, splendid, sweet,
Urged by the great, rejoicing wind that rings
With draught of unseen wings,
Making each phrase, for love and for delight,
Twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night!

Doubtless they are but few who possess at once the religious purity (the spiritual virginity of Patmore's favourite theme) and the poetic intensity which are equally necessary to a proper apprehension of the full significance and value of these mystic Odes. They are, indeed, poetry for poets, and Patmore himself had misgivings as to the wisdom of uttering secrets in the common ear. Mr. Gosse has told of the poet's sudden, irremediable destruction, in manuscript, of "Sponsa Dei," not the Ode of that title, but a little prose work in which is interpreted more precisely

The love between the soul and God by an analogy of the love between a woman and a man; it was, indeed, a transcendental treatise on Divine desire seen through the veil of human desire.

Patmore destroyed it because the world was not ready. All that remains of the book is the vague memory of it in the minds of those few of his friends whose privilege it was to see it or hear it read. It is, of course, unavailing to speculate upon the value of the work, but the subject was one to which the poet had given profoundest meditation, and it would have been a kind of "golden book" of those lofty ideas of his which now appear but here and there in the "Unknown Eros"—intense Odes assuredly, but inevitably presenting Patmore's subtle "religious metaphysic" fragmentarily.

In this note I have, of necessity, avoided mention of the isolated poems of various inspiration, such as "Departure," "A Farewell," and "The Azalea," which alone are a secure title to an immortality of honour. Of these, and of the more purely literary qualities of Patmore's verse, I hope to write later on.

JOHN FREEMAN.

"TARTAN"

THE etymology usually given of this most interesting word is one which no one who regards phonology can much respect. It is commonly said to be derived from the French *liretaine*, which Cotgrave explains as "linsie-wolsie, or a kind thereof, worn ordinarily by the French peasants." This is in itself a word of very doubtful origin, and if it have any relation with *lartan* it can only be because it is a corrupt form from the same original, which perhaps may be admitted as being just possible. That it cannot have originated our English word is plain from the following consideration—viz., that, although the spellings of *lartan* are numerous, the former syllable never by any chance contains an *i*. The English word can, of course, begin either with *ter* or *tar* (compare *clerk* with *Clark*), but with *tir* never.

I can see but one possible source for it, and that is the country named *Tatary*, usually spelt *Tartary*, not only at present, but in the Middle Ages. Perhaps our ancestors thought that the *Tatars* came out of *Tartarus*; indeed, there can hardly be a doubt upon this point, if the "Century Dictionary" correctly ascribes to St. Louis the saying—"Well may they be called *Tatars*, for their deeds are those of fiends from *Tartarus*." That Europeans regarded them with fear and horror is a mere matter of history.

Hence it was that, as Ducange shows, the *Tatars* were called *Tartari* and *Tartarini*. Allied to the latter form was *Tartarinus*, in Old French *Tartarin*, the name of a stuff supposed to be brought from *Tartary* or to be of *Tartar* work, though it may well have been really Chinese. It was a kind (or more than one kind) of cloth, originally of great value and embroidered with gold; sometimes it

was a precious kind of silk. It was of various colours—blue, red, purple, and even white or black. It is mentioned as red in 1388.

The word, being adjectival, took many forms, such as *Tartariscus*, *Tartaricus*, *Tartarinus*, *Tartenus*, *Tartara*; in French, *Tartarin*, *Tartarique*, *Tartaire*. A Tartary falcon was called in Old French *Tarlaret* or *Tartarot*. Ducange does not give *Tartenus*, but it occurs in the "*Liber Custumarum*," p. 209, in the year 1302-3, in the phrase "*de pannis Tartenis*." And some of the forms can best be explained from a Latin *Tartanus*.

It is also highly probable that "the cloth of Tars" mentioned in Chaucer's "*Knight's Tale*" is a stuff from the same source. The simplest explanation of this, and of the Old French *Tarse*, is to suppose that the stuff from Tartary, or Persia, or China (in the Middle Ages easily confused) reached us by way of Tarsus in Cilicia, being shipped thence by the traders to the Levant. Godefroy gives a quotation to show that certain ladies were clothed in silk, or *Tarse* or *cendal*: "*Bien vestues de soie, de Tarse, de cendal*."

The variation of *Tartarinus* to *Tartanus* is easily seen by inspection of the will of Lady Clare in 1355. In the Royal Wills, p. 30, is mention of "*un lit de noir tartaryn*;" and on the next page, "*un vestement de blank tartayn, raié d'or pur*." The variation from *Tartanus* to *Tartara* at once solves the otherwise insoluble puzzle presented in Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*—viz., the variation in *Scottish* from *Tartan* to *Tartar*. He quotes from some inventories dated 1488:

Item, a covering of variand purpir *tartar*, browdin [embroidered] with thrissillis and a unicorne.

The earliest *Scottish* form (according to Jamieson) is *tarlan*, in the accounts of John, Bishop of Glasgow, Treasurer of King James III., anno 1474:

Item, fra Will. of Rend, 7 Maii, and deliverit to Caldwell, halve ane elne of double *tarlan*, to lyne riding-collars to the Queen, price 8s.

But Michel, in his "*Civilisation in Scotland*," says that "double tartane" is mentioned in the same accounts, anno 1471; i.e., three years earlier.

It will now be understood that the forms of the word are necessarily various. From the Latin *Tartara*, French *tarlaire*, came the *Scottish* *tarlar*. From a Latin *Tartanus* (not found, but a better by-form of *Tartenus*, and authorised by the Old French *tarlayn*) came the *Scottish* and English *tarlan*. From *tarlarinus* (French *Tartarin*) came not only *tarlarin*, *tarlaryn*, but many others. I have met with *terlaryn*, *tarlaron*, *tarlren*, *tarlourn*, *tarlourne*, *tarlron*, *tarterne*, *tarlyn*, and there is no particular reason against the possible reduction of such a form as *tarterne* to a modern *tarlan*, coinciding with the form from *Tartanus*. Another form was *tarlarium*, occurring in stanza 31 of "*The Flower and the Leaf*." I have already explained this in my note to "*Piers Plowman*," text C. xvii., 299, but it will be interesting to many to repeat a part of it, with further comments.

Tartarium was, at first, a thin embroidered silk; it was particularly used for ornamental banners attached to trumpets, on which coats-of-arms were embroidered. In "*The Retrospective Review*," New Series, i. 110, is a note:

Item, iij Baners de Tartarin petitez, frapez des arm' du Roy et de St. Edward.

And the writer very neatly remarks that this at once explains the line in Henry V., iv., 2, 61:

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste.

For such a banner already had a Royal coat-of-arms upon it, and so could be at once used instead of a standard; see Wright's note on the passage.

The chronicler Hall, describing the banners of Henry VII. after the battle of Bosworth, says:

The third was of yelowe *tarterne*, in the which was painted a *doane kowe* [i.e., a dun cow].

In his edition of "*Marco Polo*," i. 259, Colonel Yule, speaking of the cloths called *nakh* and *nasij*, says:

These stuffs, or such as these, were, I believe, what the medieval writers called Tartary cloth, not because they were made in Tartary, but because they were brought from China and its borders through the Tartar dominions. Dante alludes to the supposed skill of the Turks and Tartars in weaving gorgeous stuffs ("*Inferno*," xvii. 17); and see Mandeville's "*Travels*," pp. 175, 247, where "clothes of Tartarye" are mentioned.

At p. 252 of the same *Tartarine* means a Tartar, and at p. 255 we read of "clothes of Gold and of Camakaas and *Tarlarynes*."

In the Cambridge Antiquarian Society's publications, No. XXII., p. 357, Vol. IV., we find mention of "*corteyns of grene tarlren*," and of "*aulter clothes of grene tarlren*"—both in 1453.

In the "*Cambridge Churchwardens' Accounts*," ed. Foster, we find at p. 7 "*blewe tarlourne*," in 1504; and at p. 13, "*blew tarlourn*," in 1511.

It would not be difficult to add largely to the quotations above, and to adduce many illustrative comments from various authors. I have only indicated the nature of the argument for the etymology here proposed.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

FOR two centuries there has been almost a conspiracy of dispraise for Cowley, broken only by a few whimsical fellows who were somehow born sons of Abraham, and knew it, and acknowledged themselves, also, as sons by adoption. But it requires a certain courage to love Cowley, except as an essayist, and even Dr. Lumby allowed folk to love him there. But when Addison, Johnson, and a host of critics have cursed, it is well to remember that Charles Lamb found him exquisite and delicious. After all, has not the message of simplicity and nature been too exclusively preached? May one not plead for Art too, and the elaborate? The seventeenth century, with its lace and tapestry, with Parkinson's *parterres* and *auriculas*, Vandyck, Orlando Gibbons, Inigo Jones knew something of τὸ καλόν, and to the stately gentlemen of his age Cowley was among the eternal. George Villiers called him the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of the English; Milton placed him with Spenser and Shakespeare. Wood calls him the greatest ornament of our nation; Evelyn, the best of poets; and Charles II. lamented that he had left no better in England. On the other hand, as we know, Pope asked who now read him. Addison said that "the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual sparkling of his imagination; you find a new design in every line, and you come to the end without the satisfaction of seeing one of them executed." Dr. Johnson will not even allow poor Abraham wit. He calls that wit which is at once natural and new; that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; that which he that never found it wonders how he missed—and then says of Donne and Cowley:

Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just, and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found."

Mr. T. H. Ward, in 1880, cried that even our curious age could not reprint him, and that Dryden absorbed all that was best in Cowley. The last has been handsomely answered eight times by the publishers, and, if the former critics seem conclusive, we may reply to them in short. To Pope we may mention Cowper, Gray, Burns, Collins, Shelley, Wordsworth, and innumerable poets since. To Addison we may quote Cowley himself, from his ode on Liberty:

So the imperial eagle does not stay
Till the whole carcass he devour
That's fallen into its power.

To Dr. Johnson we may plead that the dictator proves

too much. Which of us, when we see an old Court lappet, or the west front of Wells, or some fine jewel-work, could fail to wonder not that we had missed it, but at the ingenuity which discovered it? All highly-wrought work is destroyed by such iconoclasm. But very much of Cowley is simple to severity. Could any one put more plainly the relation of reason to faith?

Though Reason cannot through Faith's Myst'ries see
It sees that there and such they be;
Leads to Heav'n's Door and there does humbly keep,
And there through Chinks and Key-holes peep.
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command
Must not come in to th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide
And from afar 'tis all descry'd.

There is a deal of supercilious nonsense talked about conceits, but who can dislike such lines as those which describe the last trumpet sounding?

To the long sluggards of five thousand years;
or describe Elijah as

The second man who leapt the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall.

Dr. Johnson carps at Cowley's dressing of the angels; but Milton never clothed his angels better than St. Michael is suited when

O'er his shining Form a well-cut cloud he threw,
Made of the blackest Fleece of Night,
And close wrought to keep in the powerful Light,
Yet wrought so fine it hindred not his Flight.

A sentence of Cowley, or even a line, brings up all Horace at his best. Did *Quem tu Melpomene* say more than this?

When once such Fairies dance no grass doth ever grow.

Or has modern science ever defended herself better than in the Ode to the Royal Society which Evelyn bespoke: "the noblest argument from the best of poets"?

We would be like the Deitie
When Truth and Falsehood, Good and Evil, we
Without the senses aid within ourselves would see;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his Mind.

The love poems have been the peculiar butt of the critics. They say that Abraham was more in love with love than with ladies. They disdain the old livery of flames, hearts, and arrows, as if the foaming, biting, and throbbing of the Swinburnians were somehow preferable. They will have no humorous love-making, all must be as heavy as a Dissenting prayer-meeting:

Him who loves always one, why should they call
More constant than the Man loves always all?

The true Cowleian neither disdains the Platonic realism, nor the fine old stage properties, nor the smiling hyperboles of "The Mistress." He enjoys "My Picture" quite as much as the Browning Society affects the epilogue to "Fifine." The picture, enlivened by her presence, was to gain the vitality the banished poet lost:

My Rival-Image will be then thought blest
And laugh at me as dispossess;
But Thou, who (if I know thee right)
I th' substance dost not much delight,
Wilt rather send again for Me
Who then shall but my Pictures Picture be.

The Cambridge University Press certainly did well to republish Cowley.

C. L. MARSON.

COUNSEL FOR THE CLAIMANT

It is a singular fact that the misfortunes of the individual should bring in their train misfortune to his fellows. In other words, a one-man tragedy is an impossibility. Whether the stout gentleman, who was known thirty years ago throughout the length and breadth of England as the Claimant, happened to be an unfortunate and badly-used baronet or the most impudent and cunning of

impostors, is not for us to say. After litigation extending over several years Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and a jury came to conclusions about him which resulted in his being sentenced to a severe spell of penal servitude, and as the English law is believed to be well-nigh infallible, we must suppose that the man who called himself Sir Roger Tichborne was not Sir Roger Tichborne at all, but some other person. Whoever he may have been, he fought his fight and suffered his punishment or martyrdom, and went the way of all flesh with his real secret undiscovered of mankind. In the latter part of his struggle with the mighty—that is to say, when it was no longer a question of fighting for what he was pleased to call his estates, but for his personal liberty, he took to himself the services of one Edward Vaughan Kenealy, who, because of the connection, became quite as famous or notorious as himself. Dr. Kenealy was an Irishman and a barrister. He defended the Claimant at his trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, and his speech for the defence took up a matter of nearly fifty days:

Even in that length of time, he says, I did not attempt to unriddle the thousand and one enigmas to be found in the career of the Defendant. The Claimant himself is the greatest enigma the world ever saw. If he is Tichborne it is a mystery of mysteries how he could have committed the wonderful follies of which he was guilty. If he is not Tichborne, it is, and ever will continue to be, a wonder of the world how he could have persuaded noblemen, gentlemen, ladies, priests, Carabineers (consisting of some of the finest soldiers in the world), nearly all the old tenants of the Tichborne estates, and lastly, Lady Tichborne, one of the keenest, cleverest, and most suspicious of women, that he was no other than the long-lost Roger, the long-absent son who had been missing for so many weary years. A hundred doubts at this moment crowd my mind, which it would take a hundred hours to answer. A hundred proofs, on the other hand, are before me which go to show that no other living man but Roger could have presented such evidences as did he. If the Claimant be an impostor—be Orton—he most thoroughly deceived his counsel, for in my mind I need not tell you there is no doubt that he is the genuine man. I have done all that I could in my case to ascertain how the truth lay. It is possible I may have been deceived, but when doubt rushes over my mind I say to myself, "He could have deceived, but no man born of woman could deceive a mother into the belief that he was her son, more especially if he were the low-bred, brutal ruffian this gentleman is pretended to have been." That mother lived with him for over a year; she allowed him out of her own narrow income the allowance she gave to her second son, Alfred, one whom she dearly loved, and for whose infant son there was a treasury of affection in her heart second only to that which she bore to Roger.

This opinion—namely, that the Claimant was Sir Roger Tichborne—Dr. Kenealy held till his dying day. It is set forward in the volume before us by his daughter, Miss Arabella Kenealy, presumably as his testament on the subject, and there it is. Apart from his association with Orton or Tichborne, Dr. Kenealy appears to have been an ordinary come-day go-day practitioner at the Queen's Bench, capable and assiduous as such men are, and not without prospect of advancement in his profession. Indeed his daughter assures us that it was understood that he would rise to the Chief Justiceship. Like many another lawyer, he had a taste for letters; his reading was extensive, he rhymed somewhat, and considered himself a critic, and he appears to have been addicted to the unwelcome hobby of composing voluminous theological works. Practically we have said here all that needs to be said about him. It was the Tichborne case that brought him into prominence, and it was the Tichborne case that ruined him. For the powers that be were not content merely to send "Orton" broken and dishonoured to penal servitude; they were determined to get even also with his principal adviser and henchman. That Dr. Kenealy showed at times a disposition to be over-zealous in the cause of his client, and that he frequently brought himself into heated collision with well-meaning persons whom he believed to be his client's enemies, cannot be gainsaid. No really

* *Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy.* By his Daughter, ARABELLA KENEALY. (John Long, 16s. net.)

competent counsel placed as Dr. Kenealy was placed and believing as Dr. Kenealy believed could have done otherwise. The Court cast an angry eye on him, as Courts will when you ruffle them, and it failed to forgive and forget as Courts should in the circumstances. The result of it all was that it seemed desirable to those in authority to procure Dr. Kenealy's disbarment. Against such an indignity and such a closing of his career he fought with what skill he might; and, though he did not lack friends in high quarters, the feeling of the hour was too strong for him and he was ejected from the community of the Bar. One of the charges brought against him, if you please, was "that after the verdict you shook hands with the convict," which very human and decent proceeding appears to have been construed as a sort of contempt of Court. What this disbarment really amounted to is indicated by a letter which was sent to Dr. Kenealy by a Mr. James Wishaw, one of the Benchers of Gray's Inn. Mr. Wishaw wrote as follows:

Eastbourne.

Sir,—I am on my deathbed, and in all probability before many days have passed I shall be in the presence of God Who made me, and to Whom I shall have to render an account of the good or evil I have done in my past life. It will be a relief to my mind to ask your forgiveness for one of the worst acts that now presses on me, and which I helped to accomplish. I mean your professional ruin and your expulsion from the Bar and the Gray's Inn Bench. I feel now most strongly the cruel injustice of this act, and my conscience would be lightened of a heavy load if I could only feel sure that I leave this world with your pardon for an act which I have regretted. But never until now, when my time on earth is short, did I feel how deeply I had sinned in giving way to the will of others *against my own conscience*.

I send these lines written with a hand that trembles and from a heart that feels the solemnity of my present condition, and once more before I close I ask you and Mrs. Kenealy to forgive me for not protesting against the crime that was committed by the Chancellor and the Gray's Inn Benchers.—Yours sincerely,

JAMES WISHAW.

Surely here was the unimaginable touch of time putting things right with a vengeance. But the receipt of such a letter, while it gave Dr. Kenealy an opportunity for forgiveness—an opportunity of which he immediately availed himself, did not bring back to him his lost career.

For the rest these Memoirs have a quiet interest of their own, and are well worth reading. They are interspersed with plenty of anecdote, much of it new, and all of it good. From time to time too, we get pieces of writing by the Doctor himself which, if not of the highest literary merit, are quite startlingly refreshing in their way. On p. 212, for example, we find a set of verses entitled "Advice to a Judge." They begin in this wise:

When on the regal seat of Justice throned,
Bear this in mind: thou hast not been advanced
Beyond thy fellows to give loose to temper,
Or prove thyself capricious, weak or spiteful,
But to administer the law with truth,
And to be honest, just and fair to all.
Sully not thy grave place with jests and jokes,
Or low buffoonery, ever on the watch
To win the thoughtless laughter of the crowd.

This is not the most delicious of poetry, but there can be no getting away from its truth.

Miss Kenealy is to be congratulated upon the judicious manner in which she has edited and arranged a book which might very readily have turned out to be a sort of autobiographical ragbag. She has performed a filial duty in a competent and sensible way.

APOLOGIA PRO ANGUI

MEN, mammals, and things have all suffered from the careful or careless libels of writers whose highest aim has been to produce a certain effect regardless of the means used. But persons and things are usually vindicated sooner or later by numerous literary policemen, who resolutely arrest the offenders. Let a man or an institution or a thing be misrepresented, and a hundred antiquarians, historians,

or critics refute the error with a triumphant roar, drowning for ever the venomous shriek. If, however, an animal be ruthlessly mangled on some writer's rack, hardly any one troubles to raise his voice in vigorous protest. For the people really competent to expose and stop such unnecessary cruelty are enthusiastic naturalists whose attentions are concentrated on Nature's own gorgeous green library, and not on the curiously-scented pages of Art. And so the evil fungus spreads and swells until a huge mountain of unsavoury putrescence is all that much literature can display when, if she would only adhere to the truth, she might so easily show a silver stream winding smoothly over golden moor and mellow mead. Not that her libels on animals are always unpleasant in character; to dogs and doves, for instance, fond authors have constantly attributed exemplary dispositions to which, in reality, those creatures have little or no claim, but on which humanity is actually requested to model itself. If I, for one, honestly believed the dog to be capable of the tremendous heroism and self-sacrifice (frequently for very unworthy causes) which have been ascribed to it by many writers, I would gladly vote for the utter destruction of all dogs on the ground that virtues—such transcendent altruism—can only have a demoralising and devitalising effect on the average citizen. Besides, it is neither right nor dignified for man to take his moral lessons from a lower animal; his ideals should be drawn from a plane higher than his own.

Of familiar animals, perhaps the domestic cat is the chief victim of those writers who have not hesitated to parade their very superficial knowledge or unfathomable ignorance of that creature's true nature. In frivolous books of fiction or sober volumes of miscalled fact one always finds a cat's foremost characteristic to be the blackest treachery, although it should be obvious to a thoughtful observer that such violent statements must be the usual criminally indolent plagiarism from some long dead influential fool whose flimsy excuse for unleashing so wild an opinion upon the world was, probably, that once he trod heavily upon a pet cat's tail and was promptly and properly bitten for his gross clumsiness. It is easy, however, to vindicate the cat; the plain truth and a little intelligence are the only needful instruments.

Far more difficult (if indeed possible) is the task of lifting down the smirched reputation of the serpent from the pillory where for centuries past the combined forces of poetry, prose, and painting have hung it up so unjustly to public odium. The serpentine incarnation of Sathanas in Genesis, the nastiest, most virulent similes of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Pliny, Shakespeare, Molière, and numerous modern authors, the most grotesque anecdotes of ancient naturalists, some of the most ludicrous stories recounted in modern books of travel, and the most vulgar "thrills" in sensational fiction have all alike extracted their poison or their spice from fancied or exaggerated properties of snakes. By those writers (past and present) to whom love of the marvellous and contempt for the truth were or are second nature the snake has been credited with colossal powers of deglutition, with a wonderful mesmeric influence over its prey; it has been gifted with breath so poisonous that the surrounding atmosphere became a sure death-trap to any one inhaling it; to several species these unscrupulous writers have given the very ingenious "emergency" power of utilising their convenient shapes as rolling hoops for more rapid pursuit or retreat, whilst, as the crowning achievement of authorial madness, to others has been attributed a miraculous immunity from the action of fire. By modern writers, whose impetus to lie would seem to be acquired ignorance or degraded imaginative force, the serpent is consistently described as being horribly disgusting and slimy, as having a sting (generally confounded with the forked tongue, but sometimes by insect analogy located in the tip of the tail), and as the most appropriate embodiment of insidious treachery. There is a third class of writers whose behaviour is quite inexcusable. The attitude of the two former groups rests, it may be, more on a desire to impress than to inform, and for that reason may be condoned; but what possible justification can be offered for those persons

who deliberately mislead their readers with statements and theories about the serpent tribe—theories couched, too, in just the calm scientific terms so alluring to the uninquiring mind? These self-styled naturalists' books ought to be suppressed, for their silly suggestions to young keepers of snakes about suitable methods of feeding this kind of pet frequently lead to much innocent cruelty to reptiles. I have ploughed (there is really no other word) through many books about snakes, but, with possibly two exceptions, all demanded copious emendation and excision. These would almost seem to be a conspiracy of professional naturalists to substitute uncouth supposition masquerading as fact for the old dazzling falsehoods; at any rate, these books entirely lack the dramatic presentation so generously provided by the unscientific.

There is yet another class that has sinned deeply against the snake. Many artists paint serpents from notions gained presumably in awful nightmares, or (what is infinitely worse) from badly-preserved specimens. Hence we find the snake in art falsely formed with round body and indescribably hideous head fashioned rather like an ace of spades; sometimes the creature's bifid tongue is depicted as culminating in a sharp arrow-like point; still more often the artist has grotesquely violated all laws of anatomy by picturing its mode of progression as a series of undulating arches, or, when the snake is climbing a tree, by making its body embrace the trunk in a regular spiral. One might easily prolong this list of literary and artistic errors, but enough has been stated for adequate illustration of the vast amount of crystallised nonsense or misinformation existing (alas!) very often in otherwise excellent settings. Of course so much caricature and perversion must have some foundation in fact. The wildest phantasmagoria must reflect, however faintly, a real scene. And it is because the anaconda and the cobra possess such dreadful weapons that the whole serpent tribe has been invested with a deadly glamour which clings to it still. Thanks to the two facts that rather less than a quarter of the entire serpent species possesses a more or less poison-dealing fang, and that a still smaller proportion has great constricting powers, the whole race has had to endure perpetual shame in Art and Literature. How is it that these qualities have been magnified to the utter exclusion of much that is lovely and pleasing? Literature has lavished her richest figures and phrases upon the aerial splendour of birds, the wonderful intelligence of certain beasts, and the radiant beauty of flowers, but she has had only monstrous epithet and foul aspersion for the snake. Can she find no lofty inspiration from that mysterious creature? For the serpent is pre-eminent among God's creatures for its exquisite grace and harmonious colours and subtle blending with its leafy environment. Just take some grey-green primrose-collared ring-snake and watch its lithe, sinuous body gliding with such consummate ease and poetry, now through the long grass with a bewildering deftness that pains as it pleases the eye, now over the velvet moss stained deeper and richer in colour by contrast with the reptile's shimmering body. Mark the liquid, lustrous sheen of its head-scales, note the restless darting forth of the long black tongue, an organ so sensitive and delicate that its touch on one's hand or cheek is as though one were kissed by some dim dream figure of the pale dawn. Then observe the reptile's eyes—their immovable glitter more startling than the vivid green glare flashing in the twilight from a cat's phosphorescent orbs. All a diamond's brilliance and all its frost lurk there, but behind that is life, strangely isolated perhaps, but yet life in all its mysterious wonder. I know no sight more purely beautiful than that of a snake swimming in a clear pool. The spirited horse, the elegant gazelle, the ornamental lyre-bird, the lace-winged butterfly cannot reveal the grace that flows from a serpent's form as it sweeps rhythmically through the water. It is the poetry of motion visibly and supremely expressed in a veritable liquid sonnet. And these lovely creatures are for the most part quite harmless, far more inoffensive indeed than yon silk-haired lap-dog or this yapping terrier

or that tame canary. But just as in the realms of prose and verse and picture the snake lies, hateful and hideous, deformed beyond belief, so in the world of actuality it is at the mercy of any shrivelled Litt.D., or spectacled Methodist "deacon," or blustering, thoughtless boy who may light upon it during a country walk. For in whole-hearted detestation of the serpent, intelligent, commonplace, and dullard act as one man. A wriggling, active snake suddenly dropped amongst a crowd of hostile savants will speedily unite them in the strongest common brotherhood—the brotherhood of Fear.

If I have written with a dogmatic assertiveness that may provoke a challenge as to my qualifications or authority in the matter, I can only say that for some years a whim induced me to keep several European and American snakes and to give them the closest personal observation. And the result of my study has been *not* a desire to publish a dry mathematical dissertation concerning peculiarities of reptilian evolution, or a prosy thesis on the possible correlation of diet and disposition in serpents, but a longing to tell everybody—especially the man with the pen or paint-brush—how intensely interesting, how infinitely varied, how full of literary or artistic possibilities, above all how utterly unlike its popular repute is the snake. For where there was slime there is prismatic iridescence, where there was poison there are docility and gentleness, where there was cunning there is natural simplicity, where there was horrible ugliness there is incomparable grace. May future generations realise that the snake dwells *not* in the damp dungeon, but in the warm-scented meadowland; that it is not a creature of darkness and death, but of light and life.

WILFRID M. LEADMAN.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Life and Letters of Robert Browning. By MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR. New Edition, Revised and in part Rewritten by FREDERIC G. KENYON. (Smith, Elder, and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

SINCE the original publication of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's *Life of Browning* in 1891 there has been brought to light a considerable amount of new information with regard to the poet's life and habits. This information has rendered Mrs. Orr's biography in part an obsolete volume, and Mr. Kenyon, in undertaking the task of preparing a new and revised edition, has earned the gratitude of all Browning lovers. He has proceeded with almost unnecessary caution, adding a little here, altering a little there, but conserving as much as possible of the original narrative. The facts about Browning's marriage have now been set out in their proper portion, and some additional material with regard to the closing weeks of the poet's life has been supplied by Mr. R. Barrett Browning. Thus corrected and amplified, the volume is presented to us as the final and authoritative account of Browning's life.

In many respects it is a disappointing book. Browning has suffered from no lack of commentators and panegyrists, but few have read him to so little purpose as his biographer. Mrs. Orr indulges in a number of what would appear to be wilfully oblique misjudgments on Browning's poetry. As a critic she is seldom reliable and never illuminating. Of the inner life of Browning we hear little, chiefly because there was so little to hear. There was a side of the poet that was never turned to the world. He is "Mr. Browning" throughout these pages, and there can be little doubt that it is as "Mr. Browning" he would desire to be remembered. So he confronts us in Mrs. Orr's book, as from Rudolf Lehmann's canvas in the National Portrait Gallery, the very embodiment of the elderly English gentleman. Browning less than any man wore his heart upon his sleeve. To the casual observer his life was a succession of dinner-parties, show Sundays, and social calls, nor are we permitted to surmise what

depths of sorrow or ecstasy lay latent and unrevealed in that strangely complex nature :

Outside should suffice for evidence :
And whoso desires to penetrate
Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense—
No optics like yours, at any rate !

Once indeed he laid bare the hidden chambers of his heart—"once, and only once, and for one only." After the death of his wife he became, as one of his biographers, has aptly phrased it, "a splendid mask."

For those, however, to whom the exterior aspect of a poet's life is of value this book will always have a certain appeal. The ultimate position of Robert Browning in English poetry is a theme on which we are not at the present moment tempted to dwell. It is still, so to speak, in solution. But whatever posterity may do to "Sordello," it is difficult to believe that the poems in "Men and Women" and "Dramatis Personae" will ever cease to be known and loved. This, too, must always remain to Browning's credit that, in an era of spiritual despair and denial, "he at least believed in Soul, and was very sure of God."

Literary and Historical Essays. By HENRY GREY GRAHAM.
(Black, 7s. 6d.)

READERS of "Social Life in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," which, by the way, was "crowned" by THE ACADEMY as being the greatest book of the year 1899, will welcome this collection of essays by Mr. Henry Grey Graham. His death in 1906 at a comparatively early age removed one of the greatest enthusiasts for the eighteenth century. There was nothing in that period of which Mr. Graham was not a diligent and acute observer. He knew every wit and every author, every leader of fashion and society, every celebrity of the time—not merely by sight, but also by such little tricks of dress or mannerism as their intimates have noted here and there in their voluminous memoirs. As his anonymous biographer points out in a brief, excellent Preface to this volume, he was infinitely more at home in the eighteenth century than at a Glasgow dinner-table. In the tavern where the literary coterie foregathered in Edinburgh, in the drawing-rooms and coffee-houses of London, in the *salons* of Madame du Deffand or Madame Geoffrin in Paris, he would have known any one worth the knowing, not as a mere outsider, but as an intimate who is subconsciously aware of every little foible and eccentricity, jealousy and pet aversion, well aware what topics to obtrude and what subjects were best let alone, and in pungent satire and ready quip well able to hold his own in these tournaments and duellos of wit. It seems a little surprising to find a man so equipped in a Scotch manse. But Mr. Graham, we are told, lived and died a Scotch minister, for some years residing in a little rural parish in Berwickshire, and later having charge of a church in Glasgow. No doubt he performed his duties well and conscientiously, but it is impossible for a reader of his books to imagine him in the rôle or, indeed, as really "living" in any other period than the eighteenth century. The first three essays in the volume deal with "France Before the Revolution." Compressed into a small compass, they give a wonderfully vivid picture of the period. Mr. Graham has a forcible, direct style. He knows what he wants to say, and he says it in simple, straightforward language that leaves no doubt as to his meaning. He has no "prettinesses" or flowery passages; but his sentences are neat and well turned, and he says many acute things "by the way." "Nothing is more pitiless than a principle in action;" "In this world we are punished more for indiscretions than for sins;" and "Fanaticism is a conscience in an acute state of inflammation"—these are some of his pithy sayings.

His essay on Samuel Richardson is full of wise and true remarks. He seems in a flash of intuition to gauge exactly his author, and to distinguish at once his strength and weaknesses. "Richardson," he notes, "always wrote as a preacher, and was always afraid that if he was exactly true to Nature he would be false to his mission of instructing

society. He could only conceive of two possible ends for his bad characters in his zeal to vindicate the ways of Providence—they must either be reformed or they must die a miserable death."

Other essays in the book deal with "Old Burghal Life in Scotland," "Glasgow University Life in Olden Times," and "Russel of the Scotsman." All are written with charm, enthusiasm, and learning.

Thyrsis and Fausta. By ROSALIND TRAVERS. (Elkin Mathews.)

PERHAPS we cannot better praise Miss Travers' pastoral play, the title-poem of this volume, than by saying that it is really interesting; for pastorals have so often been dull. The plan of it is, of course, full of excellent opportunities for pleasant Nature verse, and Miss Travers is quick to use these opportunities. Her lyrics are lyrical and wonderfully varied in form and music, while some of the blank verse has a capital descriptive quality. Of the other verses in the book, some are simple and beautiful, and one or two pieces are "realistic" and distasteful. The most ambitious thing in the whole book is "Laus Amicitiae," in memory of Richard Garnett. It is a long, stately, processional kind of poem, in the Spenserian measure and the Shelleyan manner. Without presuming to question the sincerity of her threnody, we may doubt whether Miss Travers was wise in adopting this measure and manner, for she inevitably provokes thereby a constant reference in the reader's mind to "Adonais."

The Land of Pearl and Gold. By ALEXANDER MACDONALD, F.R.G.S. (Blackie and Son, Ltd., 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a very attractive collection of breezy tales of prospecting, mining, and travel in and on the coasts of Australia, in New Guinea, and other islands. Pearl is given precedence of gold in the title, but in the text there is only one tale of pearl fishing, and that is nearly at the end. But a pearl is the lady of all gems, and so the title is in the best of taste. *Place aux dames!*

Mr. Macdonald tells these sixteen tales in the first person, and there is not one that is dull. He delineates his characters with force and sympathy, and we quickly make friends with many of them. "Mac," the huge Scotchman, is his constant henchman, as loyal as he is self-assertive, as tender-hearted as he is fierce. Morris, the gentleman-miner and "new chum," whose nerves are so unstrung when his mate, "the Shadow," lights a detonating-fuse in a shaft that he jumps for the rope by which he and Shadow are to be hauled into safety, and so pulls down the windlass-barrel. But, having seemingly doomed himself and comrade to destruction, his nerve is good enough again, and he digs below the burning fuse and cuts off its connection with the charge (see "The Golden Promise Mine"). "The Warden" is a resident magistrate who holds the wildest valley of New Guinea in the hollow of his hand, being feared by cannibal natives and worshipped by pioneer miners to the extent that their first preoccupation was to avoid any action which might involve him with his seniors—happily a no uncommon type among those in whose hands lies the honour of the Empire at its outposts (see "Men of the Yodda Valley"); and there are many others whom the reader will not forget.

Though many fortunes are made in the gold and other mining fields, too seldom, alas! does the pioneer or *bonâ fide* miner skim the cream. He has many dangers and difficulties to overcome—physical, dangers of fatigue, fever, and thirst. The enmity of the aborigines, the wile of the mining Chinese, these produce a stirring tale in "White, Black, and Yellow," when threatening black men, preparing a great corroboree are attracted to the camp of no less hostile Chinamen, and one enemy disperses the other. But the canteen-keeper and the sharper are almost the worst enemies of all, and the tactics by which a good find must sometimes be secured to the pioneer is humorously told in "How we Held Mackay's Find." "On a Colonial Coaster," which tells of a voyage round Australia, sounds a little improbably

rough and haphazard; but "A Sugar Expert" deserves notice. A mining engineer is pressed into visiting the sugar-plantations of the Bardekin Delta, and spends a bewildering two days amid hospitality and culture, resource and cultivation. He finds sugar and sago, pineapple and vineyards, all thriving, and a planter who invents anything from a shower-bath to a flying-machine, and whose steam sugar-cutter is to solve the great difficulty of labour; for the Kanaka is no longer to be admitted, and white labour unions are fast making planting a losing game. A blank cheque is offered the miner for a report as a "sugar expert," which is never filled in.

Mr. Macdonald describes scenery with an artist's pen, and he is nowhere happier than in "The Pearling Grounds," when he donned the diver's dress and went down to a coral reef:

I stood in the midst of a magnificent marine forest, where graceful coral branches intertwined with less material tendrils growth. The fronds of the coral palms trembled as if in a gentle breeze, and the more robust growths swayed slowly to and fro."

And so we will leave Mr. Macdonald, but well above water.

"The Land of Pearl and Gold" will be always a welcome companion to those who like to read of men doing man's work in the wilds.

William Clarke. A Collection of his Writings. (Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a book that puzzles us not a little. The piety of friends has produced it, critics here and there will find it easy to praise it, but who, who, who will read it? Here is a fat, serious volume of four hundred pages (with a biographical sketch by two hands), containing a selection from the writings of a journalist who, after a life of strenuous business, died in 1901. To most readers Mr. Clarke's name will be quite unfamiliar, since the greater part of his work was anonymous. To say that the papers are excellent in style and matter is to give them no undue praise; they are very good journalism indeed, of the thoughtful, forcible kind which newspaper editors always need, though often they don't know it. But this does not seem to us a sufficient reason for the issue of a fat, serious volume of papers upon "Socialism," "The House of Lords," "Charles Spurgeon," "The Tidiness of Rural England," "The Uses of Agnosticism," etc., etc. Nor do we think it was necessary for Mr. Herbert Burrows to give us in his "Sketch" details of Mr. Clarke's diligent life as a journalist. These things always make us a little mournful, just as a life of a diligent stock-broker would. We say nothing of the character of Mr. Clarke, which appears honourable, simple, just, religious, in that best of lights—the light of his friends' love; we merely question their wisdom in publishing, seven years after his death, the newspaper articles of a man whose influence as a critic (though anonymous) of affairs and ideas was far greater in his lifetime than it can ever be again. And we would say nothing upon this point if we could dare to hope that newspaper writers would be spurred to emulate the capable and lucid style of Mr. Clarke's writings; but, alas! there is a great gulf between the anonymous generation of 180—and that of 1908, and all the bodies of the 1908 journalists, righteously slain, will not suffice to fill that gulf!

Preludes and Romances. By FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON. (George Allen and Sons, 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE exists in a certain library a palimpsest whereon was written down in Monkish Latin some stories of the older world—the work, it may be, of some not too pious brother who, irked by the continual restrictions of the monastic life, sought this harmless outlet for his errant fancy. These legends Mr. Bourdillon has, by great good fortune, happened upon, and in this volume they reappear in the form of modern English verse, while retaining something of their native dignity and grace. There are four in all, and they exhibit a wide range of subject. In "The Choice of Adam" we read how Adam was offered by his Maker the gift of wings, and how he elected to be mere

man. "The Debate of Mary and Venus" exhibits the conflict of the pagan ideal of life with the Christian doctrine of self-sacrifice and penitence. A temple once dedicated to Venus, Queen of Love, has become the home of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, and one night the goddess comes back to her ancient habitation, to find that her empire has been overthrown. She vanishes with a prophecy—or is it a threat?

Beauty and love of beauty shall remain,
And Aphrodite hold men's hearts again.

In "Chryseis," the succeeding poem, we have Mr. Bourdillon at his best, though his scansion is occasionally faulty, as, for instance, in such a line as:

The heart of the adversary. And he who sings.

As a background to these romances we are given some vivid word-pictures of the Sussex Downs, where the poet has gathered a small group of congenial holiday-makers, one of whom charms his companions with the wisdom and fancy of the nameless and forgotten monk. Mr. Bourdillon discovers in the stories a resemblance to "many of the *exempla* or *gesta* which were in the library of every religious Foundation, save that they frankly dispense with the *moralizatio* at the end of the tale." But surely in "The Choice of Adam," at least, the *moralizatio* is implicit in the story.

FICTION

The Child of Chance. By MAXIME FORMONT. (John Lane, 6s.)

UNDER the title "Le Semeur" this novel had recently a considerable vogue in France and on the Continent generally. Its appearance in an English translation is a welcome event. It is due to the translator to say that he has done his work well. The story is told with an admirable economy of words, and in sentences which are as perfect and clear-cut as cameos. All redundancies have been carefully eliminated, and the impression left on the mind of the reader is one of extraordinary power and directness. The problem raised is, so far as we know, one new in fiction. It is briefly this: Is a woman, deprived of the opportunities of marriage, justified in laying violent hands on maternity? The problem is stated and discussed, but it cannot be claimed for M. Formont that he has provided any adequate solution. Marie-Cécile de Lauretan, the central figure of this story, had been trained from her earliest childhood in a Freethinking school of philosophy. She had been taught that the end and aim of woman's existence was motherhood, and that it mattered not how it was acquired. These ideas bore fruit, and the desire for offspring became an absorbing passion in the life of the young girl. When she realised that, owing to the selfish extravagance of her father, she would be unable to marry, she determined to become a mother without being a wife. The father of her child was a young Italian workman, for whom she had neither affection nor respect. She leaves him at once, and devotes the remainder of her life to the upbringing of the child. Some years after this she meets a man with whom she falls in love. Louis de Voves is told the secret of her past life, but determines, notwithstanding, that he will marry her. The marriage proves to be a singularly happy one, and all goes well till the father of Marie-Cécile's child once more reappears. Maddened with jealousy, this man swears that he will have his revenge, and he announces his intention of claiming the child as his own. A secret interview between Marie-Cécile and her aforetime lover follows, and the man is persuaded at length to relinquish the claim to his son. He pleads, however, that he may be allowed to see him, and to this request the mother yields. The story of the encounter is finely told. Marie-Cécile and her son are walking together in a public park, and they pass the man who has played so eventful a part in the lives of both of them, without a signal of recognition from the mother:

Pietro Arrigoni said never a word. He bent his head. The woman and child passed on. His life passed with them.

He watched them disappear through the iron gates. The music had died away into a soft, plaintive air. He was alone, and was about to vanish into space.

It was his fate. He was the passer-by whose gesture creates life, who disappears into the unknown, while no one asks if he will ever return. He was the Sower.

The story is told without the least suspicion of grossness, and in the person of Marie-Cécile the author has succeeded in providing one of the most successful and interesting psychological studies in contemporary fiction.

The Prodigal City. By TRISTRAM COUTTS. (Greening, 6s.)

THIS somewhat elaborate study of municipal Socialism possesses the merit of being novel. Mr. Coutts shows considerable knowledge of local government, and though he may not intend this book to be taken too seriously by politicians, it undoubtedly deals many hard blows at municipal trading and corruption. Downington is the "prodigal city," the victim of a democracy that is both reckless and illiterate. The council is composed of thieves who masquerade under the names of "Liberal," "Conservative," and "Labour," but the greatest rascals of all are the Labour men. Everybody with any influence has to be "squared;" all local contracts are bought and sold by means of secret commissions, and false balance-sheets are prepared on every occasion to hoodwink the ratepayers. An American millionaire, who foresees that such a course of events must ruin any town, engages through an agent, an ardent reformer, Rupert Ethering, to get into the Downington Council and hurry forward all the schemes for extending the municipality's trading powers, so that the lesson may be soon learnt. Gabriel Downright's prophecy is justified when several leading firms begin to transfer their factories to the garden city established by him, but it is the local Labour leaders who eventually cure Ethering of his Socialism, and in the end we find him accepting an offer from Downright to contest Rosalyn, the garden city, in the Conservative interest. According to Mr. Coutts there is no honest person in the service of the ratepayers of England, and he distributes his criticisms irrespective of party; but the portrait of Quinion, the Labour leader, is likely to arouse most irritation. Labourites and Socialists are very sensitive nowadays, and the character of Quinion will not be allowed to pass unchallenged for the very reason that there is a strong suspicion that it is true to life. "The Prodigal City" is well worth reading despite a few imperfections in the style caused by carelessness in writing.

His Final Flutter. By HENRY POTTS. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

MR. NAT GOULD must undoubtedly look to his laurels. For there has appeared on the horizon of sporting fiction Mr. Henry Potts. He not only knows racing, but can write about it, both picturesquely and convincingly. Mr. Potts has already gained undoubted commendation for his earlier book, "Circuit Companions," and "His Final Flutter" should maintain the reputation he has achieved. Viewed dispassionately, "His Final Flutter" gives quite an intimate and, in a way, curious picture of racing. To the uninitiated a horse-race should mean a race between two or more horses. But "to those who know" (and Mr. Potts is evidently of the latter category) it is much more than that. It is a match between the owner and the bookmaker, between the owner and the public to prevent the latter from "spoiling the market" by indiscriminate wagers before the race, and again between the owner and the bookmaker, who in certain instances is not above maiming or hounding a horse that he does not want to win. There is also another contest of wits, more dangerous, but still possible up to a certain point, between the owner and the handicapper. No owner must run his horse unfairly or untruly, but he may run him over a wrong distance where his true form will not appear, and so win a light handicap in the race of

his choice. All these tricks and opportunities for *finesse* Mr. Potts knows well, and uses them quite cleverly in "His Final Flutter." He also weaves in quite a nice little love-story, where the course of true love runs by no means smooth for a time, but eventually the loyalty of the lady and the good common sense of her father—a most delightful parson—prove too much for the machinations of a detestable aunt and nephew.

Altogether "His Final Flutter" is quite a good, breezy, sporting story, written without pretentiousness, but written soundly and naturally. Mr. Potts gives us a whole racing season, from the Lincoln meeting to the Cesarewitch, and leaves his hero and heroine happily married, having beaten the Ring, with no clouds threatening their lives, and the Turf put behind them and forsaken.

Lady Lee. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

MISS WARDEN'S name on a title-page means only one thing—sensational and successful melodrama. Her latest book is no exception to this rule. Thrill follows thrill, sensation sensation, until at last, with one final cataclysmal ecstasy, the curtain falls on a tableau foretelling a happy future for those who deserve it.

It would be idle to pretend that "Lady Lee" is another "House on the Marsh." We shall probably wait long before that triumph is repeated, but it should rank well among its fellows and be successful among those innumerable readers who read to please their hearts rather than their heads. It has that characteristic which is often called, for want of a better name, a "human interest." The characters are well and clearly drawn, and if the line-work is just a little heavy and the colours have been used somewhat lavishly, that is a fault on the right side in the eyes of Miss Warden's public. Of its literary merit there is no need to speak. Miss Warden's name is enough to guarantee that there are no solecisms or breaches of taste. Her style, though never ambitious, is clear and direct, and her grammar unimpeachable. And this is much more than can be said of many modern writers. There is also one more point in her favour—she is never dull.

The Bond Woman. By H. MAXWELL. (Digby Long, 6s.)

THE only impressive thing about this work is its extreme length. We reached the last chapter, but only by dint of great perseverance and, we must confess, judicious skipping. We should feel more compunction on this score were we not convinced that we had missed nothing of any importance in the lives of the unusually dull and extraordinarily talkative people who form the *personnel* of the book. So garrulous are they that such a statement as this is difficult to believe:

But for the untiring efforts of the indefatigable Mr. Tatham there would have been no general conversation at all.

The "bond-woman" is Grace Osborne, who marries a wealthy, self-made man, Amos Bond, on his deathbed, with the full intention of becoming the wife of another man as soon as her husband dies. Bond does not die, but later, finding that his wife does not love him, chivalrously endeavours to disappear. A convenient railway accident helps him to achieve this end, and he is to all intents and purposes a dead man when he finds that, owing to the fact that he has neglected to make a will, his money is all going to the wrong person. To prevent this he is compelled to make an ignominious reappearance, thereby seriously inconveniencing his wife and his talkative family—who talk all the more in consequence.

The Wheel o' Fortune. By LOUIS TRACY. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THE adventures of Dick Royson in search of a mysterious buried treasure in an African desert are conventional enough, but Mr. Tracy writes sufficiently well to make his book interesting reading. The young man is introduced to us as he watches a procession of the unemployed. He, too, is out of employment. A timely carriage accident,

however, provides him with an opportunity of displaying his prowess, and, as a result, he is engaged by Baron von Kerber to be the second mate of the *Aphrodite*, the yacht which is carrying Mr. Fanshawe, his daughter, Mrs. Haxton, Captain Stump and his crew to Africa. Royson is the heir to a baronetcy and a large income, but this fact is kept a secret to Miss Fanshawe and the reader until the proper time for its publication. Meanwhile Royson falls in love with Miss Fanshawe of course, and it also follows that his proposal comes before the knowledge of his change of fortune reaches him. This is all part of the modern novelist's extreme fondness for proving the sincerity of his hero and heroine. However, the love-making forms a small part only of "The Wheel o' Fortune." All the mystery surrounding buried treasure is drawn upon for surprise and counter-surprise; the interest in the baron and Mrs. Haxton is worked up to a strong pitch, but in the end the author has very little to tell of them. An author should see that he can manufacture a good solution as well as a good mystery, and Mr. Tracy's weakest spot is the conclusion of his story. Mr. Tracy is by now a well-known writer of sensational novels, and his latest book, whilst striking no new line or probing deeply into the problems of life, is a good specimen of the story-novel pure and simple. We have met many Dick Roysons before, and they have performed many of the feats Mr. Tracy describes. That fact, however, will not trouble the author's readers. They like a readable, exciting story, and in "The Wheel o' Fortune" they will get it.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOCIALISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I write just two or three words not in order to contradict or have the last word, but merely to clear up one or two points. I have not read Mr. Bax's book, and have no knowledge of what his religious opinions are; but this makes no difference to the argument. One swallow does not make a summer, and it is impossible to argue that because one or more men profess Atheism or Agnosticism, therefore the party to which he belongs is all of the same colour. No one would say this of the Tory or Liberal party, and therefore why of the Socialist? I still maintain that the large majority of books—viz., the "Fabian Essays," "The Labour Ideal Series," "Socialism," by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to quote some I have read, are sympathetic as far as religion goes, and not against it. The Socialist Members in the House of Commons are certainly not opposed to religion, and they are very good specimens of the English Socialist. Still, after all, this is not a matter between him and me; time will show who is right. The Socialist movement is making rapid progress, and the Light that shines in the darkness will in due time show if it be religious or no.

W. H. PAINE, Curate of St. Mary's, Primrose Hill, N.W.

[Our comments on this letter will be found in "Life and Letters."—ED.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is strange that so many intelligent people should still remain in doubt as to the real attitude of Socialism towards the Christian Churches. And yet Socialist writers have been admirably frank upon the subject in their published works. A few extracts from the writings of their leaders may therefore prove interesting; they certainly speak with no uncertain voice.

Karl Marx ridicules the belief in Christianity. He says:—

Morality has nothing to do with religion—that it has is only asserted by fools or hypocrites.

Again, Mr. E. B. Bax, the most eloquent of the English exponents of the "Ethics of Socialism," writes:

The association of Christianity with any form of Socialism is a mystery; it is useless to blink the fact that the Christian doctrine is revolting to the higher moral sense of to-day. The theories of the older religions are impossible for us. *Christian Socialism is an anomaly, not only alien, but hostile to us.* We care nothing for Christ, Mahomet, Gautama Buddha, Confucius, etc. In fact, reverence for authority of any kind was destroyed by Socinus, Luther, Calvin, and their followers. By denying the authority of the Church as a Divine teacher,

and substituting free-thought and private judgment, the pillars of the entire dogmatic edifice were broken, leaving it only a matter of time for the whole edifice to fall in. . . . Even dogmatic Protestantism leaves it open to dispute every dogma on Biblical authority; each man can devise a system out of that heterogeneous body of literature called the Bible.

Mediæval civilisation was Christian theology in its only consistent form. . . . The present mental attitude of educated men differs from that of all previous ages.

And then further on he makes the ingenious, but rather odd, admission that "unconscious humbug is an important ingredient in the spirit of the age."

Most of us will agree with him in this. Again, in a work published jointly by the late William Morris and Mr. E. B. Bax we read:

To most men the religion of modern society means nothing more than mere sets of names and formulas, to one or other of which every respectable man is supposed to be attached, and in which he will be sure to find a conventional solution of the great problem . . . the general grimace of religion which has taken the place of real belief.

With regard to belief in a future life, Karl Marx wrote:

Beyond Nature and Man there is nothing; and those higher beings created by our religious fancy are but the fantastic reflections of our own being.

Surely this is pure atheism! Herr Behel, the leader of the Socialists in Germany, declares against the immortality of the soul.

Mr. Robert Blatchford also wrote recently in the *Clarion*:

I am working for Socialism when I attack a religion which is hindering Socialism; I do not like the Christian Church.

Nothing could be more straightforward than these announcements as to the objects of Socialism. We should understand by them exactly the nature of the struggle which we have to face. On the other hand, the efforts of some Christian writers to minimise the doctrines of Socialism are contemptible and dishonest. One point has been made clear: a man cannot be a Socialist and remain a Christian; he cannot at the same time run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

ARCHIBALD J. DUNN.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL UNION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been called to an editorial note in the last issue of THE ACADEMY which seems to suggest that all the members of the Christian Social Union are Socialists. Such a remark might be allowed to pass in the vague and general sense in which it may be said that "we are all Socialists now." But if the term Socialism is used in its more technical sense to denote the collective ownership of capital and land, it would not be accurate to describe the Christian Social Union as being committed to any such policy. An official statement of the position of the Christian Social Union was published last month, of which I beg to submit a copy, to emphasise the fact that the Union has never been identified with any political party.

J. CARTER, Hon. Secretary of the C.S.U.

Pusey House, Oxford, June 8, 1908.

[We have pleasure in publishing Mr. Carter's disclaimer, and we are very glad to hear that the Christian Social Union is not committed to approval of Socialism. This is as it should be, and we regret that we in any way misrepresented the aim of the Union.—ED.]

SOCIALISM AND SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the assertion made by your correspondent Mr. Mackenzie Theedam on behalf of that ludicrously superfluous organisation the Men's League for Women's Suffrage, in THE ACADEMY of May 30th, that "Socialists as a body have opposed our movement," would you allow me to defy him to produce the name of a single prominent Socialist who has ventured to oppose female suffrage, or even that of one who has failed to support it? The three most representative leaders of Parliamentary Socialism—Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Victor Grayson—are devoted satellites of Miss Pankhurst. Every member of the Independent Labour Party supported the motion in favour of woman suffrage in the recent division in the House of Commons. At Leeds, Huddersfield, and several other towns the Suffragettes were protected by the Socialists from the Radical chuckers-out and the violence of the mob. Among the less purely political section of the Socialist faction Mr.

George Bernard Shaw, Mr. R. J. Campbell (of the City Temple), and Mr. R. B. Cuningham-Graham—to name but these—have identified themselves closely with the Suffragette cause as Galahads of to-day; and it would be an easy matter to add to the list by the enumeration of minor celebrities were it necessary to do so. In France Socialism and Feminism have walked hand in hand, and a parallel movement is to be found existing in all other European countries. The nine women members recently returned to the Finnish Diet were, without exception, Socialists of an extremely virulent type. It is greatly to be feared that the Jellabys of female suffrage surpass even their mistresses in the recklessness of their departure from the “line of fact.”

T. DALRYMPLE DUNCAN.

“TRUTH CANNOT BE SECTARIAN”

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted, with the utmost respect for your opinions in your issue of the 6th inst., to express my entire disagreement with them?

In his essay on Nature, John Stuart Mill observes that, according to the Platonic method, it is a rule that the meaning of an abstraction is best sought for in the concrete—of the universal in the particular. Applying this to the abstraction *truth*, its meaning is conformity to fact or reality; its essence being what is certain, absolute, fixed, positive, unerring, and universal. To cite an example, *inter alia*, one speaks of the laws that govern Nature and our physical selves as truths, because they cannot be diverted or disproved of. But surely, Sir, you must admit that religious tenets, doctrines, and dogmas, *per se*, are subject to flux, change, and doubt, are not universal, and are therefore not compatible with the meaning of *truth*, as I understand it.

The ethical laws commensurate for the weal and happiness of mankind and the individual, which underlie all sectarian teaching and all religion may be truths—but this is beside the question.

It seems to me that what you have laid down in your paragraphs as inviolate truths to millions of the world's inhabitants would seem untruths. These myriads ascribe truth to their own particular creeds. Therefore I fail to see or comprehend how “truth cannot be sectarian” is “a false statement.”

It seems to me, Sir—and I make the suggestion in all humility—that the abstraction *truth* in all religious systems should be changed into the more consistent term of *belief*. Beliefs, unlike truths, need not undergo the ordeal of inexorable proof and logic.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

7, Bullingham-mansions, Kensington, W.

A NEW READING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—*A propos* of your recent controversy, should not the old aphorism read:

Indiscretion is the better part of (Mr. G. B. Shaw's) valour?

E. WAKE COOK.

20, Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, N.

AN INQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Could you, through your columns, kindly inform me where the original painting of Hogarth's “Idle and Industrious Apprentice” is to be seen? I should be greatly obliged for the information.

L. GUNNIS.

The Press Club, 6 and 7, Wine Office Court,
Fleet Street, E.C.

A PROTEST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is really a pity that you should admit letters like those of Mr. Edward S. Dodgson into THE ACADEMY. It is impossible to explain to your readers who are not philologists how utterly devoid of scientific value these random speculations are. This week you have printed, to the consternation of your philological friends, a column and a quarter of stuff like this:

“It is more probable that *labarum* is connected, like the root of *λαμβάνω*, with *lamh*, the old Keltic word for hand.”

What a curious idea Mr. Dodgson has of scientific probability! Three words are similar in sound, *ergo* they are radically akin. He does not take the trouble to investigate the history of the Greek or Keltic word. Had he done so, he would have found out that it is generally agreed by scholars that the original form of the root of *λαμβάνω* was “slab,” and that the original form of

the root of *lamh* was “pal.” The roots have only “L” in common.

A. L. MAYHEW.

Oxford.

A PERSONAL APPEAL FROM THE SCOTTISH PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is greatly to be regretted that many writers and public speakers (inadvertently it may be, but erroneously) use the term “England” for “Britain,” “English” for “British,” and “Englishmen” for “Britons” and “British people,” these errors creating confusion in many minds, and tending, through use and wont, to become the accepted terms, although they are at variance with historic fact.

We beg earnestly to call your attention to the following points with reference to the offensive misuse of these terms, and to appeal to you, in the interests of Justice and Honour, to aid by your example and otherwise in arresting this unfair and mischievous practice.

The question involved is not one of sentiment alone, though even as regards sentiment history shows the immense importance of conciliating rather than offending it. But the matter is one also of national rights and international honour. The substitution of the terms “England” and “English” for “Britain” and “British” involves the violation of the very first condition of the union between Scotland and England, and subsequently between Great Britain and Ireland. It is laid down as the first condition in both Treaties that when the United Kingdom is referred to the united name shall be employed. The Empire is not the English, but the British Empire; the Parliament is not the English, but the British Parliament; the Army and Navy are not English, but British; the Flag is not the English, but the British Flag; the Sovereign is not the English, but the British Monarch.

So keenly is the injustice felt in Scotland of having the terms that stand for Union set aside, and the sectional terms “England” and “English” put in their place, that in 1897 over 100,000 Scottish people of all ranks and classes, including Members of Parliament, Principals of Scottish Universities, and Lord Provosts, Provosts, and magistrates of numerous cities, towns, and burghs in Scotland, as well as thousands of Scottish people in the Colonies, signed a protest against it, which was presented to and graciously accepted by her late Majesty Queen Victoria. It is surely a pity that, by the use of inaccurate and offensive terms, national animosities should be provoked which the adoption of a united name was wisely intended and well fitted to lay at rest.

We beg to draw your attention to the slip made in your issue of May 30th (p. 824) where you use the term “Anglo-French Exhibition” instead of “Franco-British Exhibition.”

Our appeal to you for your co-operation (by example and otherwise) in discountenancing the abuse referred to is made in the interests of international goodwill; and we feel sure that the appeal will not be made to you in vain.

In the name of the Scottish Patriotic Association,

DAVID MACRAE, President.

DONALD DEWAR, } Hon. Secretaries.
D. G. MACKEMMIE, }

PS.—I do not know if the lesson you mention is meant *only* for Englishmen, in which case the word used is correct, but the term “English people” should be “British people.”—D. MCK.

THE SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is with much pleasure that I have read Mr. Huth's letter in THE ACADEMY of June 6th, criticising certain arguments as to the dates of Shakespearian quartos recently advanced by me. If there is anything at all in my theory, it cannot but profit by such minute attention as that which Mr. Huth appears to have bestowed upon it. Since I hope to return to the subject in greater detail in a future number of the *Library*, I cannot now enter into a general discussion of the evidence, but one or two remarks on the particular point raised may not be out of place.

Until I have examined Mr. Huth's copies of the quartos—which I hope he will have the kindness of allowing me some day to do—I can, of course, only speak hypothetically. With regard to the variations in the measurement of the LM pot watermark, I should, however, like to recommend the following considerations to his attention:—(i.) Allowance must be made for the unequal shrinkage of different sheets in drying. Mr. Huth, as a bibliographer, is, of course, well aware of the curiously different measurements sometimes found in different impressions of the same woodcut, owing to the varying dampness of the sheets

when printing. A similar variation must, I think, be expected in watermarks. (ii.) Watermarks also vary owing to the gradual deformation of the wiremark during the use of the frame. For instance, the PA pot, which occurs no less than nineteen times in the Capell volume, shows marked signs of deterioration and warping, though it has not been rewoven, as apparently has the GG pot. (iii.) It is quite possible that Mr. Huth's copies of the quartos may contain marks unrepresented in the Capell volume, and which are consequently not described in my article. I have recently re-examined the Capell volume with care, and am convinced that the mark in question is from the same frame throughout, even though it may vary slightly in measurement. On the other hand, I quite admit the difficulty, in certain circumstances, of being sure of the identity of watermarks, and have no wish to deny that the table I gave in the *Library* may yet require correction.

W. W. GREG.

Trinity College, Cambridge, June 10, 1908.

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 Milligan, Alice. *Hero Lays.* Maunsell, 2s. 6d. net.
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THEOLOGY

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 Andrews, H. T. *Westminster New Testament: The Acts of the Apostles.* Melrose, 2s. net.
 Hunter, John. *De Profundis Clamavi.* Williams and Norgate, 3s. net.

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- The British Year-book of Agriculture and Agricultural Who's Who, 1908-9.* Vinton.
 Dawson, Lawrence H. *Nicknames and Pseudonyms.* Routledge, 1s. net.
Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. IV. Macmillan, 21s. net.

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 Lee, Sidney. *A Life of William Shakespeare.* Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.
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from whom further particulars may be
obtained.

J. H. DAVIES, M.A., Registrar.
May 21st, 1908.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

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than five weeks in the year.

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(from whom further particulars may be
obtained), must reach the University not later
than Monday, June 29th.

ARTHUR W. RUCKER,
Principal.

University of London,
South Kensington, S.W.
June 17th, 1908.

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copies of any testimonials he may desire to
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M. C. TAYLOR, Secretary.
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LIFE AND LETTERS

We are delighted to call the attention of our readers to the National Women's Anti-Suffrage Association, of which the Hon. Ivor Guest is the Hon. Secretary. It is a pleasure to be able to record the fact that, as a counter-blast to the recent demonstrations of the screaming sisterhood, thousands of sane and clear-headed women all over the country have been pouring letters into Wimborne House in support of the Anti-Suffrage Association. One of the evening newspapers has given us a few specimens chosen at hazard from these letters. It is very cheering to read them, and to find that the ladies who write them have even stronger views against the women Suffragists than we have ourselves—which, when you come to think of it, is saying a good deal. A great many of these admirable ladies express the feeling to which we before made reference—viz., their dislike of publicity and public demonstrations. It is certainly very unfortunate that in our days, apparently, in order to be taken seriously by political parties, we are obliged to demonstrate, whether we like it or not. Perhaps the days are not far distant when it will be necessary for those who believe that two and two make four to convince Mr. Asquith of the sincerity of their belief by means of banners and brass bands. Anyhow, things have come to such a pass that we must call upon these ladies, in spite of their reluctance, for once in a way to imitate, in a modified way, the methods of their opponents. The noisy minority has held the field long enough, and the time has come when the silent majority must find a voice and make itself heard. When it does so we shall hear no more of the Suffragist movement, and we shall be able to look back on these troubled times as a period of temporary insanity.

There seems a tendency in many quarters just at present to congratulate ourselves on the splendid and imposing London that has risen, or is rising, from the ruins of old slums and grey, grim streets. This is all very well, and one does not deny that in nine cases out of ten the new buildings are a great improvement on the old. Regent Street in stone is putting to shame the

old stucco frontage—though that had its graces, too—and the new theatres about Aldwych and the Strand are certainly more agreeable than the dirty old cockpits burrowing nervously into back streets that we remember so well. Of course there is a *per contra*; there was a picturesque note about tumbledown Clare Market that the judicious will miss, that lovers of Dickens will grieve for, and the destruction of Clement's Inn was a crime. Nothing can make up for its pleasant lawns or for the old garden-house or for the Hall. Still, the new London that is rising is stately, grandiose, even superb, and the occasional weaknesses in its architecture may be made to serve a moral, if we are reminded by them if our great colonies, which are nothing if not inartistic.

But, granting that the heart of London is becoming worthy of its position as the centre of a great world-people, we must not forget that the centre is only a small spot in the middle of a very big circle. All the fine fronts that we are boasting about are contained in a mile radius from Charing Cross; beyond that radius are many leagues of streets which are far from lovely, some of which are unspeakably dreary. Logically, dreariness may not matter; the reasonable man is supposed to be content if the roofs and walls of his dwelling are watertight, if his water-supply is ample, and the drains beyond reproach. But happily we are not conformed in practice to this ideal; we thirst for pleasantness, for beauty even, though we may not be aware of the fact; and in a great town we thirst above all for green leaves, for some relief to the awful wilderness of brick and stone. The poor little window-boxes in the wretchedest slums are significant of this desire for the green world beyond the walls; and here we think is the hint for a great reform. The architecture of most of our streets is past all hope; nothing but an earthquake could reform *that*. But what a transformation could be effected if every street in London without exception were planted with avenues of trees, if every horrid back-yard, every dismal asphalt court were made an arbour of leaves. London would be one of the great forests of the world, and pleasantness and beauty and fancy apart, I suppose its healthiness would be much increased, since every leaf on every tree is a magazine of pure air. Of course many people would protest, some would say that the fallen leaves in autumn made a nasty litter; and we would suggest that these people should be allowed to protest.

But it should not be forgotten that there are many trees that thrive in London besides the plane. The plane has a splendid growth, and fights the soot and fog and clay sub-soil valiantly; but still there are others. The catalpa makes as good a resistance; there is an aged specimen in Gray's Inn which tradition says was planted by Raleigh. Then the ash deserves attention, and the mulberry also, and where breadth rather than height is desired the fig-tree is eminent above all. It will grow green and broad and glossy planted in the most evil soil; it will thrive in the cold and clammy depths of an area, and it seems to find a diet of "blacks" nourishing. As much may be said of the vine; we have seen in Pentonville a wall covered with purple grapes; so the two great symbolic trees are available for the decking of our meanest streets. The lime, which is often planted, should be planted no more, since its leaves are withered in most seasons by mid-July; but there are many candidates ready to take its place. It would be desirable that a space in each of the central squares should be made into a *champ d'expérience*; various growths should be planted, and their behaviour watched; and above all it would be desirable that the true method of tree-planting should be imparted to the workmen employed. Sir Walter Scott used to quote a verse which gave the limits of time—between Martinmas and March—but we remember a good many years ago seeing a long line of narrow and deep graves dug in Rosebery Avenue, into which graves were placed plane-trees just coming into leaf. The results were not happy. And there

is another point. We printed in *THE ACADEMY* a few months ago some charming verses which celebrated the growth of wild flowers and grasses that had sprung up in the empty spaces of Aldwych. These flowers and grasses must yield place to buildings; but why should not a certain space be set apart in every park for these wild folk of the woods and meadows?

The Hapenny Bird pipeth for us again :

Unlike some of our *confrères*, we, the editors of the *Red Magazine*, will at all times be pleased to welcome the personal calls of intending contributors and critical readers. That perfect understanding which should exist between the producer and the writers of good literature can only be obtained by personal contact. The editors will therefore welcome at these offices the many talented men and women who have hitherto found it difficult to reach the fountain-heads of those publications for which their efforts were intended In that spirit of confidence and mutual understanding we greet you

Which is the purest balderdash. The notion of the Harmsworths greeting anything or anybody in a "spirit of confidence and mutual understanding" will appeal pleasantly to the simplest; even as the editors' babble about "writers of good literature" will amuse the wise. Writers of good literature who cannot get at the "fountain-heads" of the publications for which their efforts are intended have no feet. In the first issue of their captivating sheet "the Editors" give us work by Maud Stepney Rawson, Fred M. White, Oliver Onions, H. B. Marriott Watson, and Winifred Graham, all of whom, we suppose, came into the office out of the gutter and were received benevolently by "the Editors" of the *Red Magazine*. These same editors complain that other editors, not themselves, "achieve success in magazine publication by heaping together well-known names." Of course there are no well-known names in the *Red Magazine*. And what is more, when the Editors come to deal with the poetical side of matters we are constrained to wish that they had gone in for names. Here is a stanza from a tearful dithyramb entitled "Just whisper, 'Never mind' "!

But love must prompt that soft caress—
The love must aye be true;
Or at that tender, clinging touch
No heartease comes to you.
But if the arm be moved by love,
Sweet comfort you will find,
When some one slips an arm around,
And whispers, "Never mind."

"Where is our wandering boy to-night?"—possibly editing brainless magazines at Carmelite House.

Number 3 of the *New Quarterly* contains further extracts from the notebook of Samuel Butler, author of "Erewhon." Some of them are quite delightful. For example :

The essence of priggishness is setting up to be better than one's neighbours. Better may mean more virtuous, more clever, more agreeable or what not. The worst of it is that one cannot do anything outside eating one's dinner or taking a walk without setting up to know more than one's neighbours. It was this that made me say in *Life and Habit* that I was amongst the damned in that I wrote at all. And so I am; and I am often very sorry that I was never able to reach those more saintly classes who do not set up as instructors of other people. But one must take one's lot.

In a sense it is extraordinary to find a man of Butler's critical powers owning to such a view even in a notebook. There is nothing so pitiful as the prig. On the other hand, the mere telling of a man that he is wrong about this, that, or the other when you know him to be wrong cannot fairly be called priggishness. If one discovers that one's neighbour imagines that two and two make five, there can be no possible harm in endeavouring to set him

right on the point. We believe that many writers, particularly in the higher walks of journalism, refrain from a good deal of plain speaking because they feel as Butler seems to have felt. In our view the result is most dire. You will find usually that when a person has a schism to ventilate that person is never in the least diffident about its ventilation. And it seems to us that there should be no diffidence, half-measures, or mealy-mouthedness in the reproof of him. The man who does not set up as an instructor of other people may be blessed, but there can be no doubt that he is in sore need of instruction.

The *Daily Chronicle* of June 12th delivered itself of opinions as to Offenbach. *La Grande Duchesse* was performed at the Shaftesbury, and the *Daily Chronicle* of the date we have mentioned spoke of the revival as a "regurgitation of this wild burst of strident clamour and tinsel show." Also, on June 12th, "Offenbach's masterpiece was a sorry business from an artistic point of view—a flaunt, a flare, a din, gaudy, graceless, and wholly extravagant." Further, on June 12th, the "company" at the Shaftesbury was not "supremely good." But in the *Daily Chronicle* of June 17th we read :

A bright, breezy entertainment is the revival at the Shaftesbury of the world-famous comic opera *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, and one happily that is attracting large audiences to this theatre.

The delightfully exhilarating music of Offenbach is admirably interpreted by the company specially brought here from Paris, and headed by that splendid artist Madame Tariol-Baugé. This gifted prima donna has never been seen to better advantage than in the rôle of the amorous ruler of the little province. Last night she proved herself to be the mainstay of the representation, and her rendering of "Le sabre de mon père" and other familiar solos was most effective.

It would be interesting to know what fall of white marble took place in the soul of the musical critic of the *Daily Chronicle* in the five days between June 12th and June 17th. It is characteristic of the halfpenny paper that it seldom knows its own mind from day to day. Accidents will happen even in the best newspaper offices, and we suppose that the discrepancy we have pointed out is the result of an accident. But is it not incumbent upon the *Daily Chronicle* to go a little further and tell us in a few sparkling words which of its notices it really means?

We have been sorely perturbed in mind this week concerning a sonnet, a poem, a—well, let us say twelve lines that follow the rules and two that don't—which appeared in last Wednesday's *Daily Chronicle* under the *ægis* of this affecting introduction :—"Written on the prison-slate in my cell at Holloway to while away the hours of my recent imprisonment for the suffrage." The first four lines are really excellent when cleared of their suspensions—brought down to *x* and *y*, so to put it; and, while engaged in excavating for their significance, we felt confident that they would do the authoress credit :

Must we pass scoffing that sweet creed, that dreams
Of kindred souls—of sympathies divine
Lit in eternity's dim past—and deems
Such fire, once kindled, through Time's mists can shine?

That fourth line is rather a tongue-twister; but, naturally, to a glib, gay Suffragette articulation has no terrors—witness the "surely 'twixt us twain," which adorns the fifth verse. Then, however (as we feared when we read "kindred souls" and "Time's mists"), we find "blind clinging," eyes compared to "deep wells," "soft arms," "fate's blasts," and a "haven"—which things are all unfortunate and condemnatory when one is writing a sonnet even on a prison slate. There can be no excuse; it might so easily have been rubbed out and re-written, or, better still, left erased on the chance of being "precipitated" later on by

an experimentalist in the occult. But the gem of this effusion shines in the concluding couplet:

'Mid Heaven's hymns, methinks, none will discover
A word more sacred than the earth-cry—Mother.

We shouldn't have dared! Miss Irene Miller is a plucky person, and deserves a commemorative gift of a Rhyming Dictionary, for she so evidently means well.

It were ingratitude to omit notice of the return of Adeline Genée. Who has cared for the "Empire"—and she absent? Who will not go now—and she back? For ten years we have had this bright, incomparable dancer in the midst of us, perennially fresh, gay, irresistible; and the six months of her absence have seemed strange and void. From a debauch of bad pictures and the dismaying thought of nasty plays it has been a relief to turn for an hour and watch Genée. When Hall Caine and Dr. Clifford have ceased to entertain us, and even the Suffrage wranglers have failed to amuse, she has remained vitally attractive. Seeing her, you forget she is said to practise four hours a day—does a swallow practise his evening flight? She dances a villanella, a roundel, a triolet; to think of an "Empire" ballet is to recall her infallible charm. Who that saw her will forget her admirable, irreflective gaiety in the Watteau scene—from *Cinderella*, was it?—two years ago! It is easy to fall into facile superlatives; it is easy, as we know, to make dancing ridiculous by ascribing to it the perfectness of other lovely things; but in plain truth Adeline Genée is one of London's delights.

We notice that Mr. Claudius Clear, of the *British Weekly*, has been writing an article called "The Human Ass." The article is not about Scotchmen and it is not autobiographical. "The Ass," says Claudius Clear, "invariably fancies that he can make money in any business, but more especially in the business of the novelist, the journalist, and the dramatist. Until recently he had a profound contempt for all of these, but of late the talk has been that dramatists make much money, and so the Ass has turned his mind that way." We do not suppose for a moment that Claudius Clear is a dramatist. The words we have quoted remind us irresistibly of the story of the Jew who on being shown the moose at the Zoological Gardens remarked to his wife, "Goodness gracious, Sarah, what a nose!" Apparently it has not occurred to Claudius Clear that if it were not for the human Ass the *British Weekly* would not be over well off for readers.

IN TIME OF MOURNING

If you might break the silence of the tomb,

You would not crave an increase of my tears,

Nor bid me draw the curtains of my room

Nor count once more the tale of vanished years.

The love of lost ones breathes in our desires.

It is not hidden in the cloistered heart,

There to be quenched by Time's consuming fires

When we have wept and played the mourner's part.

If I march forward when the dark besets,

You, watching from your prison house, will smile,

You live in deeds, not in our vain regrets,

And life at most is for a little while!

A. T.

REVIEWS

ANGLICAN MODERNISM

Anglican Liberalism. By TWELVE CHURCHMEN. (Williams and Norgate, 5s. net.)

If the purpose of these essays is to exploit Anglican Modernism they must be regarded, with perhaps one or two exceptions, as singularly weak and inadequate for so important a task. They have, we observe, been compared with "Lux Mundi." But in literary expression, ability, and depth of thought they are a long way behind that famous work.

We are at first struck by the unreal tone of apologetic pessimism of some of the writers, the last attitude that should be adopted by the prophets of a new evangel. Are the "faults of the Church and her amazing lack" really so great that the first contributor, Mr. H. Handley, is reasonably justified in asking such questions as these:

When to this nation will the English Church arise, shine, for her light is come? When will she be to the people something intimate, grand, and vital?

We were of opinion that her Light came long centuries ago. Is the answer to be found in "amended ecclesiastical expression" or in the realisation of "our dream—our Church repenting her sins, and ministering to the English people"? We should have thought that repentance and ministrations were already very present factors in reform. Another writer's gloomy view finds expression in this statement:

The problem we have to face is not so much how to keep Anglican theology alive in an unsympathetic world of thought; what we need to consider is whether Anglican theology is wholesome food for Englishmen of our generation—for the living Church in our midst. Is it, in its present condition, fit to keep the Church alive?

The Liberal theologian is generally himself enough of a modern man to believe that some parts of what generally passes for the Christian message . . . are really outworn, and need to be dropped to make room for new developments and new arrangements.

Why? Because "modern folk are impatient of dogma." But there is no doubt in the mind of any impartial student of history that, as Professor Mahaffy long ago pointed out, it was the preaching, not of morals, but of Christian dogma, which captured and reformed the ancient world.

We are naturally led to inquire what are the "outworn parts of the Christian message," which "Liberal theologians" would eliminate with a view to reform. The answer is not far to seek. It is stated boldly enough in the most remarkable essay in the volume—*Clerical Liberalism*. Dr. Rashdall leaves us in no doubt as to what is meant by Liberalism, in his desire to state the widest "limits of permissible latitude in the interpretations" of the Creeds and Articles of the Church.

The Essays in "Lux Mundi" are dismissed as "mild utterances" and "attenuated criticism." A much broader "way out" must now be found for Liberal Modernists. So the question is, "What are the essential doctrines of Christianity to which a candidate for Orders must be taken to pledge himself?" At least, we should have imagined, the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. But we are told that:

There are many who regard such doctrines as the Virgin Birth of our Lord and His bodily Resurrection (not in the sense of a vision which historically occurred to the disciples, but in the sense of a literal reanimation of the Body placed in the tomb) as no more essential to Christianity than the other matters (which?) no less unhesitatingly asserted by the Creeds, about which liberty of interpretation is practically conceded. There is no intelligible principle of interpretation . . . which will not permit us to take the word "Virgin" to mean a young woman, or to understand by "He rose from the dead" a vision of the Immortal and Risen Christ.

Dr. Rashdall is courageous and straightforward enough when he adds:

I shall now be asked . . . if these historical statements

are to be explained away, why not the more distinctly doctrinal statements? If the bodily resurrection, why not every form of historical resurrection? If the Virgin Birth, why not the Incarnation, the Divinity of Christ, the Holy Trinity? I admit that so long as the matter is treated as a question of "honesty" or "veracity" it might be difficult to distinguish between the "explanations" and "interpretations" which everybody allows, and others which would leave standing very little of what any average person would recognise as the Christian religion. . . . But the practical question is not now one of honesty, but of spiritual expediency.

What then is to be the standard of Faith? Dr. Rashdall gives a simple answer: "Primarily each man must judge for himself of this spiritual expediency"—an answer which history teaches us would soon result in disruption; an answer which has led to the formation of some two hundred sects among those who have seceded from the Church; an answer somewhat surprising from a priest of the Church, but quite intelligible from a man who assures us that:

In the Church of England the compulsory use of the Prayer-book and Creeds still further limits the range of expedient latitude.

It will readily be understood that Dr. Rashdall sets little value upon General Councils of the Church:

I am not one of those who expect great results of any kind from monster assemblies of Bishops. . . . The power of such assemblies for good is small, their power for evil is large.

More pessimism. (It is too late now to give up the Pan-Anglican Congress.) So the best thing that can be done by these unfortunate prelates, assailed by all parties, is to "place no difficulties" (particularly not the Creeds of Catholic Christendom) "in the way of liberal-minded candidates for Orders," for:

There are much less "advanced" pieces of Liberalism than doubts about the Virgin Birth which induce men to give up the idea of being ordained, and which would have no such effect if they could hear from a Bishop—in public—that they constitute no valid objection to Ordination.

We trust that we do Dr. Rashdall no injustice if we say that his position seems to us scarcely to be distinguished from Unitarianism, with a reverence for the Christian revelation shorn of historical dogma. Nor are we of those who think that the necessity for honest subscription to the Creeds of the Church is a prime cause of diminution in the supply of candidates for Ordination. Dr. Rashdall actually laments that those Theological Colleges where the Catholic faith (Dr. Rashdall's "advanced Sacerdotalism") is dogmatically taught are the "largest and most popular." Nor do we consider that Dr. Rashdall's prescription for whittling down the Creeds to bare Theism is necessary:

To counteract that alienation of educated laymen from the Church which is endangering the very existence of Christianity among us—

surely a most exaggerated view.

The suggestions in this essay appear to us an apposite commentary on Dr. Illingworth's recent observation that:

There are signs that the doctrine of the Trinity is again likely to become the battleground that it has so often been before in Christian history; the battleground on which the contention for the Faith will have for the time to be carried on.

Professor Percy Gardner, in his essay "Lay Liberalism," writes in much the same spirit, saying:

That nothing in the way of Creed or Article should be so tightly interpreted as to exclude from the ministry men who have a real vocation for it.

Like other of these essayists, he too seems possessed with the pessimistic notion that the Church is ceasing to be the Church of the people. We allege that there is ample evidence that where the Church teaches dogmatic faith the Church is increasingly the Church of the people, and even of educated laymen, supposed to be alienated. Nearly every age of the Church has seen among all classes a tinge of Arianism, dormant or aggressive, and yet historic Christianity has prevailed.

On the other hand, Professor Gardner well-refutes the

very common error that the masses cannot be Christian until they reach a certain level of comfort:

However keenly one may sympathise with those who desire to raise the level of material existence, one must remember that Christianity grew to maturity in the slums of ancient cities, slums compared with which the worst districts of London and Liverpool are paradises. Physical comfort may be a more desirable thing than religious peace—that is a common view, though not a Christian view; but physical discomfort does not exclude religious peace—that is as certain as the fact that the world revolves round the sun.

Some of the other essays call for short notice. Sir C. T. Dyke Acland writes a dignified lament—in keeping with the tone of melancholy which pervades this book—that more of the clergy (and laity) do not belong to the Liberal party in politics, while Mr. A. J. Carlyle thinks that Liberal theology is a sort of panacea for the reconstruction of industrial society, which "at present is governed by blind, monstrous, inhuman force."

The academic essay on Past Liberalism seems a little belated, both in substance and position, being placed ninth instead of first. Professor Caldecott, writing on Nonconformist Liberalism, ignores Mr. Campbell and the New Theology, thus missing the opportunity of a useful parallel to Anglican Liberalism, opinions expressed elsewhere in this book. In curious contrast to Dr. Rashdall's depressing estimate of Ecclesiastical Councils, he points to "the continued and practical acknowledgment on the part of Nonconformists of the necessity of Councils and decrees, though now designated 'assemblies' and 'resolutions'"—in short, that Dissenters feel the want of their lost corporate unity and corporate faith.

We are advised by a note at the beginning of this book that, although each contributor is responsible only for his own essay, the title indicates among the writers a general community of aim. We have quoted at some length in order to show the dominant idea that the Church can only be saved by accepting the widest destructive criticism of historic Christianity. We have protested against both the pessimism and the conclusion. And what is to be substituted? An attenuated faith based on the purely metaphysical doctrine that events which may be supposed to have happened in the spiritual sphere could not possibly have taken place in the phenomenal. There seems to us little difference between this view and the well-known theory of hallucination. We believe that to a vast majority of Christians it is still a condition of their personal and individual faith that the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of Christ's Body are actual verities in the same sense that the Crucifixion is. If instead there were substituted, as proposed in this book, an illegitimate child and a visual apparition, the whole Gospel of the Christian Faith would for them become non-existent, leaving only a cynical agnosticism. To many "modern" minds this "unscientific position" may appear even pitiable. But its existence is a fact bound up with historic Christianity and the faith of millions. We admit that there is room for greater liberality of thought in ecclesiastical circles about matters that are not essential to the Catholic Faith, but we cannot think that the Church is in danger of collapse unless her creeds are reconstructed on the basis of Theism with an implied belief in the Platonic view of the immortality of the soul, as distinguished from that Resurrection of the body, the preaching of which was to the Greeks, as to many in our own time, foolishness.

THE ROYAL BOROUGH

Windsor. Painted by GEORGE M. HENTON. Described by Sir RICHARD RIVINGTON HOLMES, K.C.V.O. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE history of Windsor is essentially the history of Windsor Castle. Its burghers have, doubtless, played their part in the making of England, but their achievements have been dwarfed in the presence of the mighty deeds of kings and courtiers. Shakespeare, in perhaps

the most purely farcical play he ever wrote, has given us a glimpse of civic life in the Royal borough, but for the most part history is discreetly silent—having, indeed, weightier matters wherewith to concern itself. The Castle, which dominates with a proud and insolent superiority the congeries of slums and narrow streets by which it is surrounded, is a monument to the noblest and most kingly traditions of our race.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a book on Windsor should concern itself exclusively with the story of Windsor Castle, and the subsidiary, but no less interesting, story of St. George's Chapel. Sir Richard Holmes has performed his task well, and, had he but been tempted to the faintest indication of human emotion, he would have performed it admirably. As it is the book lacks the flavour of permanent interest. It is—to adopt a familiar and expressive colloquialism—a little “dry.” The personal note is entirely missing, and the author's superiority to anything in the nature of an anecdote is disappointing to one who expects in a history something more than a mere chronicle of facts. It is not for the reviewer to supplement the labours of the biographer, but we are entitled to complain that a period so full of colour and romance as that of the Four Georges should be dismissed in thirteen pages. Of “Farmer George” himself—most attractive of Windsor lovers—we hear practically nothing. It was this amiable monarch who, on the eve of a memorable election, in which Admiral Keppel figured as the Whig candidate, strolled into a silk-mercer's shop in the town, and called out: “The Queen wants a gown—wants a gown. No Keppel. No Keppel.” Surely Sir Richard might have found space for this gem of electioneering tactics. We should like, too, to have heard something of the sprightly Fanny Burney, whom Royalty detained for so many years as an unwilling captive at Windsor Castle.

However, we must be content with what we get, and, since Sir Richard has elected to be other than discursive, we must accept his book for what it is. The style is admirably straightforward and entirely devoid of all pretentiousness, and for the matter—well, it will suffice to say that no essential fact in the history of the borough has been overlooked.

And what a history! From the time of Henry II. until our own day the pomp and pageantry of England have centred round that small riverside town. It was from Windsor Castle that King John went forth to encounter his rebellious barons. It was within a mile of Windsor that these same rebellious barons, under the leadership of an Archbishop of Canterbury, laid the foundations of English liberty in the field of Runimede. It was at Windsor, in 1348, that the Order of the Garter was instituted, concerning the origin of which, by the way, there has been much fruitless controversy. This is Sir Richard Holmes's opinion:

It is highly probable that this circular ornament represents simply the ring or circle of the Round Table, which was the original design of the King's order of chivalry, where all members are equal, and none sat in a seat more exalted than another.

At Windsor Queen Philippa, consort of Edward III., died, and Edward the Black Prince was married. At Windsor, too, in the succeeding reign, Geoffrey Chaucer was appointed superintendent of the repairs of St. George's Chapel. It was in Windsor Castle that James I., the poet-king of Scotland, was imprisoned, and here “The King's Quair” was written, recording an adventure which befell the amorous prince:

And therewith cast I down my eyes again,
And walking, as I saw, beneath the tower
Full secretly new coming her to pleyne
The fairest and the freshest youthful flower
That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which surprise so sudden, did astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.
And though I stood abased then a lyte
No wonder was, because my wits were all
So overcome with pleasure and delight.
Only through letting of my eyes downfall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever, of free will, for of menace
There was no token seen in her sweet face.

The lady in question was the Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset. There followed a successful wooing, and the lovers were at length married at the Church of St. Mary Overie in Southwark, now St. Saviour's Cathedral. Henry VI. of England—that most misunderstood of monarchs—was born in Windsor Castle, and fifty years later in Windsor Castle was murdered.

Henry VIII. was a great lover of Windsor, and here he hunted, feasted, and entertained on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. Philip of Spain, consort of Queen Mary, visited Windsor in 1554, and attempted to replace the Royal Arms of England with those of Spain, in which nefarious enterprise he was, happily, frustrated. At Windsor Queen Elizabeth pursued her studies under the tutelage of the learned Roger Ascham. Her proficiency has been attested by her instructor:

I believe that, beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some Prebendaries of the Church doth read Latin in a whole weeke. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her Privie-Chamber she hath obteyned that excellence of learning to understand, speak, and write, both wittily with head and faire with hand, as scarce one or two rare wittes in both the Universities have in many years reached unto.

At the time of the Civil War the townsmen of Windsor threw in their lot with the Parliamentarians. And in 1647 Charles I., after his broken fortunes in the field, returned to Windsor, where he was placed under the strictest surveillance. The next year he re-entered Windsor as an actual prisoner. After the execution of Charles the Castle was tenanted by the Lord Protector, who appears, for some reason not to be surmised, to have treated the fabric with every respect. After a few years of tyranny, oppression, and regnant hypocrisy, unmatched in the history of England, Windsor surrendered itself to the glitter and gaiety of the Restoration. Pepys and Evelyn have both given us characteristic impressions of Windsor life in the reign of Charles II., a sovereign who, whatever may have been his domestic shortcomings, has earned the imperishable gratitude of all lovers of English scenery by his planting of the Long Walk. In 1688, when James II. was King, the Wolsey chapel was wrecked by a mob of Protestant fanatics.

George III. settled at Windsor, and devoted himself there to the life of a country gentleman, farming and breeding cattle and sheep. He was a diligent if somewhat uninstructed patron of the arts, and collected a magnificent library, which has since passed to the British Museum.

One of the most interesting chapters in the volume is that on St. George's Chapel, which, like the more famous Castle, has had a varied and eventful history. Here the body of Charles I. was interred. Wood's “*Athenae Oxoniensis*” gives us a most interesting account of the burial:

The King's body was then brought from his bedchamber down into St. George's Hall, whence, after a little stay, it was with a slow and solemn pace (much sorrow in harsh faces being then discernible), carried by gentlemen of quality in mourning. The noblemen in mourning also held up the pall, and the Governor, with several gentlemen, officers, and attendants, came after. It was then observed—as at such time as the King's body was brought out from St. George's Hall, the sky was serene and clear; but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast that by the time the corpse came to the west end of the Royal chapel the black velvet pall was all white (the colour of innocence), being thick covered over with snow. The Body being by the bearers set down near the place of burial, the Bishop of London stood ready, with the Service-book in his hands, to have performed his last duty to the King his master, according to the order and form of burial of the dead set forth in the Book of Common Prayer—which the Lords likewise desired; but it would not be suffered by Col. Whichcot, the Governor of the Castle, by reason of the *Directory*, to which (said he) *he and others were to be conformable*. Thus went the *white King* to his grave, in the 48th year of his age, and 22nd year and 10th month of his reign.

This volume may be commended to all those who desire to acquaint themselves with the main facts in the history of England's Royal borough. It is pleasantly illustrated by Mr. George M. Henton:

A HALF-HOGGER

The Shakespeare Problem Restated. By G. G. GREENWOOD, M.P. (Lane, 21s. net.)

WHY do people get so angry when they write about Shakespeare and Bacon? The controversialists are worse than the theologians, and with less excuse, because there are no politics in the question, and because the authorship of the plays and poems cannot affect by one jot or tittle their beauty and their significance. Yet these angry cats sit in the beautiful garden, and yowl and spit at each other till they destroy every human being's pleasure in it with their din. One side is just as bad as the other, and we do not know who began it. Perhaps it is not their fault. There seems to be something in the question which infuriates the gentlest-mannered man that takes it up. Here is Mr. Greenwood. We have no doubt at all that Mr. Greenwood, in the House of Commons and the bosom of his family, is an enlightened, refined, sweet-tempered, and benevolent gentleman. Get him on to Shakespeare and Bacon, and he spits with the best of them. He actually stoops twice in one book to taunt a well-known opponent with his Semitic origin.

Happy are those who, like the present writer, don't care twopence which way they settle it—if they ever do. When the cats have left the garden we go and enjoy its beauties. At the same time, we have our own opinion, though we do not think it worth losing our temper or our manners for. And that opinion is not Mr. Greenwood's. Mr. Greenwood is really a whole-hogger, a hard-shell Baconian; but he is insidiously merciful enough to pose as a half-hogger till near the end of his book. What he means to do, and what he does (barring his rages) very well, is to set out the case against Shakespeare. It is a pretty strong case, of course; it always was. But Mr. Greenwood adds nothing new to it. All he does is to collect everything that every one else has said on his side and pitch it all as strong as he can.

The pity of it is that he pitches it all much too strong. Stratford, we know, was a dirty town and an illiterate town. Is there any authority for saying that it was any dirtier than the other towns from which our Elizabethan poets sprang? And as to the question of its illiteracy, Mr. Greenwood, in pouring scorn on the grammar-school, forgets that Henry VIII. had robbed the guild of its revenues, and that Edward VI. restored some of them. The result would naturally be that, while the older generation was illiterate, the younger, coming at a time when education took a great stride forward in England, were much better taught. Shakespeare left school early (it is for Mr. Greenwood to prove, in defiance of tradition, that he never went to school at all), and was apprenticed to his father; he came to London and held horses at the Theater. That does not prove that he did not make the best use of his time at school, that he did not continue to study as best he could at home, and contrive to go on learning when he came to London. "Fancy William Shakspeare a schoolmaster!" says Mr. Greenwood somewhere. It is as easy to fancy him that as a butcher. He would not need much learning to teach boys the three R's. Why should not that have been more congenial to him than killing calves? And when we get him to London holding horses at the Theater, and taken on in time as a "servitour," Mr. Greenwood's knowledge of theatrical circumstance then and now leads him into a difficulty. He imagines that these arduous duties would take Shakespeare all his time, unaware apparently that plays were not acted every day, and that even actors have contrived to educate themselves under the far more strenuous conditions of the later stock companies on tour. It is all very well to put in sneers about "pale-faced students in Chattertonian garrets;" but that is not argument. He might have been a red-faced student, like old Jonson himself, who certainly did not stop learning when he left school.

It is difficult, of course, to see how the Stratford boy can have learned all that the author of the plays and poems knew. But, although Stratford was a dirty town,

is it not really easier to imagine that William Shakspeare (this is Mr. Greenwood's spelling of the player's name; by Shakespeare or Shake-speare he means the author) did contrive to educate himself than it is to imagine that these plays were written by some great courtier who wished his name concealed, and *that the secret was kept?* And not only kept, but bolstered up by an elaborate series of lies, in which the publishers, the players, the authors, the polite world and everybody joined? Granted that a courtier might probably wish to conceal the fact that he was writing for the public stage, why should he deny the poems? Mr. Greenwood says that there is no evidence to connect William Shakspeare the player with William Shakespeare the poet. But there is no evidence that they were different, and surely some remark upon the coincidence of names would have been made. And for further difficulties we refer the reader to Mr. Greenwood's chapter xv., and invite him to remark the terrible tortures to which the plain meaning of words must be subjected in order to make them fit the theory. No; both sides have their difficulties, but surely the Baconian has the worst.

We will add a selection from the notes we made in reading the book:

P. 207.—"Such was the 'local gossip' about Shakspeare forty-six years after his death—'a natural wit, without any art at all,' a boon companion, and a hard drinker." True; but Ward's remarks also contained the statement that "he supplied the stage with two plays every year." It is not fair to emphasise one part without the other.

P. 212-3.—The same man could not have written "The cloud-capp'd towers" and the verse on the tombstone. This is surely disproved by the plays themselves, in which the same man writes now above the heads of the philosophers and now right down to the groundlings.

P. 214.—Mr. Greenwood objects to Malone's mention of Shakespeare's "liberality." His theory is that Shakspeare was at once a drunkard and a miser. What Malone meant, of course, was breadth of mind, not lavishness in gifts.

P. 215.—It is unsafe to sneer at Downes, and the tradition has nothing impossible about it.

P. 295.—That booksellers put the name of a very popular playwright in the titles of plays they knew he did not write does not make that name a "convenient pseudonym" for another author to adopt.

P. 355.—We recommend Mr. Greenwood—and his authority Judge Stotsenburg—to study the edition of *King Lear* recently published for the Malone Society.

P. 363.—Are we really to believe—on the authority of Judge Stotsenburg—that even Henslowe would enter as "Perce of Exstone" the play we know as *King Richard II.*?

P. 365.—Henslowe was not "the leading theatre-manager in London." Far from it. But Mr. Greenwood has been trusting Judge Stotsenburg again.

P. 386.—"Starting with a state of ignorance in 1587" is to beg the question. Lord Penzance should have asked what Shakespeare had done with the ten years since he had (as it appears) left school.

P. 386.—He did not "take a leading part in the management and conduct of two theatres." Which two?

P. 460.—Does Mr. Greenwood really think the hyphen in "Crispinus" is an allusion to the hyphen in Shakespeare? Again, the arms of Crispinus are not in the least like Shakespeare's, and Jonson would never have missed such a chance.

P. 474.—We choose this as an instance of the word-torturing mentioned above. Jonson says, "Thou art a monument without a tomb." Shakespeare, says Mr. Greenwood, had a tomb in Stratford Church.

These, we are well aware, are but minor points. The main point is, as we have said, which, in the absence of evidence, is the more difficult hypothesis? That a young man from the country, with a mind such as the plays prove their author to have had, should have found time and means to educate himself to the point to which modern criticism has proved him to have been educated? Surely several of Samuel Smiles's heroes could match that. Or that a courtier-

lawyer-soldier-philosopher-historian should have found time and inclination not only to write plays but to tinker plays, to hang about the common stage and botch up for the managers such old plays as wanted new dressings, should take as a pseudonym the name of a horse-boy turned stage-hand, and should continue to have his secret kept in that hot-bed of gossip and *canard*, a theatre?

Following Mr. Greenwood, we have abstained from any mention of evidence from the quality and language of the plays themselves or the allusions they contain. What should Bacon know of coursing-matches on the Cotswolds?

THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE

A History of the United States and its People. By ELROY MCKENDREE AVERY. Vol. IV. (Cleveland: Burrows Co.)

THE fourth volume of Mr. Avery's extensive History is concerned with the final struggle between England and France for the dominion of North America, the memories of which are being revived by this summer's celebrations at Quebec. Unlike the last, it deals with a period which is only less well known than the revolutionary epoch which succeeded, and to the student, at least, it will have little novelty or freshness. An illustration of the author's thesis (contested to the last moment by the usually perspicacious Franklin) that "the American Revolution was in the blood" is provided by Governor Clinton's unsuccessful struggle with the New York Assembly against the system of annual supplies—a struggle which terminated before the final phase of the racial contest began. Of this same Governor, Franklin tells how that, when asked for a loan of cannon on behalf of Pennsylvania, he at first "refused peremptorily," but under the influence of Madeira "softened by degrees," so that a promise of six guns increased "after a few more bumpers" to one of ten, "and at length he very good-naturedly, conceded eighteen."

The second chapter contains a good survey of the position of the French and English in North America before the Seven Years' War, and a description of their respective relations with the Indians. In 1754 Franklin pictorially embodied the position of the colonies in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* by a representation of them as disjointed fragments of a serpent's body, subscribed with the device "Join or die!" (it is reproduced among the illustrations); but his plan of union which was adopted by the Albany Congress of that year was rejected as having "too much prerogative in it" by the provincial assemblies, and in England "was judged to have too much of the democratic." But union had been declared a necessity; and, except in England, the importance of this was taken note of by all parties.

That Canada was lost to France at least as much by the disunion and corruption of its Administration as by the prowess of its assailants appears abundantly from these pages. Vaudreuil, the Governor-General, was a man of no talent, and his malignant jealousy did its utmost to thwart the military genius of Montcalm. Worse than this was the power enjoyed by officials such as Bigot and Cadet, who cheated their King and starved his American province to make their private fortunes. Retribution overtook these men after the Peace, and they had to disgorge large sums; yet Cadet at least had enough left to purchase for himself a barony.

The *habitans* were not enthusiastic on behalf of their old masters. Had it not been for the priests they might even have joined the invaders. As it was they were on the horns of a painful dilemma. If they submitted to the English their homes were burned by their own Government; if they refused to come in they were subject to the same treatment from the enemy.

The story of the great fight has been inimitably told by Parkman. Montcalm and Wolfe are its undying heroes. The immense difficulties that the great Frenchman had to face, and his longing to have done with it all, are set forth

in some detail by the American historian. In an epoch of Suffragitis it is amusing to read how the great soldier met the interference of the Governor-General's lady by having the honour to tell her that "women ought not to talk war," though it is but fair to recall also how Madame Drucour not long before had pointed French cannons for the defence of Louisbourg. Montcalm's fine defence of Ticonderoga (or Carillon) had covered him with glory before the Quebec campaign; and it is somewhat disconcerting to be told that doubts have been cast upon the authenticity of the Carillon flag preserved in the Quebec seminary. However, our American historian is so touched by the Abbé Casgrain's legend about it that he has not the heart to leave it out.

Mr. Avery has studied the Battle of Quebec on the spot, and with regard to Wolfe's celebrated ascent of the Anse au Foulon agrees to the statement that it was "a boldly desperate rather than a physically difficult undertaking." He denies that the British General took undue risks. As to the needless precipitancy with which Montcalm has been charged, he inclines to the view that his tactics were dictated to him by the necessities of the situation. Generally speaking, the assertion that Wolfe was better as a fighter than a strategist seems justifiable, though it is not a popular one to make. Since this volume was completed two additional contributions to the history of this period have been made by Mr. Julian Corbett and Dr. von Ruville. Had the author read "England in the Seven Years' War" he would have seen reason to modify his repetition of the old story that Anson, as First Lord of the Admiralty, had to sign Pitt's orders without reading them, and would have given Admiral Saunders his due share of the kudos of the Quebec expedition; whilst from Chatham's German biographer he might have learned that Newcastle's abilities as a statesman have been unduly belittled. Had he glanced at a map he would also have discovered that Cork is not "on the west coast of Ireland." On another topographical point there seems to be some confusion. On p. 202 we are told that "the way that led from Montreal to Quebec had been cut at Lake Ontario." Presumably for Quebec should be substituted "Fort Duquesne," the reference being to the capture of Fort Frontenac.

The penultimate chapter on the Cherokee War, in which the Southern Colonies were engaged whilst the main conflict of France and England was being waged, is of no very great interest. We can well believe that, as Mr. Avery naïvely remarks,

The Cherokee warriors were not very sentimental when the tomahawk was red.

Neither were the provincials. Apart from this chapter the volume is much less diffusive than its predecessor. It concludes with a summary of the highly romantic Pontiac War, in which the author wisely is content to follow Parkman:

As a matter of justice to the reader of this chapter, I point the way to Parkman's volumes.

As a whole, the history is of more value for its illustrations than its text. The peculiar effluvia emanating from the paper is far from agreeable. There are several admirable maps and contemporary plans, and the coloured pictures include reproductions of Duplessis's portrait of Franklin (1782)—the only known copy—a portrait of Montcalm (from a private photograph), and several representations of British and French soldiers in the uniforms of the period. Among facsimiles of documents are the title-page of "Poor Richard's Almanack" (from the only known copy) and the first page of the *London Gazette Extraordinary* announcing the surrender of Quebec. Wolfe's private correspondence has been largely drawn upon. It is not all of it strictly relevant; but his description of the kind of soldier he wished not to be is too piquant to escape quotation:

Better be a savage of some use than a gentle, amorous puppy, obnoxious to all the world. One of the wildest of wild clans is a worthier being than a perfect Philanderer.

On what occasion he gave utterance to the sentiment that he would rather have written certain lines of Gray than be the captor of Quebec is immaterial so long as he did say it.

THE SUFFRAGIST AND THE SOCIALIST

IT is impossible to read Mr. Asquith's remarks at the National Liberal Club last week without a feeling of amusement. Referring to the subject of the Education Bill, Mr. Asquith said that :

If the Government did not push on the Bill to its further stages it was because they not only hoped but believed that there were at work pacifying and reconciling forces which . . . might work out a solid and lasting settlement.

We presume that "the pacifying and reconciling forces" to which Mr. Asquith refers must be the surrender and complete "climb down" of the Government which has taken place in consequence of the thorough kicking which they have received over both their monstrous Education Bills. Certainly the Church has not budged an inch from her position, and is not going to. Mr. Asquith went on to his precious Licensing Bill, with which he still professes to be delighted. He regards it, we gather, as "an asset." Well, 4d. in the pound is an asset of sorts. If Mr. Asquith is satisfied with the effects produced in the country by his foolish Bill, those who are opposed to his policy will not grudge him the innocent pleasure of that satisfaction. In just the same way Socialists are always gloating over the "enormous progress that Socialism is making in the country," in spite of the fact that they could muster only 276 votes out of 10,681 at Manchester the other day, and in spite of the fact that their cause is so discredited that even their own newspapers write in this strain :

There is evidently a great slump in the election enthusiasm of the moment. Less than half of the cost of the Dewsbury and Montrose bye-election outlay has been raised. Unless, therefore, the branches make up and recuperate the fund the fighting power of the party will be seriously crippled.

We learn from our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has lately been doing good work in exposing the fallacies and follies of Socialism, that the Social Democratic party has for months been appealing for 20,000 shillings for its campaign fund, and that only just over a quarter of the amount has been raised. This would not be our idea of "making enormous progress in the country;" but different people look at things from different points of view, and we have never met a Socialist yet who has not assured us that the advent of Socialism was "only a matter of time." The same phenomenon is found in the case of the Suffragettes. Wherever they go they arouse scorn and contempt and hostility, no less among women than among men. The police have had on many occasions a hard task to protect them from the anger of the crowd. During the recent bye-election in Shropshire a party of them who attempted to interrupt a meeting were, without ceremony, then and there subjected to the old-fashioned form of nursery discipline, which is, in our opinion, exactly what is most suitable for them. And yet, according to their own account, their cause is in a most flourishing condition, and their peregrinations through the country have been one long triumphal progress. There is, of course, a certain similarity between the sound which is produced by clapping the hands for applause and the sound which accompanies what is generally described as "a good spanking." But it is unusual for the victim of the spanking to be deceived into thinking that he or she is being made the object of a favourable demonstration. When lovely woman stoops to the folly of becoming a Suffragette there is apparently no limit to her powers of self-deception.

We of course recognise the difference between the Suffragettes who represent the rowdy, bell-ringing, meeting-breaking-up element and the other female Suffragists who desire to attain their ends by constitutional means. We have no sympathy with the object of these latter, but we can at least congratulate them on the fact that they have somewhat tardily and half-heartedly disassociated themselves from their less reputable sisters. It must here be observed parenthetically that at the meeting at the Albert Hall which took place after the

procession Lady Henry Somerset, one of the leaders of the Suffragist movement, publicly admitted that she approved of the methods of the Suffragettes and sympathised with them. So that it is abundantly clear that, whatever may be said in other individual cases, Lady Henry Somerset is, on her own confession, absolutely unfitted to have a vote. No person who approves of and sympathises with riotous breaches of the peace and vulgar rowdiness is fitted to have a vote. We are not surprised at Lady Henry's sentiments; they are precisely what we would expect from her, and we are grateful to her for thus frankly demonstrating to the whole world that a woman may be what is called a great lady, possessed of much wealth and property, and devoting most of her life to "good works," and yet by reason of her feminine mind be utterly unfitted to be trusted with the power to assist in making the laws of the country. It would be impossible to find a better object-lesson than that which is provided by Lady Henry Somerset, for precisely the reason that she has almost everything which should qualify a person for the vote. She is a lady of superior education and intelligence; she has spent most of her life in endeavouring, according to her rather limited lights, to benefit other people less fortunate than herself; she possesses, moreover, a stake in the country in the shape of large property. Why, then, should she not have a vote while her coachman and her gardener have votes? The answer is simply: because she is a woman. It is a good and sufficient reason, and it will be observed that Lady Henry Somerset cannot open her mouth at a public meeting without abundantly justifying that ancient and wise provision of the law which debar women from the franchise.

However, the bulk of the Suffragists do not approve of and sympathise with the methods of the Suffragettes; at any rate they are sufficiently well advised not to say so publicly—and on this we may heartily congratulate them. Still, some of their methods are not very creditable. For instance, on the morning of June 13th there appeared in the *Standard* a letter signed "Caroline E. W. H. Gordon," in which Mrs. (or Miss) Gordon protested against the inscription on one of the banners of the Suffragist demonstration of the names of her great-aunt, Miss Caroline Herschel, and Mrs. Somerville, with whom she was personally acquainted :

To think of the names of two such noble women being paraded through London in such a cause is very bitter to all who love and revere their memories.

So writes Mrs. Gordon. We cordially agree with her that it is an outrageous thing that a body of no doubt well-meaning people, who are regarded by most sane men and women as more or less mischievous cranks, should have the effrontery to write on their ridiculous banners the names of dead women who would have heartily disapproved of and condemned their propaganda. It is doubly outrageous when this is done in spite of and in direct defiance of the wishes of the surviving relatives and friends of such women; and what rhyme or reason have they for parading the names of Angelica Kauffmann, Mrs. Siddons, Jenny Lind, and other distinguished women? We think it exceedingly improbable that these gifted ladies would have cared to make themselves look ridiculous by walking about the streets with banners, to an accompaniment of jests and laughter from a mildly-amused crowd. The female Suffragists who organised the "great demonstration" last Saturday are, we gladly admit, free from the blatant vulgarity and rowdiness of the more militant Suffragettes, but they are sadly lacking in sense of humour and sense of decorum. No doubt we shall be assured by their supporters and victims that last Saturday's "great demonstration" is a conclusive proof that the cause of Women's Suffrage is making "enormous progress in the country." As a matter of fact it proves nothing at all. It is a perfectly simple thing for any band of cranks in this country to get up an agitation about any mortal thing, and if they are prepared to make sufficient noise and to spend a certain amount of money they are certain to attract a great deal of notice. Any one who wished to start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to

Shrimps, and to make the prevention of cruelty to shrimps a burning question of the day, would have an easy task. If he did not grudge the expense he could easily organise a demonstration and obtain the services of several hundred charming young ladies, dressed in appropriate costumes, to carry banners with inscriptions setting forth the brutality and heartlessness of mankind towards shrimps. There is no doubt that any such demonstration would be widely noticed in the papers, and that large crowds of curious people would flock to witness it. But it would prove absolutely nothing. There is no sign whatever that any serious change has taken place in the opinion of the people of this country, male and female, as to the advisability of giving votes to women. The country is dead against it, as it always has been, and, we trust, always will be. At present, unfortunately, the leading organs of public opinion seem to be unable to pluck up the courage to say what nearly every one thinks. They are waiting apparently to see which way the cat is going to jump, and in the meanwhile they are afraid to commit themselves. A notable exception to this silly and feeble-minded state of opinion is supplied by the *Standard*, which is perhaps the most ably edited of our London daily papers. The *Standard* has recently made up its mind against Woman's Suffrage, and is not afraid to say so. THE ACADEMY, of course, made up its mind on the point a long while ago, and it has no intention of changing it. We are convinced that in making our protest against the Women's Suffrage movement we are supported by all that is best and sanest of the opinion of the women of this country. Englishwomen are the finest women in the world—the most beautiful, the sweetest, the most virtuous, the kindest, and withal the most level-headed—and they don't want to vote or to descend from their pedestals into the sordid arena of politics. All the talk about the progress of the movement for Women's Suffrage is pure bluff; it is like the bluff of the Socialists, who can't raise a few hundred pounds for their election expenses, and it is like the bluff of Mr. Asquith, whose Licensing Bill has made it almost impossible for a Liberal to hold even a "safe seat" anywhere except in Scotland, which is not affected by the Bill. Bluff is, unfortunately, a very important factor in American politics; but in England we have, broadly speaking, never been bullied or imposed on by it.

There is one significant feature of Saturday's demonstration which must be insisted on again and again. It is the open alliance which exists between these misguided women and the Socialists. The demonstration was quite as much a Socialist demonstration as a Suffragist demonstration. The route of the procession was lined with Socialists, a bodyguard of Socialists followed the demonstrators, and any attempt on the part of the casual looker-on to criticise or express disapproval was drowned by Socialist cheers. The proceedings ended, cynically enough, with the singing of "God save the King;" but during the whole course of the march the Socialists sang "The Scarlet Banner" and the "Marseillaise," and gave repeated cheers for "the Social Revolution." Many of the most prominent women who took part in the procession are rank Socialists at heart, though most of them find it more convenient to call themselves "Liberals." The whole movement for giving votes to women is rooted in Socialism, in Atheism, in Revolution, and in brazen defiance of the laws of Nature and the laws of God. Most of the rank and file of the women who have been seduced into taking part in it are innocent enough; they have not the least idea of the deadly significance of their action. They are dupes and victims. A great many of them doubtless simply joined the procession "for the fun of the thing," and from a harmless and natural feminine desire to attract the attention of men. But behind and within the movement are revolution, anarchy, and disloyalty. It is our firm belief—and it will take a great many carefully-organised "great demonstrations" to alter that belief—that the character of the English people has not changed. Let the Socialists and the Suffragists, male and female, rage never so loudly, the people of England will have none of them.

"SAD HAPPY RACE"

I MUST say at once that in treating of the actor and of certain matters pertaining thereto I have no intention of falling into the pit that Mr. Upton Sinclair dugged for himself. This ingenuous American, it will be remembered, desiring to call attention to the wretched and horrible condition of the people who work in Packingtown, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A., wrote a book called "The Jungle." *Per accidens*, and in addition to his denunciation of the shocking conditions under which labour putrified and died in the service of the Tinned Meat Magnates, he described the nauseous and disgusting manner in which nauseous and disgusting food was prepared for the market; and the result was exactly that which might have been expected. We, his readers, were prepared to hear all about the misfortunes and miseries of the poor Slav, and the unhappy Swede, and the down-trodden labourer, generally with perfect equanimity. In our own happy land there are workpeople who are perhaps not quite so comfortable as they would like to be, who are forced to live in poisonous slum-settlements and to pursue trades which mean degradation and early death; and so we were ready to suppose that something of the same kind might happen in America. Still, one can always fall back on Providence and Smiles and the Blessings of Civilisation; and if the worst come to the worst it is usually safe to say that the author must be guilty of gross exaggeration. It is quite strange how we all hate to be told the plain hard truth about anything. I remember the late Dr. Traill, an amiable man, and in many ways an excellent critic, being intensely irritated by a book called "Tales of Mean Streets." This book merely said quite gently, using grey when scarlet would have been permissible, that the great majority of the London poor live under horrible and barbarous and soul-destroying conditions. I think Dr. Traill must have known in his heart that this was true; but he hated to be told this truth.

But Mr. Sinclair made, as I say, the great blunder. Any little notice that his book might have brought to the poor folk of Packingtown was nullified once and for all by the larger matter of our own stomachs. Any horror that we might have had to bestow on the fate of the characters was swallowed up in the more important question, "Have we eaten tinned rat—and other things—for luncheon?" And there was an end of Mr. Sinclair's fair design.

I am not going to share his fate if I can help it. I am perfectly well aware that my readers do not care two straws whether actors are humbugged, swindled, "done down," bullied by vague threats into silence and submission; and to the general public it is of course a matter of complete indifference whether certain theatres offer the player the handsome choice between death by typhoid, pneumonia, or electrocution. Between four and five years ago, at the Borough Theatre, Stratford, I had the pleasure of seeing an actor surrounded by blue flames, and our electrician assured him that he had had a narrow escape. These trifles are nothing in themselves to the public; and if I dwell upon them, and on others like them, it is because I wish to point a moral. The moral is that the miseries of the artist are likely to be reflected directly or indirectly in his art: and I hope the deduction is clear. If acting is, in the main, an uncomfortable, precarious, underpaid, ill-treated, sweated business, then the best people will be kept out of it, and consequently the performances will suffer, and therefore the public will miss several laughs and agonies that more competent players could have given them. Moreover—and this touches Londoners nearly—if from one reason or another the provincial theatres do not afford a good school, then London acting will deteriorate, and cultured, wealthy, and intelligent audiences will be brought within measurable distance of boredom. I am sure everybody will agree with me that this would be

a dreadful catastrophe; and I want to make people see that it must be averted at any cost—even if actors have to be conceded some of the privileges and immunities of bricklayers and chimney-sweeps. If you engage a sweep to exercise his art on three chimneys for eighteen-pence, and then put it to him that he might be a good chap and do the kitchen chimney as well "to oblige" (and for nothing), the man would jeer and depart. You do not say that you will send round a circular to every householder in the parish pointing out that he is "a troublesome sweep to have in the house;" and if you did, he would still jeer. In analogous circumstances the actor would tremble and obey.

I see that my subject is being developed by the way of digression; but I do not know that this is of much consequence. However, an effort to keep on the straight line of thought shall be made; and, to begin at the very beginning, one wonders whether acting is an art at all—even in its highest manifestation—in the work, for example, of Kean the First. For my part I cannot think that even the impersonations of such a man as Kean could have deserved the title of art in its true sense—unless he who reads the poem beautifully is as great an artist as the poet who wrote it. This surely were an intolerable conclusion; the maker must stand on a more exalted plane than the interpreter; and Bach must be for ever higher, even immeasurably higher, than the most skilled player of his fugues. And so the play and the playwright—if one be real art and the other a true artist—must always be far above the players. Indeed there is a sense (Lamb has pointed this out in speaking of *King Lear*) in which the great play meditated on is a far finer thing than the play seen, as *natura naturans* is greater than *natura naturata*. The play acted has gained in distinctness, but it has parted with a whole heaven of suggestion and of mystery.

It seems, then, that acting, even of the best, is not in the highest of all senses an art—for the reasons given, and for other reasons too, I think. Many people, in denying the title of art to the player's business, have alleged its fleeting, impermanent, fluid nature; the curtain falls, and only memories remain. I was urging this argument once to an actor, and he gravelled me by asking what title I should give to a painter whose work was splendid but faded out of sight in a few seconds. I should have answered that an analogy to a thing non-existent and inconceivable did not apply, and, further, that, even admitting the possibility of such a transient art of painting, the analogy was bad. The actor never shows us a complete picture; he does a series of lightning sketches, each disappearing to give place to another; there is no total and simultaneous impression. The circle is barely suggested by a succession of segments; it is never *totus* and *teres*.

Acting, then, may be considered as an artistic craft, and it so far partakes of the artistic matter that in its high grades the faculty for it must be innate; no lessons, no experience, will make a great actor out of a man who lacks the inborn gift. Conversely the great actors will rise from the darkest and foulest pits of evil circumstance; they will surge up out of tenth-rate melodrama companies and out of a Dramatic Academy. Of these we do not presume to treat in this place; our business is rather with the clever and competent craftsman, the man who is always to be relied on for "a good show," for an intelligent and lively demonstration of the character that he represents. This is the sort of actor whom circumstances can produce or exterminate. At present circumstances seem to be exterminating him; and I have pointed out that his absence will affect the theatre-going public. Not very long ago there was a Shakespearian production at a well-known theatre, and more than one critic remarked that, with very few exceptions, the whole company seemed ill at ease in Shakespeare, and more especially in the speaking of blank verse. In an orchestra I am told that it is most desirable for all the instruments, without exception, to be played in time and in tune. However good the leader may be, the whole effect is said to be deplorable if the other violins are uncertain, the flutes flat, the trombones

sharp, and the bassoon-players just beginning to learn their business. Perhaps something remotely analogous to this state of things may sometimes be found on the boards of very creditable theatres.

And here, by the way, is one of the great causes of the ordinary competent actor's decline. If it is believed that people go to see one man or one woman, or perhaps a man and a woman together, and that it doesn't matter how the other parts are played, then evidently it will not be worth while paying good wages to good actors, and by consequence good actors will starve and die out. The logical end of this system would be for one or two players to give the whole play between them to the accompaniment of splendid revolving scenery. At intervals richly-clad supers at 2s. a night would rush on and do something brisk and exciting while the stars rested their voices. If the public wish for such a state of things there is nothing more to be said; but if they want to see a play played as a whole, then competent players must be engaged down to the smallest parts. The small-part actor is a negative but necessary person; he cannot, save in rare circumstances, do any good either to the play or to himself, and in nine cases out of ten the audience is not consciously aware of his existence. Yet he is a part of the picture, and though he may do no good by his competence, he can do an infinite deal of harm by his incompetence; he can be the one false note in the harmony, ruining the whole effect. Well, if this average actor-man that we are discussing is to be kept in existence, his life must be made tolerable and (under our present commercial dispensation) he must be paid decent wages.

I am afraid that no efforts, but merely time and circumstance, can do anything to mend one of the greatest evils in the matter of the stage. So long as hundreds of provincial towns prefer absurd blood-and-thunder "dramas" to decent plays, ancient and modern, so long will thousands of actors be trained in a very bad school, in a rubbishy method of enacting rubbish. There is no help, I say, for this. So long as melodrama pays, so long will it be produced; so long will the players be taught to practise a series of absurd conventions found to be effectual in "getting rounds." Only at rare intervals can a competent recruit be gained from such a field as this; only a strong man can go through a course of undiluted blood and remain unaffected by it. But other woes are not beyond remedy—if only the players will look to it. Take, for example, the ordinary touring contract. You have an interview with the manager, and he tells you that the tour will be one of twelve weeks. On this consideration, amongst others, you name the salary you require, and later a list of the towns to be visited is given you with your contract. There is, then, a convention on both sides that you are to be in receipt of so much a week for three months, and you pretend to believe that this is so. But you know very well that it is not so. Your contract will be found to be terminable at a fortnight's notice on either side; you are not engaged for three months at all, but for a fortnight, with a fortnightly option of renewal and a fortnightly liability to dismissal. Fair to both parties? It is nothing of the kind. I know of two cases in which actors, for one reason or another, gave the notice in question. In the first case the actor was told to go, and never to dream of applying to that management for another engagement; in the second the manager told the player (a beginner) that if he persisted he would be posted in managerial circles and his career ruined. But what happens when the case is reversed—when the manager gives notice to the actor? Well, the latter goes home and starves, or gets another engagement, as the case may be. In fairness he ought to be able to say to his manager: "If you persist I shall denounce you to the Actors' Union, and no decent actor will work for you." The manager would be vastly amused. There is an Actors' Union—with a membership of eight hundred or thereabouts. Actors tell me that they are artists, and as such they do not care to be classed with low, common working-men; so they stay outside their Union. When the low fellows in question work

overtime they get extra pay, and, I think, on an advanced scale; the proud artist does his overtime—or *matinée*—usually for nothing, rarely for half-pay. It is not at all uncommon for a whole company, who have been engaged for a nominal three months, who have rehearsed, gratis, for a fortnight, to see "the notice" go up at the end of six weeks, which means that the management has robbed them of a month's pay. It is not at all uncommon for the stroller to be confronted with an announcement that "the date of November 1st-7th has not yet been filled in"—which signifies the docking of a week's wages, in spite of the fact that the tour-list contained the line: "November 1st T. R., Mudflat." This practice, I believe, is illegal, and the salary in question would be recoverable at law; but of what use is the law to the actor? He may win his case and secure his pound or two, and be regarded ever after as "a troublesome man to have in a theatre." It is not to be wondered at that he grumbles in his dressing-room and does nothing. Still, of course he has the comfort of knowing that he is an Artist, not a working-man; so he stays outside the Union. And all this, as I have said, does not tend to attract the average capable man into the profession; and by remote consequence when Shakespeare is produced at a big London theatre the performance is a duologue—sometimes even a monologue.

And there is another cause that leads to this melancholy end: that is, the practice of putting raw beginners and moneyed boobies into small parts, and sometimes, one is afraid, into quite considerable parts. Naturally the result is ruinous; the booby spoils his part and does his best to spoil the whole play, and all the while he is keeping a man of experience out of a living. In Utopia managers will agree together that this practice shall cease; in London it will continue and performances will get more ragged and incompetent, and the good craftsman will become scarcer, till the general public signifies in some way or another that it is displeased with the result. There are many reasons why the music-halls flourish at the theatres' expense, and perhaps one of them is that the music-hall "artists," with few exceptions, know their business. An evening at a good "hall" does not mean "Mr. Blank and Miss Dash, supported by a large company of Idiots and Incompetents." I have heard of a manager who was very proud of a Wall which was made of Real Bricks; it would be better to boast of a company composed of Real Actors.

Players, in spite of their miseries and misfortunes, are in the main good-tempered folk; they grumble and bear it if they cannot always grin and bear it. So it is only fitting that the recital of a few of their woes should end on a more cheerful note. I have been waiting for the last few weeks for a certain article in the daily or weekly Press—and that article is the fit eulogy of Mr. F. R. Benson's company from the pen of some competent Bensonian veteran. The article has not appeared—or, at any rate, I have not seen it—and so I make bold here to consecrate a little space to the man who has done more for the craft of acting than all other managers put together. The other managers—one does not blame them—are not in the business "for their health"; they are more or less obedient to the maxim endorsed by that great literary authority Mr. Arnold Bennett—*Money Talks*; and many of them have well deserved the success that they have attained in the commercial order. But for the last twenty-five years Mr. Benson has both preached and practised the better gospel of the craft for the craft's sake; at one time and another he has produced almost all the plays of Shakespeare, and with but slender means he has surpassed the West-end managers in accuracy and historical knowledge, if not in material splendours and in "real velvet" at twenty-five shillings a yard. I once heard a dialogue between the antiquarian adviser of a fashionable theatre and an old Bensonian, the latter being not only an actor, but a sound authority on heraldry and costume. The antiquary was scoffing at the idea of Mr. Benson producing a certain piece which this person had decorated and costumed in town. "How can Benson dress such a play?"

said the antiquary. "He will dress it in the costume of the period," answered the old Bensonian—"not in dresses fifty years after date, like yours."

But Mr. Benson has excelled in more important paths than these. He has just celebrated the twenty-fifth birthday of his company, and he may reflect with pleasure on the fact that during all this time he has kept the best possible school of acting that England has possessed, or is likely to possess. I have heard that somewhere in London there is an "Academy" of Acting—a place with professors and lectures and such apparatus, a place where well-to-do beginners can be coached in a special part, taught to "parrot" Hamlet (let us say) for thirty shillings a week; a procedure which saves the touring manager money, and is of course greatly to the benefit to the whole profession. Mr. Benson has not such high pretensions; he does not profess to turn out dramatic geniuses to order, and when I had the honour of entering his company he had neither lectures nor professors. But the man who started his career with Mr. Benson in the old days learned the craft in the only possible way: he began at the bottom, he "walked on" for about a year, he was entrusted with a line or two, he was given a small part, he was given a larger part, as his ability and readiness deserved. A clever young fellow at special seasons, such as the Stratford Celebration, might be called on to play (say) twelve minor and varying parts in the course of a week; it is scarcely necessary to compare such a school as this with the work of "Academies," with the three or four parts in the year that the young actor has the chance of playing in the ordinary run of the profession. And not only is such a diverse experience of the utmost—of incalculable—value in the formation of a sound, well-trained actor; but the method employed was (and I have no doubt is) whole heavens above the ordinary stage-management to which the beginner is usually subjected. Under the system to which I have alluded—the system of "Mr. Blank and Miss Dash, supported by a large company of Idiots and Incompetents"—it is a question of drilling inexperienced people into automata; their speech is measured, their gestures are measured, their stations on the stage are chalked out for them. Indeed, this is the only way, when Thirty Shillings is doing the work of Five Pounds. But Mr. Benson, who has the passion of Shakespeare, expects his company to cherish something of the same ardour in their breasts, to think for themselves, to watch the work of their elders, to bring something of the freedom of Nature and of life on to the boards, to be men and women, not things that have been wound up by the puppet showman, that can always be depended to be on a certain square at a certain moment, and to waggle the little finger of the left hand according to careful instructions at a given cue. There is no company where the necessary technique is so thoroughly taught; but it is a technique of general principles and of general application, and no matter of a certain gesture or a certain tone prescribed without reason given for a certain line, and repeated mechanically without feeling and without intelligence. Before I knew anything about the stage I met an actor who spoke with authority; he had played (I think) one part for five years in *Charley's Aunt*. "The Bensonians," he said, "are capital fellows and good athletes, but they can't act." I believe that it is only necessary to think of certain names now honoured on our London boards to decide that this gentleman was an Ass.

For my part I wish to take leave of Mr. F. R. Benson and of his company in the words of The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha:

"God speed you, good people; keep your festival, and remember, if you demand of me ought wherein I can render you a service, I will do it gladly and willingly, for from a child I was fond of the play, and in my youth a keen lover of the actor's art."

ARTHUR MACHEN.

REPRINT FROM "THE NATION"

POSSIBLY the simplest criticism of Mr. John Galsworthy's new book, "A Commentary" (Grant Richards), is contained in the title of the present article. Mr. Galsworthy has for some time past been supplying *The Nation*, which is a six-penny weekly Liberal review, with brief fictional sketches of a character presumed to be acceptable to the Liberal mind. When one looks closely into these sketches as reprinted in the volume before us one is appalled. For Mr. Galsworthy's book makes it quite plain that the Liberal mind is a sour, dour, superior affair, full of kinks and ill-disposed to mankind at large. We find Mr. Galsworthy writing here in the harshest, most strident, and most exaggerated manner about matters which he himself admits that he does not understand. We find him posing as a helper of the poor and as a sympathiser with the pains of life. Yet all the time one feels that his sentiments are of a bitter and almost brutal kind, and that if the saviours of the poor are to come out of the ranks of the John Galsworthys of this world, heaven must help the poor. Mr. Galsworthy writes himself down as being utterly devoid of charity. Such lack, of course, is common among rabid Liberals, and Mr. Galsworthy has had to write to please them; for we will never believe that any man who trails a pen can mean in his heart what Mr. Galsworthy professes to mean. If it were the poor alone whom Mr. Galsworthy hated one might forgive him a great deal, because though unbecoming in a polite writer hatred of the poor is a quite common human Liberal feeling. But Mr. Galsworthy hates the middle classes and he hates the upper classes. That is to say, he hates, or professes to hate, mankind in the English lump. If you are happy in whatever walk of life you happen to have been placed Mr. Galsworthy has a profound contempt for you. If you are unfortunate or unhappy Mr. Galsworthy is equally contemptuous. The men and women on the British part of this footstool are entirely loathsome objects in the proud Liberal eye of Mr. Galsworthy. The poor man of Mr. Galsworthy is a loose-lipped, weak-chinned, knock-kneed, hopeless, battered, inept wastrel, or a beery, leery, hog-voiced wife-beater. Mr. Galsworthy's poor women have either to be sheltered from their husbands through the kind intervention of Mr. Galsworthy, or they are wicked trulls who ruin their husbands' lives. Mr. Galsworthy's middle-class man and woman happen to love one another and to love their children. For most people this would be sufficient; but it is not good enough for Mr. Galsworthy. He fleers and jeers at the ordinary decent life that a man and his wife may lead in London, without so much as making the smallest suggestion as to how they are to better it, or as to what kind of life he would have them lead. Probably because the man does not concern himself in the pragmatism of the homes of wife-beaters, and because the woman does not array herself in gaudy scarves and whoop round the town on Suffragist wagonettes, they are persons to be condemned from the high, Galsworthian Liberal point of view. Anyway Mr. Galsworthy cannot say an assuring word for them, and he is angry at their happiness. Then for the woman of fashion he has a savage dislike, which might appear to have been instilled into him at a Socialist Sunday-school. Here is Mr. Galsworthy's way with the woman of fashion:

Resented while you gathered being; brought into the world with the most distinguished skill; remembered by your mother when the whim came to her; taught to believe that life consists in caring for your clean, well-nourished body, and your manner that nothing usual can disturb; taught to regard society as the little ring of men and women that you see, and to feel your only business is to know the next thing that you want and get it given you—*You have never had a chance!*

You take commands from no other creature; your heart gives you your commands, forms your desires, your wishes, your opinions, and passes them between your lips. From your heart well up the springs that feed the river of your conduct; but your heart is a stagnant pool that has never seen the sun. Each year when April comes, and the earth smells new, you have an odd aching underneath your corsets. What is it for? You have a

husband, or a lover, or both, or neither, whichever suits you best; you have children, or could have them if you wished for them; you are fed at stated intervals with food and wine; you have all you want of country life and country sports; you have the theatre and the opera, books, music, and religion! From the top of the plume, torn from a dying bird, or the flowers, made at an insufficient wage, that decorate your head to the sole of the shoe that cramps your foot you are decked out with solemn care; a year of labour has been sewn into your garments, and forged into your rings—you are a breathing triumph!

You live in the centre of the centre of the world; if you wish you can have access to everything that has been thought since the world of thought began; if you wish you can see everything that has ever been produced, for you can travel where you like; you are within reach of Nature's grandest forms, and the most perfect works of art. You can hear the last word that is said of everything, if you wish. When you do wish, the latest tastes are servants of your palate, the latest scents attend your nose—*You have never had a chance.*

This is the merest, shallowest, and most hackneyed kind of nonsense, written brainlessly and without understanding, and full of the falsehood of extremity. Yet it is characteristic of Mr. Galsworthy that he commits himself in this way on almost every page of his book. In point of fact, he has no outlook upon life that may be said to be his own. He sees his costermonger and his peeress through the spectacles of the countless malcontents who have screamed before him in obscure journals with a purpose. It is the cant of these journals that the lower orders are utterly debased and the upper classes utterly worthless and depraved.

If we are to believe such prints, the only righteous people on the earth wear red ties and floppy costumes, and get together a precarious livelihood by contributing to *The Nation* and the *Daily News*. All other English people whatsoever are outside the pale. Their loves are wrong, their hatreds are wrong, their ambitions are wrong, their comfort is wrong, their religion is wrong, and they really have no business to be alive. Mr. Galsworthy is constitutionally incapable of comprehending goodness and happiness. He is incapable, too, of perceiving that the ultimate management of mankind is really not his affair. He puts before you a miserable, anæmic, downtrodden woman, whose husband beats her religiously every Saturday. These beatings the good woman takes complacently and without protest. If Mr. Galsworthy knew anything about wife-beating he would make his woman fight. We doubt whether wife-beating in the sense that Mr. Galsworthy would have us think of it ever existed at all. Any policeman or any magistrate could tell him that the women who get beaten are not without talons and china-throwing ability of their own, and that still less are they without tongues and evil tempers. But if Mr. Galsworthy had ventured on the six-of-one-and-half-a-dozen-of-the-other view he would not be properly harrowing up the feelings of Liberal readers. The law has suitable stripes for the wife-beater. It is a libel on the unblessed man, howsoever degraded, to suggest that he has no bowels, and it is most certainly a libel on the unblessed woman to suggest that she has no pluck and never retaliates. The man of the lower orders smacks his wife on the same principle that he smacks other men: that is to say, because he is mentally impatient and, consequently, in no position to argue things out. It is wicked of him to hit, but when he hits hard enough he usually gets punished for it, and, what is worse, he pays his fine or suffers his imprisonment in the more or less certain knowledge that if the persons who administer the law and reprove him so unctuously for his misdeed were to be married for a day to his particular wife they might find themselves hitting hard also. Our point here is not to defend or approve of the domestic jar. But we say that if a man claims to give us life it is his bounden duty to look at and state the whole of it, and not only those portions of it which happen to suit the political propaganda of the moment. Nobody doubts that the existence of certain families in the darker portions of the country is unhappy and brutal to a degree. But to write about it bitterly and to write about it unfairly is a mistake; just as it is a mistake to write bitterly and

unfairly about existence in more enlightened and more fortunate quarters. Mr. Galsworthy apparently lives for the purpose of inducing creeps in the Liberal flesh. If I can make you shudder, he argues, I can make you support the Woman's Franchise Bill and kindred agitations for the reform—oh, that blessed word reform—of the marriage laws and the divorce laws, and in fact all the laws on the statute-book. Reform is his obsession. He neither knows nor cares what will happen when his bunch of reforms take place; his delight being in the pursuit, and not in the result. To offer such speciousness to intelligent people with a view of bringing them over to your way of thinking is at once stupid and indiscreet. It merely clouds the issue, and the clouded issue is not what we want at all. We can imagine no class of human being who can read Mr. Galsworthy's commentaries with respect or satisfaction. They must irritate even the oblique and heartless Liberal. They amount in the main to so much gross and heretical pessimism, and from whatever point of view considered, they are not proper to be read. Furthermore they have not even the excuse of cleverness.

X.

"GREY SOCKS"

WITH the charming frankness which characterises so many contemporary publicists, Mr. Hilaire Belloc informs us that his "Essays on Nothing" were written for gain. That a Member of Parliament, with all his unrivalled opportunities of turning an honest penny, should be reduced to journalism for a livelihood ought to be a signal for the long-promised Radical legislation on the payment of Members, if only to obviate such distressing necessity in the future—of Mr. Hilaire Belloc. Mr. Belloc is a vulgar coincidence: we use the adjective merely to indicate recurrence in the sense that we speak of the vulgar tongue. His existence is not the dazzling portent which he or his friends imagine; the phenomenon "is commoner than you suppose," as Mr. Michael Finsbury observed; there have been Bellocs in every age.

This is a dull little book. It leaves on you that feeling of depression following a dinner-party where a loud-voiced talker has monopolised the conversation with pointless stories from the "Memoirs of Captain Sumph," or spoilt it with inapposite interruptions and arid retort.

In Normandy, we gather from the portentous and explanatory dedication, a "jolly company," of which no doubt Mr. Chesterton *pars magna fui*, determined, not that *they*, but that Mr. Belloc, should write about Nothing. Whether it was because they thought it was Mr. Belloc's turn, or whether they thought Mr. Belloc had written enough about Mr. Chesterton, or whether Mr. Belloc, short of cash, negotiated a sort of promissory note, we are not told. The obstetrics of the volume are only partially revealed. "What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." Real wit should flash and disappear like the kingfisher, a sudden patch of blue against the green of river bank, and even an ornithologist or the Thames Conservancy should not be able to find its nest; while humour must dance like the dragon-fly—spontaneous, unexpected, and irresponsible, with no obvious purpose. But Mr. Belloc's wit and humour are unsuccessful flying-machines constructed on the "heavier-than-air principle," very clever, very ingenious, and destined to circumnavigate St. Paul's with *éclat* on a fine day, and doomed to collapse on a wet one. Some one else may do the same thing or something better; the principle is too scientific; you can hear the

impatient beat of the "peccant" engine and the smothered oaths of the aeronaut.

It was Thackeray who introduced the fashion among essayists of writing entirely about themselves, since there were no other subjects "made to their hands." It is a brilliant invention, or convention, when confined to the brain of competent people or backed up by an exquisite style and the possession of a whimsical and engaging personality. But all schools, it has been wisely said, come to an end with the birth of the founder, and Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton, though both very clever men, were deceived by the armour of their more eminent predecessor. Its strength was its lightness. Instead of assuming the gold paper shield, the spear of quill, and the wings of peacock feathers, they seem to have consulted Mr. Guy Laking or Mr. Seymour Lucas on their outfit. Theirs is all *papier-mâché*, solid and good enough for a season's pageant, but it has become shabby already; the damp has spoilt the cardboard windmills against which they tilted. And, though Mr. H. G. Wells goodnaturedly consented to dress up as Alice for their "Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee," we have become bored. Like the spectators at a Christmas dumb crambo, we guessed the word immediately. Tableau I., Mr. Belloc adding up life, philosophy, literature, and art. Tableau II., Mr. Chesterton refusing to "vert" to Catholicism or Socialism. Tableau III., Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton talking about themselves—(1) Ad., (2) Vert., (3) Ise (I's).

It was most amusing, and the acting was quite above the average; but to repeat the performance, even for gain, with the accomplished author of the "Grey Stocking" in the rôle of Alice, and without Mr. Chesterton too, seems a rash undertaking—at least for the enterprising impresarios Messrs. Methuen and Co., whose blunders about "greatness" have of late become a little too obvious. It was the poet Webster, by the way, who prompted "the first madman" to say, "Come, let us sing a heavy note, some deadly dogged howl." Without being mad Mr. Belloc achieves the "deadly dogged howl." It seems possible that Mr. Belloc's intentions have been excellent, but he achieves what one might have expected him to achieve in the circumstances—namely, Nothing. In point of fact, this has been his little failing through life. Although he is an author to whom sundry books must be credited at the British Museum, nobody seems seriously to take him for an author, excepting, of course, the two or three other members of his own admiration society. Then, again, since he happens to be a member of Parliament, it is reasonable to presume for him some inclination towards politics. Yet nobody can consider him in the figure of a politician. For all intents and purposes he is just haziness and vapouring whichever way you regard him. This is a pity. We are in need of essayists, and we are in need of wits, and we are in need of people who will write what in them lies, even though it be for gain. Mr. Belloc tries and tries. Carlyle once wrote to a pertinacious poetaster words to this effect: "I have read your verses. There is no floor to them." This is the trouble with Mr. Belloc and the little Bellocs. They are utterly wanting in "floor."

Yet these "Essays on Nothing," from which we have wandered, for all the ostentatious modesty of their label, are big with ephemeral importance, because they are really entirely about Mr. Belloc, who "ten years ago came in the Euston Road, that thoroughfare of Empire," upon—not Stevenson, as you would imagine—but "a young man a little younger than myself." The whole thing is a Bagdad Bazaar of Bellocs; and symptomatic is that fantasy entitled "The Illness of my Muse," which suggests the irresistible conclusion that the patient's complaint was not more serious than ordinary occidental dysentery.

* *Essays on Nothing and Kindred Subjects.* By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Methuen, 5s.)

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Rhine : its Valley and History. By H. J. MACKINDER.
With Illustrations in Colour after Mr. James Jardine,
Two Folding Maps, and others in the Text. (Chatto
and Windus, 20s. net.)

BOOKS written round coloured pictures are, generally speaking, of the "songs and snatches" order. This cannot be said of Mr. Mackinder's text, which, beginning with a short historical survey of the Rhine in its frontier aspect, goes on to an extremely clear division of that river into its basins as falling in present-day countries.

Some of the descriptions err, as far as keeping the reader's interest, in giving too many names, without other comment or reason than that they are on or near the Rhine—names which suggest much to one knowing the country well, but little or nothing in themselves. This would be insupportably dull if it were not for the excellence of the maps on which the many tributaries may be traced, and the course of the great river as it threads its way across Europe may be followed with ease.

The colour prints also contribute largely towards the interest, and help us wherever they occur to remember that the Rhine is not only the geographical accident of a combination of streams cutting through granite or sandstone mountains, but a picturesque (if somewhat hackneyed) background where, combined with natural beauties, one may still find towns offering their unspoilt mediæval aspect to the visitor.

The prints vary in quality to an amazing extent, the subjects which allow of a certain atmospheric treatment being by far the more pleasing. The omission of those facing pages 124, 172, and 174 would have added rather than detracted from the value of the book, which is in other respects well up to the standard of this type of publication.

Guide to Greece, the Archipelago, Constantinople, the Coasts of Asia Minor, Crete, and Cyprus. (Macmillan and Co., 9s. net.)

THE comprehensive title of this book, in conjunction with its modest size, prepares us for condensation and compression of the most rigorous kind; and we cannot help wishing that the publishers could have seen their way to dividing the "Guide" into at least three, in order that the limitations of space might not be so severely imposed upon the compilers. This much said, we have nothing but wondering praise for the amount and correctness of the information which is crowded into 226 pages of reasonably good type. The introductory sections of information for yachtsmen and of lists of hotels are wisely kept apart from the body of the book, and careful testing has revealed a high standard of accuracy, though a hint as to port dues in the larger ports might have been added. The most notable omission in the former section is that of Kyrenia Harbour (Cyprus). It is mentioned on p. 211, it is true, but, as one of the very few decent shelters for small craft on the coasts of the whole island, it was worthy of description in the special section. We cannot help noticing, however, that the process of compression has reacted most severely on Cyprus and Asia Minor, for the main interest of the "Guide" is frankly archæological, the great museums of Athens and Constantinople, and the wonders of Troy and Knossos engage the majority of the space. The fulness and care with which these sections have been brought up to date under the best possible auspices will render the book practically indispensable to those whose taste for archæology leads them into Greek lands. And a feature which we have not seen better carried out is the careful description of the details of Mohamedan religious observance, a study of which will enable the uninformed tourist to avoid many difficulties in his contact with Islam. But the transliteration of Turkish words has produced some irritating varieties—"Khoran," for example.

The introductory chapter on Greek Art is good, as we

should expect it to be, coming from Professor Ernest Gardner, and has been brought well up to date. Again here transliteration is not very successful. If we read the now almost pedantic "Bapheion" on one page, we hardly expect to find the very doubtful "Olympeum" on another.

In the description of Greece itself there are a few slips. In speaking of Ithaca, it is not correct to refer to "the bay of Molo or Vathy." The latter is a land-locked inlet of the former. And the "school of Homer" is not a rock-dwelling, but a built platform of late cyclopean masonry. We do not remember that there was anything either very blue or very beautiful about the "Grotto of the Nymphs." Baedeker calls it "large and damp," which, though more prosaic, is nearer the mark.

There is very little, however, in the book with which to find fault. And chief among its virtues is the fact that it is the most readable guide to the Eastern Mediterranean that we have yet found. "Guides" always suggest to us the two immortal phrases culled from guides of repute: "Oxford and Cambridge will both repay a visit. If time presses, Cambridge may be omitted;" and "A delightful walk may be taken (two hours) to the summit of this hill. Adders abound." There is nothing of that sort here.

Fox-Hunting Past and Present. By R. H. CARLISLE. (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)

A USEFUL book this, in its way, because of one or two of its chapters, those on the cost of hunting and on hunting centres being the most useful, although the lore of the latter is more systematically given in the hunting directory. Some of the statistics of the present day are interesting. The keep of hunters is estimated at 7½ millions per annum, and the 250 riding packs being out, on the average, not less than five times in a fortnight at £500 per day, at sixteen fortnights in the season make up another 10 millions. These items alone, and they are possibly not one-half of the total expense of the sport, if we include clothes, damage to crops, dinners, breakfast, hunt races, and so on, would suggest that the English people spend about as much on fox-hunting as they do on the Navy. It is probably money well laid out in health, nerve, joy, and recreation, but it is not good as literature, and, as usual, the author, who is rightly a stickler for the etiquette of the sport, forgets that grammar has its etiquette equally imperative. His notion of poetry, too, is simply debased. Poor Pegasus, wind-galled and glanderied, thus flounders under his brush-brother, Mr. Wemyss:

Giants there lived in the days which have gone by,
Hounds were they better? or huntsmen? Well, well;
Keep up your standard, breed only for nose, sir,
And stoutness, of course, for one never can tell.

Will no Hugo Meynell ever arise to keep up the standard of hunting versifiers and breed them for ear?

Sport and Life on the Pacific Slope. By HORACE A. VACHELL. (Eveleigh Nash, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is wrongly named. It ought to be Life in fifteen chapters and Sport in five. The former and longer part is pleasantly penned, with a ready fund of words and an easy style. But Mr. Vachell is far too sweeping in his unguarded generalisation, and he talks too condescendingly and didactically about the men of the West, and almost insolently about the women and their detestable, neglected prudish and coxcombs of children. But he makes up for it by his ruthless description of the English settlers, who think ranching simple, and have not been taught "that nothing in life is simple"—not even Bible teaching, he might have added; and so these poor fellows come badly and drunkenly to their ends. If the author had written no more than his description of the remittance-men his book deserves to be bought by all who have friends on the Pacific Slope! The only sane policy for all such, in any part of the globe, is not one penny after the first six months. A sentence like this, too, is worth attention:

Nearly all the public buildings in the West are monuments of bad faith upon the part of the builder, contractor, architect, and

those paid officials to whom the care of such important matters is assigned.

When Mr. Vachell gets away from the social malpractices of the people to the bears, ducks, and fishes he is a better companion, and he is at his best in the sea-fishing. The leaping tuna is the prince of game fishes. He is a mackerel the size of a tarpon, and meat only for the master anglers of the world. The awe and wonder of fishing for him would make even a political economist into a writer if he ever survived the rush and labour of the battle. For a hundred pounds a London man could get about two days at tuna-fishing if he were very economical, and were not too vilely swindled. He could hardly hope to gaff his tuna, but even to have engaged with him but once were better than five pounds per annum for life. And pure is his mouth, too!

FICTION

Restitution. By DOROTHEA GERARD (Madame Longard de Longgarde). (John Long, 6s.)

DEEP down in the heart of man is an ineradicable passion for melodrama, a passion which has withstood successfully the assaults of a hundred schools. Unacknowledged, or even disavowed, it is still there. Its form may vary, but its essence remains eternally the same. To-day the melodramatist has learned something from the partial failure of his immediate predecessors. He has discovered that the conventional stock-in-trade of a past generation of fiction-mongers will no longer suffice for the needs of a race that has been taught to mistrust its instincts. Hence melodrama, to be wholly successful, must now array itself in the trappings of Romance, and of late years there have been heavy demands on the faded finery of Wardour Street. There is, however, yet another expedient, and one greatly resorted to. Should the scene of your novel of melodrama be laid in foreign climes, the appeal is practically certain. The reader will then lull suspicion to sleep with the reflection that the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandu. This it is, doubtless, that explains the success of such a writer as Dorothea Gerard, who has mastered the trick to perfection, and whose novels—there are some thirty in all, we believe—are among the most widely read in modern fiction.

Miss Gerard's admirers will have no reason to complain of this her latest book. Our author maintains the tradition unimpaired. "*Restitution*"—the very title hints of dark deeds done and of a price to be paid, and for those who love sensation there is full measure of it in these pages.

The heroine is one Kateryna Malkoff—known familiarly as Katya—a Russian proprietress. Katya has all that heart of woman can desire—youth, beauty, and the possession of a large estate. This estate, however, proves the fly in the otherwise satisfactory ointment, for it had been stolen from its original Polish owner and bestowed upon Katya's grandfather in return for certain important military services which are fully detailed in Part I. In Part II. Katya, having discovered by an accident that a descendant of the rightful owner is still alive, forms the somewhat quixotic resolve of marrying him, and thus restoring the estate. So, disguised as a Pole, and with a false passport, she leaves Russia for Austria, attended only by the inevitable faithful retainer. Here she meets Tadensz Swigello, a handsome and dark-bearded Pole, with whom she immediately falls in love. The reader will not be slow to divine that the handsome and dark-bearded Pole is the very man for whom Katya had been seeking. Tadensz, for his part, is equally infatuated, and there follow some very pretty love scenes. But the course of true love is destined to be violently disturbed, for, on the discovery of Katya's identity her lover falls into a passion and declares in angry accents that all is over. Thus Part III. The anticipated reconciliation is left for Part IV., in which all sorts of strange and harrowing adventures are recorded, including a midnight escape from a Russian prison, into which both Tadensz and Katya

have been thrown through the machinations of a very desperate villain. It is a satisfaction to know that the villain is cut in pieces in the last chapter but three as a meet reward for his misdeeds. The book closes with the scene of the Polish lover and his Russian bride seeking sanctuary in Austria from the rigours of Russian law. The estate appears to have been lost to both of them, but it would be treachery to doubt that Justice is not finally triumphant.

The story is told with Miss Gerard's accustomed *verve*, and it is only fair to add that the incidents are handled in the manner of an accomplished craftsman. "*Restitution*" can hardly fail to sustain a reputation worthily made and as worthily maintained.

Love's Shadow. By ADA LEVERSON. (Grant Richards, 6s.)

WHAT a delightful group of people it is which Mrs. Ernest Leverson has selected for our delight in her latest novel, and described with a lightness of touch and a sureness of observation, a sparkling wit and penetrating humour rare indeed among novel-writers. Her book is at once a joy to readers and a model to those who feel a call to write a story of modern frivolous society, of life as lived—or played, if you will—by people whose chief object is to kill time in the pleasantest way. As a rule novelists who treat of these people have a bad habit of making them out to be hopelessly idiotic or unlikely vicious. Mrs. Leverson has no need to conceal a want of talent or invention by such subterfuges. She does not find it necessary to be foolish in order to tickle, or nauseous in order to whet, jaded appetites. She takes her characters, just such as any one may meet every day in any drawing-room, and with her observant humour—in spite, one might almost say, of her mordant wit—she makes exquisite miniatures of them, so perfect that one might be in danger of not noticing the skill, the reticence, the restraint which unite to get the effect. The story is slight, yet full of interest—just the tale of a girl, Hyacinth, who falls in love with a young man, Cecil Reeve, who imagines himself to be in love with a fascinating widow, but who finds in the end that Hyacinth was really what he wanted. In their little love story are involved a group of people who each have an interest, an individuality of their own, and who assist the central theme in a most natural and unconscious way. All the men are more or less in love with Hyacinth, but quite nicely. We know it, as we see the effect their devotion has on them; but it delights us, and it makes no one in the book miserable. Even the women are attracted by her, especially her old companion Anne Yeo, the most sensible of women in everything which doesn't concern herself. The chief subsidiary couple are "the little Ottleys," so called rather from the size of their flat and their interests rather than for physical reasons. They make a perfect picture of a *ménage* only kept satisfactory by the tact of the wife, who knows exactly how to treat her husband—a good-looking, stupid, and conceited young Foreign Office clerk. They have a child who is one of the triumphs of the book; not more life-like than its elders, but how rare is it to find a child in a novel who is the child of real life, which pleases, amuses, bores us, and scores off us by its inconsequent yet direct chatter. The cleverest man, the most tactful woman, is easily "stumped" by a child, and Archie routs his elders with the most perfect ease and the most innocent intentions. It is not too much to say that all the characters are entirely satisfactory; in a few lines the author brings them before our eyes, and they remain perfectly consistent till we take leave of them. Most of them, it must be admitted, are very amusing people; but the clever things they say are neither forced nor unreal; their verbal fencing is deadly, but not strained. And the one or two bores in the book never bore the reader. They are, indeed, as enjoyable as the clever people; their stupidity, their dulness are never allowed to make the reader feel dull or stupid. Even Raggett, whom Otley introduces to his wife and then proceeds to be jealous of, is a joy with his clumsy love-making; and Lady Cannon,

who in real life would be unbearable, is a figure of gorgeous fun. But it is not only in her character-drawing that Mrs. Levenson shows her delicious humour and powers of observation. The incidents by which the tale progresses are described with a truth which makes them echoes of every one's personal experience. The chapter entitled "Hyacinth Waits" is an excellent example of this. Lightly and delicately written, it yet has real power; it is a little tragedy which is being enacted as Hyacinth watches the clock, a tragedy we have all experienced, and it is described with a choice and economy of words worthy of Maupassant. It is just this careful brevity, in which nothing essential seems left out, which so remarkably distinguishes the author's work from the general. Her dialogue is so good, so apparently natural and yet so incisive, that much of it could be transferred as it stands to the stage. One knows that the lines would "tell," just as one feels certain that the characters would "get over the footlights." Surely there is here material for a charming light comedy. We are grateful for so brilliant an example of what can be done by delicate wit and humour playing upon characters which a less talented writer would either make heavy in the process of putting them on paper or extenuate to nothingness. Mrs. Levenson has proved herself an artist of rare quality.

Redemption. By RENÉ BAZIN. (Sisley's, Ltd., 6s.)

THE novels of M. Bazin have many thousands of readers in France, and perhaps it would not be far from the truth to say that he is the most popular French novelist of the day. If that is so, the French are more to be congratulated than ourselves, who have to look very far down the scale of writers to find our most popular authors. With us it is almost too true that the greater the writer the fewer the readers. Even Mr. Hardy, who in some ways most nearly approaches M. Bazin in his methods and aims, can hardly be called a popular author, though his admirers must form a crowd of whom any author might be proud.

"Redemption" is a translation by Dr. A. S. Rappoport of "De toute son âme," and he has done his work so well that we think it would be only fair to say that, were it not for the title-page, it might easily be taken for an original English novel. The scene of course is laid in France—at Nantes, in fact; but the essence of the story—the feelings, the aspirations, and the temptations of the group of workers round whom the plot is woven—is as much English as it is French; in any large town the same events are going on, there is the same struggle for existence, the same difficulty of escape from the perils of poverty, the same failures, and happily the same virtues. We have it from M. Bazin himself that when he first began to study the life of the young milliner for the purpose of a novel he did not know what he was going to write. He then discovered that the obstacle in the way of girls in this business marrying lies in the very nature of the business itself. Coming from the poorest homes daily, and returning to them nightly, these girls live their lives in an atmosphere which, at any rate, bears a close relation to the luxuries of life. Their instincts become so well educated that they feel a distaste for the young men with whom they might naturally marry, and they find their pleasures only too often with those whose intentions are clearly against matrimony. The sternest virtue feels the strain, which is made all the greater by the dearth of work and wages at certain seasons of the year. It is obvious that a story with this idea as a basis may be constructed—and has indeed been constructed—on many different lines. M. Bazin treats it with a truth and vigour which carries the reader on, so that the different characters take the firmest grip of his imagination; but withal there is a charity that seeth all things, and believeth all things, and hopeth all things, so that when the story, sad as it is, comes to an end, it is not the misery and vice that one remembers, but the heroism and charm of many of the characters. Pessimism is not for M. Bazin, and he, too, feels and in effect says, "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never

sallies out and sees her adversary." Bad as life can be, he sees that there is much happiness and kindness and good feeling behind it all. Furthermore, there is about all M. Bazin's novels that sense of atmosphere which gives a living reality for the reader to all the scenes that he describes. One can see the streets of Nantes, its work-rooms and its quays, and the crowds pouring out of the factories, and then one can see the beautiful open country round the Loire; and who is likely to forget his account of the rising of the river over the hayfields, while the struggling peasants are trying to save their hay? The comparison must not be pushed too far, but we have the same kind of impression after reading a novel by Mr. Hardy, the feeling that we know the places well, and have actually seen the events take place. "Redemption" is a book that must give the most acute pleasure to any one who can appreciate a really great work; there must be few recent foreign novels that are more worth while introducing in an English dress, and still fewer that have suffered less in the transformation.

The Pedestal. By DESMOND COKE. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 6s.)

MR. DESMOND COKE's latest novel amply sustains the promise of his three predecessors. In the person of his heroine, Ruth Fothergill, he has given us a character-study of remarkable delicacy and penetration. His analysis of motives is as skilful as it is unsparing. Yet, in spite of this unflinching portrayal of human weakness, the book is as far removed as possible from any suspicion of cynicism. Its reading operates like a tonic. There is a healthy moral tone about it as refreshing as it is rare in modern fiction. Above all, Mr. Coke has avoided the temptation, so incident to the subject, of what his inimitable schoolboys would call "pi-jaw."

Ruth Fothergill dominates the stage throughout. She is a devoted, doting mother. Left a widow at an early age, her affections are transferred to her son, who becomes indeed the sole object of her devotion. She idolises him, removes him from the companionship of other boys lest his manners should deteriorate, is (as she believes) justly proud of him. In return she requires from her offspring perfection—nothing less. It is selfishness masquerading as self-sacrifice—selfishness, unperceived and unsuspected. The test comes when the boy performs a dishonourable action, and is in consequence expelled from a public school. There are extenuating circumstances (the sympathies of the reader are enlisted from the first on the side of the culprit), but to the mother there is only a shattered pedestal. Selfishness masquerading as self-sacrifice throws off the mask, and the devoted mother appears as unjust, vindictive, and even brutal. Things are straightened out eventually through the good offices of a middle-aged bachelor who plays with some *éclat* a sort of Charles Wyndham rôle, and who claims the mother as his reward. The minor characters are recognisably true to type, and Mr. Coke displays an almost uncanny knowledge of the workings of the female mind. He has reproduced, too, with an astonishing fidelity the atmosphere of an English public school. Certainly "The Pedestal" is a novel that counts.

Ashes. By GRAZIA DELEDDA. (John Lane, 6s.)

THERE is no denying the imaginative intensity of this story. "Ashes" is, indeed, a novel that grips the reader from the outset, and that almost suffocates him by the time he has reached the concluding chapter—so relentless is the realism of the author, so terrible are the passions invoked. Oli Derios, a young Sardinian girl, had been betrayed by an unscrupulous ruffian. There is the inevitable sequel—discovery, desertion, and banishment from her father's house. The girl drifts from bad to worse, and finally abandons her child, with whose fortunes the remainder of the story is concerned. Anania finds a shelter with his father. He is a youth of fiery and passionate impulses, ardent, sceptical, and revengeful. He meets Margherita, and they love. But in the background of his memory there lurks the shameful

memory of his mother, and his life is consumed by a fear that the woman who had given him life may herself be alive. At last, after many years, he meets her. He offers her a home, but she refuses. He proves insistent, however, and the woman is lodged with an old and decrepit Sardinian widow. Anania's action leads to a rupture with Margherita, which is followed by the news that his mother is dangerously ill. He hurries to the house where she is staying, to find that she has committed suicide. Thus we leave him, overwhelmed with unavailing reproaches, forsaken by the woman whom he had loved, and with the romance of life ended for ever. Madame Deledda has projected this drama of fate against a background of warm Sardinian skies and sunsets. She has an unfailing sense of the dramatic. There is one scene in particular—it is in the first chapter—the lurid horror of which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed in the whole range of modern fiction. But one closes the book with a feeling of passionate protest against that philosophy which sees in life merely a series of denials, and in ashes the sum and symbol of human endeavour.

The Diamond and the Lady. By JAMES BLYTH. (Digby, Long and Co., 6s.)

MR. BLYTH has turned over a new leaf; instead of giving us a relentlessly realistic study of East Anglian village life—sordid, unclean, and wholly degraded—he has written a racy, exciting detective-story, full of incident and action, which rushes along at a speed equal to that of the 60h.p.-car which plays a large part in the story. The scene of the story is, of course, Norfolk and the Broads, and Mr. Blyth again shows his close and intimate knowledge of the people. But as his story deals largely with "county-folk" and not with labourers, he has less occasion to elaborate unpleasant details. Still even here he misses no chances, and when his heroine is kidnapped by the villain he insists quite unnecessarily on one particular fear in the mind of her lover. This is a pity, for otherwise the book would be entirely free from any charge of bad taste.

As in most, if not all, detective-stories, the central figure is the detective. In the present book he is a retired "Yard" man, by name Millbank, who is summoned down from town by the hero, who has been robbed of his family "luck," a priceless diamond. Millbank, of course, secures the jewel, but not without great adventures and imminent risk of his life. The chase leads him to Amsterdam, and he is just in time to save it from the cutter. But, as the title shows, this is not all the story. Not content with stealing the diamond, the villain kidnaps the lady, as mentioned above. This time the chase is confined to Norfolk, and ends with a really splendid fight on the stairs of an old country house, where knives and revolvers are as freely used as in any gambling-hell in Mexico. Of course the villains are worsted and Dartmoor eventually receives them.

Mr. Blyth tells his tale well and handles his characters skilfully. The three Miss Cottinghams are quite charming studies, and his young people are natural and attractive. His villains are perhaps a little "penny plain, twopenny coloured," but in a book of this type it is unkind to expect too much. The story is the thing, and of that there can be no complaint.

His Father's Wife (La Marquise de Sardes). By ERNEST DAUDET. Edited by FREDERICK MARTYN. (Everett, 6s.)

IT is almost impossible to judge a foreign author's work through the medium of a translation. For how much the translator is responsible in this instance we cannot say, as we are not familiar with the book in the original; but, looked upon as an addition to English fiction, "His Father's Wife" leaves much to be desired. It strikes us as a fair example of the dullest and most sensational type of French novel—a type barely readable in French, and certainly not worth the time and trouble which a translation involves. The story is that of a foolish, inflammable

youth, who is greatly attracted by a beautiful and unscrupulous lady, who turns out to be his father's second wife—hence the title.

Zoe's Revenge. By M. Y. HALIDOM. (Greening, 6s.)

WHETHER Mr. Halidom intends to be humorous we do not know, but he writes with a certain solemnity which suggests a desire to be taken seriously. There can be no doubt that he has tried to make his reader's flesh creep, there is also, unfortunately, no doubt, that he has failed signally in his endeavour. The preposterous behaviour of Zoe, or rather of Zoe's spirit, is neither amusing, thrilling, nor convincing. Zoe, an artist's model, is strangled by her infuriated lover, who takes her body to his friend, Dr. François Emile de Corbeillac, that he may get rid of it for him. Corbeillac, having reduced the body to a skeleton, is alarmed at the curious behaviour of the bones as they lie on his table. They wriggle about and behave in so disconcerting a manner that he hands the skeleton over to a certain Herr Hoffmann, who uses it as a foundation for a very perfect lay-figure. The rest of the book is devoted to the behaviour of this doll, which, animated by the revengeful spirit of Zoe, not only moves and walks, but boxes people's ears, and ogles them with its glass eyes, while it wreathes *papier-mâché* arms about their necks. If the reader is fortunate enough to be possessed of a keen sense of humour he may derive a certain amount of entertainment from the antics of this ungainly creature.

The Edge of Beyond. By GERTRUDE PAGE. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

THE "Edge of Beyond" is Rhodesia, well east of Suez, where, as every one knows, there ain't no "Ten Commandments." Miss Page has evidently caught the "kopje fever," as she calls it, and in her love for the country of great silences and distances succeeds in giving a most fascinating picture of both the land and the men and women who live in it. At the same time even the influence of Nature cannot alter a man, and *caelum non animus* is the text throughout the book. If anything, the effect of the loneliness and the self-dependence which the life enforces only serve to intensify, even to exaggerate, the man's character. "The Irresponsibles" become even more irresponsible than they were in London, and Oswald Grant becomes more of a Pharisee and a snob than he could ever have dared to be where life is more crowded and public opinion has the added force of numbers. To be ostracised in Rhodesia would be for a man like Grant only a slight increase of loneliness, but to be "cut" in London would have been a blow that his pride could never have withstood. And just as the character of the men and women become more strongly marked by the country and the life, so apparently do the comedy and tragedy. The free life and close kinship with Nature loosen the bonds of convention, and the humour of the conversation of the men and the women—especially of Dinah—becomes broader, even unrestrained. Yet though at times Dinah's wit flashes with Elizabethan or even Restoration keenness, such is the entire naturalness of the atmosphere that there is no justification for any censure. It is frank, but it is open and natural. In the same way the tragedy of the story—and there is much real tragedy in "The Edge of Beyond"—becomes more poignant because it is more direct. We see Joyce and the Doctor alone, face to face with their fate, with no conventions, no press of extraneous happenings to distract our attention. They are there, self-dependent and complete, with the eternal rocks and veldt around them, watching in silence, neither condemning nor approving. There is neither Half Rome nor the Other Half Rome, nor the *tertium quid*. Consequently we feel with them, see with them, think their thoughts, and have to fight their battle.

Miss Page has written a strong, resourceful novel. She has succeeded in reproducing the true atmosphere, and, unlike many painters of landscapes, she has the gift of painting in on her canvas figures that are true to life and are really alive.

DRAMA

"THE EXPLORER" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

WHEN *Mrs. Dol*—the last of the three plays by Mr. Somerset Maugham, all of which are still running in London—was produced at the Comedy it was whispered abroad that Mr. Maugham had still three plays in his desk that had been written before his first successful entrance as a playwright with *Lady Frederick*. *The Explorer* must be one of them—for by no stretch of the imagination is it conceivable that it can be the fruits of maturity. At any rate, there need not be the least hesitation in stating that this new play, which was produced last Saturday night by Mr. Waller, is by far the least satisfactory of any of Mr. Maugham's plays. Not that it has not some claims to respect, but it does not show the now well-known playwright either as a master of technique or as a writer of witty dialogue. Altogether this new production is on a much lower plane than anything we have yet had from Mr. Maugham. Strictly speaking, I suppose it must be described as a drama, though its second Act is perilously near melodrama, and the ethical problem on which the whole motive is based is melodramatic in the extreme, so much so that it might well help the play into competition with Sir John Collier's problem picture of the year.

There is no necessity to discuss the ethical question here, and, indeed, it is not of any great interest in itself; but the question is entwined with the career of a modern empire-maker in whom are combined all the most modern traits together with what may be called thorough "Lyrical" virtues—those virtues which Mr. Waller has made conspicuously his own. It also allows of one Act taking place in Central Africa. The other Acts are all laid in fashionable London, and are quite of the proper dramatic type, though, instead of showing a court of law, as one of them might have been, we have merely the talk and consternation, resulting from the verdict, in a West-end drawing-room. Act 3 shows the sudden fall of the hero from adulation to contempt consequent on a leader in the *Times*, and the last Act combines the inevitable tea-party with rehabilitation.

Now this is all very well, but it is not what we want and have a right to expect from Mr. Maugham. There are plenty of playwrights in England and America who can supply Mr. Waller with plays of this sort, and if there are to be revolvers on the stage, it is more satisfactory that somebody should be killed. Here no one is even badly injured, except behind the scenes; and even in the melodramatic second Act there is little but some palm trees and a tent—besides the revolver—to legitimise the scene. No, Mr. Maugham is a born writer of Comedy, and Comedy we must have—and without the African deserts. Now and then an excursion into farce may be permitted, but certainly no "legitimate drama." Even in *The Explorer* the author is striving hard all the time to get back to his Comedy, and the mixture is anything but successful; for it seemed to me that Mr. Maugham's comic muse was endeavouring to mitigate the rigours of the more sensational parts. So a great deal of superfluous though entertaining talk was the result, and more than once the subsidiary love-making of a pair of philanderers kept the audience from the straightforward passion of the hero and heroine.

Mr. Waller as the explorer was entirely suited to his part, and his entrances and his exits were punctuated by the usual volleys of cheers. A play would have to be bad indeed for Mr. Waller to fail of his applause. Mr. A. E. George acted in true comedy vein as Richard Lomas, one of the philandering pair, and the other actors were all that could be desired in their respective parts. The ladies left me quite cold. That excellent actress Miss Mary Rorke had a very poor part, and neither Miss Eva Moore nor Miss Evelyn Millard seemed to me to be capable of

what was required of them. That the play has a successful future before it cannot for a moment be doubted, for is not Mr. Waller the most popular actor of the day and Mr. Maugham our most successful dramatist?

A. C.

"VIEILLES GLOIRES" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

I AM afraid there is nothing new to be said about either M. Sardou or about M. Coquelin *ainé*. They are both *vieilles gloires françaises* of whom one must write with respect, if not with unbounded admiration.

L'affaire des Poisons—it is Sardou at his best, or at his worst, according to tastes. Here we have again all the theatrical tricks which he uses so wonderfully well, and it is not his fault if his infallible technique only serves to illustrate a rather thin and somewhat confused plot. M. Coquelin as the Abbé Griffard is the artificial link between the historical part of the play and the love interest of M. Sardou's invention. Still, in spite of his artificiality, the Abbé Griffard, who never existed at all, appears more living than all the great historical personages who shone at Versailles and St. Germain in the Louis XIV. days. Such is the power of M. Sardou's cleverness, helped by M. Coquelin's genius.

A very clever man, too, that Abbé Griffard, a nobody, nearly belonging to the class called *la canaille* by the charming and extravagant Mme. de Montespan. He does everything, masters everybody, argues with Colbert and Louvois, speaks his mind to La Montespan, protects the little lovers, escapes safe from all malicious traps, and chats with Louis XIV. with a most pleasant deferential humour. He stands out as a delightful character—a character after M. Coquelin's heart, full of strength, of nobleness, of pity, of irony, of wit—of all the qualities necessary to the hero of a drama that make the part a star part.

The Abbé Griffard has escaped from the galleys, and a dying convict friend has confided to him a terrible secret, which enables him in the following Acts to master and direct everybody. So, ingratiating himself with La Voisin, he gains her confidence and officiates, together with a lady, masked but otherwise unclothed, in a sacrilegious Black Mass; he subsequently discovers her to be Mme. de Montespan, and saves from the Bastille a Mdle. d'Ormoize, who is wrongly accused of this crime. Of course he scores all along the line in spite of La Montespan's power, in spite of Louvois and Colbert, who argue from the pedestal of *Raison d'Etat*, while the good abbé, Voltarian before Voltaire, takes as his text the cause of Humanity and real Justice as against the State, and of the individual as against monarchical despotism. Certainly if Griffard had existed there would be now in Republican Paris a *Place Griffard* next to the *Rue Louvois*; it would be only fair.

Then what happens next? He saves his own life, he saves Mdle. d'Ormoize's life, he saves the King's life, and is rewarded by the lover's happiness, a "position," as the programme says, "in the Royal library" and the applause of the crowd, the pit being particularly enthusiastic.

As a matter of fact, *L'affaire des Poisons* is a kind of historical drama without any real poisoning and without comic relief. Although the plot is weak, it is never dull, because of the variety of the incidents. The people who have not seen M. Fallières driving in Buckingham Palace Road, or the winner rounding Tattenham Corner are interested in the cinematographic reproductions of these great events. As, for some good reason, we have not seen Louis XIV.'s Court, we are delighted at the cinematographic reproduction offered to us by M. Sardou. It is instructive too. One ought to see *L'affaire des Poisons*; it is far more amusing than reading heavy books of history, and it is quite true enough to enable one to talk quite cleverly about the *Roi-Soleil's* period at a lunch-table. A few pages of Grammont's *Memoirs* would be of some

help, and one should learn some anecdotes out of Saint-Simon. Then one could make a brilliant conversation with quotations from these historians. One could add a touch of modernity by comparing the Abbé Griffard to a *Sherlock Holmes sous Louis XIV.*, just as amusing, and even more funny, if fatter. Historical dramas and detective-stories go together.

And, again, we are obliged to think of M. Sardou's cleverness. Having to deal with so many people, he weaves a Gobelins tapestry gossip; and real anecdotes from the above-mentioned memoirs he uses as his threads. We are reminded of Mme. de Montespan's moods and of her Royal lover, of the smell of Versailles, of Colbert's ambition, of Louvois's harshness, of the *potins* of the foreign courts, of Mme. de Maintenon's prudery, of La Voisin's sorceries, of so many little things one had forgotten since one's schooldays. History is badly taught at school. The professors have a reprehensible habit of skipping the nice parts of Royal intrigues. M. Sardou does not make that mistake. He revels in them, and uses them for his dramatic purposes. What does it matter if he does not believe in Mme. de Montespan's guilt in the plot against Louis's life? After all, it is a trifling affair. It is more interesting to see her all dressed in gold after some painting of the period, talking to an imaginary abbé, and saying things she might have said.

So M. Sardou, historian, is as delightful as M. Sardou, dramatist, is unerring. Unhappily, in this play there are few opportunities for violent moving scenes like those in *Tosca* or in *La Sorcière*, or for amusing sketches like those in *Madame Sans Gêne*; very seldom has an author the chance of making a washerwoman present her bill to Napoléon I., and Louis XIV. does not cut a particularly brilliant figure, in spite of his wig. But if we find the play sometimes unexciting, let us be thankful for all the charming memories it brings back to us; we may think sympathetically of all these great people one day when strolling on the Versailles terraces, where they strolled once, and where M. Sardou met them, some summer evening, shining in unfaded gold.

And M. Coquelin *ainé* is M. Coquelin *ainé*, the greatest actor of his time.

X. M. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOCIALISM VERSUS THE CHURCH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reply to your courteous invitation to state the case for Catholic Socialists, I think we need hardly trouble whether this or that prominent writer is for or against the profession of faith. The real question is whether the fundamental concepts of Socialism *v.* the Faith are coincident or, at least, parallel; or else whether their very outlook is different. There certainly do seem to be very great principles which the Church has always held, which no one else except the Socialists now seems to hold and to apply to practical life.

1. The first is the inter-dependence of men, a doctrine submerged by silly declarations of independence and the whole teaching of Whigs and Radicals for the last century. That is a principle as old as the Lord's Prayer. It is a spiritual principle, because the forces which unite, which explain it, are invisible and not contingent upon time and place, and, being spiritual, it demands faith. Ultimately it depends upon a realism in philosophy, which takes man as the reality and Smith, Jones and Co. as embodiments, sacraments of that greater reality, man. That is Plato's teaching, and Plato was a Socialist and the *Moysees atticus* of the Church.

2. Then, and therefore, the Socialists seem the only people who sincerely believe in Governance—in authority—which the Church also teaches to be the way in which God's people are to be lifted up for ever. To hear politicians talk, one would believe that Government is a nauseous necessity, to be reduced to the lowest minimum. The ordinary Englishman does not regard the laws as his friends all the days of his life, as Socrates did. He talks contemptuously of them, thinks they cannot make men righteous, and our Parliament puts up a paradoxical statue to a private citizen who abolished the Laws and kicked out the Parliament. Listen to the non-Socialists' talk about Confiscation—they seem

to think that the boy with the five barley loaves has rights against the five thousand. I mean that the good of the whole is not superior to some fancied rights of possession by the individual. That is unreasonable and unpatriotic. "Dearer than mother and father and all other relatives is one's country; yes, and grander and holier and of more esteem in the eyes of gods and of men of sense; and a man must reverence and obey and cherish his country, even when she is angry with him, more than he would his father, and must either persuade or obey her; yes, and suffer, if she bids him suffer, with patience; and if she bids him be struck or chained, and if she takes him to war to be wounded or killed, he has just got to do it; justice lies that way, and he must not refuse, nor flinch, nor leave the ranks; but in war and in law he has got to do what his State and country bids him, or else to persuade her, who is the very mother of justice." It seems to me that this is how Catholics look upon the heavenly Jerusalem, the Mother in whom all her children have a stake; and how Socialists look upon the perfect polity which they seek.

3. It follows from this that communal property, being the expression of the whole, is to be preferred to private property, which is the expression of the individual (and sometimes is his suppression too, owning him). The great Doctors of the Church are all in one consent here, that to wish for, to aim at, and to delight in communal property is the inspired method of the Holy Ghost and the mark of a devout soul. "*Qui vult facere locum Domino, non de privato sed de communi debet gaudere*" is St. Augustine's summary. "*Abstineamus ergo nos fratres a possessione rei privatae, aut ab amore si non possumus a possessione*." So certain is the Christian verdict upon this point that the religious life has always been associated with a renunciation of private property. To nationalise may be a new and ugly word, but it expresses an old and lovely Catholic thing.

4. The modern State, as an *organum* for the common weal, seems to offer the only solution of the great usury question. The non-Socialists, in ceding everything to the usurer, are out of touch with and in direct antagonism against the traditional Church teaching, that a man ought not to take unless he earns. On their side they are quite reasonable when they plead that money hired ought to be paid for, like a cab or a boat. The Socialist plan of national banks and communal loans seems an *airenicon*, which both parties to the argument of a thousand years can accept.

Excuse this long letter, but the subject is a large one and hardly to be jerked into an epigram.

CHARLES L. MARSON.

[We shall reply to this letter next week.—ED.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It must be inferred from the curate of St. Mary's letter of the 6th inst. that he is a Socialist of the most advanced type. He says he has been a Socialist for about one year, and he defines Socialism to be "a scheme for taking land and capital out of private hands and transferring it (*sic*) to the public." This is a very simple statement, and to one like myself, not well-versed in the philosophy of Socialism, there seem but three courses open by which capital and land can be taken out of private hands and transferred to the State—viz., first, by gift from the present owners; secondly, by confiscation, which, of course, means robbery; thirdly, by purchase on the part of the public or State. All three plans are equally impracticable and impossible, if not absurd. And those who advocate any such scheme are doing incalculable mischief by raising illusory as well as dishonest hopes and desires in the breasts of the unthinking and ignorant.

The late Mr. Herbert Spencer was one of the deepest thinkers of this or any other age, and I respectfully advise Mr. Paine to consult him on the question of Socialism. He will find some valuable hints in a letter from Mr. Spencer to the Hon. Auberon Herbert, dated October 13, 1885, set out in Dr. Duncan's *Life of Spencer*.

Socialism is a difficult and dangerous subject, and should not be dealt with in the offhand manner attempted by Mr. Paine.

ON-LOOKER.

SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—While delighting in your Anti-Woman Suffrage propaganda, may I ask you, in reference to your note in THE ACADEMY for May 30th, why you do not once and for all bowl out that old and hoary argument about the voteless Lady of the Manor and the drunken and idiotic Hodge the gardener with a vote. Two wrongs cannot make one right, and I venture to remark that it should be quite easy to shut up the blatant suffragette once and for all by saying that Hodge has no right whatever to the vote, and that if you had your way you would take it away from every one who did not sufficiently know about political matters to

register his own claim to a vote and to walk to the poll on his own legs. It was undoubtedly very wrong to give Hodge the vote; it would make matters a thousand times worse if you gave it to the screaming females who use this argument as a lever to get what they want. Trusting that I may peacefully die before they get it, I am, etc.,

(MRS.) J. E. PANTON.

17 Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood, June 10, 1908.

[We cordially endorse Mrs. Panton's remarks. They represent exactly our own views.—ED.]

A PERSONAL APPEAL FROM THE SCOTTISH PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The appeal of the above association is amusing in that those making it fall into the very error they condemn. If it is an "offensive misuse" of terms to speak of the inhabitants of Great Britain as "English," how much more offensive is it to speak of the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland as "British." Surely the adjective "British"—reasoning on the same lines as the Scottish Patriotic Association—can be applied only when Great Britain is referred to. The employment of it to embrace Ireland is quite as sectional, inaccurate, and offensive as the use of the term "English." Scotsmen may be satisfied with the adjective "British" inasmuch as it includes at least themselves, but I do not think that the Scottish Patriotic Association—which makes its appeal in the interests of justice and honour—will insist upon an emendation no less unfair to the sister isle than the adjective "English" is to it.

W. H. DAVEY.

Rea's Buildings, Royal Avenue, Belfast,
June 15, 1908.

WILLIAM CLARKE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I admit with the reviewer of the above volume that seven years is a long time after a man's death to publish any of his writings; but there were difficulties in the way, which were personal, and into which I need not therefore enter. But the main point is the question—Why publish at all? Well, it seemed to Mr. Clarke's friends and editors that much of what he wrote was really worth publishing. I suppose that is the underlying reason for ever publishing anything. "Good, thoughtful, forcible journalism, excellent in style and matter," to use the reviewer's words, is not seen every day, especially when it deals with matters of permanent interest; and since the volume was published we have had abundant evidence that, as in his life, so after his death, William Clarke's words and thought have not only interested, but stimulated many minds. Even if only one or two journalists will be "spurred to emulate" his "capable and lucid style" a much-needed something will have been done.

HERBERT BURROWS.

99 Sotheby Road, N.

WANTED, A DINNER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Does THE ACADEMY, I wonder, ever give a dinner or some kind of social feast, where "iron could sharpen iron"? It would be much to some of us dwellers in lonely outposts to see sometimes and speak with those who have some interest in abstract subjects and in "the light that never was on sea or land."

A DWELLER WITH MESECH.

THE SO-CALLED "INDETERMINATE" SENTENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "indeterminate" sentence may be a good thing or a bad thing, an instrument of healing or of oppression, according to the nature and temper of the men who are empowered to carry it out; and what we humanitarians fear is that, administered as it is certain to be administered under our present system, it is much more likely to be used as a life-sentence than as a real test of character, or, at any rate, to bear less harshly on the crafty knave who has wit to fawn on prison officials and simulate a repentance which he does not feel, than on the avowed outlaw who will not or cannot conceal his resentment against the society which has made him what he is.

In this respect the Bill which is now before the House of Commons is a most dangerous one. It is the work of theorists who, while they have the means of giving instant effect to that

part of their programme which places the liberties of "the criminal" in the hands of his keepers, have no power whatever to call suddenly into existence that intelligent and reformatory spirit which can only come into being when we are able to understand the criminal instead of merely hating him.

The very fact that Mr. Gladstone's Bill has been hailed with rapture by such men as Sir Ralph Littler and Sir Robert Anderson, whose names are associated with all that is most hard and reactionary in the treatment of crime, besides being relentless enemies to appeals in criminal cases, might suggest serious reflections to those who are disposed to accept any measure that comes from a Liberal Home Secretary as necessarily enlightened and progressive.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane, London,
June 15, 1908.

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

- Andersen, Johannes C. *The Lamp of Psyche*. Melbourne: Thomas Lothian, 2s. 6d.
Fullerton, Mary E. *Moods and Melodies*. Melbourne: Thomas Lothian, 1s.
Maddock, Alice. *The Knocking at the Door and other Poems*. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.
Redwood, Anderson J. *The Legend of Eros and Psyche*. Oxford: Joseph Thornton, 2s. 6d. net.
Thomas, Margaret. *A Painter's Pastime*. Greening, 3s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

- The Partiall Law*. A Tragi-Comedy. By an Unknown Author. Edited by Bertram Dobell. Published by the Editor. 5s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

- Shakespeare. *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. With Introduction, Notes, etc., by C. W. Crook. Ralph, Holland, 2s. net.
Dann, Ernest W. *Historical Geography on a Regional Basis*. Dent.

FICTION

- Cena, Giovanni. *The Forcuarners*. Smith Elder, 6s.
Gunter, Archibald. *The Shadow of a Vendetta*. Ward Lock, 6s.
Moore, Henry Charles. *A Devonshire Lass*. Robert Scott, 3s. 6d.
France, Anatole. *The Red Lily*. A Translation by Winifred Stephens. Lane, 6s.
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LIFE AND LETTERS

We are pleased to be able to record the fact that the demonstration of the Suffragettes last Sunday was, from the point of view of the demonstrators, a gigantic fiasco. It becomes necessary to state this fact very plainly, because certain of the newspapers have published garbled reports giving the impression that the demonstration was "highly successful." The plain facts are that the crowd which at the invitation of the Suffragettes had assembled to pass its verdict upon them was a very hostile crowd. It was not merely good-naturedly hostile, but dangerously so, and had it not been for the presence of an overwhelming body of police, there can be no doubt that a serious disaster would have occurred. Had the angry crowd succeeded, as it very nearly did, in its object of overturning the vans on which the women speakers and their supporters were placed, there can be no doubt that many people, and perhaps many hundreds of people, would have been trampled to death. It is quite obvious that the Metropolitan police cannot devote the whole of their time to the task of protecting these foolish people from the consequences of their own folly, and the papers which have so light-heartedly travestied the real facts as to what occurred on Sunday have a very heavy responsibility. The result of these false representations as to the feeling in London towards the Suffragettes and the Suffragists can only serve to encourage these misguided women to continue their mischievous campaign. Sooner or later some of them will be seriously injured, as the feeling against them, which was at first one of good-humoured amusement, has grown into a violent exasperation which may at any time produce serious results.

Last week we called upon those ladies—the vast majority—who do not want votes, and bitterly resent the action of the Suffragettes and Suffragists to overcome their diffidence and their dislike to publicity to the extent of organising a counter-demonstration. Since then, however, we have been in communication with the Hon. Ivor Guest, the Hon. Secretary of the National Women's Anti-Suffrage Association, and Mr. Guest informs us that a great number of women who have joined the Association have made it a condition that they shall not be called upon to demonstrate publicly. The Association has therefore decided that it will under no circumstances incur the odium of imitating, even in a small degree, the methods of those members of its sex of which they so highly disapprove. We are quite convinced on reflection that they are right. Their protest will be confined to the formation of a league with branches in every electoral district in England in the country, and the movement has already assumed such large proportions that in itself it forms a final answer to the question put by Mr. Asquith to the women of the nation.

The cuckoo did not sing as announced. In other words, while Mr. George Bernard Shaw was paragraphed to walk in the woman's procession he thought better of it at the last moment and contented himself with being "encountered by the Press at Hyde Park Corner." Asked why he had decided not to perambulate, he replied, obviously and

truthfully enough, "This is a woman's procession. I am not a woman, therefore I am not in it." According to the reporters, "three features in the procession arrested the eye of Mr. Shaw. His wife he greeted with uplifted hat. The second was a man carrying a baby; the third was a woman carrying a toy-dog. The juxtaposition of the two struck the philosopher. 'Look there,' said he, 'only one baby in the procession, and that carried by a man; only one dog in the procession, and that carried by a woman! Oh, what would Father Vaughan say if he were to see it!'"

It is all very well for Father Bernard Shaw to put these portents off on to Father Bernard Vaughan, but it does not seem to have occurred to Father Shaw that this procession, with its solitary baby carried by a man and its solitary toy-dog carried by a woman, was in a great measure Father Shaw's own handiwork. We do not suppose that there was a woman in that perspiring, fluttering throng who was not deeply versed in the religion of Father Shaw. It is he who purveys for strident woman-kind the bulk of their wobbly arguments. It is he who has studiously impressed them with the importance of despising the order of things, and particularly with the importance of pretending to despise and distrust the male man. Their mouths are full of his cheap cynicisms as to marriage, and the desirability of not bearing children unless you are paid handsomely for doing it. Great in the Suffragist camp is the name of Shaw, and piteously appalling is the lack of babies, not to mention manners and such like. And we are not at all sure that the toy-dog should not be reckoned a Shavian affair. Mr. Shaw is a great inventor of toy-dogs and similar gauds. He has toyed with the serious things of life to the mental destruction of Bayswater and the Shavian female, and we may see what we see in the shape of processions and shouting spinsters in consequence. It is amusing to note that while Mr. Shaw himself deemed it unwise to strut valiantly along Piccadilly with the women, sundry of his male admirers had no such qualms. Here and there the *corlège* was garnished with a limping minor poet or so, and we hope that Mr. Shaw blushed for them. We remember hearing a crusty critic of the old order remark that it was not the function of a minor poet to live in the best hotels, and it seems to us quite certain that it is not the function of minor poets to hobble at the tail-ends of feminine demonstrations.

We have before now ventured to offer advice to the Editor of the *Times*, and we shall now, with what courage we may, repeat the temerarious experiment. Our advice to the Editor of the *Times* is not to print in prominent positions in his paper the letters of young, irresponsible girls on matters which are completely beyond their comprehension. The *Times* the other day printed a letter from Miss Christabel Pankhurst in which this over-advertised young lady expressed her views as to the effect which last Sunday's demonstration ought to have had on Mr. Asquith. The Editor of the *Times* is not, so far as we are aware, in the habit of printing letters from schoolboys and undergraduates on matters which are of high national import, and why he should depart from the principle involved in this custom and make an exception in the favour of this particular young lady passes our comprehension. By doing so he makes the *Times* look ridiculous. There is only one place in the office of any serious newspaper for the letters of Miss Pankhurst and her like, and that is the waste-paper basket. If the *Times* and papers of like importance were to apply the common-sense rules of procedure which govern any great newspaper to the case of the Suffragists, their letters, their meetings and their methods, the whole agitation would speedily die of inanition. But, as long as they continue to invest with fictitious importance the utterances of babes and sucklings, we may depend upon the said babes and sucklings to continue the supply of "copy" which they seem to value so highly.

The Vicar of a certain church in Marylebone preached a sermon last Sunday on the text—*Labour not for the meat*

which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life. The admirable discourse which followed illustrated the pleasing fact that, while the English Bishops are ready to authorise "special" services for that modern innovation called a Harvest Festival, they utterly refuse to allow their priests to celebrate the foundation of the Lord's Supper. "With many pumpkins," they seem to say, "with the largest seed potatoes, the biggest cottage loaves procurable, and some of the worst hymns in existence, let us celebrate the material feast: let the *Dulcissimum Convivium*, the Bread of Heaven and the Wine of Angels, remain unhonoured and unsung." It is not necessary to investigate minutely the motives and reasons of this course of action. A legend has it that Pontius Pilate was converted; it is probable that he was also priested and consecrated Bishop, and his name may be added to the Twelve who are candidates for the honour of having evangelised Britain. Pilate's great motive was cowardice; he was sometimes afraid of the Jews, sometimes afraid of Cæsar; and on the doctrine of Apostolical Succession he would seem to have bequeathed his chief quality to his successors. In a democratic age the Fear of Man is certainly a more popular and acceptable gift than the Fear of God.

But perhaps the Vicar in Marylebone did not realise that his text was quite specially appropriate. The famous Pan-Anglican Congress was then still in session; and one doubts whether there were ever a bigger example of labouring for the meat which perisheth. As a philanthropic gathering to discuss various "questions of the day" in an amiable if feeble spirit of "religiosity" the Congress might have passed; one would have said that it was a great pity that people presumably in earnest could find nothing better to do; and most enlightened and charitable persons would have agreed, adding "However, they mean well." We are suffering from "the spirit of the age," and one of the symptoms of this malady is that when A and B have discovered to their astonishment and delight that two and two make four they say to one another: "Let us assemble vast crowds of people and proclaim amid volleys of 'cheers,' 'hears,' and 'laughter' this truth to the world." This must be so; we are lucky when the discovery is as we have given it; too often A and B find out that two and two make five, and then the cheers are ever so much louder. But (in spite of that probable succession from Pontius Pilate) the Catholic Church of this land should not conform to the spirit of the age or to the ways of the world.

On an altar-cloth in a Roman Catholic church in Scotland are inscribed the words: *The Unseen is here and calleth to thee.* It would be difficult to indicate in better words the whole sphere and purpose of the *Ecclesia Dei*. If it seem desirable that "Pan-Anglicans" should gather in vast numbers let it be so that they may receive instruction in the profound mysteries of the Faith from Bishops and Doctors who "rightly divide the word of truth." An unspiritual gravitation is always dragging us down into material things; against our own desires we are continually falling into the error of believing that we live by bread alone—by the Butcher and the Baker, and the Agitation, and the Public Meeting, and the Act of Parliament, and the municipalisation of this and that, and our own fussy exertions generally; most of all by interfering in something which we don't understand. We need to remind ourselves continually, therefore, that we live by Miracles and Compassions; it is then doubly saddening and disgusting to look over the subjects of this foolish Congress, to note that these thousands of professing Catholics can listen to and applaud the dismal drivel of those ten weary days. Here is a sample: Mr. E. G. Selwyn, of King's College, Cambridge (it is the college where they think geomancy means "divination by earthquakes"), spoke as follows:

Why, in the course of an hour, pray so frequently for the King, and recite the Lord's Prayer three or four times, while there is no supplication concerning the problems in which the working-man

is deeply concerned, such as the abolition of sweating, the increase of wages, better houses, and better conditions for women-workers? He suggested the frequent issue of an authorised Appendix to the Book of Common Prayer.

And then, on another day, Canon Rawnsley attacked the mutoscope-saloons, the vulgar picture-postcard, the "indecent weekly," and the "railway novel nuisance." He also declared a holy war against the "new novel," whatever that may be. A well-known actress suggested the insertion of a petition in the Litany for those who write, and the Rev. T. Lacey said there was no need of such a petition, as there was one already: "That it may please Thee to bless and keep the magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice," etc. And so on, and so on; and we would suggest that before our ecclesiastics venture to meddle with books or plays they would do well to acquire some faint tincture of knowledge of the subject. The Churchmen, allied with the Dissenting preachers, made the fortune of that disreputable rubbish "The Sign of the Cross;" a dignified Churchman made the fortune of that masterpiece "When it was Dark;" so far as ecclesiastics have had any influence at all in literature it has generally been of the most vicious and deplorable description. Their literary ignorance is abysmal, their literary folly is deep as nether Tartarus; let them hold their peace and keep the Faith, two duties for which hitherto they have shown a most marvellous incompetency. And in the meanwhile the Church of England may have the satisfaction of reflecting that it has succeeded in making a fool of itself before the whole world. *Navigel Anticyram.*

In his letter last week Mr. C. L. Marson said that:

The real question is whether the fundamental concepts of Socialism *v.* the Faith are coincident, or, at least parallel; or whether their very outlook is different.

Is there not here the usual mistake of confusing theoretic ideals—which are as necessary to Socialism as to Christianity, and in many cases common to both—with practical proposals?

Our contention was that the practical aims of a large majority of real Socialists was antagonistic to the Faith.

Mr. Marson states four principles which he considers the Church has always held, but now only Socialists apply to practical life:

1. "Inter-dependence of man." But is not this a necessity of civilised existence, universally recognised?

2. "The Socialists seem to be the only people who sincerely believe in governance—in authority." We could not accept this without the qualification "after their own methods," which certainly would not be the methods and discipline of the Church—to them altogether distasteful.

Mr. Marson exactly expresses the fundamental error of Socialists when he compares the "perfect polity" which they seek "with the Catholic conception of the heavenly Jerusalem."

Socialist schemes and proposals depend for their ultimate achievement on one thing only, and that the unattainable—the perfection of human nature. The Catholic, on the other hand, is well aware that perfection and Utopia are not to be found in this, but only in a future existence.

Socialists have sneered at Christian teachers for putting off the poor with a post-dated check on Heaven!

3. "Communal property" may be "an old and lovely Catholic thing" aimed at by the Doctors of the Church, but history shows that it has only been possible where communal religion has been the motive and communal monastic life the concrete realisation. To "nationalise" property in a State for all sorts and conditions of men and religions we believe impracticable. The rates are the nearest approach we have now to communal property. Can municipal methods of administering finance be considered inspiring or reassuring?

With a "perfect polity" of course there could be no corruption nor dishonesty. But Bishop Gore, a leading Christian Socialist, has pointed out that:

There is a false and misleading Socialism which ignores the fact of sin and the need of personal redemption.

Such Socialism is neither "coincident" with nor "parallel" to the Faith.

4. Does Mr. Marson really consider the ordinary fair interest payable on loans for public works "the great usury question"? He suggests "national banks" and "command loans." How are these to be managed? Many Socialists propose that gold should be "demonetised," and unlimited amounts of unconvertible notes issued on the model of the assignats of the French Revolution, whose ultimate value, though secured on the national possessions, as Mirabeau boasted in 1790, was merely waste paper.

A short while ago a certain correspondent of ours inquired where, in our opinion, the best English was spoken, and we gave him our opinion. At that time, however, we had not had the pleasure of listening to Mademoiselle Yvette Guilbert at the Palace Theatre. Yvette Guilbert has studied and sings several songs in English, and anything more fascinating and beautiful it would be hard to conceive. Of course it is unnecessary to say that Yvette Guilbert is pre-eminent in her own art in her own language. Her rendering of "Les Cloches de Nantes" is a marvellous performance, and produces an effect which is quite overwhelming. But it is this new accomplishment of singing songs in English which will make the strongest appeal to the majority of an English audience. On the night of our visit the huge audience at the Palace was completely swept off its feet with enthusiasm over the last song which Yvette Guilbert sang, "The Gallant Man." It is, as many of our readers will be aware, an old Scotch ballad. We can only say that any one who is able to beg, borrow, or steal the price of admission to the Palace Theatre to hear this wonderful artiste, and who fails to do so, will deserve to be written down an ass. It is the sort of performance which we would cheerfully tramp twenty miles to see every day of the week, and we have every intention of seeing it again as soon as possible.

After reading the denunciations of the *Evening Standard* directed against the statues outside the British Medical School we proceeded to examine them as far as we could. To those which are now exposed to view we can imagine no possible objection being taken. They are symbolic nude male figures, and they are executed with considerable skill and feeling. To condemn them it would be necessary logically to condemn a large proportion of the fine statuary in the British Museum and in the galleries all over the Continent. If the *Evening Standard* had not drawn attention to them they would probably not have excited any particular notice. On the other hand, we are bound to say that among the statues which are at present concealed, or partly concealed, by the hoarding there is at least one to which objection might be taken. While we do not forget that such figures are common in pictures in the finest schools of Italian art, it is certainly very questionable whether they are suitable as statues, especially when exposed to view in a public thoroughfare. The other statues which are concealed by the hoarding we have not been able to inspect, and we can therefore offer no opinion on them.

There are a great many hazy notions going about as to what constitutes the art of the theatre. Certain superior persons who go in for what they are pleased to call "advanced ideas" affect to scoff at the musical comedy, and it has had the distinction of being abused by Mr. Bernard Shaw. But there is no doubt that very often the so-called serious play is of much less importance than the merest musical comedy. It would be absurd to maintain that *Havana*, which is now being played at the Gaiety Theatre, is a great play or anything remotely approaching to it. On the other hand, it is an exceedingly delightful entertainment, and the beauty of the cigarette-girls, the flower-girls, and the other girls (particularly "those with

the curly curls" is quite bewildering. We cannot justly say that we consider the music is up to the mark, but the Gaiety has a way of improving on its original songs as the run of a piece goes on, and we have no doubt that the process will be repeated in the present case. Miss Evie Greene made the best use of her pleasing voice in songs which did not give her very much opportunity of shining, and among the men Mr. Alfred Lester, Mr. W. H. Berry, and Mr. Lawrence Grossmith were particularly excellent, and the dancing was up to the usual high Gaiety standard.

In our issue of next week we shall publish an important article, called "The Insolent Publisher."

WILSFORD

I.

Lilies and Pansies, and the Pink that grows
In grey-leaved clusters by the garden's edge,
Sweet scented Choisia, and the Vine that throws
Her trails and tendrils by the window ledge,
The rose called Celeste, and the one named Dawn
These have I knowledge of, these are my own ;
And where lush water-meadows meet the lawn
Within my garden are their blossoms shown.

I love this garden, and when most the fret
And noise of living would destroy mine ease
I seek its precincts, and my foot is set
Within its sunlight and its silences.
I take my spirit's road, and cool and wet
The rain falls suddenly for thirsty trees.

II.

This garden has a soul, it has its moods,
As any sentient mind from hour to hour.
I know the leafy silence of its woods
That are so thickly grown with Hemlock flower.
The Hemlock, with her world of slender lace,
Whose leaf is earliest green of all the year,
Beneath the beeches in sequestered place
She spreads the forest of her presence here ;
And draws a veil, as if to hide the slopes
Of the more sunlit of the garden spaces,
Where Tulips blaze, and later Heliotropes
Are set with Poppies, in their several places.
And here the bindweeds knot their twisted ropes
To star the twilight with their milk-white faces.

III.

And it shall be this garden's crown of crowns
That it should be encompassed by no hedge.
It finds a shelter in the high chalk Downs
And takes its own way to the river's edge.
And in this homeliness finds, to my seeing,
For its red Roses a supreme retreat ;
Since it is wholesome for their pride of being
To be so neighbourly with Meadow-sweet.
And here is Ragged Robin, and the Dock,
Whose seeds you draw into your passing hand ;
This garden hears the sheep-bells of the flock
That browses, wattled, on its further strand,
And here are meadows, pale with Lady's-smock
And willows, leaning to the marshy land.

PAMELA TENNANT.

REVIEWS

CARLYLE AND OTHERS

Memories of London in the 'Forties. By DAVID MASSON.
(Blackwood, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS book of "Memories," by the late veteran scholar Professor Masson, arranged and annotated by his daughter, has a particular interest. There are four chapters, of which the first—"Carlyle"—has by far the greatest attraction. There is a pleasant autobiographical light in the whole book, but we especially welcome the portrayal of Carlyle in the mind of his devoutest friends. What was the secret of the loyal and affectionate admiration with which some who knew the grim prophet regarded him? For these days the Carlyle doctrines are largely discredited and himself has suffered at the hands of biographers; bitter wrangles have provoked uneasiness, if not disgust; we have heard more of Carlyle's private life than we wanted to hear, and so have come to think less of his position in literature than we ought.

Now a paper like this of Professor Masson's helps to check this unjust depreciation by giving us a simple, vivid, familiar picture of Carlyle at home. There is no wild championship or ridiculous assertion, but when you reach the end of the chapter you find the great, pathetic figure—usually so dolorous, fierce, scornful—a little more human and pleasant. The visible man is described thus:

The hair dark and thick, without a sign of grizzle, the complexion a strong bilious-ruddy, the brow overhanging and cliff-like, the eyes deep-sunk and aggressive, and the firm mouth and chin then closely-shaven. All in all, with his lean, erect figure, then over 5ft. 11in. in height, and the peculiar bilious-ruddy of his face, he was, apart from the fire of genius in his eyes and flowing through his talk, not unlike some Scottish farmer or other rustic of unusually strong and wiry constitution living much in the open air. His Annandale accent contributed to this resemblance. His vocabulary and grammar were of the purest and most stately English, and the Scotticism, which was very marked, was wholly in the pronunciation and intonation. Like Scotsmen generally, from whatever district of Scotland, he enunciated each syllable of every word with a deliberation and emphasis unusual with English speakers, giving each, as it were, a good bite before letting it go. The West Border intonation was intensified, in his case, by a peculiarity which was either wholly his own or a special characteristic of the Carlyles of Ecclefechan. He spoke always with a distinct lyrical chaunt, not with the monotonous and whining sing-song, mainly of pulpit origin, one hears occasionally among Scotsmen, and which is suggestive too often of hypocrisy and a desire to cheat you, but a bold and varying chaunt, as of a man not ashamed to let his voice rise and fall, and obey by instinctive modulation every flexure of his meaning and feeling. Mrs. Carlyle had caught something of this lyrical chaunt by sympathy and companionship, and the slighter Scotticism of her voice was distinguished also by a pleasant habit of lyrical rise and cadence.

Incidentally, this passage (we may remark) affords a commentary upon the answer to an enquiry appearing in *THE ACADEMY* just recently as to the speaking of pure English. Masson seems to have been fortunate in gaining the ready interest of both Carlyle and his wife, and he recalls many pleasant scenes from his friendship with them. It is a kindlier, humaner Carlyle that he reveals, a prophet not yet forgetting his message in an indiscriminate, irreflective railing at a deaf world; the sketch is more merciful and hardly less intimate than those which were revived in the sharp controversies of a few years ago. Here is an aspect of the Chelsea prophet which is agreeably unfamiliar:

Of all the walks that Carlyle and I took together in the old London nights that now lie behind me like a distant-stretching dream, there are two which I recall now with peculiar associations of sacredness. One summer night about eleven o'clock we had passed our usual parting-point at Hyde Park Corner and had strolled into the Park itself, lured by the beauty of a specially soft and star-brilliant sky overhead. The softness and stillness around and the starry brilliance above had touched his soul to its finest and gentlest depths. All roughness, all querulousness were gone; he was in a mood of the simplest and most sage-like serenity. As we sauntered to and fro on the grass, the

sole human beings peripatetic, where but a few hours before there had been the roar of the carriages in stream and the parallel gallop of the equestrians, it was the stars and the silence that seemed to work upon him and to suggest his theme. From the mystery and splendour of physical infinitude he passed to what ought to be the rule of human behaviour, the conduct of one's own spirit, in a world framed so majestically and so divinely. There was too much jesting in it, he said, too much of mere irony and of laughter at the absurd, too little of calm religiousness and serious walk with God. In speaking of the over-prevalence of the habit of irony, sarcasm, and jesting, he used a sudden phrase of self-humiliation which I have never forgotten. "Ah! and I have given far too much in to that myself—*sniggering at things*." Though they are the only exact words I can now recall out of that quarter of an hour of his varied talk, all in the same vein of deeply-moved meditation, it is the solemn charm of the whole of the little colloquy that remains in my memory. If ever one man spoke to another absolutely spirit to spirit, it was Carlyle to me in that quarter of an hour of our walk to and fro in that star-silvered and tree-skirted solitude in the middle of London.

The other occasion was that of Carlyle's offering, in a manner of fine delicacy, pecuniary assistance to his young friend when suspecting some need on the part of the latter. All this is hardly the Carlyle whom the stormy disputes of various friends have created for us, and we are frankly glad to have these happier, affectionate lights.

Another chapter, "Down Street, Piccadilly," is full of reminiscence, as is also the final paper, "A London Club." Masson was a member of the "Museum Club," of which Douglas Jerrold was a kind of chief, and Charles Knight, Hervey of the "Athenæum," and Shirley Brooks were frequenters. When the "Museum" died, "Our Club" rose from the ashes; and of this Professor Masson writes fondly, with various anecdotes of the humour of the members. These anecdotes, these jokes of such desperate fervour, seem to us to belong to a period incalculably remote; yet "Our Club" flourished less than forty years since! More attractive are the glimpses of Dickens and Thackeray—the latter "a man apart, a sad and highly sensitive man, a man with whom nobody could take a liberty." And there are also brief, vivid sketches of Kossuth and Mazzini. To Mazzini, indeed, a whole chapter is devoted; but, beyond a record of one or two meetings, there is little of personal interest in it and much of political recapitulation. This, in fact, is the only disappointment—save brevity—in a book of singular interest and real value.

VITA BREVIS

A History of Art. By DR. G. CAROTTI. Vol. I. Ancient Art. Revised by MRS. ARTHUR STRONG. (Duckworth, 5s.)

IF we say at the outset that we consider it impossible for one man to write a history of art even on a large scale; that a history of art on a small scale is not a history at all; and that Dr. Carotti has written a book which more nearly earns its title than we should have thought possible under the circumstances, we shall have made clear our point of view with regard to this book.

Nowadays, it is quite superfluous to say, things are done in a hurry. We wake in a hurry, we work in a hurry, we learn, we play, we eat, we sleep in a hurry. One of the inevitable results of this ghastly state of affairs (and not the worst result by a long way) is the production—not necessarily in a hurry—of "little books on great subjects." This is a little book on a great subject. It measures 6½ by 5 inches; it contains, besides thirty pages of bibliography and fifty pages of index, a history of ancient art in 340 pages of text, together with 540 illustrations! Moreover, though much of the type is small, it is all of an eminently readable size.

Naturally, the virtue of such a book must lie in division and sub-division, in classification and order, rather than in fulness of description and discussion of style. There is no room for controversy. We must be content with dogma. Freely admitting these limitations, we must also

admit the author's right to state his own views with finality; and thus we will not turn aside from our pleasant task of appreciation to dispute Professor Carotti's Egyptian chronology, even though we do most emphatically disagree both with it and with Mrs. Strong's airy dictum, in her Introduction, to the effect that a couple of millennia one way or the other can make so little difference in Egyptian chronological systems as to render unnecessary "even a warning footnote" to draw attention to the novelty of the author's ideas on the subject.

Another point on which we find ourselves at issue with the author is his classification of Aegean art in the "Oriental period." Sargon had become a shadowy myth before the neolithic Cretan began to evolve the art which later did so much to enliven Egyptian ideas of beauty. And the points of contact between the Aegean and Western Asia were neither frequent nor continuous enough to bring Aegean art into the same category with the art of Chaldæa.

There are some irritating inaccuracies of description in reference to the illustrations of Cretan art. For example, the famous steatite "harvesters" vase from Phaistos is described as a "tazza," and as an example of ceramic art. And the statement that the Dorians were "mountaineers, really of the same race as the Aegeans themselves," is not supported either by a particle of evidence or a shadow of probability.

It is pleasant to find the Phoenicians given their proper subordinate position in the art development of the Mediterranean, and the chronology of their prosperity reveals a very interesting state of natural antagonism between their interests as the carriers of the Aegean and the interests of the Aegean race of sea-masters.

The few pages devoted to Persian art are extremely well written and illustrated. The estimate of the Persian power of artistic assimilation is a good one, and is well expressed in the minute space devoted to it.

Naturally, the main body of the book is devoted to Greek and Roman art. And here it would be difficult to award any but the most whole-hearted praise. For in dealing with such a vast body of art production, system is absolutely necessary, and the author has marshalled his material with great skill. Steadily, and in good order, the facts of Greek art development are passed before us in review. If there are gaps, at least the ranks are so closed that no gaps are visible. Architecture, sculpture, painting, the minor arts—jewellery, terra-cottas, and vases—all receive their fair share of attention, and the main characteristics of each school and of each of the principal artists are plainly and rapidly set forth. A child could understand the language, and an archæologist will find a wealth of fact ideally arranged for rapid reference. The vexed question of the style of Lysippos is perhaps treated more originally than soundly; but at least his ultimate influence on Greek sculpture is given its true description.

Of the greatest value to students are the summaries of extant examples of the various periods of art, with the museums in which they are to be found. These should recommend the book to a wide public, even though it had no other virtue to recommend it, which is far from being the case, and in like manner the section on Greek painting sets out in small compass much information which has hitherto been rather inaccessible to the ordinary "spare-time" student of ancient art.

Roman art is given a great deal of space, when we consider how little there was in it either of art or originality. We are perfectly well aware that in saying this we shall call down upon our heads the wrath of Mrs. Strong. But none the less, we are firmly of the opinion that whatever there was of originality in Roman sculpture constituted its weakness, and that Roman architecture never existed. The Romans were magnificent builders and engineers. As architects they were tasteless adapters of styles they did not understand. Their only great art was that of portraiture, in which they set up a standard of imaginative and material realism which has been at once the aim and the bane of portrait sculptors ever since, and which yet never

approached the subtle power of characterisation of the Alexandrian sculptors. As to the horses of San Marco, we simply refuse to believe that they are Roman work, as the author, without giving any authority, states them to be. In the minor arts they were undoubtedly more successful; and as silversmiths in particular they produced work at once bold and delicate—the work of the confident and loving craftsman. Roman art has left a mark upon European art out of all proportion to its ultimate value, and the skill and learning of its modern apologists will probably result in winning for it a place in the modern mind still more in excess of its deserts.

An extremely complete bibliography and an excellent index complete a volume which is far ahead of any other book of its kind that we have met with hitherto, both in the matter of fulness and compactness. If the future volumes are as good as the first the complete work should enjoy a wide circulation. For the necessary process of elimination has been carried out with rare skill, and though there are inaccuracies, and though some of the opinions held by the author are open to more than doubt, reference to the books mentioned, not only by name but in the essential details of publisher, price, and date, will serve to correct the hasty impressions received from dogmatic statement.

The translation is very fairly good. It is readable, and does not suggest a foreign idiom in more than one or two places. There are a few instances of obvious mistranslation—e.g., "eruption" for "irruption," on p. 57, and the peculiar phrase, in reference to the work of Lysippos, "bronze, a material to which he reverted."

The illustrations, in some cases, suffer from their extreme reduction, especially those of the crowded Roman reliefs and some portraits; there are a few which measure no more than $\frac{7}{8}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch. But take it for all in all, the book is one which contains enough of pleasure and profit to outweigh by far all the disadvantages necessarily consequent upon its compactness.

THE DAWN OF THE CONSTITUTION

The Dawn of the Constitution: the Reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. By SIR JAMES H. RAMSAY, Bart., of Bamff, M.A., LL.D. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd., 12s.)

"I CONTINUE to write not in any partisan spirit, nor to further or combat any particular views, but to provide those desirous of knowing the cardinal facts of English history with a consecutive and verified narrative, based on the original authorities, with the help of all modern lights and interpretations."

This claim which Sir James makes in his Preface is fully supported by the text, and there is much to be said for his protest against "unverified histories." His narrative is clear, calm, and well arranged. Yet we fear that it will not attract any but the most strenuous student. There is little or no animation in these pages; the historian accepts as a definition of style "precision, veracity of utterance, truth to the thing to be presented." The unattractive blue cover and the terrible ponderousness of the book when held in the hand are not, alas! counterbalanced by its inner contents. "Truthful presentation of facts" is no doubt important—nay, essential—but it is not enough. We should be made to feel—and this is the root of the matter—that these people who laid the bases of our Constitution were live men, not mere figments in an orderly array of facts. Sir James is loth to deprecate the artistic touch; but he will not, or cannot, use it.

The reviewer confesses that he is of those to whom the reign of Henry III. has always seemed "a dreary period," illuminated but very feebly by those rushlights the political songs, which waft a faint breath of life over the dead bones of wrangling barons and clerics. Even "the dismal comicality" which Sir James finds in the "consistent perversity" (no ill description, by the way) of the King's conduct fails to provide a sufficient solatium. Earl Simon himself is an unsatisfactory, not altogether credible personage, though

he was doubtless the most enlightened of his time. Sir James thinks that his war on the King's friends in 1263 was "a proceeding worthy of King John;" and is inclined to regret that he

Had not paused awhile at the close of the year 1262, after the Papal condemnation of the provisions of Oxford, or again in 1264, after the award of Amiens, to see how the King would behave.

Perhaps he hardly deserved the hymns composed in his honour.

As to Edward I., whose support of his father our historian not unjustifiably holds to have been the only thing which saved him from the fate of our Edward II. or Richard II.—perhaps, though, Henry VI. was his nearest analogue—the character presented does not differ greatly from previous estimates. "A man of war, but no shedder of blood," with natural impulses towards justice and truth, "he cannot forgive the man who gets the better of him;" and his autocratic ideas of kingship, derived from Louis IX., considerably modify his appreciation of the value of popular institutions. He is credited with having initiated the custom of having national prayers in times of stress or anxiety, and the less laudable one of holding tournaments; but is denied "any perception of humour" or preoccupation with literature or art. We are glad at last to find a historian candid enough to admit that *Pactum Serva* was not a motto "that could honestly be claimed on his behalf." Where his interest was concerned he could keep his word, but "in the spirit of a peddling attorney;" on occasion he could "stoop even to falsification of documents." But the aforesaid motto, as Dean Stanley showed, was inscribed on the great King's tomb some three centuries after his death. With all his faults Edward's legal genius, and the fact that he had a conscience, gives him a high place amongst mediæval monarchs.

Sir James Ramsay is a careful and well-informed guide in matters military, and has himself been over the fields of Lewes, Evesham, Stirling, and Falkirk, and is zealous in correcting from the public records the exaggerations of monkish chroniclers. In another department, that of the royal revenue, he claims to have the field all to himself, but guards himself against aught but provisional acceptance of his figures. To the zealous in matters fiscal his Appendices of Exchequer and Wardrobe Accounts will doubtless prove valuable. In the list of authorities cited we notice that the author of the "Decline and Fall" is described as "Gibbon, G.;" we always thought his name was Edward. We have also been rather mystified by a note in which the reader is warned that the Plantagenet dynasty "came in with Edward IV." The indispensable Index is praiseworthy.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER

The Government of England. By PROFESSOR A. LAWRENCE LOWELL. Two Vols. (Macmillan and Co., 17s. net.)

THE American people have given us a perfectly fair and courteous retort to Mr. James Bryce's book on the American Commonwealth by this excellent work, a book which those who read will wish to possess; while those who possess it will wish to retain it for reference. It is not a history; it is not a law-book; it is not a Constitutional Whitaker; it is an impartial and detached account of how England is ruled and rules herself, clearly given, in a temperate literary style, and with an aloofness which is content to describe, with as little comment as possible. The description is taken from original sources, is as accurate as hard work and an ingenuous mind can make it, and the information concerns recent and present situations, methods, and movements. To have accomplished this good piece of work is not only to help us, who are within the English rule, to see things steadily, and see them whole and so to help the cause of light and clearness of vision in regions where heat often takes the place of light; it is to furnish a veracious

picture to the readers of the United States of a rule which they often refer to, criticise at random, and on the whole seldom understand. A book like this will certainly furnish materials for an *entente* to a people who do not love us over much, or at least to such of them as are disposed to inquire into methods which are not their own methods, but about which it can do them no harm to hear.

Professor Lowell begins with the Crown, and sums up not only the King's legal position but explains the inevitableness of the Crown for our Parliamentary system, the smooth working of that institution, and the fact there is really no Republican sentiment left in England. But he something underrates the influence of the Crown. Is it true that

The actual influence of Queen Victoria upon the course of political events was small as compared with the great industry and activity she displayed?

After the death of the Prince Consort, whose views are felicitously described as expressed "in terms not applicable to England," the late Queen was more and more in touch with her people and had a great increase of influence. The description of the Cabinet is excellent, and there is a note of surprise in the writer at its informal character and its great reticence in matters about which the ears of journalists perpetually itch. There is much wisdom, too, in the accounts of the permanent official, who can do no wrong, who shapes matters almost too powerfully for the little responsibility he carries, but who is gradually coming from his dark recess to enjoy subdued honours and possible reproofs; it may be a little too subdued. In one or two minor points the writer has been misled. It is not true, for instance, that slums move but little, and so the voters do not get disfranchised. One of the most perplexing facts about slums is that the whole population moves about twice a year. In the matter of the two political organisations, the National Liberal Federation and the National Union of Conservative Associations, we are told that

Both are shams, but with this difference—that the Conservative organisation is a transparent and the Liberal an opaque sham.

It is but too true that our habit of breaking up one another's meetings is "not condemned by average public opinion;" and it ought to be, although our judicious friend does not say so. In a valuable essay on the strength of party ties we read with some surprise that the influence of party upon legislation is, on the whole, much greater in England than in America, "but it is more closely confined to public measures." In fact that and much other casual American information given to the reader causes him surprise—it may be surprise tinged with doubt. A valuable chapter is that upon Municipal Trading. It is so wise that some of its paragraphs may be shortly summarised. Municipal trading arises from a desire of profit, a distrust of companies, the zeal of officials, and the fact that when innovations are proposed to the private Committees of the House, the ratepayers are not represented. The dangers are the restriction of area, the increase of debt, the check to private enterprise, and the multiplication of public employees. The practical man, except in London just now, is everywhere deciding that it works, and he does not see or care whither he is ultimately going. This grieves our author unnecessarily; but, as he has pointed out in an earlier place, our rule is not logical, it is scientific. It is salutary for all debaters on this subject to see that mere municipal trading has no automatic advantage, but only wise, strenuous, and prudent trading. The chapter on the Church is also written in a natural vein of mild astonishment. She

Possesses organs so arranged as to imply a closely-knit, if not a centralised form of self-government; and yet those organs have so little power, either legislative or administrative, and the units are so independent, that for practical purposes the Church resembles a profession rather than an organisation.

The Church is not only "bound hand and foot;" but gagged, and as far as possible blinded and deafened, we may safely add. The English conception of law as an expression of natural justice, which, again, means a body of practical maxims to be applied by the court, naturally lies at the back of our whole system, and is properly set

forth in a useful chapter—too condensed, perhaps, for the purpose.

On the whole our author is struck by the honesty and truthfulness of the English people, which he attributes largely to the fact that the upper class at present rules us. But we are heading hard for "paternalism," and are more sanguine, impatient, and less fatalist than our fathers were, and in legislation we are horribly hand-to-mouth fellows. Professors all want us to take long views and to elaborate theories. And this one is no exception; but he tells us his wish so politely and pleasantly on the whole that we do not grumble. Perhaps we are getting kinder. The London cats (p. 523) do not now bolt at the entry of a stranger, as they did a generation ago, but walk up to be stroked, with tail erect. That is something, and it implies more. What do the New York and Harvard cats do? Let them come into court, if we are to be compared, and our cats will be even with them: but it is pleasant to think that our cats have got us good marks from the Harvard examiner, and we cheerfully join our purring to theirs. Even the British lion can throw out sparks when he is stroked kindly.

MEN AND MEASURES

The Roman Empire. By H. STUART JONES. "Story of the Nations" Series. (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s.)

MR. STUART JONES, in his Preface, admits the impossibility of writing a complete and final history of Rome. And his review, in a form more or less popular, of the most complicated, and at the same time the most inspiring, period of Roman history makes no pretence of finality. But it is not too much to say that the author has succeeded in presenting at least one side of the development of Imperial Rome in a fashion which will fix his point of view in the minds of his readers. The players in his drama are lifelike, their actions are reasonable, their motives intelligible. And, whether or no we are capable of appreciating the dramatic unity of history, we are all better able to understand its drift if we realise that history is made up of the aggregate of human action, and not of haphazard tricks of fate. We do not think that Mr. Jones has deliberately set before himself the task of realising the individuals of his history. There is a lack of rhetorical effort about his writing which bespeaks attention rather to the wide issues of his subject than to the details of personal character. But he never loses sight of the fact that the history of the Roman Empire is far more a history of men than was the history of the Republic. And thus his estimates of the character of this and that individual go far to elucidate the history in which those individuals were concerned. For example, the whole of the basis on which the Imperial system rested was the direct outcome of the caution and tact which characterised Augustus after he had come into undisputed power in Rome, and the weakness, as well as the strength, of the system was the heritage of an empire from the policy of an individual. Where Cæsar failed Augustus succeeded, for genius refuses compromise, while prudence accepts it. But the masked monarchy of Augustus proved but an insecure foundation for the absolutism of his successors, although he was in essence no more of an opportunist than his greater forerunner, whose dreams were rather of conquest than of empire.

Yet even so Augustus met and solved problems which had never been Cæsar's care. While he kept the outward forms of the Republic, he widened the scope of Roman activity:

It was at least part of Augustus's task to devise a theory by which a monarchy might be enabled to masquerade as a republic. He was not neglectful of forms, but it was in the realm of facts that his chief work was accomplished. For forty-three years he laboured incessantly to give the world which lay at his feet an organised government worthy of the name, and to solve the practical problems which the Republic had never faced.

The keynote of Augustus's life-work was the absorption

of the client kingdoms into the Empire, a process which continued down to the very end. The supremacy of the Italian peoples, though it was veiled by the accession to power of one provincial Emperor after another, became the central fact of Roman Imperial existence, and it was to Augustus that the inception of the work was due. And this was largely accomplished by the gradual centralisation of the senatorial power in the person of a single object of devotion—the Emperor himself. Here, too, the means were based on the individual, for personal devotion to the Emperor was the surest door to the senatorial order, and time brought into existence a Senate accustomed to personal service, as no revolutionary sweeping away of the old order could have done.

When Vitellius refused the title of Cæsar, and deferred to the Senate, he was deferring to a spirit which no longer existed. The Julian dynasty had done its work thoroughly, and Rome was no longer republican even in aspiration. The forms might still flatter, but their meaning was gone. A strange aspect of the history of the Roman Empire is revealed by the part which is played by religion in its development. It seems as though, with the fall of the Republic, the old religious solidity of the Romans had ceased to exist; and for long enough gods were made and unmade with the rise and fall of Emperors. But in the long run the innate religious feeling of the Roman reasserted itself, and the Mithraism of Aurelian was no mere counterblast to Christianity, but a political necessity. The growing power of the Christian faith in the Empire was a menace to the Empire itself, for it was a power that must either be supreme or must be definitely rejected before it was too late. The persecution of the Christians has been much exaggerated, and we think that the author is inclined to lay rather a disproportionate amount of stress upon that which actually took place; but, as he remarks, it would be interesting to know the lengths to which Aurelian would have gone in this direction had his reign continued longer after the official declaration of the worship of the "Unconquered Sun." Aurelian's was a powerful personality, and his aim of real consolidation for the Empire would not have been cramped by small scruples. But, at any rate, it is plain that the necessity of a convincing religious faith for the health of a nation was clearer to him than it is to a good many well-meaning folk in these days of love and charity for every variety of pestilential heresy that can be raked in from the five continents. Julian's weakness lay in the same trimming "toleration" as that of to-day. And Mr. Jones's outline of his position is one of the best things in the book.

If it had been possible to devote more space to this book, we should have liked to emphasise in detail the excellent treatment accorded to the reign and reforms of Diocletian—assuredly one of the greatest of the Emperors of Rome. For it points the soundness, in the person of the Emperor himself, of the system upon which he went to work to reconstitute the solidity of the Empire. It is true that the reorganisation of the Army involved, to a great extent, its denationalisation, but we think that Mr. Jones goes too far when he says that:

Thus the science which, in the days before arms of precision were invented, gave to civilised troops their sole advantage over barbaric courage was irretrievably lost, and the fate of Rome was sealed.

To tell the truth, we rather fancy that we can detect a note of hostility to the whole Imperial system in Mr. Jones's writing. It is not unnatural, for Rome of the Empire was great mostly in spite of herself and of her Emperors; and the glamour of Rome is a thing that, for ourselves, we have never been able to understand, though, in a degree, we are bound to admit its existence. Greece and her gods are gone, for all their claim on our imagination, but Rome, who has contributed nothing to the history of the world save the spirit of order born of the body of chaos, is with us still, maintaining

her claim to universal dominion as the seat of a spiritual kingdom which, in the words of an English philosopher, is "none other than the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof."

THE SUFFRAGIST AND THE SOCIALIST

THE article which appeared in last week's issue of THE ACADEMY under the above title has provoked a voluminous correspondence, most of it rehearsing ancient and fish-like arguments. From Lady Henry Somerset, however, we have received the following :

SIR,—I am amused to find on reading your article of June 20th on "The Suffragist and the Socialist" that I fall between every stool. When I spoke at the Albert Hall I was hissed by some who took a militant attitude for expressing my strong disapproval of the methods lately adopted by a certain section of women for enforcing their views. The open disapproval thus shown did not surprise me. I thought it well emphatically to state my position, and I did so with no uncertain voice.

In your article you say I "publicly admitted that I approved of the methods of the Suffragettes and sympathised with them." The ladies who hissed evidently did not understand my words in this sense, and the writer of your article could neither have been present nor have done me the honour to read my speech, reported in the *Times* and other daily papers, so the terrible object-lesson which I present against the suffrage by reason of my "feminine mind," on this account at any rate, falls to pieces like a house of cards, and I fail to see why the condemnation of Suffragette methods "is a good and sufficient reason to prove" that I cannot open my mouth at a public meeting "without abundantly justifying that ancient and wise provision of the law which debars women from the franchise." I quote from the words of your article.

I may be, as you say, "limited in my lights ;" I may be unfit to share with the public-house loafer the responsibility of voting ; but at any rate I may share with the meanest the right to have my words reported as they were spoken, and not misrepresented in order to furnish a good instance for a poor argument.—Yours faithfully,

ISABEL SOMERSET.

June 22, 1908.

We are obliged to Lady Henry Somerset for her letter. There can be no doubt in the world that she shares with the meanest the right to have her words reported as they were spoken, and not misrepresented. It is true that in the *Times* report of her speech in the Albert Hall she is made to say that : "It would not be just or honest if she were not to say that she was not in accord with many of the methods which have been recently used in order to push [the Suffragist] principles into the ranks of practical politics." But she immediately went on to remark that she had "a deep respect—nay more, she had a reverence—for all who were willing to suffer for their opinions." Furthermore she observed that : "This would make her refrain even from criticising actions which she could not honestly endorse, were it not that she felt that in a great measure the mind of a large portion of the public associated their claim with actions which they deprecated and called unwomanly ; but they who believed in being womanly first felt strongly that their attitude was in no way incompatible with their insistence on the right to vote." The point of our article was that this very attitude is incompatible with the Suffragist insistence on the right to vote. So that our house of cards scarcely tumbles so readily as Lady Henry Somerset could wish. Nowhere in her speech did she come out flatly and condemn the unseemly conduct which has all along characterised the Suffragist campaign.

The words of which she complains were : "Lady

Henry Somerset—one of the leaders of the Suffragist movement—publicly admitted that she approved of the methods of the Suffragists and sympathised with them." In so far as this is a misrepresentation of Lady Henry Somerset's actual words we are extremely sorry, and we apologise to Lady Henry Somerset. The misrepresentation was inadvertent. But, although it is true that Lady Henry said she was not in accord with many of the methods which had been recently used, nobody can read those portions of the *Times* report of her speech which we have quoted without concluding that she excuses and condones the Suffragist methods, and we submit that to excuse and condone amounts to approval. It is all very well to say to rowdy persons, "I do not sympathise with your methods, but pray go on and prosper. There is nothing incompatible with reasonableness in your attitude." This in effect is what Lady Henry Somerset said. It is true that a feminine audience hissed some of her remarks, but that was before she had finished her speech, for we find that the very last offering of Lady Henry's audience was "Cheers." There is such a thing as damning a movement with faint praise. We think that Lady Henry Somerset praised the Suffragettes' methods with faint damns. Apart from any question of mistake, however, it is quite evident that Lady Henry is a supporter of the Suffragist agitation for votes. We hold that the agitation has from the first been so inseparably associated with brawling and improprieties of conduct on the part of its advocates that dissociation is now impossible. If the Suffragists were to be sworn down to a womanly and decent ventilation of their views the movement would cease to be of the smallest consequence. *Au fond* it is of no consequence whatever. The women of England desire the vote with no more desire than they desire that their faces should be embellished with whiskers. If a plebiscite of the women of the country could be taken to-morrow the Suffragists would find themselves in a hopeless and preposterous minority. The instinct of intelligent women is entirely against the whole business. The whoopers and the screamers and the female stump-orators and banner-bearers and processionists are no more the women of England than if they were the three tailors of Tooley Street. For every woman that has trudged the London streets among the banner-wavers it would be possible to produce at least ten women who, should occasion arise, would consent to be driven over the same ground in the interests of a counter-demonstration. The tap-root of the whole trouble lies in the vanity and the rebellion of certain ill-balanced women. The broad basis of their argument is that they can no longer "trust" mankind. Though their liberties and rights are much more generously recognised in England than in any other country in the world, they pretend that they are ground down and treated improperly, and that the only way in which their dreadful state can be ameliorated is that the franchise should be extended to them. The working-class women of England see the falsity of all this, and so do the upper-class women. It is the middle-class women of the country from whose ranks the agitators are, for the most part, recruited. There are reasons for this, the chief of them being that it is the middle-class woman who has brought herself most generally into conscious competition with salary-earning men, and it is the middle-class woman who is filled with the soaring ambition to conduct her life on an unfeminine basis. Her position is often a bitter one, because she is only too frequently over-educated, and she can never make sure of getting married. Hence she is discontented, peevish, and prone to imagine that the world is wrongly made. There is an incompleteness about her life which is pitiable. It is natural that she should look round for something which will alleviate her condition, and she has got it into her head that "the vote" will do this for her. Greater or more woeful mistake was never made. The political assuagement of a spiritual trouble is an impossibility. The wrongs of woman are certainly not political wrongs. Her private wrongs may be many and various. On the other hand, we doubt if she suffers from a wrong from which men do not equally suffer. As the

condition of the body politic improves so does the condition of women improve. Politics, like prize-fighting and war, is a man's job. If a Suffragist were to issue a challenge to contest the light-weight championship with Mr. Tommy Burns everybody would be amused; the papers would be full of startling comments, and we suppose that Lady Henry Somerset would consider that it would not be honest of her if she did not point out that she did not approve. We have borrowed Lady Henry's treble negative, but that makes no difference. Women who demand the vote should keep Mr. Tommy Burns well in mind.

We may add that we take grave exception to Lady Henry Somerset's remarks about sharing with the public-house loafer the responsibilities of voting. If the persons who do the voting in this country are public-house loafers, it is clear that a vote means the degradation of the voter. Consequently a self-respecting woman should remain voteless. But we cannot believe that Lady Henry really believes what she says. On the other hand, she has said it. It is characteristic of the "feminine mind" that it prompts people to say what they do not mean. And that subtle bolt about the public-house loafer makes us wonder whether Lady Henry Somerset meant what she said about not approving of certain methods.

FROM A NOTEBOOK

I.—AN EASTERN FABLE

It is said that during the glorious reign of Haroun Alraschid an Arabian alchemist came to the Caliph with a strange and extravagant proposal. Haroun sat in all his splendour—his Viziers, his Chamberlains, and his great officers about him—in his golden Court, which displayed all the wonders and superfluities of the East. He gave judgment—the wicked were punished, the virtuous were rewarded, God's Name was exalted, the Prophet was venerated. Then came before the Commander of the Faithful a poor old man in the poor and ragged robes of a wandering poet; he was oppressed by the weight of his years, and his entrance was like the entrance of misery. So wretched was his appearance that one of the Chamberlains, who was well acquainted with the poets, could not help quoting the following verses:

Between the main and a drop of rain the difference seen is nothing great.
The sun so bright and the taper's light are alike and one save in pomp and state.
'Twixt the grain of sand and all the land what may ye arraign as disparate?
A crust of bread and a King's board spread will hunger's lust alike abate.
With the smallest blade or with host arrayed the ruler may quench his gall and hate.
A stone in a box and a quarry of rocks may be shown to be of an equal freight.
With a sentence bold or with gold untold the lover may hold and capture his mate.
The King and the Bard may alike be debarred from the fold of the Lord Compassionate.

The Commander of the Faithful praised God, the Merciful, the Compassionate, the King of the Day of Judgment, and caused the Chamberlain to be handsomely rewarded. He then inquired of the old man for what reason he came before him, and the beggar, as indeed he seemed, informed the Caliph that he had for many years prosecuted his studies in magic, alchemy, astrology, geomancy, and all other curious and surprising arts in Spain, Grand Cairo, the land of the Moors, in India, China, and in various cities of the Infidels—in fact, in every city in the world where magicians were to be found. In proof of his proficiency he produced a little box which he carried about him for the purpose of his geomantic operations, and asked any one who was willing to stand forth, that he might hear his whole life—past, present, and future. The Caliph ordered one of his officers to submit himself to this ordeal, and the beggar having made the points in the sand, and

having erected the figure according to the rules of the geomantic art, immediately informed the officer of all the most secret and hidden transactions in which he had been engaged, including several matters which this officer thought had been secrets locked in his own breast. He also foretold his death in a year's time from a certain herb, and so, indeed, it fell out, for he was strangled with a hempen cord by order of the Caliph. In the meantime the Commander of the Faithful and all about him were astonished, and the Beggar Magician was ordered to proceed with his story. He spoke at great length, and every one remarked the elegance and propriety of his diction, which was wanting in no refinement of classical eloquence. But the sum of his speech was this—that he had discovered the greatest wonder of the whole world, the name of which he declared was *Asrar*, and by this talisman he said that the Caliph might make himself more renowned than all the Kings that had ever reigned on the earth, not excepting King Solomon, the son of David. This was the method of the operation which the beggar proposed. The Commander of the Faithful was to gather together all the wealth of his entire kingdom, omitting nothing that could possibly be discovered; and while this was being done the magician said that he would construct a furnace of peculiar shape, in which all these splendours and magnificences and treasures of the world must be consumed in a certain fire of Art, prepared with Wisdom. And at last, he continued, after the operation had endured many days, the fire being all the while most curiously governed, there would remain but one drop no larger than a pearl, but glorious as the sun and moon, and all the starry heavens, and the wonders of the Compassionate; and with this drop the Caliph Haroun might heal all the sorrows of the universe. Both the Commander of the Faithful and all his Viziers and officers were stupefied by this proposal, and most of the assemblage considered the beggar to be a madman. The Caliph, however, asked him to return the next day, in order that his plans might receive more mature consideration. The beggar prostrated himself, and went forth from the hall of audience, but he returned no more, nor could it be discovered that he had been seen again by anyone.

II.—THE ENCHANTED CAFÉ.

The papers in the shops were all French; ensigns on every side proclaimed "Vins Fins," "Beaune Supérieur;" the tobacconists kept their tobacco in square blue, yellow, and brown packets; "Charcuterie" made a brave and appetising show. And here was a "Café Restaurant: Au Château de Chinon." The name was enough; they could not dine elsewhere, and Ambrose felt that he was honouring the memory of the great Rabelais.

It was probably not a very good dinner. It was infinitely better than the Soho dinner of these days, for the quarter had hardly begun to yield to the attack of Art, Intellect, and the Suburbs which, between them, have since destroyed the character and unction of many a good cookshop. Ambrose only remembered two dishes—the *pieds de porc grillés* and the salad. The former he thought both amusing and delicious, and the latter, strangely and artfully compounded of many herbs, of little vinegar, of abundant Provençal oil, with the *chapon* (or crust rubbed with garlic) reposing at the bottom of the bowl after madame had "tormented" the ingredients—the salad was a dish from fairyland. There be no such salads now in all the land of Soho.

"Let me celebrate, above all, the little red wine," says Ambrose, in a brief, dithyrambic note. "Not in any mortal vineyard did its father grape ripen; it was not nourished by the warmth of the visible sun, nor were the rains that made it swell common waters from the skies above us. Not even in the Chinonais, sacred earth though that be, was the press made that caused its juices to be poured into the *cuve*, nor was the humming of its fermentation heard in any of the good cellars of the lower Touraine. But in that region which Keats celebrates, when he sings the 'Mermaid Tavern,' was the juice engendered; the

vineyard lay low down in the South among the starry plains, where is the *Terra Turonensis Celestis* which Rabelais beheld in his vision, where mighty Gargantua drinks from inexhaustible, immortal vats eternally, where Pantagruel is athirst for evermore, though he be satisfied continually; there in the land of the Crowned Immortal Tossspots was that wine of ours vintaged, red with the rays of the Dogstar, made magical by the influences of Venus, fertilised by the happy aspect of Mercury. O rare, superabundant, and most excellent juice, fruit of all fortunate stars, by thee were we translated, by thee exalted into the fellowship of that Tavern of which the old poet writes: *Mihi est propositum in Taberna mori.*"

Ambrose lit a black Caporal cigarette; he had bought a packet on his way. He saw an enticing bottle of rotund form paying its visits to some neighbouring tables, and the happy fools made the acquaintance of Benedictine.

"Oh yes, it's all very well," Ambrose has been heard to say, on being offered this agreeable and aromatic liqueur, "it's nice enough, I daresay. But you should have tasted the real stuff. I got it at a little *café* in Soho some years ago—the Château de Chinon. No; it's no good going there now—it's quite different. All the walls are plate-glass and gold, the head waiter is called Maitre d'Hôtel, and I'm told it's quite the thing, both in southern and northern suburbs, to make up dinner-parties at the Château—everything most correct, evening-dress, fans, opera-cloaks, 'Hideseek' champagne, and stalls afterwards. One gets a glimpse of Bohemian life that way, and everybody says it's been such a *qucer* evening, but quite amusing too. But you can't get the real Benedictine there now.

"Where can you get it? Ah, I wish I knew. I never come across it. The bottle looks just the same, but it's quite a different flavour—the phylloxera may be responsible of course, but I don't think it is. Perhaps the bottle that went round the tables that night was like the powder in 'Jekyll and Hyde'; its properties were the result of some strange accident. At all events, they were quite magical."

III.—"ELECTRICITY."

It is doubtful whether Charlotte Brontë, proud as she was of her sister Emily, ever understood her. Writing to Mr. Williams about the new edition of "Wuthering Heights," she says: "Every page is surcharged with a sort of moral electricity;" and the context shows that she regarded this "electricity" as a fault and a "peculiarity." It is, in a sense, a peculiarity; it is the peculiarity of the highest genius; it is the *differentia* which exalts "Wuthering Heights" to a place very far above "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley." This quality, whatever it may be called, is, I say, the note of the very finest things in literature; it is the quality that must be present in its most exquisite and quintessential form in all true poetry, which must pervade all prose that would be called great. In a word it is that quality which distinguishes art in its true sense from clever and agreeable and exciting compositions of all sorts; and it seems essentially indefinable. *Omnia exeunt in mysterium* says an old writer; even in that most exact of sciences, the mathematics, where you begin with "twice two are four," you end, I am told, in strange regions of mystery and surmise; it is not marvellous, then, that in the arts the Last Word is in a sense a Lost Word; its presence may be felt, but it may scarcely be named: those who find it can give no account of their quest, and those who have the secret could not impart it if they would. "Electricity" is not a bad definition by way of analogy; in the world of art, as in the world of physical things, there is this secret force which operates and transmutes, which is known rather by its workings than in itself, which changes the dull iron into the magnet. Imagine the tale of "Wuthering Heights" related by a "Realist"—to make use of a popular but absurd and erroneous nomenclature—what a brutal, horrid thing we should have: a story of ugly temper and evil deeds, neither worth telling nor hearing. Its "electricity" has made it to be what it is: one of the greatest of all romances, worthy of a place beside the "Scarlet Letter."

Whence follows the not unimportant conclusion that Life itself, which is reflected in all great art, must be regarded from the same standpoint—from this standpoint of mystery. The people whom Mr. Mallock was satirising some thirty years ago are, I believe, dead; one does not hear now, even from "scientific" quarters, that the Universe can be explained with a box of chemicals, but the mood doubtless continues, and we must unceasingly beware of it. We must always remember that a proposition which is not mysterious is either radically unimportant or entirely false.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE GENTLE JOURNALIST

The Pan-Anglican Conference has concluded its deliberations. We approve entirely of Anglicanism and of Pan-Anglicanism, but we are afraid that a series of discussions in which the late Conference zealously indulged itself has not contributed greatly to the sum of Anglican wisdom. The meetings appear to have been without exception most successful from the point of view of attendance and talk. When you have said this much, however, you have said pretty well all that needs to be said. The two facts that loom out rather unpleasantly as a result of the Conference's efforts are, first, that the best intellectuality of Pan-Anglicanism does not come to the meetings, and, secondly, that the mind of Pan-Anglicanism appears to be given over to a sort of dubious Radicalism. Whenever the Pan-Anglicans had to deal with the questions of the day—and they dealt with them pretty comprehensively—one found them moving on what Mr. Asquith would call democratic lines. They displayed a friendly feeling toward the Licensing Bill and they cheered Socialism to the echo. There was a certain amount of dissension of course, but wherever the democracy popped up you had fluttering and unbounded enthusiasm. The effect upon the public mind will not be particularly advantageous to Anglicanism. The public mind makes few allowances. It has a knack of accepting things as they appear to be, and it judges accordingly. When it endeavours to gauge the meaning and intention of Anglicanism by the measure of the Pan-Anglican Conference it will come to a woefully wrong conclusion. So much cannot be helped, however, and the back of Anglicanism is broad. In our view the disposition of the Conference to hear all sides and to attempt nothing in the way of definite Anglican pronouncement has been the underlying fault of the debates. Indefiniteness and open verdicts are of precious little use nowadays. In point of fact they do great harm. Tolerance is all very well until it travels into the region of latitudinarianism. But apparently we are all latitudinarians. One of the most extraordinary and disappointing of the many extraordinary and disappointing meetings of the Conference was held at the Kensington Town Hall on Saturday last, the subject of discussion being "Religion and the Press." The Pan-Anglicans took up a whole day on this arduous business, dealing with general literature at the morning session, and dramatic literature and journalism during the afternoon. The principal speakers on journalism appear to have been Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey and Mr. Chesterton—as sublime a couple probably as ever trod platform. Mr. Strachey is the editor of the *Spectator*. Before he purchased and made himself editor of this highly respectable journal he appears to have edited the *Cornhill Magazine*. Mr. Chesterton, on the other hand, has edited nothing except Dickens. Until the other day we had always set him down for a wild and whirling Nonconformist. His journalism is done for the most part in Nonconformist organs such as the *Daily News*. Mr. Strachey's connection with a certain sort of Anglicanism is obvious. Mr. Chesterton's requires explanation. To anybody who is acquainted with the true inwardness of modern journalism the speeches of both gentlemen will read like desperate efforts in the direction of humour. For example, Mr. Strachey assured his auditory that the Press had been growing purer during the

last twenty years. The which glad tidings he supplemented with the pleasing remark that :

The pioneers of cheap newspapers had every right to say they had deliberately refrained from any attempt to make profit by corrupting the public mind.

We wonder if Mr. Strachey has every perused a hapenny paper. The pioneers of cheap newspapers in this country were to all intents and purposes the Harmsworths. There is no cheap Press in England which does not take the Harmsworth congregation of gutter-journals for its motto. Does Mr. Strachey believe that the Harmsworth journals have had any but the most deleterious effect on the public mind ? After delivering himself of this angelic testimonial to the virtues of the pioneers, Mr. Strachey continued as follows :

The justifiable complaints that could be raised against popular journalism in its newest forms were irresponsibility, cynical carelessness in the matter of truth, sensationalism, the destruction of an honourable and manly reticence, and the introduction of triviality—the worst of these faults, after the supreme evil of indifference to veracity of statement, being triviality. This triviality was twice cursed, for it degraded him who read and him who wrote.

Which is entirely our own view. But, if the new journalism degrades him who reads, how can it be said that its pioneers have deliberately refrained from any attempt to make profit by corrupting the public mind ? It is certain that if you gave a man the choice of being degraded or corrupted he would not have a pin to choose. Mr. Strachey wishes to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds in the true, modern, noble, enlightened, respectable, mealy-mouthed, inoffensive, menial, English journalistic way. He says in effect : "Here is a fine horse ; I warrant him sound in wind and limb and without vice. All he suffers from is spavin, glanders, string-halt, pink-eye, blind staggers, and the twice-cursed habit of biting little children ! Woa then ! Would yer !" The editor of the *Spectator* explained further that the desire for direct and legitimate profits from a newspaper was an antiseptic and prevented corruption, and he besought his hearers to think better of journalists and their morals than probably they were inclined to do, and not to exaggerate the influence and power of the Press, that power being much more limited than was popularly supposed. Here, again, we find ourselves able to agree with Mr. Strachey, though we think that he should have told us exactly what he means by the direct and legitimate profits of a newspaper, and that he should have told us also why it is that the influence and power of the Press have become so limited. It is quite evident that the corruption and influence and power which Mr. Strachey had in his mind's eye are not in any sense the same things as the corruption and influence and power which really exist. By corruption, we presume, Mr. Strachey can mean only the actual taking of money for writing on this or that side of a controversy on the part of a newspaper proprietor or his editor. That kind of corruption does not exist in England to any appreciable extent, for the very simple reason that nobody will pay the price. There are other and subtler forms of corruption, however, which will readily occur to the newspaper-reader who can see beyond the length of his nose. Of these Mr. Strachey takes no note. As to influence and power, it is true that the older journals have given up thundering and devoted their attention to the sale of atlases. On the other hand, the pioneers of cheap newspapers have built up for themselves influence and power of a character never dreamed of by papers like the *Spectator*. They are incapable of deciding the fates of Governments, or, for that matter, of emptying a playhouse, or stopping the sale of a book. But they have influence and power enough to aggrandise every species of clap-trap and chicanery, and to keep the public mind continually and exclusively occupied with that twice-cursed thing, triviality. We suppose that Mr. Strachey has sense enough to know that it would be better for the country if the circulation of the *Spectator* were ten times what it is to-day, and the circulation of the *Daily Mail* and its offshoots ran, say, into only fifty or sixty thousand.

In any case, to speak for ourselves, we have no doubts upon the subject. Practically there is only one Press for Englishmen at the present moment, and that Press is the cheap and trivial Press. Even the *Spectator*, with its honourable traditions and its vast hold upon country parsonages, must have felt the pinch of this mammoth wallowing, pit-mouthed monster that swallows the hapence and belches triviality with such wicked and overwhelming persistence.

As for Mr. Chesterton, the less we say of him perhaps the better. His chief complaint against modern journalism is its anonymity, and the present is an anonymous article. It is easy to understand Mr. Chesterton's position. He and his friends have signed so many articles themselves that they are filled with pain when other journalists refrain. Mr. Chesterton would have us believe that his opinions on the subject take their rise on high moral grounds. Jones must sign his leader, he says in effect, in order that we may read it in the light of Jones's private and special character. If it were found on inquiry that Jones was in the habit of drinking two bottles of cheap Médoc with his dinner, which by the way he takes in Soho, Jones's leader on the finance of the Balkan States must be discounted accordingly. Jones, in short, shall be handed over to the Chestertons and Bellocs for moral dissection. We believe that it could be proved that anonymity is a sure sign of grace in an author, whether he be journalist or otherwise. It is no concern of ours that Mr. Chesterton is an impeccably moral being. When we read his written words we find ourselves incapable of referring them to his private habits. We have no knowledge whatever of his private habits. They may be good, bad, or indifferent for anything that is to be gathered from his signature. A man writes what he thinks, or what he thinks other people should think. The putting of his name to what he has written is usually the merest advertisement of himself. If the wickedest man in England wrote a beautiful sonnet the sonnet remains, and we have no right to discount it on the ground that the author is privately wicked. Anonymity in the matter of attack is always called stabbing in the back. In nine cases out of ten such anonymity is forced upon the writer by the rule of his editor or the traditions of his paper. Journalists are not in any sense the pusillanimous persons that Mr. Chesterton imagines them to be. Neither are they by any means so modest as their anonymity might imply. It is virtually impossible for an editor to preserve the anonymity of any article or series of articles of any importance. The secret "leaks out," and quite frequently the leakage is directly traceable to the author. And when you have disambushed your anonymous one, what of it ? He may be your bosom friend ; what of that, if he has said the truth about you. He may be your bitterest enemy ; what of that, if he has equally said the truth. If everybody who omitted to sign what he has written were to sign it all to-morrow, the world and Mr. Chesterton—particularly Mr. Chesterton—would be little the wiser.

X.

NEWS AND NONSENSE

"TEACLOTHS, sufficient in number to fill a large, deep drawer, surpass even the bedspreads in beauty and variety." Were this a sermon on the sin of inanity, the foregoing sentence, quoted from a recent issue of the *Times*, might very well be spoken as its text. The pages of that serene and heroic "Reverberator" were profaned by half a column of mellifluous English descriptive of the lingerie and linen of a lady who was lately married, and it occurs to one, somehow, that the exhilarating teacloth and the importunate bedspread have been suffered to usurp a shade more attention than even their overpowering quantity or immaculate quality deserve. Who wades through this sporadic nonsense ? Who cares what great private possessions in the way of house-linen this or that lady has ? At the reading-rooms of almost any library you will see some poor, shabby creature carefully working her way through the Court news, with grimy finger tracing the travels of squire and

dame ; presently she will light upon the teacloth column and read every word religiously, her mouth screwed into an orifice of silent admiration—and she, her dingy kith and kin, comprise about all who take the trouble to do so. One is irresistibly reminded of Calverley's lines :

But O, a piece of orange-peel, the end of a cigar,
Once trod on by a princely heel, how beautiful they are !

There is no harm, *bien entendu*, in owning a large array of teacloths or dishcloths, or whatever they are, *pace* the pyrotechnists of Essex Street. A man may have twenty-seven umbrellas and a separate stand for each if he likes, and welcome ; but if we were to read in reputable journals—journals which are supposed to sway the affairs of nations—that the astounding umbrellas of M. Quelquechose are only surpassed in beauty and variety by his marvellous vests, of which he has a sufficient number to fill a large deep drawer, we should feel inclined to put the editor who passed the paragraph into a sack with M. Quelquechose and hire a professional wrestler to shake it violently.

It may be objected that the whole matter is trivial and harmless. Objected wrongly ; for the craze of personal paragraphs has spread through what used to be literature—even though poor—until now we have actually weekly papers (pun and all) devoted to chronicling the vanities and vexations of persons who happen to be "popular." If an author of that description has a cold he "is suffering from a slight attack of influenza ;" should he visit Brighton he "was observed seated in a chair on the Parade, with his legs crossed, enjoying a cigarette." We are cheered by the soul-stirring discovery that he likes mint-sauce with lamb, are unnerved by the statement that his hat blew off, and are profoundly depressed by the mournful fact that fruit disagrees with him. Young and very smiling actresses write their autobiographies and detail their "careers" for the benefit of brains whose calibre is such that they can stand no heavier charge than the featherweight of adulatory snippets ; the popular authors themselves—*facilis descensus . . .*—have even been known to lay bare their souls, to consent to a kind of mental vivisection that their agonies and raptures of composition may be studied by the wondering crowd. Municipal mediocrities find themselves delightfully in the public eye—they are able to point proudly to their names in sundry superficial inches of space, and feel that they have not lived for nothing.

Well, and if you are so down on these personal compilations, says some one, you need not read them. Thank heaven, we needn't. But, apart from our predilections, wherein does the good of this class of "literature" consist ? What single item, remaining in the brain of its readers, can bear any flower of thought, any fruit of intellect, any seed of better things ? We have a mania for reading nowadays, and it is to be feared that sometimes it keeps us from thinking ; even the labouring man takes in his halfpenny daily paper and cons it in tube or train. Afterwards, in place of a book, he has twenty different sheets to choose from which will give him little insipid straws of news and hashed-up jokes to while away the hours till bedtime. And thus his attention is frittered on banalities, his mind is spent on information which if remembered would be useless ; as a matter of fact it is forgotten immediately, ousted by the next instalment of his favourite. The teacloth half-column, split up into seven or eight divisions, formed part of his fare for the ensuing week, without doubt. The important question is, What is the ultimate condition of mind of those who can read such stuff with avidity ?

The answer in a word is—flabby. It may be said, again, that the regenerated working-man under the educational *régime* hinted at in this article would become a sombre, smug individual, going to his work with Lamb's Essays in one pocket and "Malory" in the other, incapable of appreciating either. Not a bit of it. The cheap and attractive issues and reprints of good novels—not necessarily "deep"—would be quite enough for him to start on ; taking him all round, he does not lack intelligence ; but they will avail little while his power of concentration

is steadily, unceasingly sapped. He might well enjoy "Troy Town," or "My Lady Nicotine," or "Joseph Vance," or a dozen other delightful things written in plain, straightforward English ; once he came under the spell who knows how far he would go ? As it is, the newspapers don't give him a chance ; he cannot fix his mind on anything so long as five consecutive pages unless they are dismembered into unrelated bits—in which case he can read them straight through at a sitting. Legitimate news we must have—we all want to know to what tune the world is spinning ; but when the premier journal of the country sets the example of cataloguing and eulogising teacloths and bedspreads a protest will surely be felt, if not uttered, by all its readers who are interested in keeping the line of demarcation between what is news and what is nonsense clearly defined.

W. L. R.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

AFTER almost twenty-five years of life, the New English Art Club may be considered to have arrived at years of discretion ; but whether it is that it exhausted its exuberance and vigour during its first violent days, or for some other reason, it seems, with the exception of one or two of its members, to be sinking into the torpor of middle-age. One knows beforehand fairly certainly what will be exhibited by its most prominent members ; it is getting very settled and mature, and for that reason its value is distinctly less now than it was ten or fifteen years ago, when it acted as a sort of artistic blister on the debilitated body of painting towards the end of the last century. One exception is, of course, Mr. John, round whose work discussion so healthily rages. In his personality the New English Art Club holds the germ of a new spirit. Violent, unconcerned, rebellious as he is, perhaps because of these very qualities, he is the originator of a new impulse in painting. Conservatives in painting and the public, long accustomed to have their art gently broken to them, rage furiously together at his uncompromising disregard of their susceptibilities. He offers no prettiness, hardly even beauty, to gild the pill. That vigour and restless striving which are the only means of advance in an artist always lead to irritation on the part of those who are comfortably settled into knowing what to expect in the way of pictures, and who resent being jolted out of their comfort. But they benefit by their irritation, they are stirred out of the unquestioning acceptance of the art which sinks into convention and decadence immediately its production becomes too facile. The force behind Mr. John's pictures is undeniable. They intrude themselves into the consciousness of the beholder, and indifference is impossible ; they either irritate or impress profoundly. He is already welcomed by the few who feel the weight of the paralysis of decadence that deadens so much of modern painting. His work is sometimes barbaric and uncouth, but full of Dionysian energy. "The Infant Pyramus" is an enormous advance on "Seraphita," which he exhibited at the New Gallery during the winter of this year, in which the repulsive qualities were so evident that one only grudgingly admitted its vigour, obvious as that quality was. But this new picture possesses attributes which demand and compel admiration. It is practically the only picture in the whole exhibition which moves to any strong emotion—an emotion difficult to analyse, but undeniable. It may be the charming gesture of the standing woman that makes such a strong impression by its truth and beauty. The resemblance in tone and colour to the work of Puvis de Chavannes has been attacked and censured. In the simplified colour-scheme and high key in which it is painted, accentuated as they are by the unfortunate pictures which have been chosen to surround it, it does resemble Chavannes, but the spirit and intelligence behind the paint is of an entirely different quality. The canvas radiates impulse and growth. It seems a matter of small importance that Mr. John produces odd things at times :

he should be valued by his serious conceptions; the rest do not matter. He has not yet reached the height of his attainment; he still strives, and one looks to see the importance of his promise developed and fulfilled. His enormous value is in the significance of this promise.

There are several examples of the distinguished art of Professor Holmes. Decorative and invariably charming in colour, his pictures please by an original and personal vision. One feels, looking at his landscapes, that he sees uninfluenced by other people's views. He has an extremely personal point of view, a quality whose rarity gives it great value in these days of all-pervading eclecticism. It is no slight achievement to have produced the charming and even romantic effect that he has in "On the Isis, Oxford," when the subject consists of such unpromising material as two gasometers and a towing-path. But in all this Professor Holmes has seen beauty, and, still more, has made that beauty intelligible.

Mr. Orpen shows a portrait-group of a well-known painter and his family. It is painted with enormous facility, but its lack of sincerity and its affectation of naïveté spoil what should have been a pleasing picture. That Mr. Orpen is a painter of no small capability is shown in his portrait of Professor Mayor, and the simplicity and restraint of this latter canvas make it by far the greater achievement of the two pictures he exhibits here. Mr. Steer has for many years produced landscapes that compel admiration and respect for their æsthetic beauty, and in "The Outskirts of a Town" there is no decline of his earlier power and accomplishment; rather, one might say from the curious difficulty of the composition that the artist feels that no subject, however complicated, is beyond his mastery. His other picture, a portrait, shows what his portraits always do, that his sympathy and interest find freer scope in landscape; his paintings of people are never so intimate and impressive, and indeed Mr. Steer only too often gives the spectator a feeling that his interest in the background and accessories of a portrait are greater than his sympathy with the sitter. In Mr. Tonks's literary picture, full of suggestion for the seeker of symbols, there is a timidity of method, an insecurity of drawing to which one cannot be blinded by the violence of its colour. Mr. Sargent is not well represented by the two sketches which are his only contributions to this exhibition, neither of which are as interesting or characteristic as those examples of his work he is showing at the Carfax Gallery. "St. Sauloe," by Professor Brown, is an admirable painting, interesting in colour and design, unspoiled by eccentricity or affectation, and the charm of his painting in "An Interior" is so obvious that it is hardly necessary to call attention to its good qualities. Mr. Rich is another painter of landscape who endows his pictures with charm of colour and a rare sense of line and composition. His water-colours are of the type one likes to possess and to live with. He is a true descendant of the great masters of the British school of water-colour landscape at its best, and he has evolved his art from their example without the sacrifice of his individuality. All the pictures he exhibits reach a very high standard, "Battersea" and "The South Downs" being particularly distinguished. It should be almost unnecessary to put forward a theory that for a portrait to justify its existence it should either be well painted or it should resemble the sitter, and to be considered a work of art it should possess other good qualities as well. In the portrait of Bernard Berenson, Mr. Rothenstein, never very happy at getting a likeness, has in this particular instance failed to produce a work of art, though one would have supposed that the distinguished art-critic might himself have constituted sufficient inspiration. Messrs. Mark Fisher, Lucien Pissaro, W. A. Nicholson, and W. G. von Glehn all exhibit pictures which deserve more detailed criticism than is possible in the space of a small article.

It seems a pity that the New English Art Club, whose primary aim is not a commercial one, should admit, with pictures of merit, so many trivial and meretricious works, whose justification is certainly not in their possession of

any artistic quality. They may, of course, be accepted to provide a background for the pictures of a better class, but that function would be fulfilled far better by bare spaces on the walls, and the general standard of the exhibition would be higher.

E. K.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Grammar of Philosophy. By DAVID GRAHAM. (T. and T. Clarke, 7s. 6d. net.)

WHEN greedy Thrasymachus leapt with a roar into the Socratic discussion upon Justice, and talked about drivel and mutual admiration, he did not wholly depend upon rudeness and abuse. He was strong as well as coarse. Mr. Graham leaps into the arena, and hopes by buffoonery, jests in the nice style of Dr. Parker, and a thunderous egoism peculiar to himself, to re-establish the Scottish reaction associated with the names of Reid, Beattie, Oswald, and Stewart. He is apparently unaware that these gentlemen were unarmed against the more logical developments of Condillac and Helvetius. When stripped of the adornments of Billingsgate, the imitations of Carlyle, and the furious, bombastic advertisements, which proclaim that in a dark world of fool thinkers Scotland alone has wisdom and light, then the theses for which Mr. Graham foams are these—(1) That the individual consciousness is the criterion of truth; (2) that mind and matter are incommensurable; (3) so are the finite and the infinite; (4) some truths are necessary and some contingent; (5) these and some other propositions are implicitly recognised by all men. But why, if each one of us knows so infallibly, does our author want us to pay three half-crowns to be informed? If mind and matter are so utterly sundered, how did we ever get matter into our minds, or how can mind act upon matter? If the finite and infinite are also so radically divided, God can never be known and infinity of life is absurd. Is it not enough to say, in answer to a man who says you must hold this, that we simply do not hold it? For instance the objectivity of space and time, so far from all men holding this of necessity, only "thinkers" like Mr. Graham seem to formulate anything of the kind. Common sense is indeed valuable in philosophy—the sense which we have in common, our Catholic sense; but how is this compatible with that frenzy of revolt and scorn against the expression of the communal sense which we call authority and which Mr. Graham flouts with added eggs. Possibly by common sense he means that habit of passing an eye from one wearer to another, which Perseus noticed in the Grey Sisters, and which vulgar persons think to be wisdom, and the power of the individual. If a man might dare to use a passage of Hegel (whom Mr. Graham would call a lunatic, goose, jack-pudding, and so on), he might remember that

A man who does not rid himself of the phantom of the opposition of finite and infinite steep himself in vanity, for he posits the Divine as something powerless to come to itself, while he clings to his own subjectivity and, taking his stand on this, asserts the impotence of his knowledge.

People should not write grammars until they have mastered the alphabet.

Tramps Round the Mountains of the Moon and Through the Back Gate of the Congo State. By T. BROADWOOD JOHNSON, M.A., F.R.G.S. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THE adventure-book of an earnest missionary who endeavours to follow, however inadequately, in the footsteps of Livingstone can never be quite without interest if the writer makes a plain statement of what he has seen and accomplished, and draws up some sort of rough-and-ready debit and credit account of the result of his Mission. But if such an one makes his story the vehicle of gibes at other religions than his own, the value of his work is considerably lessened. Mr. Broadwood Johnson in the very

beginning of his book thinks fit to make the following statement :

In addition there are the Roman Catholic Missions, in whose ranks are many devoted workers. With their looser standards and more mechanical methods they appeal more readily to some, but do not lead their converts on to much independence of thought, and their adherents comprise few of the influential.

This is narrow and uncharitable. Moreover, it is untrue.

For the rest, Mr. Johnson's experiences seem to have been much the same as those of other well-meaning missionaries. He writes simply and unaffectedly of Uganda (with a good word for the estimable Bishop thereof), Toro, the Pygmies, Ruwenzori, King Mtesa, and "The Back Gate" of the Congo, with no more than natural antipathy to Belgian men and methods. A good index and many photographs enhance the value of the work.

Memoir of the Life and Military Services of Viscount Lake, Baron Lake of Delhi and Laswaree, 1744-1808. By COLONEL HUGH PEARSE. (William Blackwood and Sons, 15s. net.)

ALTHOUGH he did much to bring about the creation of the Indian Empire, the life and military service of Lord Lake have not hitherto received the attention they deserved, the principal reason being that his death in 1808 coincided with the rising fame of Wellington, which swamped the records of many good men and patriots. Yet Wellesley, as he was then, had the highest opinion of Lake. He wrote of him : "His masterly operations, his unexampled alacrity and honourable zeal, the judgment, skill, and promptitude of decision which he has manifested in every crisis of difficulty or danger, combined with his irresistible spirit of enterprise and courage, entitle him to the gratitude and admiration of every loyal British subject, and of every heart and mind which can feel for the honour, or can understand the interests of the British Empire." In Fortescue's "History of the British Army," in Thorne's "Memoirs of the War in India," and in Hamilton's "History of the First or Grenadier Guards" there is reference to the splendid achievements of Lord Lake, and Major H. Helsham-Jones wrote a book, "The Campaigns of Lord Lake," which gave a succinct account of his exploits. It remained, however, for Colonel Pearse to write this best and authoritative book on a man who has unjustly fallen into oblivion, but whose record deserves a better fate. He has done his work thoroughly and well, and has done service alike to a noble soldier and to all those who are interested in the Indian Empire and the men who made it.

One City and Many Men. By the RIGHT HON. SIR ALGERNON WEST, G.C.B. (Smith and Elder, 6s. net.)

WE confess that we have read Sir Algernon West's last book with some disappointment ; but that may have been our own fault. Remembering his delightful "Recollections," so abounding as they were in good stories and interesting notes of differences between a past age and our own, we looked forward to an equal pleasure. What we get is something different. The good stories and the differences are not absent, but their place is largely taken by Sir Algernon's general views about things and by essays which might, so to say, have been written by many other people without his long and peculiar experiences—such as a review of "Queen Victoria's Letters," an account of "No. 10, Downing Street"—a subject treated much more elaborately in a recent book—a sketch of the history of London theatres, and an essay on "The Great Unpaid !" These are all very well, but they are not what we looked for ; only, as we said, the fault was ours.

Perhaps the most interesting of the papers included in the volume is that on "Some Changes in Social Life During the Queen's Reign." The facts in it are not all new, but it is interesting to have personal confirmation of them. Thus, the late Lord Clanwilliam told Sir Algernon of a dinner at a friend's villa near Putney which began at eight o'clock—a very late hour for those days—and lasted

en revanche till 8.30 the next morning ! And when Sir Algernon first entered the Admiralty the chief clerk would announce that he would not be there to-morrow, "for I am going to dine out to-night"—not at all as a joke. He gives instances of peculiar formality in address. One, a brother and sister calling each other "your ladyship" and "your Grace," seems almost incredible ; if it was not a joke, surely that family must have been extraordinarily stiff. The contemporary pronunciation of Byron in the poet's time—Byron—one had heard before ; it would be interesting to know when the change came in, since proper names are usually conservative. In going back to an earlier day than his own Sir Algernon has made one or two slight mistakes. Old Q., for instance, did not live "next door" to Byron's house in Piccadilly ; Byron's house was one of two which in old Q.'s time was a single house. But this sort of antiquarianism can be done, as we said, by people who lack Sir Algernon's personal experiences, and it is the latter for which we look to him. Not, we trust, in vain ; for there must be many left which previous books have not exhausted. We still hope for more.

FICTION

The Fourth Ship. By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

RARELY indeed is the reviewer tempted to betray an ill-regulated enthusiasm over the subject of his labours. He is apt to view the rise and fall of literary portents with a surprising detachment, nor does the announcement that a new star—and one, too, of quite unusual magnitude—has risen on the intellectual horizon move him to more than the faintest flutter of curiosity. There are exceptions however. It is said that on the conclusion of Sheridan's famous speech on the American War the adjournment of the House was moved, as it was unanimously felt that no calm or dispassionate verdict could be arrived at under the circumstances. The present reviewer has to confess to a similar weakness with regard to Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's latest novel, which he unhesitatingly pronounces to be the finest and most finished work of fiction he has read for many years.

Miss Mayne works in a quiet medium. Her chapters have all the charm and grace of a series of perfect etchings. The book, too, is one that enthralls and engrosses. Having opened it, you will find it impossible to lay it down till you have reached the last page, and you will find, as well, that the last page is reached all too soon.

"The Fourth Ship" is the story of a woman who has missed her chances, and who awakens, after many years, to find that life, with the best of its gifts, has passed her by. The author introduces us, in the first chapter, to a small Irish village. It is the Ireland of fifty years ago—the day of crinolines, side whiskers, and countless proprieties. Josephine St. Lawrence lives with her two sisters at a country parsonage. Her father is a widower, a bully, and a tyrant. The days pass uneventfully enough, varied only by domestic storms or an occasional visit to a neighbour. With the coming of Philip Maryon, however, a new and disturbing element is introduced into this orderly and homespun existence. Philip has been to Rouen—is therefore to be regarded with awe. Josephine is just at the age when conquests are most easy, and conquered she is. The passion seems reciprocal, but there suddenly enters Millicent North, and with her the note of tragedy is struck. Josephine's happiness is short-lived. The inconstant Philip quickly succumbs to the superior attractions of the fair stranger. Millicent, indeed, is a curious contrast to her rival. She is swayed by passion, volatile, capricious. Her insistent, imperious spirit leaps eagerly to the possibilities of the dramatic. To Josephine, country-bred and unversed in the subtleties of a complex civilisation, she remains a perpetual enigma. Strangely enough, however, the two girls, so dissimilar in temperament, become the

best of friends and, after the wedding of Millicent Josephine goes on a long visit to her house. There she meets a doctor, who falls somewhat violently in love with her. A proposal follows, but Josephine is unused to the accents of genuine passion, and the doctor is roughly, brutally dismissed. Then begin the long years of weariness and hope deferred for poor Josephine. Her father dies, and she is forced upon the world, compelled to support herself as best she may. Ultimately we find her, after many bitter experiences and disillusionments, an old, white-haired woman, domiciled with the Maryons, as in some welcome sanctuary. Millicent is by now the mother of many children, with one of whom, Christabel, the remainder of the story is largely concerned, so that it is only, as it were, through the interstices of the narrative that we catch an occasional glimpse of Josephine. She is loved by all who know her; but the ships that she has waited for have not come in, and we leave her at last awaiting the "fourth ship that comes for all of us," the ship of the "black sails."

It is impossible to preserve in this rather graceless dissection of a charming story the quaint, old-world atmosphere that pervades every line of it. Miss Mayne reminds us occasionally of Jane Austen in the fidelity of her observation and the extreme delicacy of her touch. To predict even the most limited of immortalities for any contemporary work of fiction is a rash and ill-advised undertaking; but in the case of "The Fourth Ship" we take the risk, and with a certain degree of confidence.

Pauline. By W. E. NORRIS. (Archibald Constable and Co., 6s.)

MR. W. E. NORRIS is one of the most brilliant living exponents of what may perhaps be termed the school of polite fiction. His writing is always capable and forceful. He is sparing of epithets, impatient of redundancies. He views each of his characters through the medium of a cold detachment. He is capable, indeed, of an artistic sympathy, but he never pauses to apportion praise or blame, and he succeeds admirably—and surely this is no mean achievement—in concealing his own point of view.

"Pauline" is quite up to the level of Mr. Norris's previous work. The characters are well sketched, each impressed with a distinct and recognisable individuality; and the story itself, if not enthralling, holds the interest of the reader from the first page to the last. If we have one complaint to make, it is that Mr. Norris has made it impossible for us to feel much sympathy for his hero. Neville Arnott is, not to put too fine a point upon it, a very complete prig, and the misfortunes that befall him may not unfairly be regarded as justly retributive. In Switzerland he meets Pauline Daguerre, a fascinating *divorcée* some years older than himself. Pauline's past has been a wholly innocent one, but she had displayed at times a regrettable disregard for appearances, and she lives in an atmosphere of subdued rumour. Neville, however, is disposed to be generous, having regard to the fact that he has fallen in love with the charming actress, for such is Pauline's profession. Maternal influences are, in consequence, brought to bear. A secret interview between Neville's mother and Pauline takes place, with the result that Pauline is induced to blacken her reputation in order to save her lover. The ruse is successful, and Neville flies to London, plunges into an electoral campaign, and becomes engaged to Evie Drake, a pretty and conventional English girl. Pauline, however, reappears—at a London theatre—and old passions are aroused in the breast of Neville, who is led to suspect the ruse, and flies to Pauline's rooms for confirmation of his doubts. There he meets a fiery foreigner, named Ibarra, and a dispute between the two in Pauline's absence leads to a fight, in which Neville is very badly hit over the head. The foreigner, pursued by the police, commits suicide. Hence the termination of Neville's engagement and the flight of Pauline to France. After a somewhat severe illness Neville follows her, determined now to marry her at any cost. Fate, however, wills otherwise, for Pauline is in

the last stages of a dangerous illness. So the book closes on a note of subdued melancholy. One can hardly feel sorry for such an impossible prig, but no reader of the novel will withhold a tribute of admiration from the heroine. For her sake alone this book is worth reading.

The Orchard Close. By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

A VEIN of mysticism runs through "The Orchard Close." Hanumân, the monkey-god, exercises his malicious power over the life of an Englishman who is rash enough to insult his image in an Indian temple. The man lives to marry a young English girl, but his first love, who is present when he offends the ape-like deity, is drawn back to India after a life of sorrow to meet her fate at the feet of the vindictive little god. The contrast between her character and that of Joy, the fresh, unsophisticated English girl, is cleverly emphasised. The treatment of the story is a little melodramatic, and the colour somewhat heavily laid on in the more emotional scenes, but the book is neither cheap nor vulgar in style, and the interest is well kept up to the end.

A Case for Compromise. By HENRY STACE. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

MR. STACE tells us continually that his story is a tragedy, not a comedy; but there is little that is funny, and a great deal that is sad, in the adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Newton. It is true that it "ends well," and we have reason to believe that, after being sufficiently buffeted by fate, the unfortunate pair do find peace at last, and "live happily ever afterwards," but seldom has more tragic material been used in the making of a comedy. The plot is more suggestive of a problem play. Lucy Newton, to use the author's words, "a comely, pleasant, highly-domesticated lady," wife of a very respectable business man, is sitting in her drawing-room awaiting the arrival of a Mr. Craddock, whom she has never seen and who has been invited by her husband to dinner. The guest arrives, and she instantly recognises in him her first husband, who deserted her years before in America. There is no sign of comedy in Newton's subsequent behaviour or in Lucy's flight from home and her tragic and lonely life. The discovery that Craddock was married to another woman before she became his wife at last brings her back to her real husband. The book is worth reading. It is well and carefully written, and the characterisation is excellent.

Mrs. Fitz-Maurice on Leave. By GABRIELLE FITZ-MAURICE. (Greening, 6s.)

MRS. FITZ-MAURICE is a beautiful but silly little lady who appears to have an irresistible fascination for every man with whom she comes in contact. Consequently, the history of her adventures in England while her husband is in India consists of a series of passionate episodes. In spite of her frequent and fervent protestations that her whole heart belongs to her husband, and to him alone, she is able to get a good deal of enjoyment out of at least one of her victims. This is, no doubt, partly due to a comfortable philosophy she evolves which convinces her that it is not only permissible, but her stern duty, to spend much of her time, in her husband's absence, in the arms of another man. How she arrives at this conclusion may be seen by reading the book. The remarkable thing is that she has no difficulty in convincing Mr. Fitz-Maurice of the justice of this ingenious theory.

The Moth and the Candle. By Alice Maud Meadows. (Milne, 6s.)

MISS MEADOWS takes a tremendous amount of trouble to build up the evidence against Margaret Lumley, charged with the murder of her stepmother. It is quite evident from the start that Cora Westwood is to be murdered and that Margaret is to be accused of the crime, though her innocence is obvious. Cora is a fashionable woman who compels several men to fall in love with her, and from amongst them she eventually selects Stephen Lumley,

whom she has previously rejected many times because of the opposition of his daughter, whose dislike for Cora is passionate. The marriage, however, takes place, and the daughter of Lumley appears to accept the situation until her jealousy is aroused by the confidential attitude of Dennison Brent, her lover, towards Cora. The young girl, maddened by jealousy, seeks an interview with her stepmother; there is a scene, she strikes her, and rushes from the room. Later Cora is found murdered, and it is subsequently discovered that Margaret has fled. Thus all the conventions of melodrama are faithfully observed. The reader is never in doubt as to the author of the crime, for José Navarro is an old friend of the novelist of to-day, and his fiery southern blood and eccentricities of temperament are brought into play to complicate matters. Margaret is run to earth by her lover in a house where José is lying ill, but when the girl is arrested the foreign gentleman gives an explanation in open court which amounts to a confession. Margaret goes free and marries Brent, and, incidentally, pays a tribute of regret at the grave of Cora Lumley. A novel in which there is nothing very striking or new, written with conventional explicitness, "The Moth and the Candle" is merely one of a great many books that are published by the hundreds every year. There must be a public for them, but it makes us wonder where that public is and what it is like.

Drelma. By G. WHITELEY WARD. (Greening, 6s.)

It would be easy to point out the weaknesses of Mr. Ward's story, but the painful lack of proportion, occasional slovenly writing, and historical inaccuracies will not disturb the peace of mind of those who will read it. "Drelma" is not an altogether bad specimen of what is termed the "readable novel," and though the setting in the city of Kanastê, which practises Egyptian customs in the twentieth century, is familiar, the author writes with a certain amount of gusto that sometimes affects the reader. Dick Chelmsford and Drelma, the great-niece of the high priest of Kanastê, are the hero and heroine, but comparatively little space is devoted to them, and it is the Greek adventurer, Stephano, who dominates the story from start to finish. The book opens with Dick Chelmsford and a companion gold-prospecting in the Sahara. They are attacked and robbed by Stephano, who makes off only to fall into the hands of the inhabitants of Kanastê, where Isis is the reigning divinity and everything is archaic. After a miraculous escape Stephano is admitted to the circle of the priests, and with the help of Sathi, a dancing girl, achieves high honours. At the critical moment Chelmsford re-enters, and the Lady Drelma falls in love with him at first sight—a common occurrence in this book. Coincidences are the heritage of the minor novelist, and Mr. Ward claims his rights on every possible occasion. But Stephano is also in love with the girl, and as Sathi is passionately devoted to the Greek, she of course prevents anybody's love running smoothly. By a trick she induces the priests to believe that the goddess desires Chelmsford and Drelma to be sacrificed, and but for a stroke of lightning they would have been offered up. All comes well in the end, however, death very obligingly removing the superfluous characters.

The Woman Who Vowed. By ELLISON HARDING. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THE idea of this book is astonishing enough, but the author has failed to make it successful. His "vision of the future" reveals New York as the centre of the cult of the Demetrian and other customs of the ancient Greeks, including their names and costumes. Henry T. Joyce, who tells the story, awakens to find himself confronted by a girl in Greek dress. She is Lydia, the woman who vowed, and she introduces him to Chairō, Cleon, Ariston, and other incongruous inhabitants of the revolutionised American city. Lydia has decided to accept the call of Demeter, and, naturally, this scientific marriage is distasteful to Chairō, who is in love with her. The lover eventually carries off Lydia from the temple of the priests, and, after

a few tame adventures, is absolved from punishment and marries her. Of course, the principal object of the author is to show us how Collectivism and the cult of Demeter would work in a world that had already tacitly accepted Christianity and its rival religions. He is too ambitious, however; for, easy as it may be to repeat the copy-book maxims of Socialism, it is quite another thing to reproduce them in a novel and make them appear real. There is no genuine imagination shown in "The Woman Who Vowed"—no distinction either in style or thought—and it is not improved by the American spelling adopted throughout. This may be a small point, but the English reader with a reverence for the classics will scarcely approve of Neaera, of New York City, "traveling" from one "center" to another. Only a great writer could rise superior to the difficulties of this subject; and Ellison Harding's attempt only convinces us that Nature never intended Greek culture to flourish in the western hemisphere.

Before Adam. By JACK LONDON. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

IN "Before Adam" Mr. Jack London transports us to an earth in which man has not appeared. His predecessors are depicted as hairy and ape-like, possessed of a certain amount of animal cunning, yet entirely devoid of the idea of co-operation or even of the faintest glimmerings of a tribal instinct. The survival of the fittest holds undisputed sway. Yet even among these savage and primitive beings we are permitted to see the rudiments of the great passions of humanity—love, hatred, jealousy, heroism. Mr. London, with a certain audacity which we cannot but admire, tells the story in the first person. It is revealed to him in a series of dreams, in which he becomes once more primitive man, with all primitive man's savagery and fear. In an explanatory chapter Mr. London alludes to the sensation, familiar in sleep, of falling suddenly through space. This, he would have us believe, is a racial memory:

It dated back to our remote ancestors who lived in trees. With them, being tree-dwellers, the liability of falling was an ever-present menace. Many lost their lives that way; all of them experienced terrible falls, saving themselves by clutching branches as they fell towards the ground.

Now a terrible fall, averted in such fashion, was productive of shock. Such shock was productive of molecular changes in the cerebral cells. These molecular changes were transmitted to the cerebral cells of progeny—became, in short, racial memories.

This theory, however, though undeniably ingenious, must be dismissed as a mere effort of the imagination, since the non-transmissibility of acquired characteristics is now asserted by all competent biologists. Scientific accuracy is not, perhaps, essential to a work of fiction, even when that work of fiction infringes upon the province of the anthropologist. It remains to be said that Mr. London has told a somewhat difficult story with a considerable amount of vigour, and that at no stage in the narrative are the probabilities violated. He has also compassed the original feat of writing a novel without dialogue.

CORRESPONDENCE

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE V. THE MORNING POST'S LOGIC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you permit me to point out through your columns one or two facts which, for some reason best known to themselves, the editors of such newspapers as the *Morning Post* and others do not wish to see the light in their anxiety to hasten the day when men and the country generally will be ruled by women, for that can be the only logical and indeed inevitable result of "Woman's Suffrage"? The *Morning Post*, in a peculiarly foolish leader, asks the women who, like myself, oppose the revolution known as "Woman Suffrage," how long we want to go on being classed with criminals, lunatics, and children. I might, with precisely the same kind of reasoning, ask Mr. Fabian Ware, the editor of the *Morning Post*, how long he intends to remain classed with fools. For, by his own reasoning, as he is not a man of first-rate intellect or genius, therefore he must be a fool. If he

argues that there are many men neither fools nor men of genius, then why compel women either to be Woman Suffragists or fools, criminals, lunatics, etc. In both cases the logic is faulty and the reasoning confused. Then there is repeated in the same "leader" the old stupid fallacy about the "woman" who plays the essential rôle of a woman in creating and maintaining the home being a person of "narrow interests and inferior intelligence." What is it broadens a woman's (or man's) intellect; what is it stimulates the imagination; what is it that makes a fuller, richer man or woman? Does Mr. Fabian Ware really think it is knocking about the world joining in election rows and the like? Does he really think that a woman who has created a *Home*—not the sordid, ugly, unpoetical thing he and his friends pretend is represented by a Home, but a true Home, the symbol of a woman's rule, of her creative capacity, of her intellectual standpoint—for the atmosphere of each Home is the faithful mirror of the woman who is the centre of it—of her artistic faculty—the only field for most women—is inferior in all that makes thought feeling, heroic discharge of duty, in all that makes up moral beauty, to the achievements of her female friends, whose lives are passed in declaiming "economics," of which they have never read one serious page; in discussions at smart clubs for women; in the senseless clamour for the "vote," the very nature of which they are in confusion over?

If Mr. Fabian Ware felt so strongly on this point, why not suggest that a woman should edit the *Morning Post*? Probably there might be considerable improvement at least in the reviewing department.

Now, Sir, we on our side are incessantly taunted by the *Daily News* and other of the "male-Suffragette" papers that we have no distinguished women on our side.

Consider for a moment, after all the fuss and sensation and incessant beating up of recruits, the calibre of the women who represented Literature:

Miss Beatrice Harraden—whose *chef d'œuvre*, "Ships that Pass in the Night," is not, I suppose, regarded, even by the *Daily News*, as precisely literature.

Then there are Mrs. Sarah Grand and Miss Evelyn Sharp. I need not comment on their names.

Then comes Miss Elizabeth Robins, with some faculty for writing and much more for acting.

Lastly comes—actually Miss Cicely Hamilton, the author of *Diana of Dobson's*, whose idea of humour is an allusion to corsets; her notion of wit, women in their undergarments; her idea of dramatic presentation, a woman combing out her back hair; yet the authoress of one of the most vulgar, common, and stupid plays—for there isn't a line above the level of the shopgirl's intellect and taste—and the crudity and childishness of such a presentation as a blushing sort of hobbledohoy "guardsman" are beyond words—it is significant that the group of dramatic critics were in ecstasy over what *Punch* rightly calls this "stuffy" art). As I say, the authoress of this is held up as a genius of the first order; and we who ask in vain, Where are Lady Richmond Ritchie, Mrs. Clifford, Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Molesworth?—and one could name scores of other women of real literary distinction—are told that all the intellect is on the other side!

May I in conclusion ask what on earth Vashti and all the other historic women have to do with the demand for Female Suffrage? If we can infer anything, it is surely that, with every opportunity, the real great women never did ask for political power, never wanted it, and achieved their greatness without it. We women against Woman's Suffrage are now invited to processions and demonstrations, and all the rest. I sincerely hope that every woman of sense and taste will resolutely set her face against this. Our part is quiet argument and the incessant influencing of every man of sense against their clamour, which means the neglect of numberless real duties and real privileges which only women can deal with. I am afraid I have too long trespassed on your space. As, strange to say, I do not want publicity, allow me to subscribe myself by that despised name

A WOMAN.

London, June 17, 1908.

SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—I have a suggestion and a guinea at the disposal of the Anti-Suffrage Association, when I can discover the whereabouts of their office. My guinea I will reserve, but my suggestion I will, with your permission, place at the disposal of the above Association. It is that the answers to the following questions be made as public as possible:

1. What is the number of unfortunates, according to the latest estimates, in London?

2. How many of this class would receive the franchise were women placed on a political equality with men?

3. Under the Lodgers' Acts is it a fact that this class of woman would be more fully represented in the Metropolis than any other?

4. Is there any constituency in London where it is sufficiently strong to elect a member with little or no outside influence?

I do not sign my name because I am frankly afraid of such a type of person as the Moloney or the younger Pankhurst.

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

June 20, 1908.

[In reply to the first part of our correspondent's letter we can say that the Woman's National Anti-Suffrage Union has its headquarters at Wimborne House, Arlington Street. The Hon. Secretary is the Hon. Ivor Guest, M.P.—Ed.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Last Sunday morning, as the Chelsea and Battersea contingents of wishful women straggled through Oakley Street on their way to the park, an illuminating incident occurred which is worth recording as a woman's comment on the other side of the question. On the balcony of a house a family was assembled, consisting of the mother, dainty and winsome, the father, iron-grey, humorous, quiet, smoking a comfortable pipe, four of the bonniest, healthiest-looking girls imaginable, aged from seventeen down to ten or thereabout, and a charming little boy of about seven. Chattering and joking, with the mother seated in the middle and the father standing behind, they made as fine and happy a little English picture as could be desired while they waited for the procession to pass. Then, when the festive note of the hired drum and the snort of trombones sounded in the distance, the lady rose and exposed a large black fan, on the reverse side of which was boldly painted in white letters the prefix

"ANTI—";

she held it and showed it well during the passage of her weaker sisters below, smiling and nodding vivaciously as who should say, "I am content—why all this pother? Go you and do likewise." A neater and more telling observation on the flurry underneath could not have been devised, and one onlooker at least thought that the home-circle portrayed by that contented, jovial group of seven people represented strength and love and a sane outlook on life which in time of sorrow would prove an armoury far finer than flaunting banners or misused votes, to say nothing of the national or social aspect of the question.

W. L. RANDELL.

35 Margaretta Terrace, Chelsea, S.W.

A SHORT WAY WITH SOCIALISTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I submit that the only way with Socialists is to ignore them. If their teaching is, as you say, neither popular nor convincing, it surely is better that the great Political Party—the Conservative, that is—should work out a constructive policy both convincing and intellectually sound, and so kill—not by suppression, *à la Russe*, but by sheer integrity of both conduct and argument. As the Socialists are both irreligious and the dupes of a wicked apriorism, let us leave them to their foolish philosophy, and re-convert its converts by our rational teaching and our sweetness and light.

FREDERICK KETTLE.

Clapham School, High Street, S.W., June 22, 1908.

"SAD HAPPY RACE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "Sad Happy Race" is an excellent essay, framed with most happy moderation and exact estimate, and the concluding extract from Cervantes is a veritable lesson in aptness for the quotation agonists of a certain chloros-coloured weekly paper; but concerning the matter of acting not being "in the highest of all senses an art"—*credat Judæus!* To the writer, Literature; to the musician, Music; to the painter, Painting should respectively seem the greatest art. To me (an actor) the least of the apostles that am not meet to be called an apostle, acting seems to be the greatest of all the arts. It is quite certain that all art, under whatever guise it shows itself, is neither more nor less than simplification, so said one of the greatest artists that ever lived, and the saying is akin to those other words, "Let your communication be Yea, yea! Nay, nay! for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Life sweeps through our time and space dimension into the Oblique with the phylactery firm-bound on the forehead, and whatever wrenches one word from that writing is art.

Mr. Machen says:

The actor never shows us a complete picture; he does a

series of lightning sketches, each disappearing to give place to another, there is no total and simultaneous impression." But surely this is exactly what *does* constitute a complete picture—it could hardly have been put better; take any painting by a great impressionist—and all great painters are impressionists—what is it but a series of subtly-veiled ideas arriving and disappearing, impinging and recoiling and cumulatively sweeping on to the acronyc, if only in that Götter-Dämmerung, the word, which was in the beginning with God, and which *was* God, may be found. If this be not so, how is our estate more gracious than that of Messrs. Frith and Maclise?

Is there no complete picture in such works as Coquelin's *Cyrano*, Wyndham's *Garrick*, or Irving's *Shylock*? I saw these when I was many years younger than I am now, but the culminating "*Mon Panache*" of *Cyrano* is as clear in my mental vision now as the Divine dignity in Rembrandt's "*Christ before Pilate*," which I see a score of times every year, and they both mean precisely the same thing, and the actor bears the same relation to the author in this case as the painter to the Scripture. In one sense—a sense very difficult to define—the actor is entirely independent of the playwright, as the great painters are independent of anecdote. There are very few great actors to-day, the greatest art is dying out, along with the decay of our religious faith and belief, and this must be so until the Renaissance. The playwright of to-day more and more assumes the functions of the actor, and the actors are cut and shaped and squared much after the fashion of the pierced parchments of the pianola. When this is done well by our best authors and producers the effect is not always entirely unsatisfactory; there are most ingenious stops and pedals. But, good heavens! look at the results obtained by the second-rate producers—the imitators!

It will not remedy the state of affairs to take away from our actors the belief that real acting is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all the arts. "The inhabitants of earth have many tongues, those of heaven but one." Undoubtedly the great actor does translate a few words of that one tongue; undoubtedly such translation is permanent. I grant that, by its very nature, the actor's work is transitory, so is a destructive lightning flash, so is a charge of cavalry; the result in each case is permanent enough.

CALEB PORTER.

Aldwych Theatre, June 21, 1908.

A QUERY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Could you, through your columns, kindly inform me where is to be found a copy of the "*Translations from the Servian Minstrelsy*," privately printed by Mr. Lockhart in 1826, and reviewed in the *Quarterly Review*, January, 1827, p. 66?

VOYSLAV M. TOVANOVITCH, Author of

"An English Bibliography on the Near Eastern Question."

58 Princes Square, London, W., June 20, 1908.

[We regret that we are unable to give the information required, but perhaps some of our readers may be able to. This reminds us that we, through an oversight, omitted to answer a question which was put to us by Mr. L. Gunnis. The answer is: there are no oil-paintings of Industry and Idleness. The original sketches from which the engravings were made are in the British Museum Print Rooms. They were acquired in 1896.—ED.]

UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARISM?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—In the first book of Dryden's translation of "*The Æneid*" a line runs thus:

And the long glories of majestic Rome.

Tennyson, in "*The Passing of Arthur*," has:

And the long glories of the winter moon.

The same poet, in one of the songs in "*The Princess*," says:

Ask me no more:

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield.

Mr. Watson, in his "*Domine Quo Vadis*," has:

Urge me no more, lest at a touch I fall.

Faber, in a sonnet entitled "*On the Ramparts at Angoulême*," writes:

The inverted minarets of poplar quake.

A sonnet in the last issue of THE ACADEMY has:

The inverted minarets of poplar shake.

Are these instances of unconscious plagiarism—if there is such a thing—or what?

G. B. F.

[These are instances not of plagiarism, but of sub-conscious memory, which all poets cannot but possess.—ED.]

OUR STATUS IN THE ART WORLD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—John Bull is self-assertive enough in many things; but in others he is singularly modest and self-depreciatory, and in art matters he has never done justice to himself, nor has he received justice from others. I believe that we are a musical people; this is proved by our appreciation of the great Continental masters; but we have allowed ourselves to be dominated and overshadowed by them. So while our instrumentalists hold their own with any in the world, our composers have had their spontaneity checked by the overpowering influence of foreign composers, especially of the Germans. We have put the foreigner above our own musicians in every department; and we are only now seeing the merits of our orchestras and chorus-singers through the surprised appreciation of the foreigners—as the Germans "discovered" Shakespeare.

In the plastic and pictorial arts we have dared to be ourselves, and if we are not easily first, as I believe we are, we are assuredly in the front rank. At the last of the great international Expositions—the "Biggest Ever" at St. Louis—many of the best judges thought our collection the best. I knew that we should hold our own, but I was surprised to find ours better than I expected, while none of the others came up to my expectations. This set me comparing them, and after checking personal predilections I was compelled to the conclusion that for richness, variety, individuality, invention, and all-round artistry we were easily highest—that is, our average was the highest; we had more fine works and fewer bad ones than other nations. There were splendid works in nearly every other collection, to compare these would lead to endless dispute; we can only judge on broad general lines, and by purely artistic criteria.

We have enriched Art in so many ways—in the development of landscape in the hands of Turner, Constable, and others; in the development of painting in water-colours; in first seeing the incipient soul in animals; in enriching art with a more human feeling, more soul and sentiment, those dramatic and "literary" qualities at which fashion's fools still sneer. We have always shown more individuality than others, and it is time we claimed credit for our achievements. A French critic has said that there are only two distinctive schools of painting—the French and the British—the other Continental schools being variations of the French. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that France takes the lead on the Continent; so the splendid collections at the Franco-British affords a good opportunity to compare these two representative schools. In justice to the French it should be borne in mind that they are not so well represented as we are; but, on the other hand, our appreciation of our own work is dulled by familiarity. Comparisons of this kind will be the reverse of odious, and will greatly enhance the interest. M. Rodin said that London would become the metropolis of the art world; that prophecy is being rapidly fulfilled. Despite our Little Englander critics who have been so steadily defaming our art, I believe that the race which produced Shakespeare has won for itself a place in pictorial art as high as it has in poetry and the drama.

E. WAKE COOK.

"IN AND AROUND THE ISLE OF PURBECK"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I point out some remarkable errors in the review of my book "*In and Around the Isle of Purbeck*" in THE ACADEMY for June 6th?

1. My critic says:

No effort has been made to give any original and accurate information as to the quarrying and early wide use of Purbeck marble.

I have given the "original and accurate" information that the much talked-of copy of the Charter of the Company of Marblers does not exist, and that the document hitherto supposed to be it is the copy of a charter granted by Charles II. to Ralph Bankes. I have stated and given proof that Purbeck stone was used by the Romans.

2. The "Forest" story—it was all under forest law in the time of King John—is almost wholly neglected.

I say, on p. 2, that the island was under forest laws under Saxon and Norman kings, and give the history of Purbeck when under these laws in chapter I, briefly, and in detail under the heads of the various manors, etc.

3. Blunders anent architectural accounts and dates. I consulted the standard books and the greatest living authority.

Also the book was half written before the pictures were painted, and I have known Purbeck for a good many years.

IDA WOODWARD.

[Our reviewer writes: I am well aware that the various early

local records of the "Company of Marblers or Stone Cutters of the Isle of Purbeck" are supposed to have been burnt in a fire at Corfe Castle during the reign of Charles II., and that the copies of their statutes and rules of sixteenth-century date are still extant. Much of this information is all set forth by Miss Woodward, but it is all to be found at greater length in the well-known extended edition of Hutchins's "Dorsetshire," published in 1861 (Vol. I., pp. 682-8). By original and accurate information as to quarrying, etc., I chiefly referred to a considerable variety of material that could have been gleaned by any careful investigator from the Pipe Rolls, later Close Rolls, Exchequer Accounts, Assize Rolls, and many other sources at the Public Record Office. It is strange how much the exceedingly interesting study of the highly important carving and remarkably wide distribution of Purbeck stone or marble has been hitherto neglected. If properly followed up it would make an entertaining and valuable monograph. When this work came into my hands I hoped to find much hitherto unprinted information on this particular—knowing the abundance of it—but was quite disappointed. Miss Woodward will find a certain portion of this evidence briefly set forth in an article by Mr. C. H. Vellacott on Dorsetshire quarrying, in the recently-published second volume of the Victoria History of the county (pp. 331-344).

As to the very thin outline reference to the forestry of Purbeck, Miss Woodward may be referred to Dr. Cox's article on the forestry of the county in the same volume, where sources of information with which she seems to have had no acquaintance will be opened up to her.

As to my strictures on the nature of the architectural comments in the book under review, I had marked some ten passages for adverse criticism, and then came to the conclusion that it was not worth while to go into detail, and that a brief notice was all that the book demanded. I will now mention three points as samples. On p. 20, the tower of St. Mary's, Swanage, is named as the "oldest building in the island," and it is pronounced with emphasis to be Saxon. To a student of our early church architecture, I can only say that such a statement (though I know it has been made before in print) is amusingly impossible, and I think I can claim to have seen and studied as much Saxon architecture as any Englishman now living. Again, on p. 23, Gonalston Manor House is positively stated to be of tenth or eleventh century date, with a new wing added in the sixteenth century. This is simply and absurdly wrong. The merest tyro in old architecture, in examining this building, will realise that the oldest parts now standing are Edwardian. Contrariwise, Miss Woodward errs in the opposite direction with regard to the most highly interesting church of Studland. She does not make nearly enough of the extensive and absolutely indisputable remains of pre-Norman work; and dates the Norman work wrongly by at least half a century, in ascribing it to about the year 1100. In this she has clearly been led astray by a written very faulty account of the church that hangs, or hung, in the church porch. It would have been well if she had read the paper printed by the gentleman responsible for the wonderful restoration and reparation of this building. He is still living at Swanage, and his paper was printed in the proceedings of the Dorset Field Club.

For the sake of the reputation of THE ACADEMY as an encourager of fair and unhasty reviewing, I should be glad if the editor will allow me to say that I have reviewed topographical works in high-class reviews for very nearly forty years; that I have known Dorset, and particularly the Isle of Purbeck, for very many years—my first visit to the Isle being in the year of the Prince Consort's death; and that I have quite recently revived my recollections of the Isle, by a careful visit to every church and old manor-house within its limits.]

"A HALF-HOGGER"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I trust I am not so foolish as to complain of a review, and if those who conduct THE ACADEMY are satisfied with the sort of criticism which marks your notice of my book, "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," it certainly is not for me to object. In common fairness, however, I must ask you to allow me to correct a few inaccuracies.

1. It is not true that I "taunt a well-known opponent with his Semitic origin," either "twice" or at all. I have many friends who may be described, in the words of your reviewer, as of "Semitic origin," and I have no racial prejudices. On the contrary, I should as soon think of reproaching a man for being born a Jew as I should think of reproaching him for being born a Christian—or for being born at all, for the matter of that. I challenge your reviewer either to make good his assertion or to withdraw it.

2. It is not true that I am "a hard-shell Baconian." As a simple matter of fact I am not a "Baconian" at all. I am entirely agnostic on that vexed question. I state this in my Preface, and

I had hitherto supposed that a writer is to be credited with a regard for truth until the contrary be proved.

3. It is not true that I attempt to prove, as your reviewer suggests, that Shakspeare "never went to school at all." On the contrary, it is part of my case that he did.

4. It is not true that I "sneer at Downes." On the contrary. I merely explain a note by Mr. Nichol Smith by quoting what Downes really said. Your reviewer, surely, does not think that there is "nothing impossible" in the supposition that Betterton was coached by Shakspeare!

I may add—5. The suggestion that Shakspeare took "a leading part in the management and conduct of two theatres" is part of a quotation which I give from Lord Penzance's book. Lord Penzance bases his statement on passages cited by him from Charles Knight's biography. The expression "a leading part" may be too strong. I am not concerned to defend its strict accuracy. The "two theatres" were the Globe and the Blackfriars, in each of which Shakspeare had shares (see Lee's "Life," Library Edition, p. 214).

6. As to Ward's statement that Shakspeare "supplied the stage with two plays every year," I actually quote it but six lines above the words cited from my book by your reviewer. I should indeed be sorry to omit that statement.

I lay special stress on No. 1 *supra*.

G. G. GREENWOOD.

House of Commons, June 22, 1908.

[Our reviewer replies: I will take Mr. Greenwood's points in order.

1. On p. 10, note 1, Mr. Greenwood writes as follows:—

"For the benefit of the puzzled investigator (and such, at first, was I) it may be mentioned that he [there is no need to mention the name, your readers will find it in Mr. Greenwood's book] there [*i.e.*, in the "Oxford Calendar" of 1880] appears under a slightly different form of appellation to [*sic*] that by which he is now familiar to us, not having at that date discarded two Biblical *praenomina* in order to assume the more Saxon name of ——. I cannot help thinking, by the way, that Mr. — might be rather more tolerant of those who imagine that some great man in Elizabethan times might have seen advantages in the assumption of a pseudonym."

The sneer in that is surely unmistakable. But worse follows. Throughout his book Mr. Greenwood makes jest and diverting fun with the "doubtless," which is a favourite word of the author in question. On p. 499 he writes: "doubtless ('I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word!')." If that was not intended for a sneer, Mr. Greenwood must be (what I have no reason to suppose from reading his book) merely tactless and stupid.

2. I refer your readers to the index, *svv.* "Bacon," "Baconiana," "Baconian," etc. The pages to which references are there made will be sufficient to prove to them that Mr. Greenwood is at heart a hard-shell Baconian. All the more credit to him for so carefully leaving that issue open in his book.

3. I did not even suggest that Mr. Greenwood "attempted to prove that Shakspeare never went to school." I suggested that tradition puts him at the Grammar-school, and that it is for the anti-Shakesperians to prove that he did not enjoy for a few years such education as was to be had there. Mr. Greenwood has either misread or misinterpreted my parenthesis.

4. On p. 215 (footnote) Mr. Greenwood writes: "There is a similar story as to Betterton playing King Henry VIII. Betterton was said to have been instructed by Sir William [D'Avenant], who was instructed by Lowen, who was instructed by Shakspeare!" Why the note of exclamation? There is nothing impossible or absurd in the story. I made no reference to Mr. Nichol Smith's blunder.

5. I ought to have made it clear that Mr. Greenwood was quoting Lord Penzance. The slip makes no difference to the argument. I regret that I have no trustworthy book handy from which I can verify the date at which the King's company first occupied the Blackfriars playhouse. It was not, I believe (though I speak under correction), before 1608, at which time Shakespeare had already displayed in his works most of his knowledge of the law. Before that date the Blackfriars was leased to the manager of the Chapel Children, and Shakespeare can have had little or nothing to occupy his time in connection with it.

6. Exactly. On p. 207 Mr. Greenwood quotes Ward in full, but a few lines lower down, in summing up the information, he omits all reference to the play-writing. The "local gossip" included that most important detail.]

"BRITISH" AND IRELAND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A correspondent in your columns revives the old idea, to which Mr. Frederic Harrison has lent the weight of his

authority, that "British" is inapplicable to Ireland. Is it not the case that mediæval geography recognised two Britains—the larger, England with Scotland, and the smaller, Ierne, Ireland? Our King's title was not "Britanniae Rex," but "Britanniarum Rex." *Magna Britannia* refers to physical size, and implies *Britannia Minor*—viz., Ireland. If this is correct, the word "British" belongs equally to both islands, and Americans are justified in giving the name "Britisher" (ugly, but appropriate) to natives of both. If any one has cause to complain, it is John Bull, whose supposed exclusively "English" ancestry disappears under the more ancient race-name.

T. S. O.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Surely your correspondent in last week's ACADEMY is wrong in arguing that the term "British" can be applied properly only to the inhabitants of Great Britain. On referring to the *New English Dictionary* I find "*Brettania*=Great Britain in its most extended sense, comprising *Albion* (England and Scotland), and *Hibernia*, or *Ibernia* (Ireland)."

Aristotle, the earliest writer to mention the British Isles by name, says:—"Beyond the pillars of Hercules the Ocean flows round the earth, and in it are two very large islands called British, Albion and Ierne, lying beyond the Keltai." The application of the name Britannia to denote the larger island is first found in Cæsar.

So much for the name, but, so far as race is concerned, probably Englishmen are less British than either the Welsh, Scotch, or Irish. Still, I believe they are proud to be included in the relationship.

F. W. T. LANGE.

St. Bride's Library, June 22, 1908.

"WANTED—A DINNER"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It was with great interest I read the letter signed "A Dweller with Mesech," and I am writing to earnestly second his suggestion in the spirit at least, if not in the letter, since it seems to me that a dinner is not at all what is wanted. Surely the very word would attract the wrong sort of people—those who do not ask for "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Yet a gathering of some among the few who are interested in literature and poetry, with their kindred arts, might surely be arranged, and he who would bring it about would perform an act of real charity. There are many in this great London of ours who see "the light that never was on sea or land," as your correspondent aptly quotes, and who are forced to fight their battles and dream their dreams alone, because they know none who are able to share them, because they are overwhelmed by the hordes of the Philistines who compass us around.

A DWELLER IN PHILISTIA.

London, June 21, 1908.

BOOKS RECEIVED

DRAMA

- Within Four Walls. Children at Play.* By Leo Sarkadi-Schuller. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.
Housman, Laurence. *The Chinese Lantern.* Sidgwick, 3s. 6d. net.
Daniel, H. C. *The Magna Charta: an Historical Drama.* Stockwell, n.p.

POETRY

- Nesbit, E. *Ballads and Lyrics of Socialism, 1883-1908.* Fifield, 6d. net.
Mulholland, Rosa. *Spirit and Dust.* Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.
Bromley, L. C. *Poems.* Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.
Knott, George. *A Hidden World.* Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.
Freyja, and other Poems. By E. C. N. Dent. 2s. 6d. net.
Compton-Rickett, Leonard Allen. *Philomela.* Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians and to the Corinthians.* A new translation by the late W. G. Rutherford. With a Prefatory Note by Spenser Wilkinson. Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.
Hunter, John. *De Profundis Clamavi.* Williams and Norgate, 5s. net.
Trench, G. H. *The Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ.* Murray, 3s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Malet, Lucas. *The Wages of Sin.* Nelson, 6d. net.
Henslowe's Diary. Edited by W. W. Greg. Vol. II. Bullen, 10s. 6d. net.
The Works of W. E. Henley. David Nutt, £2 2s. net the set of 7 volumes.
Sherard, Robert H. *Oscar Wilde.* Greening, 1s. net.
Butler, Samuel. *Erewhon Revisited.* Fifield, 2s. 6d. net.
Oxenham, John. *John of Gerisau.* Newnes, 1s.
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Hope, Anthony. *Phroso.* Newnes, 1s.
Barrie, J. M. *When a Man's Single.* Newnes, 1s.
Pemberton, Max. *Beatrice of Venice.* Newnes, 1s.
Of the Imitation of Christ. By Thomas à Kempis. Burns and Oates, 6s. net.

JUVENILE

- The Farm.* Shown to the Children by F. M. B. and A. H. Blaikie. Described by Foster Meadow. Jack, n.p.

FICTION

- MacVane, Edith. *The Duchess of Dreams.* Milne, 6s.
Scudder, Sam. *A Counterfeit Citizen.* New York: Broadway Publishing Company, \$1.50.
Truscott, L. Parry. *Mr. Saffery's Disciple.* Werner Laurie, 6s.
Cobb, Thomas. *The Future Mrs. Dering.* Werner Laurie, 6s.
Lewis, Cecil. *The Ava Mining Syndicate.* Greening, 6s.
Mant, Hugh. *The Flying Scroll.* Long, 6s.
Forbes, the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. *Vane Royal.* Long, 6s.
Osbourne, Lloyd. *The Adventurer.* Heinemann, 6s.
Bowker, Alfred. *Armadin.* Causton, 2s. 6d. net.
Mayne, Ethel Colburn. *The Fourth Ship.* Chapman and Hall, 6s.
Hay, Agnes Grant. *Archibald Menzies' Mystic.* Milne, 6s.
Hamilton, Cicely. *Diana of Dobson's.* Collier, 1s. net.
Aldington, May. *God's Toys.* Collier, 6s.
Moberly, L. G. *Angela's Marriage.* Ward Lock, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Marchesi, G. B. *Il "Pensieroso."* Studio su Federico Amiel. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli, 4l.
Panzini, Alfredo. *Dizionario Moderne.* Milano: Ulrico Hoepli, 7.50l.
Ashcroft, Herbert James. *Shavings from a Shipyard.* Ouseley, 3s. 6d.
Kernahan, Coulson. *An Author on the Territorials.* Pearson, 2s. 6d.
National Conference on Infantile Mortality. King, 1s. 6d. net.
John Sebastian Bach's Mass in B Minor. Three Papers by Alan Gray and Sedley Taylor. Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes.
Story, Alfred T. *American Shrines in England.* Methuen, 6s.
Hull, Eleanor. *A Text Book of Irish Literature.* Part II. London: David Nutt; Dublin: M. H. Gill, 3s. net.
Enock, C. Reginald. *Peru.* Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.
Walpole, Sir Spencer. *Essays, Political and Biographical.* Edited by Francis Holland. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.
Lenotre, G. *The Daughter of Louis XVI.* Lane, 10s. 6d. net.
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THE CITY OF THE SOUL

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

This volume was issued anonymously in May, 1899. The first edition of 500 was exhausted within a few months of publication, and a second edition of 500 was issued in December, 1899.

Owing to the failure of the Publisher the book has been unobtainable for several years. Of the second edition only a few copies now remain. They are offered for sale at the original published price, 5s. net, by Messrs, BICKERS & SON, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, from whom alone they can be obtained.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

THE LATE MR. LIONEL JOHNSON IN THE "OUTLOOK," IN AN ARTICLE ENTITLED "A GREAT UNKNOWN."

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

"Delicate imagination and sense of words are not the only qualities that entitle 'The City of the Soul' to peculiar distinction. The writer adds to these a technical judgment no less completely at home with the ballad than with the lyrical or sonnet form. As a criticism of verse, this would be exhaustive praise. But these pieces contain just that element of passion which transforms skilful verse into fine poetry. . . . The ballad soliloquy 'Perkin Warbeck' is extraordinarily good. . . . Among the rest of the poems are two translations from 'Les Fleurs du Mai.' In daintiness of expression, often married to exotic sentiment, the translator himself has no slight affinity with Baudelaire. The book is full of things which tempt one to linger."

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THE TIMES

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"A PARISIAN" IN THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE"

"These poems, 'The City of the Soul,' by an anonymous author, were known in part to the Parisian public before they were printed in England, for some of the best among them—and the volume, it seems to me, is a treasure-house of gems—first appeared in the 'Revue Blanche,' with the accompaniment of a French translation. That is some three years ago, and the great masters of French poetry, chief among them the late Stephen Mallarmé, were not slow to applaud."

"The remarkable success which I hear the book has since had in England does credit I think, to the judgment of our French critics, which is often singularly just in its estimate of English poetry, especially if it belongs to the Elizabethan period of our literature or be animated by the Elizabethan 'soufflé' . . . and surely it is this 'soufflé,' a pure invigorating wind from heaven which blows and whispers and weeps in this new poet's verses. . . . The two translations from Baudelaire are as perfect in form and in the repetition of the *frisson* of the original verse as Baudelaire's own translations from Poe and Longfellow. It is a pleasure to find so complete, so temperamental a sympathy between a great French and great English poet."

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MR. GEORGE STREET IN THE "PALL-MALL MAGAZINE"

"In my case, I reckon but very few of the contemporary writers of verse known to me as poets—how few I should hardly like to say. Among them I place without hesitation the anonymous author of the 'City of the Soul.' . . . This inspiration I take to be first of all the beauty of visible things freshly impressive on the senses. It is as though a child said 'Look, how beautiful!' but a child able to see minutely and variously. . . . and the power to see beautiful things and to express them beautifully is so rare, that one is justified [taking my view of it] in thinking the appearance of this little book a most fortunate event."

THE SCOTSMAN

"This is a book of anonymous poetry of a rare distinction. . . . This is a verse of the proud kind that scorns a vulgar appreciation, and looks for the approbation of connoisseurs. . . . In all these the feeling is always wrought to a high pitch of intensity, yet cautiously and solemnly, without weakness of hysterics."

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Dr. W. H. FITCHETT, M.A., the Author of "Fights for the Flag" and "Deeds that Won the Empire," who lives in Melbourne, Australia, sends the following letter to the Editor of Public Opinion:—

Dear Mr. Parker—

I get your PUBLIC OPINION regularly, and find it most interesting and valuable—a matchless bit of journalistic work. It ought to find a place, for one thing, in every newspaper office outside London, for nothing else I know gives such a reflex of the thought in the current history of the world.

Yours ever,

W. H. FITCHETT.

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